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THE CHILD'S PET

The Book of Scottish Ballads.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

ALKWOOD.
THE RESIDENCE OF MICHAEL SCOTT

LONDON.
BLACKIE & SON, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.
GLASGOW & EDINBURGH.

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THE

BOOK OF SCOTTISH BALLADS;

A COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION

OF THE MOST APPROVED

BALLADS OF SCOTLAND,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WITH NOTICES

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND ANTIQUARIAN.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY ALEXANDER WHITELAW,

EDITOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG."

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LONDON:
BLACKIE AND SON, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.;
GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.
1875.

Merrie it is in halle to hear the Harpe,
The Minstrelles synge, the Jogeiours carpe.

DAVIE, (*circ.* 1312.)

PREFACE.

It may be considered remarkable, that it was not till English literature had reached its highest point of refinement—it was not till the days of Addison and Pope, or, still later, of Gray and Goldsmith—that the rude ballad poetry of the people became an object of interest to the learned. In the Spectator, Addison first drew the attention of what was then called the 'polite world' to the merits of the ballad of Chevy-Chase; but he did so in the apologetic strain of one who was fully prepared for the said world being surprised at him taking under his protection any thing so vulgar, or even humble. He introduces the ballad much in the manner that the fastidious yet generous Guy Mannering may be supposed to have introduced to his lettered friends the hearty borderer, Dandie Dinmont, with his spattered jack-boots and shaggy dreadnought:—there was no denying the rough and startling exterior, but many excellent qualities were to be found under it. Up to this time, the traditionary ballads of the country were held to be of so rude a character as to be scarcely amenable to the rules of literary criticism; no historical value seems to have been attached to them; and with the exception of some plodding Pepys,* who, for his own gratification, stitched and preserved his 'Penny Garlands,' no endeavour was made to rescue them from the perishable breath of oral tradition, or the fragile security of the pedlar's broadside.† Soon after Addison's day, a disposition to look after the floating

* Samuel Pepys, the gossipping but delightful Diarist of the days of Charles II. and James VII., made a collection of ballads in 5 vols., which is deposited in the Pepysian library, Magdalen College, Cambridge.

† Before the beginning of the last century, ballads were usually printed on *broadsides*, or a single square of paper: the more common way now is to print them in a small book-form of four leaves, with title page. When intended for being held in the hand and sung through the streets, they are still printed on single slips of paper

158896

poetry of the olden times began to manifest itself, and ALLAN RAMSAY has the honourable distinction of leading the way in this movement. His 'Evergreen, being a collection of Scots poems wrote by the ingenious before 1600,' contains, as ballads, The Battle of Harlaw, Johnie Armstrong, and The Reidsquair Raid; and his 'Tea Table Miscellany,' published in 1724 and following years, contains, as ballads, Sweet William's Ghost, Bonnie Barbara Allan, The Bonnie Earl of Murray, and Johnie Faa. Some of these were obtained from tradition; others from the Bannatyne MS. in the Advocates' Library. In the same year as the above, or rather between the years 1723 and 1725, was published at London, in 3 volumes, 'A collection of Old Ballads, from the best and most ancient extant, with Introductions, Historical, Critical or Humorous.' This collection, with one exception, 'Gilderoy,' is wholly taken up with English ballads. It does not mention the sources from which they are drawn, and its Introductions are meagre.

These collections were but the humble harbingers of Dr. Percy's great work, 'Reliques of Early English Poetry, consisting of old Heroic Ballads, Songs,' &c., the first edition of which was published in the year 1755. Until the appearance of this work, the ballad lore of Britain may be said to have been all but unknown and unexplored. The main source from which Dr. Percy derived his collection was a long narrow folio manuscript, in his own possession, which had been written about the middle of the previous century, but which contained compositions of various ages from before the times of Chaucer downwards. So little was the literary public prepared for the contents of the collection, that the existence or fidelity of the MS. was questioned, and the Editor denounced as a literary impostor. But the existence of the MS. was proved on the most undoubted authority, it being submitted to the inspection of Shenstone, Dr. Johnson,* and afterwards of those eminent commentators on

* Dr. Johnson was a personal friend of Dr. Percy, and recommended the publication of the 'Reliques;' but, it is well known, he had a great contempt for ballad verses, protesting they might be manufactured by the yard, without premeditation,—thus:

'I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat into his hand.

Or, 'The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon a stone;
The nurse took up the squalling child,
But still the child squall'd on.

Shakspeare, Dr. Farmer, Steevens, Malone, and Reed. The MS. was mutilated in various parts, and imperfectly penned in others, so that the Editor was induced to follow his own taste in many instances, by supplying deficiencies, and altering and amending defective passages. This laid him open especially to the violent reprehension of Ritson, an acute critic, and one of the severest exactors of literal fidelity in matters antiquarian. But Percy has since been justified by eminent poets and scholars (among the rest, by Sir Walter Scott and William Motherwell, both jealous warders of the strongholds of antiquity,) on the ground, that he did not conceal having altered or amended some of the pieces, where he thought necessary, his object being not to gratify the mere antiquary, but to attract in the first place the popular taste to the hidden and neglected treasures of ancient song. In this particular, he eminently succeeded, a circumstance sufficiently indicated by the number of editions through which the 'Reliques' passed,* and by the influence which they manifestly had on the poetical literature of the succeeding age. †

The Percy 'Reliques' contained, beside the English pieces, some of our very best Scottish Ballads, which were there printed for the first time in a collected form. These are duly specified in the course of this Work.

For some years before and after Percy's collection appeared, the Foulises, celebrated printers in Glasgow, issued from their press, under, we believe, the

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Dr. Johnson, while he thus raised the laugh over the extreme simplicity of the ballad style, probably little dreamt that his own turgid and artificial style was much more obnoxious to ridicule.

* In the edition before us, (the fifth,) occurs a Dedication, which we are tempted to copy, as one of the most beautiful and affecting which we have ever read:—'To ELIZABETH, late Duchess and Countess of Northumberland, in her own right BARONESS PERCY, &c., who, being sole heiress to many great families of our ancient nobility, employed the princely fortune, and sustained the illustrious honours, which she derived from them, through her whole life, with the greatest dignity, generosity, and spirit; and who for her many public and private virtues will ever be remembered as one of the first characters of her time, THIS LITTLE WORK WAS ORIGINALLY DEDICATED:—*And, as it sometimes afforded her amusement, and was highly distinguished by her indulgent approbation, it is now, with the utmost regard, respect, and gratitude, consecrated to her beloved and honoured Memory.*'

† Sir Walter Scott has, in more than one place, recorded the influence which the perusal of Percy's 'Reliques' had on his young mind. 'The tree,' he says, 'is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay, and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's Reliques of English Poetry.'

superintendency of Lord Hailes, splendid copies, in small 4to size, large type, of various Scottish ballads. These, however, were all separate publications, though they may be in some instances found bound together.

In 1769, Herd's collection appeared. Of this work we have spoken in the Introduction to the Book of Scottish Song. It may be enough here to say, that it contains no less than twenty ballads or fragments of ballads there first collected.

In 1777, the first edition of Evans's collection of Old Ballads was published at London. These are almost altogether English, with a few Scottish, of which we have availed ourselves. The best edition of Evans is that of 1810, 4 vols., edited by his son.

John Pinkerton, the historian, published in 1781 and 1783 collections of Scottish Ballads, several of which ballads were fabrications of his own, a crime bitterly exposed by Ritson, whose own various compilations, issued shortly after this time, were of essential service in illustrating the ballad lore both of England and Scotland.

A Collection of Scottish Ballads,' in 6 thin vols., was published by the Morisons of Perth, in 1790, but it contains none not previously published elsewhere.

In the beginning of the present century, the ballad literature of the country received two of its most important additions, by the publication of Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy,' (1802,) and Jamieson's 'Popular Ballads and Songs,' (1806.) The first edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border was printed at Kelso, by Ballantyne, in two volumes. A third volume was added in 1803; and the work was further augmented in subsequent editions. 'Fortunate it was,' says Motherwell, 'for the heroic and legendary song of Scotland that this work was undertaken, and still more fortunate that its execution devolved upon one so well qualified in every respect to do its subject the most ample justice. Long will it live a noble and interesting monument of the unwearied research, curious and minute learning, genius and taste of its illustrious editor. It is truly a patriotic legacy to posterity; and much as it may now be esteemed, it is only in times yet gathering in the bosom of far futurity, when the interesting traditions, the chivalrous and romantic legends, the wild superstitions, the tragic song of Scotland, have wholly faded from the living memory, that this gift can be duly appreciated. It is then that these volumes will be

coumed with feelings akin to religious enthusiasm—that their strange and mystic lore will be treasured up in the heart as the precious record of days for ever passed away—that their grand stern legends will be listened to with reverential awe as if the voice of a remote ancestor, from the depths of the tomb, had woke the thrilling strains of martial antiquity.'

Mr. Jamieson's work was projected and mostly collected before the Border Minstrelsy appeared; but its publication was deferred till 1806, when it issued from the Ballantyne press in two octavo volumes, under the title of 'Popular Ballads and Songs, from tradition, manuscripts, and scarce editions, with translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish language, by Robert Jamieson.' This collection is one of great value, and is ably illustrated. Much of Mr. Jamieson's materials was obtained from the same source to which Scott was largely indebted in collecting his Border Minstrelsy, namely, Mrs. Brown of Falkland, a lady who was remarkable for the extent of her legendary lore, and the accuracy of her memory.

In 1806, a small collection of 'Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads' appeared, edited by John Finlay of Glasgow. This collection added little to our store of legendary poetry, but it is valuable for its annotations, and it also contains several successful imitations of the ancient ballad.

Since the above period, the most successful collectors and able illustrators of the legendary ballads of Scotland have been, Mr. William Motherwell, Mr. David Laing, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Mr. James Maidment, Mr. Kinloch, and Mr. Peter Buchan.

Of the lamented Motherwell, as a deeply-versed scholar in the poetical antiquities of his country, it would be difficult to speak too highly. From boyhood, black-letter lore was his passion, and in particular he studied with enthusiasm the works of the Old Scottish 'Makkaris.' A lyrical poet himself, too, of the most exquisite pathos, few were better qualified than he was, either by learning or genius, to explore the field of Ancient Historic and Romantic Scottish Song, or to pick up in untrodden ways its wild-flowers. His collection, accordingly,* is one of the most valuable of which our ballad

* 'Minstrelsy, ancient and modern, with an Historical Introduction and Notes, Glasgow, 1827,' 4to.

literature can boast:—not that it has added largely to the stock of already collected ballads, (for in that particular it can only claim somewhere about a dozen, exclusive of different versions of known ballads,) but that its Introduction and Notes are fraught with information and ingenuity, which illustrate in the pleasantest manner the subjects they treat, and which prove at once the research of the antiquary and the spirit of the poet. The Introduction, especially, may be recommended as a text-book to every tyro in ballad literature.

The labours of Mr. David Laing, as an illustrator of the ancient lyrical muse of Scotland, and indeed of ancient Scottish literature generally, have been inestimable; and although the ballad poetry of the country has only formed an incidental portion of his researches, still very much is due to him in that department, both as commentator and collector.

Mr. C. K. Sharpe's name has been long familiar to the antiquarian world for his curious researches in all matters connected with the traditions and manners of by-gone times. In 1824, he printed a tiny volume, entitled, 'A Ballad Book,' which, though small in size, contained several ballads collected for the first time, besides giving new readings of others.

Similar in size to the 'Ballad Book,' and published in the same year, was the 'North Countrie Garland,' edited, anonymously, by Mr. James Maidment. This little book contains about half-a-dozen ballads not previously collected. To the same editor, we believe, we are indebted for another small volume, entitled, 'A New Book of Old Ballads,' printed at Edinburgh in 1844. In this collection are given the genuine versions of several old ballads, or rather songs, which Allan Ramsay and others had copied imperfectly or materially altered. Very limited impressions of Mr. Sharpe's and Mr. Maidment's collections were thrown off.

In 1827, Mr. Kinloch published, anonymously, an octavo volume, entitled, 'Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from tradition, and never before published, with Notes, and an Appendix, containing the Airs of several of the Ballads.' This collection is edited with judgment. The recovered ballads chiefly belong to the north of Scotland.

'Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce Old Ballads' is the title of an humble little volume printed at Peterhead, in the far north, in the year 1825, which only claims notice as the precursor of Mr. Peter Buchan's great collec-

tion, printed at Edinburgh in 1828, 2 vols. 8vo, and entitled, 'Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto unpublished, with explanatory Notes.' This work presents to the public a larger array of old ballads and scraps of ballads, not to be found elsewhere, than any other collection we could name. Mr. Buchan, indeed, has been by far the most successful ballad-hunter that ever entered the field, and his success is to be attributed partly to his own unwearied researches, and partly to the district which he explored—a district (Aberdeenshire and Banffshire) comparatively fresh and untrod by ballad gatherers. Sir Walter Scott characterizes Mr. Buchan's collection, not only as 'the most complete of the kind which has appeared,' but as 'decidedly and undubitably original:' and we understand it was his intention to have given his valuable assistance and name to an improved edition of the work, had not disease overtaken him, and the finger of death hushed his worn spirit into repose.

We have now adverted to the more important of our ballad collections. The object of the present Work was to give, in a single volume, the whole of our Scottish Ballads that merit attention either from intrinsic excellence, or as illustrative of the history, manners, and feelings of olden times. This has not been previously done, for notwithstanding the value of many of the above collections, none of them affect to be so comprehensive in their range, but are limited to certain districts, or to the individual researches of their respective editors. The size of the type and form of page adopted in the present little book have given the amplest scope for carrying out the design of the publication, inasmuch that, small as the volume is, it contains, as one of its items, THE WHOLE (with some slight exceptions) of Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, published in three octavo volumes, including his long and valuable Dissertations on the History and Manners of the Scottish Borderers, on the Fairy Mythology, and on the Great Civil Wars of the Seventeenth Century. The copyright of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border has expired; and in the case of the more recent collections, the publishers had the pleasure of securing the sanction of Mr. Jamieson, of Mr. Motherwell's latest publishers, and of Mr. Peter Buchan, to select from the respective works of these gentlemen what seemed most appropriate to the present publication, specifying, of course, in all cases, the source whence each ballad was drawn,

and illustrating each, where necessary, by note or commentary. The BOOK OF SCOTTISH BALLADS has thus the advantage of being the first to lay before the public, in a cheap form, the Border Minstrelsy of Scott, and the selected minstrelsy of those who preceded and followed him in his labours in this department of literature. The selection is confined to Scottish ballads, ballads on Scottish subjects, or, in one or two cases, Scottish versions of English ballads; and this the reader is requested to keep in mind, lest he might be apt to miss some favourite piece which does not come under either of the above categories. In a book designed for popular use, it is also to be remembered, that a number of ballads are necessarily excluded on account of their coarseness or indelicacy; but it is satisfactory to know, that the exclusions have been made at no great sacrifice, as ballads bearing such exceptions are generally of inferior merit otherwise.

Besides the ancient minstrelsy of the country, THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH BALLADS embraces specimens of the best modern imitations of the olden ballad, so that some of the masterly productions of Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others who have successfully cultivated this branch of literature, find a place in its pages.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THIS EDITION.

THIS edition of THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH BALLADS is a reprint of a work originally published in 1844, when it was received with much favour. It is re-issued on a larger size of paper, and at a lower price than formerly, and is uniform in size and style with its companion volume, THE BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONG, by the same Editor.

GLASGOW, 1874.

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*** Besides the Introduction to the various Sections, very many of the separate Ballads have long and interesting Historical or Antiquarian Notices preceding or appended to them.

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Scottish Ballads.

The Lass of Lochryan.

[The beautiful and pathetic ballad called "The Lass of Lochryan," or "Fair Annie of Lochryan," was first published in an imperfect state in Herd's Collection, and afterwards in a more complete form in Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Another version of the same ballad was given in Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, (1806). As the versions of Scott and Jamieson differ considerably from each other, we here quote both acts, placing Scott's first. It will be recollected that Dr Wolcot (the well known Peter Pindar) and Burns wrote each a song for Thomson's Collection called "Lord Gregory," founded on the subject of the present ballad. Lochryan is a fine bay or loch, which projects from the Irish channel into Wigtonshire or Galloway.]

"O wha will shoe my bonnie foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

"O wha will kame my yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son
Till lord Gregory come hame?"

"Thy father will shoe thy bonnie foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
Till lord Gregory come to land.

"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame,
And God will be thy bairn's father
Till lord Gregory come hame."

"But I will get a bonnie boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."

Syne she's gar'd build a bonnie boat,
To sail the salt, salt sea:
The sails were o' the light green silk,
The tows o' taffety.

She had na sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

"Now whether are ye the queen herself,
(For so ye weel might be)
Or are ye the lass of Lochryan,
Seekin' lord Gregory?"

"O I am neither the queen," she said,
"Nor sic I seem to be;
But I am the lass of Lochryan,
Seekin' lord Gregory."

"O see na thou yon bonnie bower,
It's a' covered o'er wi' tin?
When thou hast sailed it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height;

Says—"Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land!
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt-sea strand."

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud, loud cried she—
"Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free!"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane;
And long she knocked, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, lord Gregory!
O open, and let me in!
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good!
Ye're but some witch or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood."

"I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochryan;
O open the door to me!"

"Gin thou be Annie of Lochryan,
(As I trow thou binna she)
Now tell me some of the love tokens
That past between thee and me."

"O dinna ye mind, lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine?

"O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

"Now open the door, lord Gregory!
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day."

"If thou be the lass of Lochryan,
(As I kenna thou be)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokens
Past between me and thee."

Fair Annie turned her round about—
"Weel! since that it be sae,
May never a woman, that has borne a son,
Ha'e a heart sae fou o' wae!

"Take down, take down, that mast o' gowd!
Set up a mast o' tree!
It disna become a forsaken lady
To sail sae royallie."

When the cock had crawn, and the day did [dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

"Oh I ha'e dreamed a dream, mother,
I wish it may prove true!
That the bonnie lass of Lochryan
Was at the yate o'en new.

"O I ha'e dreamed a dream, mother,
The thought o't gars me greet!
That fair Annie o' Lochryan
Lay cauld dead at my feet."

"Gin it be for Annie of Lochryan
That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at your door,
But I trow she wan na in."

"O wae betide ye, ill woman!
An ill deid may ye die!
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad wauken me."

O he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie!
O Annie, winna ye bide?"
But aye the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie!
Dear Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,
And dashed the boat on shore;
Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the babie raise no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonnie young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,
And gowden was her hair;
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And syne he kissed her rosy lipe—
There was nae breath within.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turned my true love frae my door,
Wha came sae far to me.

"O wae betide my cruel mother!
An ill death may she die!
She turned fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me."

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHRYAN.

[JAMIESON's version. Mr Jamieson says, that he frequently, when a boy, heard the following set of the ballad chanted in Morayshire.]

"O WHA will shoe my fair foot,
And wha will glove my han'?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban'?

"Or wha will kemb my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb?
Or wha'll be father to my young bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame?"

"Your father'll shoe your fair foot,
Your mother glove your han';
Your sister lace your middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London ban';

"Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair
Wi' a new-made silver kemb;
And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn
Till love Gregor come hame."

"O gin I had a bonnie ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin' he winna come to me!"

Her father 's gi'en her a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the stran';
She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And turn'd her back to the lan'.

She hadna been o' the sea sailin'
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonnie ship
Near her true-lover's door.

The nicht was dark, and the wind blew cald,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms,
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true-love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"O, it is Annie of Lochryan,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You're nae come here for gude;
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock
Or a mermaid o' the flude."

"I'm nae a witch or vile warlock,
Or mermaiden," said she,—
"I'm but your Annie of Lochryan;
O open the door to me!"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochryan,
As I trust not ye be,
What talken can ye gi'e that e'er
I kept your companie?"

"O dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"When we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks,
It's nae sae lang sinsyne?

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the cambric clear,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"As we twa sat at dine,
How we chang'd the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine:

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
Yet nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the guds red gold,
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
  And open it wi' speed;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
  For cauld will soon be dead."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman
  Gae frae my door for shame,
For I ha'e gotten an'ther fair love,
  Sae ye may hie you hame."

"O ha'e ye gotten anither fair love,
  For a' the oaths ye sware?
Then fare ye weel, now, faunse Gregor,
  For me ye'e never see mair!"

O, hooly, hooly gaed she back
  As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship board,
  And sair, sair did she weep.

"Tak' down, tak' down the mast o' good,
  Set up the mast o' tree;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
  To sail sae gallantlie.

"Tak' down, tak' down the sails o' silk,
  Set up the sails o' skin;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
  Whan there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
  And to his mother did say,
"I dreamt a dream this night, mither,
  That mak's my heart richt wae;

"I dreamt that Annie of Lochryan,
  The flower o' a' her kin,
Was standin' mournin' at my door,
  But nane wad let her in."

"O there was a woman stood at the door,
  Wi' a bairn intill her arms;
But I wadna let her within the bower,
  For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
  And fast ran to the strand;
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
  Was sailing frae the land.

And "heigh, Annie," and "how, Annie!
  O, Annie, winna ye bide?"
But aye the louder he cried "Annie,"
  The higher rair'd the tide.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
  O, Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder he cried "Annie,"
  The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, the sea grew rough,
  And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
  Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
  Baith tossed aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran
  And plung'd in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
  And drew her to the strand;
But cauld and stiff was every limb,
  Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
  And syne he kiss'd her chin,
And sair he kiss'd her ruby lips;
  But there was nae breath within.

O he has mourn'd o'er fair Annie,
  Till the sun was ganging down,
Syne wi' a sich his heart it brast,
  And his saul to heaven has flown.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHRYAN.

[In Allan Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, we have *this* set of "Fair Annie of Lochryan." We quote it as curiously illustrative of the liberties which "honest Allan" took with the songs and ballads of his country.]

Sweet Annie built a bonnie ship,
  And set her on the sea;
The sails were a' of the damask'd silk,
  The masts of silver free.
The gladsome waters sung below,
  And the sweet wind sung above—
Make way for Annie of Lochryan,
  She comes to seek her love.

A gentle wind came with a sweep,
  And stretched her silken sail,
When up there came a reaver rude,
  With many a shout and hail:

O touch her not, my mariners a',
  Such loveliness goes free;
Make way for Annie of Lochryan,
  She seeks Lord Gregorie.

The moon look'd out with all her stars,
  The ship moved merrily on,
Until she came to a castle high,
  That all as diamonds shone:
On every tower there streamed a light,
  On the middle tower shone three—
Move far that tower my mariners a',
  My love keeps watch for me.

She took her young son in her arms,
  And on the deck she stood—
The wind rose with an angry gust,
  The sea wave wakened rude.
Oh open the door, Lord Gregory, love,
  Oh open and let me in;
The sea foam hangs in my yellow hair,
  The surge dreeps down my chin.

All for thy sake, Lord Gregory, love,
  I've sailed a perilous way,
And thy fair son is 'tween my breasts,
  And he'll be dead ere day.
The foam hangs on the topmast cliff,
  The fires run on the sky,
And hear ye not your true love's voice,
  And her sweet baby's cry?

Fair Annie turned her round about,
  And tears began to flow—
May never a baby suck a breast
  Wi' a heart sae fou of woe.
Take down, take down that silver mast,
  Set up a mast of tree,
It does nae become a forsaken dame
  To sail sae royallie.

Oh read my dream, my mother dear—
  I heard a sweet babe greet,
And saw fair Annie of Lochryan
  Lie cauld dead at my feet.
And loud and loud his mother laughed—
  Oh sight 's mair sure than sleep,
I saw fair Annie, and heard her voice,
  And her baby wail and weep.

O he went down to yon sea side
  As fast as he could fare,
He saw fair Annie and her sweet babe,
  But the wild wind tossed them sair:

And hey Annie, and how Annie,
  And Annie winna ye bide?
But aye the mair he called Annie,
  The broader grew the tide.

And hey Annie, and how Annie,
  Dear Annie speak to me,
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
  The louder roared the sea.
The wind waxed loud, the sea grew rough,
  The ship sunk nigh the shore,
Fair Annie floated through the foam,
  But the baby rose no more.

Oh first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
  And then he kiss'd her chin,
And syne he kiss'd her rosie lips,
  But there was nae breath within.
Oh my love's love was true as light,
  As meek and sweet was she—
My mother's hate was strong as death,
  And fiercer than the sea.

The Gay Goss-Hawk.

[First published in Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.]

"O WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
  Gin your feathering be sheen!"
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
  Gin ye look pale and lean!

"O have ye tint, at tournament,
  Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the Southern lass,
  Whom you may not win near?"

"I have not tint, at tournament,
  My sword, nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
  Wi' mony a bitter tear.

"But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
  Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
  Bring an answer back to me."

"But how sall I your true love find,
Or how sald I her know?
I hear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw."

"O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

"The red, that's on my true love's cheik,
Is like blood drops on the snaw;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

"And even at my love's bour door
There grows a flowering birk;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

"And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there."

Lord William has written a love letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa' to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at that ladye's bour
There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sung thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free;
For the flower, that springs in May morning,
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sat him on a pin;
And sang fa' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—"Your love can no win here."

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonnie bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love seen."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he peck'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

"Have there a letter from lord William.
He says he's sent ye three,
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die."

"Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she,
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

"A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee!"
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

"But, for your honest asking else
Weel granted it shall be."
"Then, gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

"And when ye come to St Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night."
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare,
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of hue,
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spak' her cruel step-mamie,
"Tak' ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead."

They took a drap o' boiling lead,
They drapp'd on her breast;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"She 's dead without the priest."

She neither chatter'd with her teeth,
Nor chiver'd with her chin;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"There is nae breath within."

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier;
They hew'd it frae the solid silk,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a bell;
And every stock that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They garr'd the bells be rung,
The next Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam' to St Mary's kirk,
There stood spearmen all in a raw;
And up and started lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

"Set down, set down the bier," he said;
"And let me look her upon:"
But as soon as lord William touched her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

"A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine:
For I ha'e fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld bre-
Gae hame and blaw your horn! [thers!
I trow ye wad ha'e gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

"Commend me to my grey father,
That wish'd my saul gude rest;
But woe be to my cruel step-dame,
Garr'd burn me on the breast."

"Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
An ill death may you die!
For we left father and sisters at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee."

THE JOLLY GOSS-HAWK.

[Versions given by Motherwell in his Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern.]

"O WELL is me my Jolly Goss-hawk,
That ye can speak and flee,
For ye can carry a love letter,
To my true love from me."

"O how can I carry a letter to her,
When her I do not know?
I bear the lips to her never spak',
And the eyes that her never saw."

"The thing of my love's face that's white,
Is that of dove or maw;
The thing of my love's face that's red,
Is like blood shed on snaw.

"And when you come to the castel,
Light on the bush of ash;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she comes from the mass.

"And when she gaes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin;
And sit you there and sing our loves,
As she goes out and in."

And when he flew to that castel,
He lighted on the ash;
And there he sat and sung their loves,
As she came from the mass.

And when she went into the house,
He flew into the whin;
And there he sat and sang their loves,
As she went out and in.

"Come hitherward my maidens all,
And sip red wine anon;
Till I go to my west window,
And hear a birdie's moan."

She's gane unto her west window
And fainly aye it drew;
And soon into her white silk lap,
The bird the letter threw:

"Ye're bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you twa,
And tell him where he can see you,
Or he cannot live ava."

"I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands of my hair,
I send him the heart that 's in my breast,
What would my love have mair?
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,
Ye'll bid him meet me there."

She hied her to her father dear,
As fast as gang could she;
"An asking, an asking, my father dear,
An asking ye grant me,
That if I die in fair England,
In Scotland gar bury me.

"At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
You cause the mass be sung.

"At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
You deal gold for my sake,
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
Oh! there you'll bury me at.

"And now, my tender father dear,
This asking grant you me;"
"Your asking is but small," he said,
"Weel granted it shall be."

[The lady asks the same boon and receives a similar answer, first from her mother, then from her sister, and lastly from her seven brothers.]

Then down as dead that lady drapp'd,
Beside her mother's knee;
Then out it spak' an auld witch wife,
By the fire side sat she.

Says—"drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin;
And drap it on her rose red lips,
And she will speak again;
For much a lady young will do,
To her true love to win."

They drapp'd the het lead on her cheek,
So did they on her chin;
They drapp'd it on her red rose lips,
But they breathed none again.

Her brothers they went to a room,
To make to her a bier;
The boards of it were cedar wood,
And the plates on it gold so clear.

Her sisters they went to a room,
To make to her a sark;
The cloth of it was satin fine,
And the steeking silken wark.

"But well is me my Jolly Gose-hawk,
That ye can speak and flee;
Come show to me any love tokens,
That you have brought to me."

"She sends you the rings from her fingers,
The garlands from her hair,
She sends you the heart within her breast,
And what would ye have mair?
And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
She bids you meet her there."

"Come hither all my merry young men,
And drink the good red wine,
For we must on to fair England,
To free my love from pine"

At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
They gart the mass be sung.

At the third kirk of fair Scotland,
They dealt gold for her sake;
And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,
Her true love met them at.

"Set down, set down the corpse," he said,
"Till I look on the dead;
The last time that I saw her face,
She ruddy was and red;
But now alas, and woe is me,
She 's wallowed like a weed."

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little aboon her chin;
Wi' lily white cheek, and lemin' eyne,
She lookt and laugh'd to him.

"Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine,
For I have fasted for your love,
These weary lang days nine;
There's not a steed in your stable,
But would have been dead ere syne.

"Gae hame, gae hame my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn;
For you ma my in the south of England,
Your sister gave you a scorn.

"I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the meal;
But I came here to fair Scotland,
To wear the silks so weel.

"I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the dead;
But I came here to fair Scotland,
To wear the gold so red."

Sir Patrick Spens.

[*The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*, as Coleridge calls it in one of his Odes, is generally placed *first* in our ballad collections, partly on account of its intrinsic merits, but chiefly from a persuasion that it had more undoubted claims to antiquity than almost any other. The subject of it unquestionably belongs to a remote age, and until of late years no suspicion existed but that the ballad itself was also of very ancient date. Several different theories as to the precise expedition which it celebrates have been ventured upon by ballad collectors. Sir Walter Scott thinks that it relates to a voyage to Norway made by command of Alexander III. of Scotland, when bereaved of his own children, to bring home his grand-daughter, Margaret, called the *Maid of Norway*, the only offspring of Eric, king of Norway, and a daughter of Alexander's. Of this supposed voyage, however, history gives no account, but *after* the death of Alexander III., (1285) it is well known ambassadors were sent for the Maid of Norway, now Queen of Scotland, and that she most unfortunately died at Orkney on her way to her kingdom, leaving the country to all the miseries of a disputed succession, and for ever blasting a scheme which had been concerted of marrying the young Queen to Edward prince of Wales, son of Edward I. of England—a marriage which might have prevented centuries of contention and bloodshed. Motherwell, on the other hand, thinks that the ballad records an event somewhat earlier, namely, the melancholy fate of the gallant band which followed in the suite of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., when she was espoused to Eric of Norway. In this expedition, many nobles perished in a storm, when on their return from Norway to Scotland. John Finlay, again, in his collection, doubting the claim of the ballad to such high antiquity from its mention of *hats* and *cork-heeled shoon*, suggests that it may refer to the reign of James III., who married a daughter of the king of Norway.

These different suppositions as to the historical event upon which the ballad is founded need not be any longer insisted on, as it is now very satisfactorily established, so far as internal and circumstantial evidence can go, that the ballad itself belongs to comparatively modern times, and that it was written by the authoress of Hardyknute, LADY WARDLAW, wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie and Balmule, near Dunfermline, and daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitferran. This lady, of whom we shall have occasion to speak further when we come to quote Hardyknute, was born in 1677, married in 1696, and died in 1727. Percy was the first to print Sir Patrick Spens in his Reliques, 1765, where he says that it is given from two MS. copies transmitted to him from Scotland. He also remarks in a note, that "an ingenious friend thinks the author of Hardyknute has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing and other old Scottish songs in this collection." Upon this hint and also from the localities of Dunfermline and Aberdour, in the neighbourhood of Sir Henry Wardlaw's seat, being mentioned in the ballad, Mr David Laing, in his Notes to the new edition of Johnson's Museum (1839,) was led to surmise that Sir Patrick Spens might have been written by Lady Wardlaw herself, as well as Hardyknute. A comparison of the two ballads will, we think, persuade every reader of the accuracy of this conjecture, confirmed as it is by other cir-

cumstances. (See No. 598 of Chambers' Journal, May 6, 1843, where this point is handled at some length.)

The copy of Sir Patrick Spens given in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border is more complete than that of Percy's—and we here follow it. We also give Mr Peter Buchan's version of the ballad, which differs materially from all others, and which he says was taken down from "a wight of Horner's craft." If, however, Lady Wardlaw was the author of the original ballad, more reliance is to be placed on what is to be found in Percy and Scott than on what is to be gathered from oral tradition.]

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship o' mine!"—

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,—
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sail'd the sea."—

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."—

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."—

They hoyed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They ha'e landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wedenesday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee."—
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fa' loud I hear ye lie;

"For I ha'e brought as mauch white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I ha'e brought a half-fou of gude red
Out o'er the sea wi' me. [gowd.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."—
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three, [loud,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."—

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in."—

They fitsh'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine, [side,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon!
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake o' their true loves,—
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
With their gold kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

[From Buchan's Ballads of the North.]

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
A' drinking at the wine,
Says, Where will I get a good skipper
Will sail the saut seas fine?

Out it speaks an eldren knight
Amang the companie,—
Young Patrick Spens is the best skipper
That ever sail'd the sea.

The king he wrote a braid letter
And seal'd it wi' his ring;
Says, Ye'll gi'e that to Patrick Spens,
See if ye can him find.

He sent this, not wi' an auld man,
Nor yet a simple boy,
But the best o' nobles in his train
This letter did convoy.

When Patrick look'd the letter upon
A light laugh then ga'e he;
But ere he read it till an end,
The tear blinded his e'e.

Ye'll eat and drink, my merry men a',
An' see ye be weell thorn;
For blaw it weet, or blaw it wind,
My guid ship sails the morn.

Then out it speaks a guid auld man,
A guid death mat he dee,—
Whatever ye do, my guid master,
Tak' God your guide to bee.

For late yestreen I saw the new moon,
The auld moon in her arm.
Ohon, alas! says Patrick Spens,
That bodes a deadly storm.

But I maun sail the seas the morn,
And likewise sae maun you;
To Noroway, wi' our king's daughter,—
A chosen queen she's now.

But I wonder who has been sae base,
As tauld the king o' mee:
Even though he ware my ae brither,
An ill death mat he dee

Now Patrick he rigg'd out his ship,
And sailed o'er the faem;
But mony a dreary thought had he,
While he was on the main.

They hadna sail'd upon the sea
A day but barely three;
Till they came in sight o' Noroway,
It's there where they must be.

They hadna stayed into that place
A month but and a day,
Till he caus'd the flip in mugs gae roun',
And wine in cans sae gay;

The pipe and harp sae sweetly play'd,
The trumpets loudly soun';
In every hall wherein they stay'd,
Wi' their mirth did reboun'.

Then out it speaks an auld skipper,
  An inbearing dog was he,—
Ye've stay'd ower lang in Noroway,
  Spending your king's monie.

Then out it speaks Sir Patrick Spens,—
  O how can a' this be?
I ha'e a bow o' guid red gowd
  Into my ship wi' me.

But betide me well, betide me wae,
  This day I'm leave the shore;
And never spend my king's monie
  'Mong Noroway dogs no more.

Young Patrick he is on the sea
  And even on the faem;
Wi' five-an'-fifty Scots lords' sons,
  That lang'd to be at hame.

They hadna sail'd upon the sea
  A day but barely three;
Till loud and boisterous grew the wind,
  And stormy grew the sea.

O where will I get a little wee boy
  Will tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to my tapmast,
  And see for some dry land?

He hadna gane to his tapmast
  A step but barely three;
Ere thro' and thro' the bonnie ship's side,
  He saw the green haw-see.

There are five-an'-fifty feather beds
  Well packed in ae room;
And ye'll get as muckle guid canvas
  As wrap the ship a' roun';

Ye'll piet her well, and spare her not,
  And mak' her hale and soun'.
But ere he had the word well spoke
  The bonnie ship was down.

O laith, laith were our guid lords' sons
  To weet their milk-white hands;
But lang ere a' the play was ower
  They wat their gowden bands.

O laith, laith were our Scots lords' sons
  To weet their coal-black aboon;
But lang ere a' the play was ower
  They wat their hats aboon.

It's even ower by Aberdour
  It's fifty fathoms deep,
And yonder lies Sir Patrick Spens,
  And a's men at his feet.

Its even ower by Aberdour,
  There's mony a craig and fin,
And yonder lies Sir Patrick Spens,
  Wi' mony a guid lord's son.

Lang, lang will the ladyes look
  Into their morning weed,
Before they see young Patrick Spens
  Come sailing ower the flood.

Lang, lang will the ladyes look
  Wi' their fans in their hand,
Before they see him, Patrick Spens
  Come sailing to dry land.

Lady Clare.

[This fine modern ballad is by Alfred Tennyson. The author says it was suggested by Miss Ferrier's novel, "The Inheritance."]

Lord Ronald courted Lady Clare,
  I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lord Ronald, her cousin, courted her,
  And they will wed the morrow morn

"He does not love me for my birth,
  Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
  And that is well," said lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
  said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said lady Clare,
  "To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse.
  "That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
  And you are not the lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
  said lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild."
"As God 's above!" said Alice the nurse
  "I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling that diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear;
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

Down stept lord Ronald from his tower:
"O lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you dress'd like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come dress'd like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
"Play me no tricks," said lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd, and kiss'd her where she stood,
"If you are not the heiress born,
"And I," said he, "the next in blood--

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be lady Clare."

Earl Richard's Daughter.

[From Buchan's Ballads of the North.]

Earl Richard had but se daughter,
A maid o' birth and fame;
She loved her father's kitchen boy,—
The greater was her shame.

But she could ne'er her true love see,
Nor with him could she talk,
In towns where she had wont to go,
Nor fields where she could walk.

But it fell anoe upon a day,
Her father went from home;
She's call'd upon the kitchen boy,
To come and clean her room.

"Come sit ye down by me, Willie,
Come sit ye down by me;
There's nae a lord in a' the north
That I can love but thee."

"Let never the like be heard, lady,
Nor let it ever be;
For if your father get word o' this,
He will gar hang me hie."

"O ye shall ne'er be hang'd, Willie,
Your blude shall ne'er be drawn;
I'll lay my life in pledge o' thine,
Your body's ne'er get wrang."

"Excuse me now, my comely dame,
No langer here I'll stay;
You know my time is near expir'd,
And now I must away.

"The master-cook will on me call,
And answered he must be;
If I am found in bower with thee,
Great anger will there be."

"The master-cook will on you call,
But shall not answer'd be;
I'll put you in a higher place
Than any cook's degree.

"I have a coffer full of gold,
Another of white monie;
And I will build a bonnie ship,
And set my love to sea.

"Silk shall be your sailing clothes,
Gold yellow in your hair;
As white like milk are your twa hands,
Your body neat and fair."

This lady, with her fair speeches,
She made the boy grow bold;
And he began to kiss and clap,
And on his love lay hold.

And she has built a bonnie ship,
Set her love to the sea;
Seven score o' brisk young men,
To bear him companie.

Then she's ta'en out a gay gold ring,
To him she did it give:
"This will mind you on the ladie, Willie,
That's laid her love on thee."

Then he's ta'en out a piece of gold,
And he brake it in two;
"All I have in the world, my dame,
For love, I give to you."

Now he is to his bonnie ship,
And merrily ta'en the sea;
The lady lay o'er castle wa',
The tear blinded her e'e.

They had not sail'd upon the sea
A week but barely three,
When came a prosperous gale of wind,—
On Spain's coast landed he.

A lady lay o'er castle wa',
Beholding dale and down;
And she beheld the bonnie ship
Come sailing to the town.

"Come here, come here, my Maries a',
Ye see not what I see;
For here I see the bonniest ship
That ever sail'd the sea.

"In her there is the bravest squire
That e'er my eyes did see;
All clad in silk, and rich attire,
And comely, comely's he.

"O busk, O busk, my Maries all,
O busk and make ye fine;
And we will on to yon shore side,
Invite yon squire to dine.

"Will ye come up to my castle
Wi' me, and take your dine?
And ye shall eat the gude white bread,
And drink the claret wine."

"I thank you for your bread, lady,
I thank you for your wine;
I thank you for your kind offer,
But now I have not time."

"I would give all my land," she says,
"Your gay bride were I she;
And then to live on a small portion,
Contented I would be."

"She's far awa' frae me, lady,
She's far awa' frae me,
That has my heart a-keeping fast,
And my love still she'll be."

"But ladies they are unconstant,
When their loves go to sea;
And she'll be wed ere ye gae back,
My love, pray stay wi' me."

"If she be wed ere I go back,
And prove me false to me,
I shall live single all my life,—
I'll ne'er wed one but she."

Then she's ta'en out a gay gold ring,
And ga'e him presentie;
"Twill mind you on the lady, young man,
That laid her love on thee."

"The ring that's on my mid-finger
Is far dearer to me,
Though yours were o' the gude red gold,
And mine the metal free."

He view'd them all, baith neat and small,
As they stood on the shore;
Then hoist the mainsail to the wind,
Adieu, for evermore!

He had not sail'd upon the sea
A week but barely three,
Until there came a prosperous gale,
In Scotland landed he.

But he put paint upon his face,
And oil upon his hair;
Likewise a mask above his brow,
Which did disguise him sair.

Bard Richard lay o'er castle wa',
Beholding dale and down;
And he beheld the bonnie ship
Come sailing to the town.

"Come here, come here, my daughter dear,
Ye see not what I see;
For here I see the bonniest ship
That ever sail'd the sea.

"In her there is the bravest squire
That e'er my eyes did see;
O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,
Come here, come here, to me.

"O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,
O busk, and make ye fine;
And we will on to the shore side,
Invite yon squire to dine."

"He's far awa' frae me, father,
He's far awa' frae me,
Who has the keeping o' my heart,
And I'll wed nane but he."

"Whoever has your heart in hand,
Ye ha'e the match for thee;
And he shall come to my castle
This day, and dine wi' me."

"Will ye come up to my castle
With me, and take your dine?
And ye shall eat the gude white bread,
And drink the claret wine."

"Yes, I'll come up to your castle
With you, and take my dine;
For I would give my bonnie ship
Were your fair daughter mine."

"I would give all my lands," he said,
"That your bride she would be;
Then to live on a small portion,
Contented would I be."

As they gaed up from yon sea strand,
And down the bowling green,
He drew the mask out o'er his face,
For fear he should be seen.

He's done him down from bower to bower,
Likewise from bower to ha';
And there he saw that lady gay,
The flower out o'er them a'.

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
And hail'd her courteously;
"Excuse me, sir, there's no strange man
Such freedom use with me."

Her father turn'd him round about,
A light laugh then gave he;
"Stay, I'll retire a little while,
Perhaps you may agree."

Now Willie's ta'en a gay gold ring,
And gave her presentie;
Says, "Take ye that, ye lady fair,
A love token from me."

"O got ye't on the sea sailing?
Or got ye't on the sand?
Or got ye't on the coast of Spain,
Upon a dead man's hand?"

"Fine silk it was his sailing clothes,
Gold yellow was his hair;
It would ha'e made a hale heart bleed
To see him lying there."

"He was not dead as I pass'd by
But no remeid could be;
He gave me this token to bear
Unto a fair ladie.

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"And by the marks he has deceyv'd,
I'm sure that you are she;
So take this token of free will,
For him you'll never see."

In sorrow she tore her mantle,
With care she tore her hair;
"Now since I've lost my own true love,
I'll ne'er love young men mair."

He drew the mask from off his face,
The lady sweetly smiled;
"Awa', awa', ye fause Willie,
How have you me beguiled?"

Earl Richard he went through the ha',
The wine glass in his hand;
But little thought his kitchen boy
Was heir o'er a' his land.

But this she kept within her heart,
And never told to one;
Until nine months they were expir'd
That her young son came home.

She told it to her father dear;
He said, "Daughter, well won;
You've marri'd for love, not for gold,
Your joys will ne'er be done."

The bonnie Earl of Murray.

["JAMES, Earl of Murray, the subject of this ballad, was a son of Lord Downe, but acquired the title of Moray by marrying Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the celebrated Regent Moray. He was thought to be the handsomest man of his time; and it would appear from the ballad, that he was skilled in those chivalric accomplishments which are so well fitted to set off a good figure to advantage. There is even a suspicion that he was a gallant of the queen, Anne of Denmark, then recently brought over to Scotland; but this seems to be countenanced by little else than the ballad."—*Chambers.*

"The 7 of Februarij this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntly, at his house in Dunibriesell, in Fyffeshyre, and with him Dumbar, Shriffe of Murray; it [was] given out, and publickly talked that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetratting this facte, to satisfie the Kinges jelosie of Murray, quhom the Queine, more rashlie than wyselie, some few dayes before had commendit in the Kinges heiringe, with too many epithetts of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmisses proceidit from proclamatione of the Kinges the 18 of Marche following, inhibitting the younge Earle of Murray to persew the Earle of Huntley for his fathers slaughter, in respecte he being wardit in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abyde his tryell; averring that he had done nothing, bot by the King's mat^ies commissione: and so was neither airt nor pairt of the murther."—*Annales of Scotland by Sir James Balfour, Vol. I. Edin.*, 1824.]

Ye Highlands, and ye Law-lands,
Oh! quhair ha'e ye been?
They ha'e slaine the Earl of Murray,
And ha'e lain him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly:
And quhairfore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might ha'e been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonnie Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the giuve,
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the queenes luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look owre the castle Downe,*
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum sounding through the towne.

---

* Downe Castle, in Menteith, now in ruins, but still the property of the noble family of Moray. It may be mentioned, that Dunnibrisale, where the murder happened, was the seat of the earl's mother; and that he was only there on a visit. *Chambers.*

THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.

[ANOTHER VERSION.]

Open the gates,
And let him come in,
He is my brother Huntly,
He'll do him nae harm.

The gates they were open'd,
They let him come in;
But fause traitor Huntly,
He did him great harm.

He's ben and ben,
And ben to his bed;
And with a sharp rapier,
He stabbed him dead.

The lady came down the stair,
Wringing her hands:
"He has slain the Earl o' Murray,
The flower o' Scotland."

But Huntly lap on his horse;
Rade to the king,
"Ye're welcome hame, Huntly,
And where ha'e ye been?

"Where ha'e ye been?
And how ha'e ye sped?"
"I've killed the Earl o' Murray,
Dead in his bed."

"Foul fa' you, Huntly,
And why did ye so;
You might ha'e ta'en the Earl of Murray,
And saved his life too."

"Her bread it's to bake,
Her ytil is to brew;
My sister's a widow,
And mair do I rue."

"Her corn grows ripe,
Her meadows grow green,
But in bonnie Dinnibristle,
I darena be seen."

Young Waters.

[SUPPOSED, like the two former ballads, to refer to the fate of the unfortunate Earl of Murray.]

ABOUT Yule quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began;
A! there is cum to our king's court,
Money a well-favour'd man.

The queen luikit owre the castle wa',
Beheld haith dale and down,
And there she saw the young Waters,
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spak' a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he:
"O tell me quha's the fairest face
Rides in the company?"

"I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters',
Mine eyne did never see."

Out than spak' the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he):
"O, if he had been twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me."

"Your neither laird nor lord," she says,
"But the king that wears the crown;
There's not a knight in fair Scotland,
But to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wadna be;
But for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun die.

They ha'e ta'en young Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They ha'e ta'en young Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I have ridden through Stirling town,
In the wind hot and the welt;
But I ne'er rode through Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

"Aft I have ridden through Stirling town,
In the wind hot and the rain;
But I ne'er rode through Stirling town
Ne'er to return again."

They ha'e ta'en to the heiding hill,
His young son in his cradle;
And they ha'e ta'en to the heiding hill,
His horse hot and the saddle.

They ha'e ta'en to the heiding hill,
His lady fair to see;
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did die.

Sir Arthur and Lady Anne.

[Modern Ballad.—Hugh Aitkin.]

Sir Arthur's foot is on the sand,
His boat wears in the wind,
An' he's turn'd him to a fair foot-page
Was standing him behind.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my bonnie boy,
An' glad your mither's e'e,
I ha'e left anew to weep an' rue,
See there's nane maun weep for thee.

"An' take this to my father's ha',
An' tell him I maun speed;
There's fifty men in chase o' me,
An' a price upon my head.

"An' bear this to Dunellie's towers,
Where my love Annie's gane,
It is a lock o' my brown hair,
Girt wi' the diamond stane."

"Dunellie he has dochters five,
An' some o' them are fair;
See, how will I ken thy true love
Amang sae mony there?"

"Ye'll ken her by the stately step
As she gaes up the ha';
Ye'll ken her by the look o' love
That peers outowre them a';

"Ye'll ken her by the braid o' gowd
That spreads o'er her e'e-bree;
Ye'll ken her by the red, red cheek,
When ye name the name o' me.

"That cheek should lain on this breast-
That hame should been my ha'; [hame—
Our tree is bow'd, our flow'r is dow'd—
Sir Arthur's an outlaw."

He sigh'd and turn'd him right about,
Where the sea lay braid and wide;
It's no to see his bonnie boat,
But a wat'ry cheek to hide.

The page has doff'd his feather'd cap,
But an' his raven hair;
An' out there came the yellow locks,
Like swirls o' the gouden wair.

Syne he's undone his doublet clasp—
'Twas o' the grass-green hue—
An', like a lily frae the pod,
A lady burst to view.

"Tell out thy errand now, Sir Knight,
Wi' thy love-tokens a';
If I e'er rin against my will,
It shall be at a lover's ca'."

Sir Arthur turn'd him round about,
E'en as the lady spak';
An' thrice he dighted his dim e'e,
An' thrice he stepped back.

But ae blink o' her bonnie e'e,
Out spake his lady Anne;
An' he's catch'd her by the waist ae sma',
Wi' the grip of a drowning man.

"O! Lady Anne, thy bed's been hard,
When I thought it the down;
O! Lady Anne, thy love's been deep,
When I thought it was flown.

"I've met my love in the green wood—
My foe on the brown hill:
But I ne'er met wi' aught bafore
I liked sae weel—an' ill.

"O! I could make a queen o' thee,
An' it would be my pride;
But, Lady Anne, it's no for thee
To be an outlaw's bride."

"Ha'e I left kith an' kin, Sir Knight,
To turn about an' rue?
Ha'e I shared win' an' weet wi' thee,
That I maun leave thee now?

"There's gend an' siller in this han'
Will buy us mony a rigg:
There's pearlings in this other han'
A stately tow'r to big.

"Though thou'rt an outlaw frae this lan',
The warld's braid and wide."—
"Make room, make room, my merry men,
For young Sir Arthur's bride!"

Fair Annet.

[From Percy's Collection. See the introduction to the following ballad, "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie."]

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Gate a' day on a hill;
When night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
A'' I will never wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Then he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gi'e to mee:
O sall I tak' the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she's gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane.

And he has till his brother gane:
Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad ha'e ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I sall ha'e nothing to my sell,
Bot a fat fudge by the fyre.

And he has till his sister gane:
Now, sister, rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak' fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak' my mither's counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak' the nut-browne bride
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he has gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St Marie's kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rode upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twanty siller bells
  Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
  They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knichts
  Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
  As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam' to Marie's kirk,
  She sat on Marie's stean;
The cleeding that fair Annet had on
  It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam' into the kirk,
  She shimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
  Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
  And her een they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
  When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
  And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
  Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up than spak' the nut-browne bride;
  She spak' wi' meikle spite;
And whar gat ye that rose-water,
  That does mak' yee sae white?

O I did get the rose-water
  Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
  Into my mither's wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
  Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
  That word she nevir spak' mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,
  And marvelit what mote bee:
But when he saw her dear heart's blude,
  A' woodwroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
  That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
  That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
  Now stay, my dear, he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
  And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without the kirk,
  Fair Annet within the quiere; [wa',
And o' the tane there grew a birk,
  The other a bonnie briere.

And aye they grew, and aye they threw,
  As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
  They were twa luvers deare.

SWEET WILLIE, AND FAIR ANNIE.

[From Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs. "Three ballads," says Mr Jamieson, "all of them of considerable merit, on the same subject as the following, are to be found in vol. iii. of the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' under the titles of Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor, Fair Margaret and Sweet William, and Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, (see above); the latter of which is in that work given with some corrections 'from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland,' and supposed to be composed, not without improvements, out of the two former ancient English ones. At this distance of time, it would be in vain to attempt to ascertain which was the original, and which the imitation; and, I think it extremely probable, that, in their origin, they were perfectly independent of each other, and both derived from some one of those fableaux, romances, or tales, which, about four or five hundred years ago, were so familiarly known, in various forms, over a great part of Europe, that it would even then have been difficult to say to what country or language, they owed their birth. The text of Lord Thomas and Fair Annet seems to have been adjusted, previous to its leaving Scotland, by some one who was more of a scholar than the reciters of ballads generally are; and, in attempting to give it an antique cast, it has been deprived of somewhat of that easy facility which is the distinguished characteristic of the traditionary ballad narrative. With the text of the following ditty, no such experiment has been made. It is here given pure and entire, as it was taken down by the editor, from the recitation of a lady in Aberbrothick, (Mrs

W. Arrot,) to whose politeness and friendship this collection is under considerable obligations. She had no previous intimation of the compiler's visit, or of his undertaking; and the few hours he spent at her friendly fire-side were very busily employed in writing. As she had, when a child, learnt the ballad from an elderly maid-servant, and probably had not repeated it for a dozen of years before I had the good fortune to be introduced to her; it may be depended upon, that every line was recited to me as nearly as possible in the exact form in which she learnt it."

In the notes to the ballad, Mr Jamieson confesses that "line 3d of stanza 29, is an interpolation. Instead of stanzas 30 and 31, Mrs Arrot recited:

'Tak' up and wear your rose, Willie,
And wear't wi' muckle care;
For the woman sall never bear a son,
That will make my heart ease sair.'

The whole of stanza 36—the second and third lines of stanza 40—stanza 41, except the first line—and the whole of stanzas 43 and 44, were also supplied by the editor. In every other instance, the purity and integrity of the text was scrupulously preserved."]

Sweet Willie and fair Annie
Sat a' day on a hill;
And though they had sitten seven year,
They ne'er wad had their fill.

Sweet Willie said a word in haste,
And Annie took it ill:
"I winna wed a tocherless maid,
Against my parent's will."

O Annie she's gane till her bower,
And Willie down the den;
And he's come till his mither's bower,
By the lei light o' the moon.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, mither?" he says,
"Or are ye the bower within?"
"I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft;*
What want ye wi' me, son?

"Where ha'e ye been a' night, Willie;
O wow! ye've tarried lang!"
"I have been courtin' fair Annie,
And she to me gane.

"There is twa maidens in a bower,
Which o' them sall I bring hame?
The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
And fair Annie has nane."

"It's an ye wed the nut-brown maid,
I'll heap gold wi' my hand;
But an ye wed her, fair Annie,
I'll straik it wi' a wand.

"The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,
And fair Annie has nane,
And Willie, for my benison,
The nut-brown maid bring hame."

"O I sall wed the nut-browne maid,
And I sall bring her hame;
But peace nor rest between us twa,
Till death sinder's again.

"But, alas, alas!" says sweet Willie,
"O fair is Annie's face!"
"But what's the matter, my son Willie,
She has nae ither grace."

"Alas, alas!" says sweet Willie;
"But white is Annie's hand!"
"But what's the matter, my son Willie,
She hasna fur o' land."

"Sheep will die in cots, mither,
And owsen die in byre;
And what's this warld's wealth to me,
An I get na my heart's desire?

"Whar will I get a bonnie boy,
That wad fain win hose and shoon,
That will rin to fair Annie's bower,
Wi' the lei light o' the moon?

Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',
The morn at twal at noon;
Ye'll tell her to come to Willie's weddin',
The heir o' Duplin town.*

* That is, my slumbers are short, broken, and interrupted; a characteristic of age.

* *Duplin town.*—Duplin is the seat of the earl of Kinnoul, from which he derives his title of viscount. It is in the neighbourhood of Perth. This copy of the ballad was taken from the current traditionary manner of reciting it in that part of the country; and it is observable, that ballads are very frequently adapted to the meridian of the place where they are found; so that the same parts and characters are given to per-

"She manna put on the black, the black,
Nor yet the dowie brown; [white,
But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae
And her bonnie locks hangin' down."

He is on to Annie's bower,
And tirled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as Annie herself,
To open and let him in.

"Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin',
The morn at twal at noon;
Ye are bidden come to Willie's weddin',
The heir of Duplin town.

"Ye manna put on the black, the black,
Nor yet the dowie brown; [white,
But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae
And your bonnie locks hangin' down."

"It's I will come to Willie's weddin',
The morn at twal at noon;
It's I will come to Willie's weddin',
But I rather the mass had been mine

"Maidens, to my bower come,
And lay gold on my hair;
And whare ye laid sae plait before,
Ye'll now lay ten times mair.

"Taylors, to my bower come,
And mak' to me a weed;
And smiths unto my stable come,
And shoe to me a steed."

At every tate o' Annie's horse' mane
There hang a silver bell;
And there came a wind out frae the south,
Which made them a' to knell.

And when she came to Mary-kirk,
And sat down in the dess,
The light that came frae fair Annie,
Enlighten'd a' the place.

But up and stands the nut-brown bride,
Just at her father's knee;
"O wha is this, my father dear,
That blinks in Willie's e'e?"
"O this is Willie's first true love,
Before he loved thee."

"If that be Willie's first true love,
He might ha'e latten me be;
She has as much gold on ae finger,
As I'll wear till I die.

"O whare got ye that water, Annie,
That washes you sae white?"
"I gotit i' my mither's wambe,
Whare ye'll ne'er get the like.

"For ye've been wash'd in Danny's well,
And dried on Danny's dyke;
And a' the water in the sea
Will never wash ye white."

Willie's ta'en a rose out o' his hat,
Laid it in Annie's lap;
"The bonniest to the bonniest fa's,
Hae, wear it for my sake."

"Tak' up and wear your rose, Willie,
As lang as it will last;
For, like your love, its sweetness a'
Will soon be gane and past.

"Wear ye the rose o' love, Willie,
And I the thorn o' care;
For the woman sall never bear a son,
That will mak' my heart sae sair."

When night was come, and day was gane,
And al men boun' to bed,
Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride
In their chamber were laid.

They werena weel lyen down,
And scarcely fa'n asleep,
When up and stands she, fair Annie,
Just up at Willie's feet.

"Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride
Between ye and the wa';
And sae will I o' my winding sheet,
That suits me best ava.

"Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride
Between ye and the stock;
And sae will I o' my black black kist,
That has neither key nor lock.

"Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
And o' your bridal bed;
And sae will I o' the cald cald mools,
That soon will hap my head."

---

sons of different names and ranks in life in different parts of the country.—*Jamieson.*

Sad Willie rose, put on his claise,
Drew till him his hose and sheon,
And he is on to Annie's bower,
By the lai light o' the moon.

The firsten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie wark;
Her mither and her three sisters
Were makin' to Annie a sark.

The nexten bower that he came till,
There was right dowie cheir;
Her father and her seven brethren
Were makin' to Annie a bier.

The lasten bower that he came till,
O, heavy was his care!
The wanen lights were burning bright,
And fair Annie streekit there.

He's lifted up the coverlet,
Where she, fair Annie, lay;
"Sweet was her smile, but wan her cheek;
Oh, wan, and cald as clay!"

Pale Willie grew; wae was his heart,
And sair he sigh'd wi' teen;
"Oh, Annie! had I kent thy worth,
Ere is e'er late had been!

"It's I will kiss your bonnie cheek,
And I will kiss your chin;
And I will kiss your clay-cald lip;
But I'll never kiss woman again.

"And that I was in love out-done,
Shall ne'er be said o' me;
For, as ye've died for me, Annie,
Sae will I do for thee.

"The day ye deal at Annie's burial
The bread but and the wine;
Before the morn at twall o'clock,
They'll deal the same at mine."

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tither in Mary's quire;
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.

And aye they grew, and aye they grew,
Untill they twa did meet;
And every ane that past them by,
Said, "These's been lovers sweet!"

Lord Beichan.

[THE ballad of "Young Beichan and Susie Pye" is common to both England and Scotland, and several different readings of it exist. The following Scottish version is from Mr Kinloch's collection, London, 1827. Mr Jamieson gives two ballads founded on the same subject. The second of these, entitled "Young Bekie," as it differs materially from the present, we subjoin. The subject of the ballads, "Lord Beichan" or "Young Bekie" is supposed, with great probability, to have originated in the historical fact of Gilbert Becket, the father of the famous Thomas a Becket, having been enslaved by the Saracens, and liberated through the instrumentality of a governor's daughter, who sought him out afterwards in London through many dangers and difficulties, and whom he made his wife. Thomas a Becket was a son of this union.]

Young Beichan was in London born,
He was a man of hie degree;
He past through monie kingdoms great,
Until he cam' unto grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewed he;
But unto onie of their stocks,
He wadna see much as bow a knee:

Which made him to be taken straight,
And brought afore their high jurie;
The savage Moor did speak upricht,
And made him meikle ill to dree.

In ilka shoulder they've bor'd a hole,
And in ilka hole they've put a tree;
They've made him to draw carts and wains,
Till he was sick and like to dee.

But young Beichan was a Christian born,
And still a Christian was he;
Which made them put him in prison strang,
And cauld and hunger sair to dree;
And fed on nocht but bread and water,
Untill the day that he mot dee.

In this prison there grew a tree,
And it was unco stout and strang;
Where he was chained by the middle,
Until his life was almost gang.

The savage Moor had but se dochter,
And her name it was Susie Pye;
And lika day as she took the air,
The prison door she passed bye.

But it fell ance upon a day,
As she was walking, she heard him sing;
She listen'd to his tale of woe,
A happy day for young Beichan!

"My hounds they all go masterless,
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,
My youngest brother will heir my lands,
My native land I'll never see."

"O were I but the prison-keeper,
As I'm a ladie o' hie degree,
I soon wad set this youth at large,
And send him to his ain countrie."

She went away into her chamber,
All nicht she never closed her e'e;
And when the morning begoud to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

She gied the keeper a piece of gowd,
And monie pieces o' white monie,
To tak' her through the bolts and bars,
The lord frae Scotland she lang'd to see:—
She saw young Beichan at the stake,
Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

"O ha'e ye got onie lands," she says,
"Or castles in your ain countrie?
It's what wad ye gi'e to the ladie fair
Wha out o' prison wad set you free?"

"It's I ha'e houses, and I ha'e lands,
Wi' monie castles fair to see,
And I wad gi'e a' to that ladie gay,
Wha out o' prison wad set me free."

The keeper syne brak aff his chains,
And set Lord Beichan at libertie:—
She fill'd his pockets baith wi' gowd,
To tak' him till his ain countrie.

She took him frae her father's prison,
And gied to him the best o' wine;
And a brave health she drank to him,—
"I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine!

It's seven lang years I'll mak' a vow,
And seven lang years I'll keep it true;
If ye'll wed wi' na ither woman,
It's I will wed na man but you."

She's tane him to her father's port,
And gi'en to him a ship o' fame,—
"Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,
I fear I'll ne'er see you again."

Lord Beichan turn'd him round about,
And lowly, lowly, loutit he:—
"Ere seven lang years come to an end,
I'll tak' you to mine ain countrie."

Then whan he cam' to Glasgow town,
A happy, happy, man was he;
The ladies a' around him thrang'd,
To see him come frae slaverie.

His mother she had died o' sorrow,
And a' his brothers were dead but he;
His lands they a' were lying waste,
In ruins were his castles free.

Na porter there stood at his yett;
Na human creature he could see;
Except the screeching owls and bats,
Had he to bear him companie.

But gowd will gar the castles grow,
And he had gowd and jewels free;
And soon the pages around him thrang'd,
To serve him on their bended knee.

His hall was hung wi' silk and satin,
His table rung wi' mirth and glee,
He soon forgot the lady fair,
That lows'd him out o' slaverie.

Lord Beichan courted a lady gay,
To heir wi' him his lands sae free,
Ne'er thinking that a lady fair
Was on her way frae grand Turkie

For Susie Pye could get nae rest,
Nor day nor nicht could happy be,
Still thinking on the Scottish lord,
Till she was sick and like to dee.

But she has builded a bonnie ship,
Weel mann'd wi' seamen o' hie degree:
And secretly she stept on board,
And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

But whan she cam' to the Scottish shore,
The bells were ringing sae merrille;
It was Lord Beichan's wedding day,
Wi' a lady fair o' hie degree.

But ae a vessel was never seen,
The very masts were tapp'd wi' gold!
Her sails were made o' the satin fine,
Maist beautiful for to behold.

But when the lady cam' on shore,
Attended wi' her pages three,
Her shoon were of the beaten gowd,
And she a lady of great beautie.

Then to the skipper she did say,
"Can ye this answer gi'e to me—
Where are Lord Beichan's lands sae braid?
He surely lives in this countrie."

Then up bespak' the skipper bold,
(For he could speak the Turkish tongue,)—
"Lord Beichan lives not far away,
This is the day of his wedding."

"If ye will guide me to Beichan's yetts,
I will ye weil reward," said she,—
Then she and all her pages went,
A very gallant companie.

When she cam' to Lord Beichan's yetts,
She tirl'd gently at the pin,
She ready was the proud porter
To let the wedding guests come in.

"Is this Lord Beichan's house," she says,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yes, he is gane into the hall,
Wi' his brave bride, and monie ane."

"Ye'll bid him send me a piece of bread,
Bot and a cup of his best wine;
And bid him mind the lady's love
That ance did lowse him out o' pyne."

Then in and cam' the porter bold,
I wat he gae three shouts and three,—
"The fairest lady stands at your yetts,
That ever my twa een did see."

Then up bespak' the bride's mither,
I wat an angry woman was she,—
"You micht ha'e excepted our bonnie bride,
Tho' she'd been three times as fair as she."

"My dame, your daughter's fair enough,
And aye the fairer mot she be!
But the fairest time that e'er she was,
She'll na compare wi' this ladie.

"She has a gowd ring on ilka finger,
And on her mid-finger she has three;
She has as mickle gowd upon her head,
As wad buy an earldom o' land to thee.

"My lord, she begs some o' your bread,
Bot and a cup o' your best wine,
And bids you mind the lady's love
That ance did lowse ye out o' pyne."

Then up and started Lord Beichan,
I wat he made the table flee,—
"I wad gi'e a' my yearlie rent
'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea."

Syne up bespak' the bride's mither,—
She was ne'er heard to speak sae free,—
"Ye'll no forsake my ae dochter,
Though Susie Pye has cross'd the sea?"

"Tak' hame, tak' hame, your dochter, madam,
For she is ne'er the waur o' me;
She cam' to me on horseback riding,
And she sall gang hame in chariot free."

He's tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,
And led her through his halls sae hie,—
"Ye're now Lord Beichan's lawful wife,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me."

Lord Beichan prepar'd for another wedding,
Wi' baith their hearts sae fa' o' glee;—
Says, "I'll range nae mair in foreign lands,
Sin' Susie Pye has cross'd the sea.

"Fy! gar a' our cooks mak' ready;
And, fy! gar a' our pipers play;
And fy! gar trumpets gae through the toun,
That Lord Beichan's wedded twice in a day!"

Young Bekie.

[From Jamieson's Collection. See Note to previous Ballad.]

Young Bekie was as brave a knight
As ever sail'd the sea;
And he's doen him to the court o' France,
To serve for meat and fee.

He hadna been in the court o' France
  A twelvemonth nor sae lang,
Till he fell in love wi' the king's daughter,
  And was thrown in prison strang.

The king he had but sae daughter,
  Burd Isbel was her name;
And she has to the prison gane,
  To hear the prisoner's mane.

"O gin a lady wad borrow me,
  At her stirrup I wad rin;
O gin a widow wad borrow me,
  I wad swear to be her son.

"O gin a virgin wad borrow me,
  I wad wed her wi' a ring;
I'd gi'e her ha's, I'd gi'e her bowers,
  The bonnie towers o' Linne."

O barefoot barefoot gaed she but,
  And barefoot cam' she ben;
It was na for want o' hose and shoon,
  Nor time to put them on;

But a' for fear that her father
  Had heard her makin' din;
For she's stown the keys of the prison,
  And gane the dungeon within.

And when she saw him, young Bekie,
  Wow, but her heart was cair!
For the mice, but and the bauld rattons,
  Had eaten his yellow hair.

She's gotten him a shaver for his beard,
  A comber till his hair;
Five hundred pound in his pocket,
  To spend, and nae to spare.

She's gi'en him a steed was good in need,
  And a saddle o' royal bane;
A leash o' hounds o' sae litter,
  And Hector called ane.

Atween thir twa a vow was made,
  'Twas made full solemlie,
That or three years were come and gane,
  Weel married they should be.

He hadna been in's ain countrie
  A twelvemonth till an end,
Till he's forced to marry a duke's daughter,
  Or than lose a' his land.

"Ochon, alas!" says young Bekie,
  "I kenna what to dee;
For I canna win to Burd Isbel,
  And she canna come to me."

O it fell out upon a day
  Burd Isbel fell asleep,
And up it starts the Billy Blin,
  And stood at her bed feet.

"O waken, waken, Burd Isbel;
  How can ye sleep so soun';
When this is Bekie's wedding day,
  And the marriage gaing on?

"Ye do ye till your mither's bower,
  As fast as ye can gang;
And ye tak' three o' your mither's Marys,
  To haud ye unthocht lang.

"Ye dress yourse' i' the red scarlet,
  And your Marys in dainty green;
And ye put girdles about your middle
  Wad buy an earldome.

"Syne ye gang down by yon sea-side,
  And down by yon sea-strand;
And bonnie will the Hollans boats
  Come rowin' till your hand.

"Ye set your milk-white foot on board,
  Cry, 'Hail ye, Domine!'
And I will be the steerer o't,
  To row you o'er the sea."

She's ta'en her till her mither's bower,
  As fast as she could gang;
And she's ta'en twa o' her mither's Marys,
  To haud her unthocht lang.

She's dreet herself i' the red scarlet,
  Her Marys i' the dainty green;
And they've put girdles about their middle
  Would buy an earldome.

And they gaed down by yon sea-side,
  And down by yon sea-strand;
And sae bonnie as the Hollans boats
  Come rowin' till their hand.

She set her milk-white foot on board,
  Cried, "Hail ye, Domine!"
And the Billy Blin was the steerer o't,
  To row her o'er the sea.

When she cam' to young Bekie's gate,
  She heard the music play;
And her mind misgav'e by a' she heard,
  That 'twas his wedding day.

She's pitten her hand in her pocket,
  Gi'en the porter merkis three;
"Hae, take ye that, ye proud porter,
  Bid your master speake to me."

O whan that he cam' up the stair,
  He fell low down on his knee:
He half'd the king, and he hall'd the queen,
  And he hall'd him young Bekie.

"O I have been porter at your gates
  This thirty years and thrée;
But there are three ladies at them now,
  Their like I did never see.

"There's ane o' them drest in red scarlet,
  And twa in dainty green;
And they ha'e girdles about their middles
  Would buy an earldome."

Then out and spak' the bleerdly bride,
  Was a' good to the chin;
"Gin she be fine without," she says,
  "We'e be as fine within."

Then up it starts him, young Bekie,
  And the tear was in his e'e:
"I'll lay my life it's Burd Isbel
  Come o'er the sea to me."

O quickly he ran down the stair;
  And whan he saw 'twas she,
He kindly took her in his arms,
  And kist her tenderlie.

"O ha'e ye forgotten now, young Bekie,
  The vow ye made to me,
When I took you out of prison strang,
  When ye was condemned to dee?

"I ga'e you a steed was good in need,
  And a saddle o' royal bane;
A leash o' hounds o' ae litter;
  And Hector called ane."

It was well kent what the lady said,
  That it was nae a lie;
For at the first word the lady spak',
  The hound fell at her knee.

"Tak' hame, tak' hame your daughter dear;
  A blessing gang her wi';
For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,
  That's come o'er the sea to me."

"Is this the customs o' your house,
  Or the fashion o' your land,
To marry a maid in a May morning,
  And send her back a maid at e'en?"

May Colvin.

[SMALL copies of May Colvin or Colleen, under the title of "The Western Tragedy," exist of a date at least as far back as the middle of the last century. From these the ballad found its way into Herd's collection, and is reprinted by Motherwell with some alterations from a recited version. "The ballad finds locality," says Mr Chambers, "in that wild portion of the coast of Carrick, (Ayrshire,) which intervenes betwixt Girvan and Ballantrae. Carlton Castle, about two miles to the south of Girvan, (a tall old ruin situated on the brink of a bank which overhangs the sea, and which gives title to Sir John Cathcart, Bart. of Carlton,) is affirmed by the country people, who still remember the story with great freshness, to have been the residence of 'the fause Sir John;' while a tall rocky eminence, called Gamsloup, overhanging the sea about two miles still farther south, and over which the road passes in a style terrible to all travellers, is pointed out as the place where he was in the habit of drowning his wives, and where he was finally drowned himself. The people, who look upon the ballad as a regular and proper record of an unquestionable fact, further affirm that May Colleen was a daughter of the family of Kennedy of Colzean, now represented by the Earl of Cassilis, and that she became heir to all the immense wealth which her husband had acquired by his former mal-practices, and accordingly lived happy all the rest of her days." We give here, first, the ballad as it appears in Motherwell, which differs little from Herd's version. We also give Mr Buchan's version, which, though similar in incident, is almost totally different in language from the others.]

FALSE Sir John a wooing came,
To a maid of beauty fair;
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her butt, and he's courted her ben,
And he's courted her into the ha',
Till once he got this lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay;
And she's taken the red, and she's left the [white,
And so lightly as she tripped away.

She's gane down to her father's stable
Where all his steeds did stand;
And she's taken the best and she's left the [warst,
That was in her father's land.

He rode on, and she rode on,
They rode a lang simmer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup off the steed," says false Sir John;
"Your bridal bed you see; [here,
For it's seven king's daughters I have drowned
And the eighth I'll out make with thee.

"Cast aff, cast aff your silks so fine,
And lay them on a stone,
For they are o'er good and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast aff, cast aff your holland smock,
And lay it on this stone,
For it is too fine and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn you about, thou false Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree;
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see."

He's turned himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She's twined her arms about his waist,
And thrown him into the sea.

"O hold a grip of me, May Colvin,
For fear that I should drown;
I'll take you hame to your father's gate,
And safely I'll set you down."

"O lie you there, thou false Sir John,
O lie you there," said she,
"For you lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane you intended for me."

So she went on her father's steed,
As swift as she could flee;
And she came hame to her father's gaits
At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot:
"May Colvin, where have you been?
What has become of false Sir John,
That wooed you so late yestreen?"

Up then spake the pretty parrot,
In the bonnie cage where it lay:
"O what ha'e ye done with the false Sir John,
That he behind you does stay?

"He wooed you butt, he wooed you ben,
He wooed you into the ha',
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa'."

"O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me;
Your cage will be made of the beaten gold,
And the spakes of ivorie."

Up then spake the king himself,
In the chamber where he lay:
"Oh! what aile the pretty parrot,
That prattles so long ere day."

"It was a cat cam' to my cage door,
I thought 'twould have worried me
And I was calling on fair May Colvin
To take the cat from me."

MAY COLVIN.

[BUCHAN'S version. See Note to the previous ballad. Binyan's Bay, mentioned in the version, was, Mr Buchan says, at the mouth of the river Ugie, where Peterhead now stands.]

HEARD ye ever of a bludy knight,
Lived in the west countrie?
For he's betray'd seven virgine fair,
And drowned them in the sea.

All ladies of a gude account,
As ever yet were known;
This traitor was a barron knight,
They call'd him fause Sir John.

Then he is gane to May Colvin,
She was her father's heir;
The greatest beauty o' that age,
I solemnly declare.

Thou art the darling of my heart,
I say, fair May Colvin;
So far excells thy beauties great,
That ever I ha'e seen.

But I'm a knight of wealth and might,
Ha'e towers, towns twenty-three;
And ye'se be lady o' them a',
If ye will gang wi' me.

Excuse me then, O gude Sir John,
To wed I am too young;
Without ye ha'e my parents' leave,
With you I darna come.

Your parents' leave ye soon shall have,
To this they will agree;
For I ha'e made a solemn vow,
This night ye'se gang wi' me.

Frae below his arm he's pull'd a charm,
And stuck it in her sleeve;
And he has made her gang wi' him,
Without her parents' leave.

Much gowd and siller she has brought,
Wi' her five hundred pound;
The best an' steed her father had,
She's ta'en to ride upon.

Sae privately they rade away,
They made nae stop nor stay;
Till they came to that fatal end,
That ye ca' Binyan's bay.

It being in a lonely place,
Nae habitation nigh;
The fatal rocks were tall and steep,
And none could hear her cry.

Light down, light down, fair May Colvin,
Light down, and speak wi' me;
For here I've drown'd eight virgins brave,
And you the ninth maun be.

Are these your bowers and lofty towers,
Sae beautiful and gay?
Or is it for my gold, she says,
You take my life away?

Cast aff, cast aff your jewels fine,
Sae costly, rich, and rare;
For they're too costly, and too fine,
To sink in the sea ware.

Then aff she's ta'en her jewels fine,
And thus she made her mean;
Ha'e mercy on a virgin young,
I pray you, gude Sir John!

Cast aff, cast aff, fair May Colvin,
Your gown and petticoat;
For they're too costly, and too fine,
To rot by the sea rock.

Take all I have my life to save,
O gude Sir John, I pray;
Let it ne'er be said you killed a maid,
Before her wedding day.

Strip aff, strip aff, your Holland smock,
That's border'd wi' the lawn;
For it's too costly, and too fine,
To toss on the sea sand.

O turn ye round, O gude Sir John,
Your back about to me;
It is not comely for a man
A naked woman to see.

But, as Sir John he turn'd him round,
She threw him in the sea;
Says, Lye ye there, ye fause Sir John,
For ye thought to lye wi' me.

O lye ye there, ye traitor fause,
For ye thought to lye wi' me;
Although ye stript me to the skin,
Ye'se get your claise wi' thee.

Then on she puts her jewels fine,
Sae costly, rich, and brave;
And then wi' speed she mounts her steed,
Sae well's she did behave.

This maiden fair being void of fear,
The steed was swift and free;
And she has reach'd her father's house
Before the clock struck three.

First she call'd the stable groom,
  Who was her waiting man;
As soon's he heard his lady's word,
  He came wi' cap in han'.

Where hast thou been, fair May Colvin?
  Who owes this dapple gray?
It is a found ane, she replied,
  That I got on the way.

Then out it speaks the wylie parrot,
  Unto fair May Colvin;
What hast thou made o' fause Sir John,
  That ye went wi' yestreen?

O hand your tongue, my pretty parrot,
  And talk nae mair o' me;
For when ye got as meal a-fore,
  My parrot, ye'se ha'e three.

Then out it speaks her father dear,
  In the chamber where he lay;
What aileth thee, my pretty parrot,
  To chat sae lang ere day?

The cat she scratch'd at my cage door,
  The thief I couldna see;
And I am calling on May Colvin,
  To take the cat frae me.

But first she tauld her father dear,
  The deed that she had done;
Likewise unto her mother dear,
  Concerning fause Sir John.

If that be true, fair May Colvin,
  That ye ha'e tauld to me;
The morn, ere I eat or drink,
  This fause Sir John I'll see.

Sae aff they went, wi' sae consent,
  By the dawning o' the day;
Until they came to Charlestown sands,
  And there his corpse it lay.

His body tall, with that great fall,
  With waves toss'd to and fro,
The diamond ring that he had on,
  Was broken in pieces two.

They ha'e taken up his corpse
  To yonder pleasant green;
And there they buried fause Sir John,
  For fear he should be seen.

Ye ladies a', wherever you be,
  That read this mournful song;
I pray you mind on May Colvin,
  And think on fause Sir John.

Aff they've ta'en his jewels fine,
  To keep in memory;
And sae I end my mournful sang,
  And fatal tragedy.

The Jew's Daughter.

["THIS ballad," says Dr Percy, "is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice which hath been always alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror; we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious. The ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioresse's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been there murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III."

Different readings of the ballad are given in different collections, but the variations are not material. In some copies the title is "Sir Hugh or the Jew's Daughter;" in others, particularly Mr Jamieson's, who accompanies his copy by a long and curious introduction on the state of the Jews in the middle ages, it is called "Hugh of Lincoln." We follow here Motherwell's version, as we consider it, on the whole, the best.]

YESTERDAY was brave Hallowday,
  And, above all days of the year,
The schoolboys all got leave to play,
  And little Sir Hugh was there.

He kicked the ball with his foot,
And tapped it with his knee,
And ev'n in at the Jew's window,
He gart the bonnie ba' flee.

Out then came the Jew's daughter—
"Will ye come in and dine?"
"I winna come in and I canna come in
Till I get that ball o' mine.

"Throw down that ball to me, maiden,
Throw down the ball to me."
"I winna throw down your ball, Sir Hugh,
Till ye come up to me."

She pu'd the apple frae the tree,
It was baith red and green,
She gave it unto little Sir Hugh,
With that his heart did win.

She wiled him into an chamber,
She wiled him into twa,
She wiled him into the third chamber,
And that was warst o't a'.

She took out a little penknife,
Hung low down by her spare,
She twined this young thing o' his life,
And a word he ne'er spak' mair.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonnie heart's blood—
There was nae mair within.

She laid him on a dressing table,
She dress'd him like a swine,
Says, "Lie ye there, my bonnie Sir Hugh,
Wi' ye're apples red and green."

She put him in a case of lead,
Says "Lie ye there and sleep;"
She threw him into the deep draw-well
Wan fifty fathoms deep.

A schoolboy walking in the garden,
Did grievously hear him moan,
He ran away to the deep draw-well
And fell down on his knee,

Says, "Bonnie Sir Hugh, and pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray you speak to me;
If you speak to any body in this world,
I pray you speak to me."

When bells were rung and mass was sung,
And every body went hame,
Then every lady had her son,
But lady Helen had nane.

She rolled her mantle her about,
And sore, sore did she weep;
She ran away to the Jew's castle
When all were fast asleep.

She cries, "Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray you speak to me;
If you speak to any body in this warld,
I pray you speak to me."

"Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
I'll tell you where to seek;
Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
He's in the well sae deep."

She ran away to the deep draw-well,
And she fell down on her knee;
Saying, "Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray ye speak to me,
If ye speak to any body in the world,
I pray ye speak to me."

"Oh! the lead it is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well it is wondrous deep,
The little penknife sticks in my throat,
And I downa to ye speak.

"But lift me out o' this deep draw-well,
And bury me in yon church-yard;
Put a bible at my head, he says,
And a testament at my feet,
And pen and ink at every side,
And I'll lie still and sleep.

"And go to the back of Maitland town,
Bring me my winding sheet;
For it's at the back of Maitland town,
That you and I shall meet."

O the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom that makes full sore,
A woman's mercy is very little,
But a man's mercy is more.

The Martyr.

[Modern Ballad.—James Hogg.]

"Oh where have you been, bonnie Marley Reid,
For mony a long night and day?
I have miss'd ye sair, at the Wanlock-head,
And the cave o' the Louther brae.

"Our friends are waning fast away,
Baith frae the cliff and the wood;
They are tearing them frae us like day;
For there's naething will please but blood.

"And, O bonnie Marley, I maun now
Gi'e your heart muckle pain,
For your bridegroom is a-missing too,
And 'tis fear'd that he is ta'en.

"We have sought the caves o' the Enterkin,
And the dens o' the Ballybough,
And a' the howes o' the Ganna linn;
And we wot not what to do."

"Dispel your fears, good Marjory Laing,
And hope all for the best,
For the servants of God will find a place,
Their weary heads to rest.

"There are better places, that we ken o',
And seemlier to be in,
Than all the dens of the Ballybough,
Or howes o' the Ganna linn.

"But sit thee down, good Marjory Laing,
And listen a while to me,
For I have a tale to tell to you,
That will bring you to your knee:

"I went to seek my own dear James
In the cave o' the Louther brae,
For I had some things, that of a' the world,
He best deserved to ha'e.

"I had a kebbuck in my lap,
And a fadge o the flour sae sma,
And a sark I had made for his bairdly back,
As white as the new-dri'en snaw.

"I sought him over hill and dale,
Shouting by cave and tree;
But only the dell with its eiry yell,
An answer return'd to me.

"I sought him up, and I sought him down,
And echoes return'd his name,
Till the gloffs o' dread shot to my heart,
And dirled through a' my frame.

"I sat me down by the Enterkin,
And saw, in a fearful line,
The red dragoons come up the path,
Wi' prisoners eight or nine:

"And one of them was my dear, dear James,
The flower of a' his kin';
He was wounded behind, and wounded before,
And the blood ran frae his chin.

"He was bound upon a weary hack,
Leash'd both by hough and heel,
And his hands were bound behind his back,
Wi' the thumbkins of steel.

"I kneel'd before that soldier band,
In the fervour of inward strife,
And I raised to Heaven my trembling hand,
And begg'd my husband's life.

"But all the troop laugh'd me to scorn,
Making my grief their game;
And the captain said some words to me,
Which I cannot tell for shame.

"And then he cursed our Whiggish race,
With a proud and a scornful brow,
And bade me look at my husband's face,
And say how I liked him now.

"Oh, I like him weel, thou proud captain,
Though the blood runs to his knee,
And all the better for the grievous wrongs
He has suffer'd this day frae thee.

"But can you feel within your heart
That comely youth to slay?
For the hope you have in Heaven, captain,
Let him gang wi' me away!

"Then the captain swore a fearfu' oath,
With loathsome jest and mock,
That he thought no more of a Whiggamore's life
Than the life of a noisome brock.

"Then my poor James to the captain call'd,
And he begg'd baith hard and sair,
To have one kiss of his bonnie bride,
Ere we parted for evermair.

'I'll do that for you,' said the proud captain,
'And save you the toll to-day,
And, moreover, I'll take her little store,
To support you by the way.'

"He took my bountith from my lap,
And I saw, with sorrow dumb,
That he parted it all among his men,
And gave not my love one crumb.

'Now, fare you well, my very bonnie bride,'
Cried the captain with disdain;
'When I come back to the banks of Nith,
I shall kiss you sweetly then.

'Your heartiest thanks must sure be given,
For what I have done to-day,—
I am taking him straight on the road to heaven;
And short will be the way!'

"My love he gave me a parting look,
And blest'd me fervently,
And the tears they mix'd wi' his purple blood,
And ran down to his knee."

"What's this I hear, bonnie Marley Reid?
How could these woes betide?
For blyther you could not look this day,
Were your husband by your side.

"One of two things alone is left,
And dreadful the one to me;
For either your fair wits are reft,
Or else your husband's free."

"Allay your fears, good Marjory Laing,
And hear me out the rest;
You little ken what a bride will do,
For the youth she likes the best!

"I hied me home to my father's ha',
And through a' my friends I ran,
And I gather'd me up a purse o' gowd,
To redeem my young goodman:

"For I knew'd the prelate lowns would weel
My fair intent approve;
For they'll do far mair for the good red gowd,
Than they'll do for Heaven above.

"And away I ran to Edinburgh town,
Of my shining treasure vain,
To buy my James from the prison strong,
Or there with him remain.

"I sought through a' the city jails,
I sought baith lang and sair;
But the guardsmen turn'd me frae their doors,
And swore that he was not there.

"I went away to the tyrant duke,
Who was my love's judge to be,
And I proffer'd him a' my yellow store,
If he'd grant his life to me.

"He counted the red gowd slowly o'er,
By twenties and by tens,
And said I had taken the only means
To attain my hopeful ends.

'And now,' said he, 'your husband's safe;
You may take this pledge of me:
And I'll tell you, fair one, where ye'll go
To gain this certaintye,—

'Gang west the street and down the Bow,
And through the market place,
And there you will meet with a gentleman,
Of a tall and courteous grace;

'He is clad in a livery of the green,
With a plume aboon his bree,
And arm'd with a halbert, glittering sheen
Your love he will let you see.'

"O Marjory, never flew blythesome bird,
So light out through the sky,
As I flew up that stately street,
Weeping for very joy.

"Oh never flew lamb out o'er the lea,
When the sun gangs o'er the hill,
Wi' lighter, blyther steps than me,
Or skipp'd wi' sic goodwill;

"And aye I bless'd the precious ore,
My husband's life that won;
And I even bless'd the tyrant duke,
For a kind good-hearted man.

"The officer I soon found out,—
For he could not be mistook,
But in all my life I never beheld
Sic a grim and grousome look.

"I ask'd him for my dear, dear James,
With throbs of wild delight,
And begg'd him in his master's name,
To take me to his sight.

"He ask'd me for his true address,
With a voice at which I shook;
For I saw that he was a cruel knave,
By the terror of his look.

"I named the name with a buoyant voice,
That trembled with ecstasye;
But the savage bray'd a hideous laugh,
Then turn'd and grinn'd at me.

"He pointed up to the city wall:
One look benumb'd my soul;
For there I saw my husband's head
Fix'd high upon a pole!

"His yellow hair waved in the wind,
And far behind did flee,
And his right hand hang beside his cheek,—
A wacsome sight to see.

"His chin hang down on open space,
Yet comely was his brow,
And his eyne were open to the breeze,—
There was nane to close them now!

'What think you of your true love now?'
The hideous porter said;
'Is not that a comely sight to see,
And sweet to a Whiggish maid?'

'Oh, hand your tongue, ye heartless slave,
For I downa answer you;
He was dear, dear to my heart before,
But never sae dear as now!

'I see a sight you cannot see,
Which man cannot efface;
I see a ray of heavenly love
Beaming on that dear face.

'And weel I ken yon bonnie brent brow
Will smile in the walks on high,
And yon yellow hair, all blood-stain'd now,
Maun wave aboon the sky.'

"But can ye trow me, Marjory dear?
In the might of heavenly grace,
There was never a sigh burst frae my heart,
Nor a tear ran o'er my face.

"But I bless'd my God, who had thus seen meet
To take him from my side,
To call him home to the courts above,
And leave me a virgin bride."

"Alack, alack, bonnie Marley Reid,
That sic days we ha'e lived to see!
For siccan a cruel and waefu' tale
Was never yet heard by me.

"And all this time, I have, trembling, wean'd
That your dear wits were gone;
For there is a joy in your countenance,
Which I never saw beam thereon.

"Then let us kneel with humble hearts,
To the God whom we revere,
Who never yet laid that burden on,
Which he gave not strength to bear."

Glasgow Peggy.

[From Buchan's Ballads of the North, where it is called "Donald of the Isles," but the more usual title of the ballad is "Glasgow Peggy."]

A bonnie laddie brisk and gay,
A handsome youth sae brisk and gaddie;
And he is on to Glasgow town,
To steal awa' his bonnie Peggy.

When he came into Glasgow town,
Upon her father's green sae steady;
"Come forth, come forth, old man," he says,
"For I am come for bonnie Peggy."

Out it spake her father then,
"Begone from me, ye Highland laddie;
There's lane in a' the west country
Dare steal from me my bonnie Peggy."

"I've ten young men all at my back,
That ance to me were baith true and steady,
If ance I call, they'll soon be nigh,
And bring to me my bonnie Peggy."

Out it spake her mother then,
Dear but she spake wond'rous saucy;
Says, "Ye may steal my cow or ewe,
But I'll keep sight o' my ain lassie."

"Hold your tongue, old woman," he says,
"Ye think your wit it is fu' ready;
For cow nor ewe I ever stole,
But I will steal your bonnie Peggy."

Then all his men they boldly came,
  That was to him baith true and steady;
And through the ha' they quickly went,
  And forth they carried bonnie Peggy.

Her father gae mony shout and cry,
  Her mother cursed the Highland laddie;
But he heard them as he heard them not,
  But fix'd his eye on bonnie Peggy.

He set her on his milk-white steed,
  And he himself on his grey naigie,
Still along the way they rode,
  And he's awa' wi' bonnie Peggy.

Says, "I wad gi'e baith cow and ewe,
  And me would I this tartan plaidie,
That I was far into the north,
  And along wi' me my bonnie Peggy."

As they rode down yon pleasant glen,
  Par trees and brambles were right mony,
There they met the Earl o' Hume,
  And his young son, were riding bonnie.

Then out it spake the young Earl Hume,
  Deur but he spake wond'rous gaudie;
"I'm was to see sae fair a dame
  Riding along wi' a Highland laddie."

"Hold your tongue, ye young Earl Hume,
  O dear but ye do speak right gaudie;
There's nae a lord in a' the south,
  Dare ev'r compete wi' a Highland laddie."

Then he rode five miles through the north,
  Through mony hills sae rough and scroggie,
Till they came down to a low glen,
  And he lay down wi' bonnie Peggy.

Then he enclosed her in his arms,
  And row'd her in his tartan plaidie; [house,
"There are blankets and sheets in my father's
  How have I lien down wi' a' Highland laddie!"

Says he, "There are sheep in my father's fauld,
  And every year their wool is ready;
By the same our debts we pay,
  Although I be but a Highland laddie.

"There are fifty cows in my father's byre,
  That all are tyed to the stakes, and ready;
Five thousand pounds I ha'e ilk year,
  Although I be but a Highland laddie.

"My father has fifty well shod horse,
  Besides your steed and my grey naigie;
I'm Donald o' the Isle o' Sky,
  Why may not you be ca'd a lady?

"See ye not yon fine castle,
  On yonder hill that stands sae gaudie;
And there we'll win this very night,
  Where ye'll enjoy your Highland laddie."

The Keach i' the Creel.

[This genuine sample of the old humorous ballad was taken down from the recitation of a gentleman in Liddesdale, where it has long been popular. It is here first printed, with the exception of a few copies for private distribution.]

A fair young May went up the street,
  Some white fish for to buy;
And a bonnie clerk's fa'en in love wi' her,
  And he's followed her by and by—
  by;
  And he's followed her by and by.

"O where live ye, my bonnie lass,
  I pray thee tell to me;
For gin the night were ever sae mirk,
  I wad come and visit thee—
  thee;
  I wad come and visit thee."

"O my father he aye locks the door,
  My mither keeps the key;
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wight,
  Ye canna win in to me—
  me;
  Ye canna win in to me."

But the clerk he had sae true brother,
  And a wily wight was he;
And he has made a lang ladder
  Was thirty steps and three—
  three;
  Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a cleek but and a creel—
  A creel but and a pin;
And he's away to the chimley-top,
  And he's letten the bonnie clerk in—
  in;
  And he's letten the bonnie clerk in.

The auld wife, being not asleep,
Heard something that was said;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man i' our dochter's bed—
bed;
There's a man i' our dochter's bed."

The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But she's ta'en the bonnie clerk in her arms,
And cover'd him owre wi' blue—
blue;
And cover'd him owre wi' blue.

"O where are ye gaun now, father," she says,
"And where are ye gaun sae late?
Ye've disturb'd me in my evening prayers,
And O but they were sweet—
sweet;
And O but they were sweet."

"O ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye die:
She has the muckle bulk in her arms,
And she's prayin' for you and me—
me;
And she's prayin' for you and me."

The auld wife being not asleep,
Then something mair was said;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man i' our dochter's bed—
bed;
There's a man i' our dochter's bed."

The auld wife she got owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But what the wrack took the auld wife's fit?
For into the creel she flew—
flew;
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimley-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shoulder,
And fast to him he drew—
drew;
And fast to him he drew.

"O help, O help, O hinny, now help;
O help, O hinny, now;
For *him* that ye aye wished me to,
He's carryin' me off just now—
now;
He's carryin' me off just now."

"O if the foul thief's gotten ye,
I wish he may keep his head;
For a' the lee lang winter nicht,
Ye'll never lie in your bed—
bed;
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down.
He's towed her through an' through:
"O Gude, assist," quo' the silly auld wife;
"For I'm just departin' now—
now;
For I'm just departin' now."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gi'en her a richt down fa',
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side
Play'd nick nack on the wa'—
wa';
Play'd nick nack on the wa'.

O the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue;
And I wish the blue may do weel:
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her dochter,
May she get a good keach i' the creel—
creel;
May she get a gude keach i' the creel!

The Angel Stars.

[Modern Ballad, written by William Oliver, of Langraw, in Roxburghshire, and here first printed.]

There were twae lovers, lovers leal,
Twae lovers leal and true;
But they wha love maist earnestly,
Will oft the sairest rue.

Oh sweet the time thae lovers dear
Did spend wi' ane another;
Wherever ane o' them might be,
There surely was the other.

And a' was fresh, and a' was fair,
Oh fair baith e'en and morn;
They thought to pu' life's budding rose,
And never find its thorn.

A' care was lost—a' thought of woe:
Stern truth had changed his guise,
O'er coloured by the glamourie
That dwells in lovers' eyes.

Oh passion fierce for earthly things,
Whatever these things may be,
What pine and terror, want and woe,
Thou gars puir mortals dree.

The sun will set, the sand will run,
And life will fleet away:
Ane o' thir lovers curst his fate—
His flower was turned to clay.

The flower he cherished o'er a' things,
Had withered in a day;
The maid he lo'ed 'boon earth and heaven,
Fell death had borne away.

He raged, and raved, and curst his fate;
Lay down and wished to dee,—
"Oh who on earth has e'er been mocked—
Has had a fate like me?

"Unfold, oh death, thy grisly ports;
Grim thief, give back my love.
Oh, is there nought, that man may do,
That shall thy pity move?"

All as he spoke, a twinkling star,
Far in the welkin blue,
Descended with a golden train,
And near and nearer drew;

And, bright'ning as it nearer came,
A form disclosed to sight,
Reclining on a fleecy cloud,
All steeped in heavenly light.

Ah, well he knew that angel face,
Though now, far fairer grown;
And brighter far the yellow hair,
That hung her form adown.

"'Tis she! 'tis she! my lost! my love!
My life! my heaven! my all!
Come to my arms! I did but dream
Of death, and sable pall."

"Give o'er," she said, "such wicked strife;
Submit to heaven's decree;
Thy impious pray'r can ne'er be heard;
I come no more to thee.

"But, from my lattice in the sky,
I'll look on thee below,
And shed the choicest dews of heaven
Upon thy fevered brow.

"Submit! repent!"—On this, again
To heaven she soar'd away.
"Oh stay," the frantic lover cried,
"Oh stay, my loved one, stay!"

Again he curst with frantic rage
The wierd he had to dree,
Again he cried, "Whoe'er was mocked,
Or had a fate like me?"

When lo! a red and lurid star
Approached to where he stood;
The shades of night were dimly lit,
And tinged with hue of blood.

There stood a figure pallid in cloud,
The wrack of thunder storm,
And aye by fits the writhing mass
Disclosed a half-seen form.

The earth did groan. Each living thing
Fled fast, and far away—
"What would you gi'e to gain your love,
Now tell me, child of clay?"

"I'd gi'e the world, if it were mine,
Oh mair than e'er was given:
I'd gi'e, to ha'e my true love back,
Earth's hopes—the joys of heaven."

The echo shrunk, sae drear the yell
That burst into her caves.
'Twas like a sound to wake the dead,
And rouse them frae their graves.

The night-clad lake moved in its depths,
And heaved frae shore to shore,
And rolled its flood in one wide wave,
And gave one sullen roar.

That dread unearthly yell has ceased,
And all again is still;
Gone is the fiend, and gone the man
That wouldna' bend his will.

The raven croaks above yon glen,
And views a mangled prey,
Then soars aloft, in eager haste,
And hies him fast away.

'Tis there he lies, 'mong jagged rocks,
That lost—misguided one.
The mother, on whose breast he lay,
Might fail to know her son.

The Drowned Lovers.

[From Mr Buchan's Ballads. A fragment of this previously appeared in Mr Jamieson's collection, under the title of "Willie and May Margaret." The catastrophe of this rude but pathetic ballad, it will be seen, is brought about through means similar to those used in "Fair Annie of Lochryan"—the deception, namely, of a mother answering in the voice of a lover.]

Willie stands in his stable door,
And clapping at his steed;
And looking o'er his white fingers,
His nose began to bleed.

"Gi'e corn to my horse, mother,
And meat to my young man;
And I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
I'll win ere she lie down."

"O bide this night wi' me, Willie,
O bide this night wi' me;
The best an' cock o' a' the reest
At your supper shall be."

"A' your cocks, and a' your reests,
I value not a prin;
For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
I'll win ere she lie down."

"Stay this night wi' me, Willie,
O stay this night wi' me;
The best an' sheep in a' the flock
At your supper shall be."

"A' your sheep, and a' your flocks,
I value not a prin;
For I'll awa' to Meggie's bower,
I'll win ere she lie down."

"O an' ye gang to Meggie's bower,
Sae sair against my will;
The deepest pot in Clyde's water,
My mallson ye's feel.

"The guid steed that I ride upon,
Cost me thrice thretty pound;
And I'll put trust in his swift feet,
To ha'e me safe to land."

As he rode ower yon high, high hill,
And down yon dowie den,
The noise that was in Clyde's water
Would fear'd five hunder men.

"O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,
Your streams seem wond'rous strang,
Make me your wreck as I come back,
But spare me as I gang."

Then he is on to Meggie's bower,
And tirled at the pin;
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Meggie," he said,
"Ye'll open, lat me come in."

"O wha is this at my bower door,
That calls me by my name?"
"It is your first love, sweet Willie,
This night newly come hame."

"I ha'e few lovers thereout, thereout,
As few ha'e I therein;
The best an' love that ever I had,
Was here just late yestreen."

"The warstan stable in a' your stables,
For my puir steed to stand;
The warstan bower in a' your bowers,
For me to lie therein:
My boots are fu' o' Clyde's water,
I'm shivering at the chin."

"My barns are fu' o' corn, Willie,
My stables are fu' o' hay;
My bowers are fu' o' gentlemen,
They'll nae remove till day."

"O fare-ye-well, my fause Meggie,
O farewell, and adieu;
I've gotten my mither's mallson,
This night coming to you."

As he rode ower yon high, high hill,
And down yon dowie den;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water,
Took Willie's cane frae him.

He lean'd him over his saddle bow,
To catch his cane again;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water,
Took Willie's hat frae him.

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,
  To catch his hat through force;
The rushing that was in Clyde's water,
  Took Willie frae his horse.

His brither stood upo' the bank,
  Says, "Fye, man, will ye drown?
Ye'll turn ye to your high horse head,
  And learn how to sowm."

"How can I turn to my horse head,
  And learn how to sowm?
I've gotten my mither's malison,
  It's here that I maun drown!"

The very hour this young man sank
  Into the pot sae deep,
Up wakenn'd his love, Maggie,
  Out o' her drowsy sleep.

"Come here, come here, my mither dear,
  And read this dreary dream;
I dreamn'd my love was at our yates,
  And none wad let him in."

"Lye still, lye still now, my Maggie,
  Lye still and tak' your rest;
Sae your true love was at our yates,
  It's but twa quarters past."

Nimbly, nimbly, raise she up,
  And nimbly pat she on;
And the higher that the lady cried,
  The louder blew the win'.

The first an' step that she stepp'd in,
  She stepped to the quest;
"Ochon, alas!" said that lady,
  "This water's wond'rous deep."

The next an' step that she wade in,
  She wadit to the knee;
Says she, "I could wade farther in,
  If I my love could see."

The next an' step that she wade in,
  She wadit to the chin;
The deepest pot in Clyde's water
  She got sweet Willie in.

"You've had a cruel mither, Willie,
  And I have had anither;
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,
  Like sister an' like brither."

Sir James the Rose.

[THE present copy of the original ballad of Sir James the Rose is given chiefly from oral recitation, compared with Motherwell's and other versions.—"This old north country ballad," says Motherwell, "which appears to be founded on fact, is well known in almost every corner of Scotland. Pinkerton printed it in his Tragic Ballads, 1781, 'from,' as he says, 'a modern edition in one sheet 12mo, after the old copy.' Notwithstanding this reference to authority, the ballad certainly received a few conjectural emendations from his own pen; at least, the present version, which is given as it occurs in early stall prints, and as it is to be obtained from the recitations of elderly people, does not exactly correspond with his. Two modern ballads have sprang out of this old one, namely, Sir James the Rose, and Elfrida and Sir James of Perth. The first of these is said to have been written by Michael Bruce; the later is an anonymous production, and has found its way into Evans' Collection—*vide* Vol. IV. Edin. 1810. It might be curious to ascertain which of these mournful ditties is the senior, were it for nothing else than perfectly to enjoy the cool impudence with which the graceless youngster has appropriated to itself, without thanks or acknowledgment, all the best things which occur in the other."]

O HEARD ye o' Sir James the Rose,
  The young heir o' Buleichan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
  Whase friends are out to tak' him

Now he's gane to the house of Mar,
  Whar the nourice was his leman;
To seek his dear he did repair,
  Weening she might befriend him.

"Where are ye gaun, Sir James?" she said;
  "Or wharawa are ye riding?"
"Oh, I am bound to a foreign land,
  And now I'm under hiding

"Whar sall I gae, whar sall I rin,
  Whar sall I rin to stay me?
For I ha's kill'd a gallant squire,
  And his friends they seek to slay me."

"O gae ye down to yon ale-house;
I sall pay there your lawin';
And as I am your leman true,
I'll meet you at the dawin'."

"I'll no go down to yon ale-house
For you to pay my lawin';
There's forty shillings for one supper,
I'll stay in't till the dawin'."

He turned him richt and round about,
And rowed him in his brechan;
And laid him down to tak' a sleep,
In the lawlands o' Buleichan.

He has na weel gane out o' sight,
Nor was he past Milstrethen,
When four-and-twenty beltit knichts
Cam' riding owre the Lethan.

"O ha'e ye seen Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Buleichan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
And we are sent to tak' him."

"Yes, I ha'e seen Sir James," she said;
"He passed by here on Monday;
Gin the steed be swift that he rides on,
He's past the heichts o' Lundie."

But as wi' speed they rode away,
She loudly cried behind them,
"Gin ye'll gi'e me a worthy meed,
I'll tell ye whar to find him."*

"O tell, fair maid, and, on our band,
Ye'se get his purse and brechan."
"He's in the bank abuse the mill,
In the lands o' Buleichan.

"Ye must not a-wake him out of sleep,
Nor in the least affright him;
But through his heart ye'll run a dart,
And through the body pierce him."

They sought the bank abuse the mill,
In the lowlands of Buleichan,
And there they found Sir James the Rose,
Lying sleeping in his brechan.

Then out and spak' Sir John the Graeme,
Wha had the charge a-keeping,
"It's ne'er be said, my stalwart feres,
We killed him when a-sleeping."

They seized his broadsword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded;
And when he wakened out of sleep,
His senses were confounded.†

"O pardon, pardon, gentlemen—
Have mercy now upon me."
"Sic as ye gae, sic ye sall ha'e,
And so we fall upon thee."

"Donald, my man, wait till I fa',
And ye sall get my brechan:
Ye'll get my purse, though fu' o' gowd,
To tak' me to Loch Lagan."

Syne they took out his bleeding heart,
And set it on a speir;
Then took it to the house o' Mar,
And show'd to his deir.

"We couldna gi'e ye Sir James's purse,
Nor yet could we his brechan;
But ye sall ha'e his bleeding heart,
But and his bloody tartan."

"Sir James the Rose, oh, for thy sake,
My heart is now a-breaking;
Cursed be the day I wroght thy wae,
Thou brave heir o' Buleichan!"

Then up she rase, and furth she gaes;
And, in that hour o' tein,
She wandered to the dowie glen,
And never mair was seen.

But where she went was never kent;
And so, to end the matter,
A traitor's end you may depend
Can never be no better.

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* Another reading—
As they rode on man after man,
Then she cried out behind them,
"If you do seek Sir James the Rose,
I'll tell you where you'll find him."

† Another reading—
They seized his braidsword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded;
"O mercy, mercy, gentlemen!"
He then fa' loudly sounded.

"Sic as ye gae, sic ye sall ha'e;
On nathing less we reckon."

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

[This very popular modern ballad is said to have been written by MICHAEL BRUCE, (born 1746; died 1767,) whose life is so touchingly commemorated in "The Mirror."]

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Rose,
A knight of mickle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew their sword,
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood,
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty opening springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,
A maid of beauty rare;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Long had he wooed, long she refused,
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet oft her eyes confessed the love
Her fearful words denied.

At last she blessed his well-tried faith,
Allowed his tender claim:
She vowed to him her virgin heart,
And owned an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapproved;
And bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,
And leave the youth she loved.

As night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where, on a bank beside a burn,
A blooming sough-tree stood.

Concealed among the underwood,
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graeme;
To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began: "My sire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme;
So here must end our loves.

"My father's will must be obeyed;
Nocht boots me to withstand;
Some fairer maid, in beauty's bloom,
Must bless thee with her hand.

"Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind effaced:
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste."

"What do I hear? Is this thy vow?"
Sir James the Rose replied:
"And will Matilda wed the Graeme,
Though sworn to be my bride?

"His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms."
Then clasped her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd into his arms.

"I spake to try thy love," she said;
"I'll ne'er wed man but thee:
My grave shall be my bridal bed,
Ere Graeme my husband be.

"Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth;
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath!"

They parted thus: the sun was set:
Up hasty Donald flies;
And, "Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!"
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew;
For Donald's blade, before his breast,
Had pierced his tartans through.

"This for my brother's slighted love;
His wrongs sit on my arm."
Three paces back the youth retired,
And saved himself from harm.

Returning swift, his hand he reared,
  Free Donald's head above,
And through the brain and crashing bones
  His sharp-edged weapon drove.

He staggering reeled, then tumbled down,
  A lump of breathless clay:
"So fall my foes!" quoth valiant Ross,
  And stately strode away.

Through the green-wood he quickly hied,
  Unto Lord Buchan's hall;
And at Matilda's window stood,
  And thus began to call:

"Art thou asleep, Matilda dear?
  Awake, my love, awake!
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,
  A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme;
  His blood is on my sword:
And distant are my faithful men,
  Nor can assist their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,
  Where my two brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles,
  To combat on my side."

"O do not so," the maid replies;
  "With me till morning stay;
For dark and dreary is the night,
  And dangerous the way.

All night I'll watch you in the park·
  My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
  Their master to defend."

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
  And wrapped him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
  At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
  Till, in a lonely glen,
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,
  With twenty of his men.

"Where go'st thou, little page?" he said;
  "So late who did thee send?"
"I go to raise the Ross's clan,
  Their master to defend;

"For he hath slain Sir Donald Graeme,
  His blood is on his sword:
And far, far distant are his men,
  That should assist their lord."

"And has he slain my brother dear?"
  The furious Graeme replies:
"Dishonour blast my name, but he
  By me, ere morning, dies!

"Tell me where is Sir James the Ross;
  I will thee well reward."
"He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;
  Matilda is his guard."

They spurred their steeds in furious mood,
  And scoured along the lee;
They reached Lord Buchan's lofty towers,
  By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate;
  To whom the Graeme did say,
"Saw ye Sir James the Ross last night?
  Or did he pass this way?"

"Last day, at noon," Matilda said,
  "Sir James the Ross passed by:
He furious pricked his sweaty steed,
  And onward fast did hie.

"By this he is at Edinburgh,
  If horse and man hold good."
"Your page, then, lied, who said he was
  Now sleeping in the wood."

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair
  "Brave Ross, thou art betrayed;
And ruined by those means," she cried,
  "From whence I hoped thine aid!"

By this the valiant knight awoke;
  The virgin's shrieks he heard;
And up he rose and drew his sword,
  When the fierce band appeared.

"Your sword last night my brother slew;
  His blood yet dims its shine:
And, ere the setting of the sun,
  Your blood shall reek on mine."

You word it well," the chief replied;
  "But deeds approve the man:
Set by your hand, and, hand to hand,
  We'll try what valour can.

"Oft boasting hides a coward's heart;
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden-field,
When you kept in the rear."

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dared him to the fight:
But Graeme gave back, and feared his arm;
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword:
But still he mourned the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him busily came the Graeme,
And pierc'd him in the side:
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sank the Rose,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall:
"Oh, spare his life!" she cried;
"Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life;
Let her not be denied!"

Her well-known voice the hero heard;
He raised his death-closed eyes,
And fixed them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

"In vain Matilda begs the life,
By death's arrest denied:
My race is run—adieu, my love"—
Then closed his eyes and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew:
"I come, Sir James the Rose," she cried;
"I come to follow you!"

She leaned the hilt against the ground,
And bared her snowy breast;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sank to endless rest.

The Mermaid of Galloway.

[Modern Ballad.—Allan Cunningham.—From Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," 1810.]

There's a maid has sat o' the green meres side,
Thee ten lang years and mair;
And, every first night o' the new mune,
She kames her yellow hair.

And aye, while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
Fu' sweit she sings and hie;
Till the fairest bird in the green wood
Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
Or gangs the fair dame to,
Ne'er hears the sang o' the lark again,
Nor wankens an earthlie e'e.

It fell in about the sweet summer month,
I' the first come o' the mune,
That she sat o' the tap o' a sea-weed rock,
A-kaming her silk locks doun.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
Her hand like new-won milk;
Her bosom was like the snawy curd,
In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks ower her white shoulders,
A fleece baith wide and lang;
And, like ringlet she shed frae her brows,
She raised a lichtsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
The birds forhood their young,
And they flew i' the gate o' the grey howlet,
To listen to the sweet maiden.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
O' sweetness it was sae fu',
The tod lap up ower our fauld-dike,
And dichtit his red-wat mou'.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
Red lowed the new-woke moon;
The stars drappit blude on the yellow gowan
Sax miles round that maiden.

"I ha's dwalt on the Nith," quoth the young
"Thae twenty years and three; [Cowhill,
But the sweetest sang I ever heard
Comes through the greenwood to me.

"O, is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips,
That maks sic melody?
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,
And weel may it wyle me!"

"I dreamed a dreary dream, master,
Whilk I am rad ye rede;
I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips,
That drapped o' red heart's-blude."

"Come, hand my steed, ye little foot-page,
Shod wi' the red gowd roun';
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet:"
And lichtlie lap he doun.

"Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
Kiss nae the singer's chin;
Touch nae her hand," quoth the little foot-
"If skaithless hame ye wad win. [page,

"O, wha will sit in your toom saddle,
O wha will bruik your gluve;
And wha will fauld your eried bride
In the kindlie clasps o' luve?"

He took aff his hat, a' gowd i' the rim,
Knot wi' a siller ban';
He seemed a' in lowe with his gowd raiment,
As through the greenwood he ran.

"The summer dew fa's saft, fair maid,
Aneath the siller mune;
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
Washed wi' the white sea fasem.

"Come, wash me wi' thy lilie-white hand,
Below and 'boon the knee;
And I'll kame thae links o' yellow burning gowd,
Aboon thy bounie blue e'e.

"How rosie are thy parting lips,
How lilie-white thy skin!
And, weel I wat, thae kissing sea
Wad tempt a saint to sin!"

"Tak' aff thae bars and bobs o' gowd,
Wi' thy gared doublet fine;
And thraw me aff thy green mantle,
Leafed wi' the siller twine.

"And a' in courtesie, fair knight,
A maiden's mind to win:
The gowd lacing o' thy green weeds
Wad harm her lilie skin."

Syne cuist he aff his green mantle,
Hemmed wi' the red gowd roun';
His costly doublet cuist he aff,
Wi' red gowd flowered doun.

"Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,
Doun wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
And tak' me maiden hame.

"But first come tak' me 'neath the chin;
And, syne, come kiss my cheek;
And spread my hanks o' watery hair,
I' the new-moon beam to dreep."

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,
Syne kissed her rosie cheek;
And lang he wooed her willing lips,
Like heather-hinnie sweet!

"O if ye'll come to bonnie Cowhill,
'Mang primrose banks to woo,
I'll wash thee lik day i' the new-milked milk,
And bind wi' gowd your brou.

"And, a' for a drink o' the clear water,
Ye'se ha'e the rosie wine;
And, a' for the water-lilie white,
Ye'se ha'e thae arms o' mine!"

"But what will she say, your bonnie young
Busked wi' the siller fine; [bride,
When the rich kisses ye keepit for her lips,
Are left wi' vows on mine?"

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
His arm frae her waist sae sma';
"Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed—
It's time I were awa'.

"O gi'e me a token o' luve, sweet may,
A leil luve token true;"
She crapped a lock o' her yellow hair,
And knotted it round his brou.

"Oh, tie it nae sae strait, sweet may,
But wi' luve's rose-knot kynde
My heid is fu' o' burning pain;
Oh, saft ye maun it bind."

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His skin turned a' o' the red-rose hue,
Wi' drops o' bludie sweat;
And he laid his head 'mang the water lilies
"Sweet maiden, I maun sleep."

She tyed a link o' her wat yellow hair,
Abune his burning bree;
Amang his curling haffet locks,
She knotted knuries three.

She weaved ower his brow the white lilie,
Wi' witch-knots mae than nine,
"Gif ye were seven times bridegroom ower,
This nicht ye shall be mine."

O twice he turned his sinking head,
And twice he lifted his e'e;
O twice he socht to lift the links
Were knotted ower his bree.

"Arise, sweet knicht; your young bride waits,
And doubts her ale will soure;
And wistlie looks at the lilie-white sheets,
Down-spread in ladie-bouir."

And she has prinned the broidered silk
About her white hause bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
Wi' gowd can stand its lane.

He faintlie, slowlie turned his cheek,
And faintlie lift his e'e;
And he strave to lowse the witching bands
Abune his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle,
Of lowing gowd the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
Rich wi' a siller stem;
And she threw them wi' her lilie hand
Amang the white sea-fhem.

She took the bride-ring frae his finger,
And threw it in the sea;
"That hand shall mense nae other ring
But wi' the will o' me."

She faulded him in her lilie arms,
And left her pearlie kame:
His fleecy locks trailed ower the sand,
As she took the white sea-fhem.

First rose the star out ower the hill,
And neist the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride o' Gallowa'
Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lythlie she sang, while the new mune rose,
Blythe as a young bryde may,
When the new mune lichts her lamp o' luve,
And blinks the bryde away.

"Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
Wi' monie a winsome flouir;
But the princeliest rose in that gay garden
Maun blossom in my bouir.

"And I will keep the drapping dew
Frae my red rose's tap;
And the balmy blobs o' lika leaf
I'll keep them drap by drap.
And I will wash my white bosom
A' wi' this heavenly sap."

And aye she sewed her silken snood,
And sang a bridal sang;
But aft the tears drapt frae her e'e,
Afore the grey morn cam'.

The sun lowed ruddie 'mang the dew,
Sae thick on bank and tree;
The plough-boy whistled at his darg,
The milk-maid answered hie;
But the lovelie bryde o' Gallowa'
Sat wi' a wat-shod e'e.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves
She heard the bridegroom's tongue;
And she heard the brydal-coming lilt,
In every bird that sung.

She sat high on the tap tower stane;
Nae waiting may was there;
She lowsed the gowd busk frae her breist,
The kame frae 'mang her hair;
She wypit the tear-blobs frae her e'e,
And lookit lang and sair!

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,
Frae aff the hawthorn green;
"Lowse out the love-curls frae your hair,
Ye plaited sae weel yestreen."

And the speckled wood-lark, frae 'mang the clads
O' heaven, came singing doun;
"Tak' out thae bride-knots frae your hair,
And let the locks hang down."

"Come, byde wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
Come doun and bide wi' me;
Ye sall peckle o' the bread, and drink o' the wine,
And gowd your cage sall be."

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
And syne below her feet;
And laid her doun 'twen the lilie-white sheets,
And soundly did she sleep!

It was in the mid hour o' the night,
Her siller bell did ring;
And soun't as if nae earthlie hand
Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touched that ladye's,
Cauld as the marble stane;
And a hand, cauld as the drifting snow,
Was laid on her breist-bane.

"O, cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie,
O, cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
And wring thae locks o' yellow hair,
Frae which the cauld draps dreip."

"O, seek another brydegroom, Marie,
On thae bosom faulds to sleep;
My bryde is the yellow water-lilie,
Its leaves my bridal sheet!"

Fause Foodrage.

[Fraser printed in Scott's Border Minstrelsy. —"This ballad," says Sir Walter, "has been popular in many parts of Scotland. It is chiefly given from Mrs Brown of Falkland's MSS.—The expression,

'The boy stared wild like a gray goss hawk,'

strongly resembles that in Hardyknute,

'Norse o'en like gray goss hawk stared wild,'

a circumstance which led the editor to make the strictest inquiry into the authenticity of the song. But every doubt was removed by the evidence of a lady of high rank, who not only recollected the ballad, as having amused her in infancy, but could repeat many of the verses: particularly those beautiful stanzas from the 20th to the 25th. The editor is therefore compelled to believe, that the author of Hardyknute copied the old ballad; if the coincidence be not altogether accidental."—It is not unlikely but that the authoress of Hardyknute (LADY WARDLAW) also wrote Fause Foodrage.

King Easter and king Wester, mentioned in the first verse, "were probably," says Sir Walter, "petty princes of Northumberland and Westmoreland. In the Complaynt of Scotland, an ancient romance is mentioned, under the title, 'How the king of Estmureland married the king's daughter of Westmureland,' which may possibly be the original of the beautiful legend of King Estmere, in the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. 1. p. 62. 4th edit. From this it may be conjectured, with some degree of plausibility, that the independent kingdoms of the east and west coast were, at an early period, thus denominated, according to the Saxon mode of naming districts from their relative positions, as Essex, Wessex, Sussex. But the geography of the metrical romances sets all system at defiance; and in some of these, as Clariodus and Meliades, Estmureland undoubtedly signifies the land of the Esterlings, or the Flemish provinces at which vessels arrived in three days from England, and to which they are represented as exporting wool.—Vide Notes on the Tale of Kempion. On this subject (continues Sir Walter) I have, since publication of the first edition, been favoured with the following remarks by Mr Ritson, in opposition to the opinion above expressed:—'Estmureland and Westmureland have no sort of relation to Northumberland and Westmoreland. The former was never called Eastmoreland, nor were there ever any kings of Westmoreland; unless we admit the authority of an old rhyme, cited by Usher:—

Here the king Westmer
Slew the king Rothinger.

"'There is, likewise, a "king Estmere, of Spain," in one of Percy's ballads.

"'In the old metrical romance of Kyng Horn, or Horn Child, we find both Westnesse and Estnesse; and it is somewhat singular, that two places, so called, actually exist in Yorkshire at this day. But *ness*, in that quarter, is the name given to an inlet from a river. There is, however, great confusion in this poem, as *Horn* is called king sometimes of one country, and sometimes of the other. In the French original, Westir is said to have been the old name of Hirland, or Ireland; which, occasionally at least, is called Westnesse, in the translation, in which Britain is named Sudene; but here, again, it is inconsistent and confused.

"'It is, at any rate, highly probable, that the story, cited in the Complaynt of Scotland, was a

surnames of King Horn, whether prose or verse; and consequently, that Estmareland and Westmareland should there mean England and Ireland; though it is possible that no other instance can be found of these two names occurring with the same sense."]

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
  King Wester for her fee;
King Honour for her comely face,
  And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
  As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
  Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils* them amang,
  And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
  Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
  Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him Fause Foodrage
  And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
  And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
  In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and rose him, Fause Foodrage,
  When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
  That watch and ward did keep.

O four-and-twenty silver keys
  Hang hie upon a pin;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
  He baf fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
  Says, "What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
  Or wha has loot you in?"

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,
  Before that I depart."
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
  And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen herself,
  And fell low down on her knee:
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
  For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
  Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
  King Honour has left wi' me."

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
  "Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
  He sall be hanged hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
  Nor yet for his hie his kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
  He shall mount the gallows pin."

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
  Were set the queen to guard!
And four stood aye at her boulr door,
  To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
  That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
  To set her body free.

O she has biried these merry young men
  With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were as deadly drunk
  As any wild wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow, is this window,
  And big, big, am I grown!"
Yet through the might of Our Ladye,
  Out at it she has gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
  She wandered out and in;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
  The queen brought forth a son.

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* *Kevils.*—Lots. Both words originally meant only a portion, or share of any thing.—Leges Burgorum, cap. 59, de lot, cut, or kavil. Statuta Gildæ, cap. 20. Nullus emat lanam, &c. nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ, &c. Neque *lot* neque *cavil* habeat cum aliquo confratre nostro. In both these laws, *lot* and *cavil* signify a share in trade.—*Cast.*—Motherwell says, that in an inventory belonging to an ancestor of his, dated 1683, the word occurs as a verb—*to caveil*—to cast lots

Then they cast kevils them amang,
  Which suld gae seek the queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
  And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
  The queen fell on her knee;
"Win up, win up, madam!" she says:
  "What needs this courtesie?"

"O out o' this I winna rise,
  Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
  King Honour left me wi'.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk
  Right weel to breast a steed;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
  As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss hawk
  To wield baith bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
  To lay gowd wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet,
  We'll dare make nae avowe,
But—'Dame, how does my gay goss hawk?'*
  'Madam, how does my dow?'"

When days were gane, and years came on,
  Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en king Honour's son
  A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out at this hunting,
  Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
  Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonnie castell,
  Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
  Of it you suld be heir."

"How I suld be heir of that castell,
  In sooth I canna see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
  And he is na kin to me."

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
  You would do but what is right;
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,
  Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage
  There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
  And she dasrna take ye hame."

The boy stared wild like a gray goss hawk,
  Says—"What may a' this mean?"
"My boy, ye are king Honour's son,
  And your mother's our lawful queen."

"O gin I be king Honour's son,
  By Our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
  And relieve my mother dear!"

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
  And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seised on Fause Foodrage,
  Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O hand your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage,
  Frae me ye shanna flee."
Syne pierc'd him thro' the fause fause heart,
  And set his mother free.

* This metaphorical language was customary among the northern nations. In 925, king Adelstein sent an embassy to Harold Harfagar, king of Norway, the chief of which presented that prince with an elegant sword, ornamented with precious stones. As it was presented by the point, the Norwegian chief, in receiving it, unwarily laid hold of the hilt. The English ambassador declared, in the name of his master, that he accepted the act as a deed of homage; for touching the hilt of a warrior's sword was regarded as an acknowledgment of subjection. The Norwegian prince, resolving to circumvent his rival by a similar artifice, suppressed his resentment, and sent, next summer, an embassy to Adelstein, the chief of which presented Haco, the son of Harold, to the English prince; and, placing him on his knees, made the following declaration:—"Haraldus, Normannorum rex, amice te salutat; albamque hanc avem bene institutam mittit, utque melius deinceps erudias, postulat." The king received young Haco on his knees; which the Norwegian ambassador immediately accepted, in the name of his master, as a declaration of inferiority; according to the proverb, "Is minor semper habetur, qui alterius filium educat."—Pontoppidani Vestigia Danor. vol. II. p. 67.—*Scott.*

And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi' the best half of his land;
And see has he the turtle dow,
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

Bonnie Lizie Lindsay.

[There is said to be a complete set of the old ballad of "Lizie Lindsay." It is taken from Buchan's Ballads of the North, and, like others in the same collection, abounds in north-country provincialisms, especially in the use of the *f* for *wh*, as *fa* for *who*, *fherr* for *where*; also *sheen* for *shoon*, *aonner* for *sooner*, *fool* for *fool*, &c. Kingcausie, mentioned in the ballad, is on the south bank of the Dee, and at one time belonged to the family of Drum. In Jamieson's Popular Ballads, an imperfect version of Lizie Lindsay is given, beginning,

Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Highlands, Lizie Lindsay,
And dine on fresh crouds and green whey?

But we need not quote it, as it is mostly incorporated in Buchan's version. Burns sent the fine old air of Lizie Lindsay to Johnson's Museum, and intended to have furnished words for it, but never went beyond the opening verse. A modern song, however, has been constructed on the subject, including that verse and three others. See Book of Scottish Song, p. 29. In Chambers' collection, the ballads of Lizie Lindsay and Lizie Baillie are incorporated into one, but we think without sufficient authority.]

In Edinburgh lived a lady,
Was ca'd Lizie Lindsay by name;
Was courted by mony fine suitors,
And mony rich persons of fame.
Though lords o' renown had her courted,
Yet none her favour could gain.

Then spake the young laird o' Kingcausie,
And a bonnie young boy was he;
"Then let me a year to the city,
I'll come, and that lady wi' me."

Then spake the auld laird o' Kingcausie,
A canty auld mannie was he;
"What think ye by our little Donald,
Sae proudly and crousely cracks he?

But he's win a year to the city,
If that I be a living man;
And what he can mak' o' this lady,
We shall let him do as he can."

He's stript aff his fine costly robes,
And put on the single liverie;
With no equipage nor attendance,
To Edinburgh city went he.

Now there was a ball in the city,
A ball o' great mirth and great fame:
And fa danced wi' Donald that day,
But bonnie Lizie Lindsay on the green.

"Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizie?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye leave the south country ladies,
And gang to the Hielands wi' me?"

The lady she turned about,
And answered him courteously;
"I'd like to ken fherr I am gaun first,
An fa I am gaun to gang wi'."

"O, Lizie, sae favour I'll ask you,
This favour I pray not deny;
Ye'll tell me your place o' abode,
And your nearest o' kindred do stay."

"Ye'll call at the Canogate port,
At the Canogate port call ye;
I'll gi'e ye a bottle o' wine,
And I'll bear you my companie."

Syne he called at the Canogate port,
At the Canogate port called he;
She ga'e him a bottle o' wine,
And she ga'e him her companie.

"Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizie?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye leave the south country ladies,
And gang to the Hielands wi' me?"

Then out spake Lizie's auld mither,
For a very auld lady was she;
"If ye cast ony creed on my dochter,
High hanged I'll cause you to be."

"O keep hame your dochter, auld woman,
And latna her gang wi' me;
I can cast nae mair creed on your dochter
Nae mair than she can on me."

"Now, young man, as question I'll ask you,
Sin' ye mean to honour us sae;
Ye'll tell me how braid your lands lie,
Your name, and fuer ye ha'e to gae?"

"My father he is an auld scutter,
My mither she is an auld dey;
And I'm but a puir broken trooper,
My kindred I winna deny.

"Yet I'm nae a man o' great honour,
Nor am I a man o' great fame;
My name it is Donald M'Donald,
I'll tell it, and winna think shame.

"Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizie?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will you leave the south country ladies,
And gang to the Hielands wi' me?"

"O, Donald, I'll gi'e you ten guineas,
If you would but stay in my room;
Unt I that I draw your fair picture,
To look on it fan I think lang."

"No; I carena mair for your guineas,
Nae mair than ye care for mine;
But if that ye love my ain person,
Gae wi' me, maid, if ye incline."

Then out spake Lizie's bower woman,
And a bonnie young lassie was she;
"Though I was born heir to a crown,
Young Donald, I would gang him wi'."

Up raise then the bonnie young lady,
And drew till her stockings and sheen;
And pack'd up her claiss in fine bundles,
And awa' wi' young Donald she's gane.

The roads they were rocky and knabby,
The mountains were baith strait and stay;
When Lizie grew wearied wi' travel,
For she'd travell'd a very lang way.

"O turn again, bonnie Lizie Lindsay,
O turn again," said he;
"We're but ae day's journey frae town,
O turn, and I'll tarn wi' thee."

Out speaks the bonnie young lady,
Till the eaut tear blinded her e'e;
"Although I'd return to the city,
There's nae person would care for me."

When they cam' near the end o' their journey,
To the house o' their father's milk dey;
He said, "Stay still there, Lizie Lindsay,
Till I tell my mither o' thee."

When he came into the shielen,
She hailed him courteousie;
Said, "Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
There's been mony ane calling for thee."

"O, ca' me nae mair, Sir Donald,
But Donald M'Donald, your son;
We'll carry the joke a bit farther,
There's a bonnie young lady to come."

When Lizie came into the shielen,
She look'd as if she'd been a feel;
She sawna a seat to sit down on,
But only some sunks o' green fail.

"Now make us a supper, dear mither,
The best o' your curds and green whey;
And make us a bed o' green rashes,
And cover't wi' huddins sae gray."

But Lizie being wearied wi' travel,
She lay till't was up i' the day.
"Ye might ha'e been up an hour seener,
To milk baith the ewes and the kye."

Out then spake the bonnie young lady,
Whan the eaut tear drapt frae her e'e;
"I wish that I had bidden at hame,
I can neither milk ewes nor kye.

"I wish that I had bidden at hame,
The Hielands I never had seen;
Although I love Donald M'Donald,
The laddie wi' blythe blinking een."

"Win up, win up, O bonnie Lizie.
And dress in the silks sae gay;
I'll show you the yatts o' Kingcausie,
Where I've play'd me mony a day."

Up raise the bonnie young lady,
And dreet in the silks sae fine;
And into young Donald's arms,
Awa' to Kingcausie she's gane.

Forth came the auld laird o' Kingcausie,
And hailed her courteousie;
Says, "Ye're welcome, bonnie Lizie Lindsay,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

"Though lords o' renown ha'e you courted,
Young Donald your favour has won;
Ye'se get a' the lands o' Kingcausie,
And Donald M'Donald, my son."

LIZZIE LINDSAY.

[This version of Lizzie Lindsay is given from the recitation of a Lady in Glasgow, and is a faithful transcript of the ballad as it used to be sung in the West of Scotland. In several points, we consider it superior to the North country version quoted above.]

Twas was a braw ball in Edinburgh,
And mony braw ladies were there,
But nae ane at a' the assembly
Could wi' Lizzie Lindsay compare.

In cam' the young laird o' Kincausie,
An' a bonnie young laddie was he—
"Will ye lea' yere ain kintra, Lizzie,
An' gang to the Hielands wi' me?"

She turned her roun' on her heel,
An' a very loud laughter gaed she—
"I wad like to ken whar I was ganging,
And wha I was gaun to gang wi'."

"My name is young Donald M'Donald,
My name I will never deny;
My father he is an auld shepherd,
Sae weel as he can herd the kye;

"My father he is an auld shepherd,
My mother she is an auld dame;
If ye'll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye'e neither want curds nor cream."

"If ye'll call at the Canongate port,
At the Canongate port call on me,
I'll give you a bottle o' sherry,
And beer you companie."

He ca'd at the Canongate port,
At the Canongate port called he;
She drank wi' him a bottle o' sherry,
And here him guid companie.

"Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
If ye'll go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,
Ye shall nae want curds nor green whey."

In there cam' her auld mither,
A jolly auld lady was she—
"I wad like to ken whar she was ganging,
And wha she was gaun to gang wi'."

"My name is young Donald M'Donald,
My name I will never deny,
My father he is an auld shepherd,
Sae weel as he can herd the kye.

"O but I would give you ten guineas
To have her one hour in a room,
To get her fair body a picture
To keep me from thinking long."

"O I value not your ten guineas,
As little as you value mine;
But if that you covet my daughter,
Take her with you if you do incline."

"Pack up my silks and my satins,
And pack up my hose and my shoon,
And likewise my clothes in small bundles,
And away wi' young Donald I'll gang."

They pack'd up her silks and her satins,
They pack'd up her hose and her shoon,
And likewise her clothes in small bundles,
And away with young Donald she's gane

When that they cam' to the Hielan'ds,
The braes they were baith lang and stey,
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi' ganging—
She had travell'd a lang summer day.

"O are we near hame, Sir Donald,
O are we near hame? I pray."
"We're no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,
Nor yet the half o' the way."

They cam' to a homely poor cottage,
An auld man was standing by;
"Ye're welcome hame, Sir Donald,
Ye've been ane lang away."

"O call me no more Sir Donald,
But call me young Donald your son;
For I have a bonnie young lady
Behind me for to come in."

"Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,
Come in, come in," said he,
"Although that our cottage be little
Perhaps the better we'll 'gree."

"O make us a supper, dear mother,
And make it of curds an' green whey;
And make us a bed o' green rushes,
And cover it o'er wi' green hay.

"Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
Why lie ye so long in the day;
Ye might ha'e been helping my mother
To make the curds and green whey."

"O hand your tongue, Sir Donald,
O hand your tongue I pray;
I wish I had ne'er left my mother,
I can neither make curds nor whey."

"Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,
And put on your satins so fine;
For we maun be at Kincassie
Before that the clock strikes nine."

But when they came to Kincassie
The porter was standing by;—
"Ye're welcome home, Sir Donald,
Ye've been so long away."

It's down then came his auld mither,
With all the keys in her hand,
Saying, "Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,
All under them 's at your command."

Sir Roland.

[THIS striking fragment is from Motherwell's Collection, where it is supposed to be printed for the first time.—"It was communicated to us," says Mr Motherwell, "by an ingenious friend, who remembered having heard it sung in his youth. A good many verses at the beginning, some about the middle, and one or two at the end, seem to be wanting. More sanguine antiquaries than we are, might, from the similarity of names, imagine that he had in this ballad discovered the original romance whence Shakspeare had given this line—

'Child Rowland to the dark tower came.'
King Lear, Act III.

"The story is of a very gloomy and superstitious texture. A young lady, on the eve of her marriage, invited her lover to a banquet, where she murders him in revenge for some real or fancied neglect. Alarmed for her own safety, she betakes herself to flight; and, in the course of her journey, she sees a stranger knight riding slowly before her, whom she at first seeks to shun, by pursuing an opposite direction; but, on finding that wherever she turned, he still appeared between her and the moonlight, she resolves to overtake him. This, however, she finds in vain, till of his own accord, he stays for her at the brink of a broad river. They agree to cross it; and, when in the mid stream, she implores his help to save her from drowning—to her horror she finds her fellow-traveller to be no other than the gaunt apparition of her dead lover."]

WHAN he cam' to his ain lave's bouir
He tirl'd at the pin,
And sae ready was his fair fause luve
To rise and let him in.

"O welcome, welcome, Sir Roland," she says,
"Thrice welcome thou art to me,
For this night thou wilt feast in my secret bouir
And to-morrow we'll wedded be."

"This night is hallow-eve," he said,
"And to-morrow is hallow-day,
And I dreamed a drearis dream yestreen,
That has made my heart fu' wae.

"I dreamed a drearis dream yestreen,
And I wish it may cum to gude:
I dreamed that ye slew my best grey hound,
And gied me his lappered hinde."

"Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland," she said,
"And set you safely down."
"O your chamber is very dark, fair maid,
And the night is wond'rous lown."

"Yes dark, dark is my secret bouir,
And lown the midnight may be,
For there is none waking in a' this tower,
But thou, my true love, and me."

She has mounted on her true love's steed,
By the sae light o' the moon;
She has whipped him and sparred him,
And roundly she rade frae the toun.

She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,
Never a mile but ane,
When she was aware of a tall young man,
Slow riding o'er the plain.

She turned her to the right about,
Then to the left turn'd she,
But aye 'twixt her and the wan moonlight,
That tall knight did she see.

And he was riding hard alane,
On a horse as black as jet,
But though she followed him fast and fell,
He nearer could she get.

"O stop! O stop! young man," she said,
"For I in dule am dight;
O stop, and win a fair lady's love,
If you be a leal true knight."

But nothing did the tall knight say,
And nothing did he blin;
Still slowly rode he on before,
And fast she rode behind.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,
Till his breast was all a foam,
But nearer unto that tall young knight,
By our ladye, she could not come.

"O if you be a gay young knight,
As well I trow you be,
Pull tight your bridle reins, and stay
Till I come up to thee."

But nothing did that tall knight say,
And no whit did he blin,
Until he reached a broad river's side,
And there he drew his rein.

"O, is this water deep," he said,
"As it is wond'rous dun?
Or is it sic as a maiden maid,
And a leal true knight may swim?"

"The water it is deep," she said,
"As it is wond'rous dun;
But it is sic as a maiden maid,
And a leal true knight may swim."

The knight spurred on his tall black steed,
The lady spurred on her brown;
And fast they rode into the flood,
And fast they baith swam down.

"The water weets my toe," she said,
"The water weets my knee,
And hold up my bridle reine, sir knight,
For the sake of our Ladye."

"If I would help thee now," he said,
"It were a deadly sin,
For I've sworn neir to trust a fair may's word,
Till the water weets her chin."

"O the water weets my waist," she said,
"See does it weet my chin,
And my aching heart rins round about-
The burn mak's sic a din.

"The water is waxing deeper still,
See does it wax mair wide,
And aye the further that we ride on,
Farther off is the other side.

"O help me now, thou false false knight,
Have pity on my youth,
For now the water jawes owre my head,
And it gurgles in my mouth."

The knight turned right and round about,
All in the middle stream,
And he stretched out his head to that lady,
But loudly she did scream.

"O this is hallow morn," he said,
"And it is your bridal-day,
But sad would be that gay wedding,
If bridegroom and bride were away.

"And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret!
Till the water comes o'er your bree,
For the bride maun ride deep, and deeper yet,
Wha rides this ford wi' me.

"Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret!
Turn ye round and look on me,
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,
And his ghost now links on with thee."

Annan Water.

[From Scott's Minstrelsy.—"The following verses," says Sir Walter, "are the original words of the tune of 'Allan Water,' by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany. The ballad is given from tradition; and it is said, that a bridge, over the Annan, was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. Two verses are added in this edition, from another copy of

the ballad, in which the conclusion proves fortunate. By the Gatehope Slack, is perhaps meant the Gate Slack, a pass in Annandale. The Annan, and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr Currie, of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, while in the course of preparing these volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instructed. After stating, that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of Burns proceeds thus: 'I once in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning; not in the Annan itself, but in the Frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three feet abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind.'*]

"Annan water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wond'rous bonnie;
And I am laith she suld west her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

"Gar saddle me the bonnie black;
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready:
For I will down the Gatehope-slack,
And all to see my bonnie lady."

He has loupen on the bonnie black,
He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly;
But, or he wan the Gatehope-slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupen on the bonnie gray,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonnie lady.

O he has ridden over field and fell,
Through muir and mess, and mony a mire;
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.

"Now, bonnie gray, now play your part!
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall make you weariе."

The gray was a mare, and a right good mare:
But when she wan the Annan water,
She couldna ha'e ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded† on her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat!
Put off your boat for gowden monie!
I cross the drumly stream the night,
Or never mair I see my honey."

"O I was sworn ane late yestreen,
And not by ae aith, but by many;
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,
I darna take ye through to Annie."

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonnie gray mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water keipy roaring.

O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy‡ coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonnie;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.

* An incident, somewhat similar to the above, but even more awfully striking in its character, is recorded by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his Account of the Great Floods of August, 1829, in the province of Moray and adjoining districts. Edinburgh, 1830, 8vo. The sufferer in this instance was a toll-keeper, who, on the evening in which he met his death, had been attending a merry-making, where he had danced, and displayed unwonted hilarity, to so much that the old people thought him "ticy." On his return home, he was overtaken by the flood, and sought refuge in a tree not far from his own house. The waters continued to rise, and during the long night he was heard repeatedly to whistle on his fingers, to apprise his friends of his situation, but no assistance could be rendered him. In the morning, tree and man were gone.

† *Wadded*—Wagered. ‡ Quaere—Cap-a-pee?

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tall;
I wot he swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonnie ladye.

"O wae betide the frush saugh wand!
And wae betide the bush of briar—
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

"And wae betide ye, Annan Water,
This night that ye are a drumlie river!
For ever thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever."

Lady Margaret.

[We find the present ballad in the Edinburgh Magazine for December, 1817. It is thus introduced—but of course we do not insist on the reader to believe in the statement.—"The following fragments of a Scottish ballad were discovered tied up with a number of law papers, principally dated 1580. Some lines, where it was deemed practicable, have been completed by conjecture; the MS. is thus endorsed, in a male hand, 'my umquhill deir sister, my lady Eafame's sang, quhilk she would sing unto her hase.'"]

Lady Margarette was as faire a May,
As wee in the north countrie;—
Alace! that she luvit a pirate knicht,
Wha wanderit o'er the sea!

They coulden meit in the greene forest,
Nor yet in hall or bower,
But they'd walk on the lone sea sandes,
At the mirk and midnicht hour.

And they'd walk on the lonelie sandes,
By the wann licht o' the moon,
Till the sun raise red o'er yonder fell,
And glittered the waves abune.

Beware, beware, ye maidinnis fair,
Of agoone helpie sprite!—
But maist beware o' your ain sweet love,
Gin ye walk by the pale moon licht!

"Now Willie, if you luve me weel,
As aft you've said and sworn,
Oh wedd me in yon halie kirk
Before my babie's born!"

"Now Margarett, if you luve me weel,
Urge no such thing to be,
Till I returne from my father's lande,
That's farr beyond the sea."

With flowing tide, and shipp of pride,
That false knicht sail'd away,
And many a tear his true love shedd,
I wott, that drearie day.

And many a langsome look she cast
Atween the sea and the air,
And all to descry that stately shipp,—
In lyfe she ne'er saw mair.

"I weipe by day, I weipe by nicht,
The salt tearis drown my e'e;
I weary for my ain sweet luve,
But his face I cannot see."

When six sad months were past and gone,
Her cheeke wexit pale and leanne;
Her golden belt was all too tight,
Too short her robes of greene.

To braid her hair she didna care,
Nor sett her golden kell;
And the tears that cam' frae her downcast eyne,
Dry'd aye just where they fell.

She fand nae rest in the greene forest,
Nor yet in hall or bower,
But she was pleased wi' the lonelie sandes,
At the mirk and midnicht hour.

There to the wave she'd fondly rave,
And answere the sea-bird's cry;—
"I see the mast—he comes at last;"
He never mair cam' nigh.

"I weipe by day, I weipe by nicht,
I weipe false Willie's scorn;
But ne'er shall I weipe the world's spite
When my poor babie's born."

Now up and spak' her sister Anne
In the chamber where she lay,—
"I trow I heard fair Margarett cry
On the shore, lang lang or day.

"The tide came on wi' the wild wind's moan,
An hour I couldna sleip;
I trow I heard a lady groan,
But and a babie weip."

"Now hold your tongue, my sister Anne,
Think no such things to be,
'Twas but the sough o' the yew-tree boughs,
In the wild blast mournfullie."

It was on a night, and a mirk mirk night,
That forth would Margarett fare;
And she's gane to yon lone kirk-yard;
Hir kin lay buried there.

Now she's gane to hir father's grave,
And touched the marble chest:
"Oh father deir, mak' room for mee,
I fain wald find some rest."

"Awa', awa', thou ill woman,
An ill death may'st thou dee,
Were my coffine all the warld wyde,
There's nae room for such as thee."

Now she's gane to her mother's tomb,
And kiss'd the feet of stone;
"Oh, mother sweit, mak' room for mee,—
My dayes on earth are done."

"Away, away, deir Margarett,
Away, and lett mee sleip;
Thou must not stretch thee at my syde,
And I downa hear thee weip."

Now she's gane to her brother's grave,
Ance deir to him was shee;—
"Is there anie room in thy coffine, brother,
For I fain would rest with thee."

"There's no room in my coffine, sister,
Save for my trustie brand,
And that should strike thee to the heart,
Had I now a fleshlie hand."

This ladye turn'd her by the shore,
To reach her stately tower,
And she was aware of a babie wan
As the water-lilie flower.

He wore a garlande o' the green sea-weed,
And a robe o the white sea-foam,—
"Now faire befalle thee babie mine,
I bidd thee welcome home."

"When I was in life, Lady Margarett,
Sach kindneese you did n't keip,
The cradle you gave was a rocking wave,
And the sea-gull to sing me asleip."

"Thou sleip'st nott worse beneath the bryne,
Than I on my silken bed;
I cannot rest for those hands of thine
That freese my brow to lead.

"Thou sleip'st not worse beneath the sands,
Than I amydd the down;
I cannot rest for thy little feet
That patter my bed aroun'.

"My days of youth are days of ruth,
I've mickle dreed o' pine;
And sorrow's cup whilk I've drank up,
Is bitterer far than bryne.

"Sos I will take a plunge, babie,
I'll take a plunge with thee,
We'll soundlier sleep in others' arme,
For all the roaringe sea."

Now Willie was sailing his good shipp,
I wot on a simmer's day,
When up there rose a cloud i' the south,
A dark and drumlie grey.

And howdlinge saftlie o'er the waves,
Between that cloud and the sea,
Twa snow-white birds he thought cam' on,
And marvel'd what they might be!

But when they nigh'd the statlie shipp,
Pale grew the pirate band,
For there stood a lady cladd in whyte,
Wi' a young boy in her hand.

"That shape is like my Margarett's,
As like as like may be;
But when I look on that blue swollen face,
I canna think it she.

"That neck is as white as Margarett's,
As lang that yellow hair;
But how gat ye that bloodie wound,
Bound up with green sea-ware?"

"Leap down, leap down, thou false traitor,
Leap down, leap down, and see;
If thou leaps'st not down to me and my babe,
We'll climb the shipp to thee."

Glenlogie.

[This old ballad is given in the fourth volume of "The Scottish Minstrel, a selection from the vocal melodies of Scotland, ancient and modern, arranged for the Piano-forte by R. A. Smith," a work which extended to six volumes in all, the last of which was published in 1824. Another version of Glenlogie is given in Mr Charles Kilpatrick Sharpe's Ballad Book, which the reader will find quoted in the next page. It differs in diction considerably from the present, and is inferior in poetical merit. We may mention that the title of the ballad is sometimes printed *Glenogie*, not *Glenlogie*, but we adopt the latter reading.]

THREESCORE o' nobles rade up the king's ha'
But Bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e,
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me."

"O hand your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he;"
"O my nae ae, mither, for that canna be,
Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak' him, I'll certainly dee.

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum shun again?"
"O, here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and cum shun again."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas wash and go dine;
'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;
"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall be mine,
To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till I dine.

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee;"
The first line that he read, a low smile ga'e he
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;"
But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam' to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there,
Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair;
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome!" said she;
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed ben;
But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e;
"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

GLENLOGIE.

[From Mr Sharpe's Ballad Book, Edinburgh, 1824.]

Four-and-twenty nobles sit
In the king's ha';
But bonnie Glenlogie
Is the flower amang them a'.

In cam' Lady Jean,
Skipping on the floor,
And she has chosen Glenlogie
Amang a' that was there.

She turned to his footman,
And thus she did say:
"Oh, what is his name,
And where does he stay?"

"His name is Glenlogie,
When he is from home;
He is of the gay Gordons,
His name it is John."

"Glenlogie, Glenlogie,
An you will prove kind,
My love is laid on you:
I'm telling my mind."

He turned about lightly,
As the Gordons does a';
"I thank you, Lady Jean,
My love's promised awa'."

She called on her maidens,
Her bed for to make;
Her rings and her jewels
All from her to take.

In cam' Jeanie's father,
A wae man was he;
Says, "I'll wed you to Drumfendrich;
He has mair gold than he."

Her father's own chaplin,
Being a man of great skill,
He wrote him a letter—
Indited it well.

The first line he looked at,
A licht laugh laughed he;
But, ere he read through it,
The tears blinded his e'e.

Oh, pale and wan looked she
When Glenlogie cam' in;
But even rosy grew she
When Glenlogie sat doun.

"Turn round, Jeanie Melville,
Turn round to this side,
And I'll be the bridegroom,
And you'll be the bride."

Oh, it was a merry wedding,
And the portion doun told,
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville,
Who was scarce sixteen years old.

Glenfinlas.

[Sir Walter Scott.—Modern Ballad.—The simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, enter the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Trosachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from

Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the Tales of Wonder.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*]

O mon a ri'! O hone a ri'!*
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see lord Ronald more!

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,†
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed lord Ronald's beltane-tree;‡
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee.

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,§
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas' glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fall the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

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* *O hone a ri'* signifies—"Alas for the prince, or chief.—*Scott.*

† The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their low-country neighbours.—*Scott.*

‡ The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed, *The Beltane-Tree.* It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.—*Scott.*

§ I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearance, thus presented, usually presages misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it, while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.—*Scott.*—The author himself, in his romantic legend of Montrose, gives a beautiful illustration of this subject, in the character of Allan M'Aulay.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
  Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
  And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
  Their sylvan fare the chieftain enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
  As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
  While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
  Her panting breath and melting eye?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
  This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
  The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
  And dropp'd the tear and heav'd the sigh;
But vain the lover's wily art,
  Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
  While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to ease her care,
  And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
  The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
  Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or if she chuse a melting tale,
  All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St Oran's rule prevail,*
  Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

—"Since Eurick's fight, since Morna's death
  No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
  Or yielding kiss, or melting eye.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
  Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailing's flow,
  On me the seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
  With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
  The gift, the future ill to know.

"The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
  So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
  Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
  Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power
As marching 'gainst the lord of Downe,
  He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

"Thou only saw'st their tartans wave,
  As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st thou the pibroch, answering brave
  To many a target clanking round.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
  I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
  He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bid'st me think of bliss,
  And bid'st my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
  That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow:
  I hear thy Warning Spirit cry; [now....
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and
  No more is given to gifted eye!"———

—"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
  Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
  Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

* St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed. when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetry, was called *Reilig Orran*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.—*Scott.*

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillan's chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the seer.

No Ronald yet: though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, ope'd the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair

With maiden blush she softly said,
"O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moon-light glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

"With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"

"And who art thou, and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?"

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas' deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

"O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then first, my own and vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."

"O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day."

"First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy reed;
So shall we safely wind our way."

"O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was frose to love and joy,
When gally rung thy rapture'd lyre,
To wanton Morna's melting eye."

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

"And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind!

"Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."

He mutter'd thrice St Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer;*
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising-storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore,
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen.

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see lord Ronald more!

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* St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7., tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relique, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms to Malice Dore, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relique of St Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is, probably, the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars, concerning St Fillan, are to be found in Ballenden's Boece, Book 4, folio cexiii. and in Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1772, pp. 11, 15.—*Scott.*

Young Peggy.

[This fragment is from Mr Kinloch's collection of Ancient Scottish Ballads, London, 1827. From the pronunciation of some of the words, it would seem to belong to the North.]

"O whare ha'e ye been, Peggy,
O where ha'e ye been?—
I' the garden amang the gilly-flow'rs,
Atween twal hours and een."

"Ye've na been there your leen, Peggy,
Ye've na been there your leen;
Your father saw you in Jamie's arms,
Atween twal hours and een."

"Tho' my father saw me in Jamie's arms,
He'll see me there again;
For I will sleep in Jamie's arms,
When his grave's growin' green.'

"Your Jamie is a rogue, Peggy,
Your Jamie is a loun,
For trysting out our ae dochter,
And her sae very young."

"Lay no the wyte on Jamie, mither,
The blame a' lies on me;—
For I will sleep in Jamie's arms,
When your een winna see."

Now she has to her ain bower gane,
He was waiting there him leen;—
"I'm blythe to see ye, Jamie, here,
For we maunna meet again."

She's tane the wine glass in her hand,
Pour'd out the wine sae clear;
Says, "Here's your health and mine, Jamie,
And we maun meet na mair."

She has tane him in her arms twa,
And gi'en him kisses five;
Says, "Here's your health and mine, Jamie,
I wish weel mote ye thrive."

"Your father has a bonnie cock,
Divides the nicht and day;
And at the middle watch o' the nicht,
In greenwud ye'll meet me."

Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun' for bed,
She's kilted up her green claithing,
And met Jamie in the wud.

When bells war rung, and mass was sung,—
About the hour o' twa,
It's up bespak her auld father,
Says, "Peggy is awa'!

"Gae saddle to me the black, the black,
Gae saddle to me the grey;"
But ere they wan to the tap o' the hill,
The wedding was a' bye.

Katherine Janfarie.

[This ballad was originally published in the first edition of the Border Minstrelsy, under the title of the Laird of Lamington. In subsequent editions it was given in a more perfect state with the above title. "The residence of the lady," says Sir Walter, "and the scene of the affray at her bridal, is said, by old people, to have been upon the banks of the Cadden, near to where it joins the Tweed.—Others say the skirmish was fought near Traquair, and Katherine Janfarie's dwelling was in the glen about three miles above Traquair house."]

There was a may, and a weel far'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen;
Her name was Katherine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland border;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersel',
And has her favour won.

But out then cam' lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this bonnie may,
Weel mounted and in order

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin;
But he told na the bonnie may herself,
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answered she said be.

And he has sent a messenger
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day;
And said—"It was the Fairy court
To see him in array!

"O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day?"

"I come na here to fight," he said,
"I come na here to play;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonnie bride,
And mount, and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her his behind himsel',
At her kinsmen spear'd na leave.

"Now take your bride, lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But, if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in Johnstone grey;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na' willing a';
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the sheath,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride—
"O wae's me for foul play!"

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilfu' will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whase's blude ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll hafk ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

CATHERINE JOHNSTONE.

[This is a somewhat different version of Katherine Janfarie, from Motherwell's collection. Mr Motherwell says, "The present copy was obtained from recitation, in the West of Scotland, and is now given as exhibiting the state in which this popular ballad is there preserved. The 10th stanza,

"There were four-and-twenty belted knights,
Sat at a table round,"

seems to contain an allusion to the Knights of the Round Table." In Mr P. Buchan's Gleanings from scarce Old Ballads, another but inferior version of the same is given, which it is unnecessary to quote. The highly spirited ballad of Lochinvar which occurs in Sir Walter Scott's tale of Marmion, was founded in a slight

degree on the ballad of Katherine Janfarie or Johnstone. We therefore give it in the next page, that the reader may contrast the old and the modern production.]

THERE was a lass as I heard say,
Lived low down in a glen;
Her name was Catherine Johnstone,
Weel known to many men.

Down came the laird o' Lamington,
Down from the south countrie;
And he is for this bonnie lass,
Her bridegroom for to be.

He's ask'd her father and mother,
The chief of a' her kin';
And then he ask'd the bonnie lass,
And did her favour win.

Down came an English gentleman,
Down from the English border;
He is for this bonnie lass,
To keep his house in order.

He ask'd her father and mother,
As I do hear them say;
But he never ask'd the lass herself,
Till on her wedding day.

But she has wrote a long letter,
And seal'd it with her hand;
And sent it to lord Lamington,
To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain,
But or he read the letter o'er,
He was baith pale and wan.

Then he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land;
And four-and-twenty armed men,
Were all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all;
Left them on the lee;
And he's awa' to the wedding house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
As I do understand;
There were four-and-twenty belted knights,
Sat at a table round.

They rose all to honour him,
For he was of high renown;
They rose all for to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the good red wine,
In silver cups did flow;
But aye she drank to Lamington,
For with him would she go.

O meikle was the good red wine,
In silver cups gaed round;
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

"O came ye here for sport, young man,
Or came ye here for play?
Or came ye for our bonnie bride,
On this her wedding day?"

"I came not here for sport," he said,
"Neither did I for play;
But for one word o' your bonnie bride,
I'll mount and go away."

They set her maids behind her,
To hear what they would say;
But the first question he ask'd at her,
Was always answered nay;
The next question he ask'd at her,
Was, "Mount and come away?"

It's up the Couden bank,
And down the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a weel won play.

O meikle was the blood was shed,
Upon the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
Its a' fair play.

Come a' ye English gentlemen,
That is of England born;
Come na doun to Scotland,
For fear ye get the scorn.

They'll feed ye up wi' flattering words,
And that's foul play;
And they'll dress you frogs instead of fish,
Just on your wedding day.

LOCHINVAR.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT.—See the two previous ballads.]

O! YOUNG Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you deny'd;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, e'er her mother could barr—
"Now tread me a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume.
And the bride-maidens whisper'd 'twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chacing, on Cannobie lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Lady Jean.

[Modern Ballad.—Robert White.—Originally printed in the legendary department of a work entitled, "The Local Historian's Table Book for Northumberland and Durham," Newcastle, 1842.—The scenery of this ballad is in Northumberland. Bothal Castle is beautiful y situated on the Wansbeck, a few miles b low Morpeth. At Otterburne stood a tower or castle which was long in possession of the Umphrevilles, a distinguished family; and the place has acquired great celebrity in Border hist.ry and song, from the battle fought there in 1388 between the heroes, Douglas and Percy.]

By Bothal Tower, sweet Wansbeck's stream
Rins bickerin' to the sea;
Aloft, within the breeze o' morn,
The banner's wavin' free.

There's joy in Bothal's bonnie bowers;
There's mirth within the ha';
But owre the cheeks o' Lady Jean,
The tricklin' tear-drops fa'.

She sits within her chamber high—
Her cousin by her side;
Yet swer is she to don the dress
That's fitting for a bride.

"O haste! lord Dacre's on his way;
Ye ha'e nae time to spare:
Come let me clasp that girdle jimp,
And braid your glossy hair.

"Of a' the ladies i' the land,
Ye'm be sarpass'd by nane;
The luse that's on your velvet robe,
Wi' good 'ill stand its lane.

"This jewelled chaplet ye'll put on—
That broidered necklace gay;
For we maun ha'e ye baskit weel
On this—your bridal day."—

"O! Ellen, ye would think it hard
To wed against your will!
I never loo'd lord Dacre yet;
I dinna like him still.

"He kens though oft he sued for love,
Upon his bended knee,
Ae tender word—ae kindly look,
He never gat frae me.

"And he has gained my mother's ear,—
My father's stern command;
Yet this fond heart can ne'er be his,
Although he claim my hand.

"O Ellen, softly list to me!
I still may 'scape the snare:
When morning raise owre Otterburne,
The tidings would be there.

"And hurrying on comes Umphreville,—
His spur is sharp at need.
There's nane in a' Northumberland,
Can mount a fleeter steed.

"Ah! weel I ken his heart is true—
He will—he must be here:
Aboon the garden wa' he'll wave
The pennon o' his spear."—

"Far is the gate, the burns are deep,
The broken muirs are wide;
Fair lady, ere your true love come,
Ye'll be lord Dacre's bride.

"Wi' stately, solemn step the priest
Climbs up the chapel stair:
Alas! alas! for Umphreville;
His heart may weel be sair!

"Keep back! keep back! lord Dacre's steed—
Ye maunna trot but gang:
And haste ye! haste ye! Umphreville!
Your lady thinks ye lang."—

In velvet sheen she wadna dress:
Nae pearls owre her shone;
Nor broidered necklace, sparkling bright,
Would lady Jean put on.

Up raise she frae her cushion'd seat,
And tottered like to fa';
Her cheek grew like the rose, and then
Turned whiter than the sna'.

"O Ellen, thraw the casement up;
Let in the air to me:
Look down within the castle-yard,
And tell me what ye see."—

"Your father's stan'in' on the stepe—
Your mother's at the door;
Out through the postern comes the train—
Lord Dacre rides before.

"Fu' yauld an' graceful' lichts he down,
Sae does his gallant band;
And low he doffs his bonnet plume,
And shakes your father's hand.

"List! lady, list a bugle note!
It sounds not loud but clear;—
Up! up! I see aboon the wa',
Your true love's pennon'd spear!"—

An' up fa' quick gat lady Jean;—
Nae ailment had she mair:
Blythe was her look, an' firm her step,
As she ran down the stair.

An' through amang the apple trees,
An' up the walk she flew:
Until she reached her true love's side,
Her breath she scarcely drew.

Lord Dacre fain would see the bride:
He sought her bower alane;
But dowf an' blunkit grew his look,
When lady Jean was gane.

Sair did her father stamp an' rage—
Sair did her mother mourn;
She's up an' off wi' Un phreville,
To bonnie Otterburne.

The Gardener.

[From Messrs Kinloch and Buchan's collections.]

A MAIDEN stude in her bouir door,
As jimp as a willow-wand;
When by there came a gardener lad,
Wi' a primrose in his hand.

"O, ladye, are ye single yet,
Or will ye marry me?
Ye'se gut a' the flouirs in my garden,
To be a weed for thee."

"I love your flouirs," the ladye said;
"But I winna marry thee:
For I can live without man-kind,
And without man-kind I'll dee.'

"You shall not live without man-kind:
But you shall marry me·
And, among the flouirs in my garden,
I'll shape a weed for thee.

"The lilye flouir to be your smock;
It becomes your bodie best.
Your heid sall be busket wi' the gellye flouir;
The primrose in your breist.

"Your goun sall be o' the sweet william;
Your coat o' the cammovine;
Your apron o' the seel o' downs:
Come, smile, sweetheart o' mine!

"Your gloves sall be o' the green clover,
All glitterin' to your hand;
Weil spread ower wi' the blue blawort,
That grows among corn-land.

"Your stockings shall be o' the cabbage leaf,
That is baith braid and lang;
Narrow, narrow, at the kute,
And braid, braid, at the branne.

"Your shoon shall be o' the gude rue red;
I hope it bodes nae ill;
The buckles o' the marygold:
Come, smile, sweetheart, your fill!"

"Young man, ye've shapit a weed for me,
Amang the simmer flouirs;
Now I will shape anither for you,
Amang the winter shouirs."

"The snow so white shall be your shirt;
It becomes your bodie best:
The cold east wind sall wrap your heid,
And the cold rain on your breist.

"The steed that you shall ride upon,
Shall be the weather snell;
Weil bridled wi' the northern wind,
And cold sharp shouirs o' hail.

The hat you on your heid sall wear,
Sall be o' the weather grey;
And, aye when ye come into my sight,
I'll wish ye were away."

---

* A verse resembling this is sung by Davie Gellatley in Waverley.

Clerk Saunders.

[There are at least four different versions of this affecting ballad extant. The first published, and by far the best, is that given in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The other versions successively appeared in the collections of Messrs Jamieson, Kinloch, and Buchan. Motherwell says that he has heard a version called The Seven Bluidy Brothers, but he does not quote it. We can make room only here for two sets of the ballad—Scott's and Jamieson's, but we shall mark in a note the different readings of Kinloch and Buchan on the most striking passage in the story. Sir Walter's version owes much of its beauty and fine effect to the appropriation of some verses from a different ballad, Sweet William's Ghost, hereafter to be given. He thus introduces "Clerk Saunders" in the fifth edition of his Minstrelsy.—"This romantic ballad is taken from Mr Herd's MSS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy, in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas. The resemblance of the conclusion to the ballad, beginning, 'There came a ghost to Margaret's door,' will strike every reader. The tale is uncommonly wild and beautiful, and apparently very ancient. The custom of the passing bell is still kept up in many villages in Scotland. The sexton goes through the town, ringing a small bell, and announcing the death of the departed, and the time of the funeral. The three concluding verses have been recovered since the first edition of this work: and I am informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. For this, however, there seems no necessity, as other authorities give the whole as a complete tale."]

Clerk Saunders and may Margaret
Walked ower yon garden green;
And sad and heavy was the love
That fell thir twa between.

"A bed, a bed," Clerk Saunders said,
"A bed for you and me!"
"Fye na, fye na," said may Margaret,
"Till anes we married be.

"For in may come my seven bauld brothers,
Wi' torches burning bright:
They'll say—'We ha'e but ae s'ster,
And behold she's wi' a knight!'"

"Then take the sword frae my scabbard,
And slowly lift the pin;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

"And take a napkin in your hand,
And tie up baith your bonnie een;
And you may swear, and safe your aith,
Ye saw me na since late yestreen."

It was about the midnight hour,
When they asleep were laid,
When in and came her seven brothers,
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,*
Wi' torches burning bright;
They said, "We ha'e but ae sister,
And behold her lying with a knight!

---

* Mr Kinloch's copy:

Then in there cam' her firsten brother,
Boldly he cam' steppin' in:—
"Come here, come here, see what I see,
We ha'e only but ae sister alive,
And a knave is in bou'r her wi'!"

Then in and cam' her second brother—
Says, "Two lovers are ill to twin;"
And in and cam' her thirden brother,—
"O brother, dear, I say the same."

Then in and cam' her fourthen brother,—
"It's a sin to kill a sleepin' man:"
And in and cam' her fifthen brother,—
"O brother, dear, I say the same."

Then in and cam' her sixthen brother,—
"I wat he's ne'er be steer'd by me:"
But in and cam' her seventh brother,—
"I bear the hand that sall gar him dee."

Mr Buchan's copy:

Then in it came her seven brothers,
And a' their torches burning bright;
They said, "We ha'e but ae sister,
And here she's lying wi' a knight."

O, out it speaks the first o' them,
"We will awa' and let them be;"
Then out it speaks the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair but he."

Then out and spake the first o' them,
"I bear the sword shall gar him die!"
And out and spake the second o' them,
"His father has nae mair than he!"

And out and spake the third o' them,
"I wot that they are lovers dear!"
And out and spake the fourth o' them,
"They he's been in love this mony a year!"

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,
"It were great sin true love to twain!"
And out and spake the sixth o' them,
"It were shame to slay a sleeping man!"

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,
And never a word spake he;
But he has striped* his bright brown brand
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started and Margaret she turn'd
Into his arms as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
"It is time, true love, you were awa'."

But he lay still, and sleepit sound,
Albeit the sun began to sheen;
She looked atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsie were his een.

Out it speaks the third o' them,
For he was standing on the birk;
"Nae sweeter could twa lovers lye,
Though they'd been married in a kirk."

Then out it speaks the fourth o' them,
"Mair fair and lowsy is his buke;
Our sister dear we cannot blame,
Although in him she pleasure took."

Then out it speaks the fifth o' them,
It were a sin to do them ill;
Then out it spake the sixth o' them,
"It's hard a sleeping man to kill."

But out it speaks the seventh o' them,
(I wish an ill death mat he dee!)
"I wear the sharp brand by my side,
That soon shall gar Clerk Sandy die."

Striped—Thrust.

Then in and came her father dear,
Said—"Let a' your mourning be:
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,
And I'll come back and comfort thee."

"Comfort weel your seven sons,
For comforted will I never be:
I ween 'twas neither knave nor lown
Was in the bower last night wi' me."

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corse to the clay;
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,
I wot, an hour before the day.

"Are ye sleeping, Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,
Until ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheik and chin."

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell now of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang.

"O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
Give me my faith and troth again,
And let me fare me on my way."

"Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,
And our true love shall never twin,
Until ye tell what comes of women,
I wot, who die in strong travelling?"

"Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good lord's knee,
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;*
I wot sweet company for to see.

---

* From whatever source the popular ideas of heaven be derived, the mention of gillyflowers is not uncommon. Thus, in the Dead Men's Song—

The fields about this city faire
Were all with roses set;
Gillyflowers, and carnations faire,
Which canker could not fret.
Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 283.

"O cocks are crowing a merry mid-night,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be missed away."

Then she has ta'en a crystal wan,
And she has stroken her truth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh, and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;
And aye I thank ye heartiLe;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

Its hosen and sheen, and gown alone,
She climbed the wall, and followed him,
Until she came to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is fail lowly now:
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting-place is weet.

"But plait a wand o' bonnie birk,*
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

"And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' verite,
Gin e'er ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the gray;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

CLERK SAUNDERS.

[JAMIESON'S version.—Mr Jamieson says that had he "been aware, in time, of the superiority in contrivance and effect of Mr Scott's copy, he would most cheerfully have given up his own for its further improvement; but that not having been the case, as he is of opinion, that the following variety of this affecting tale is still sufficiently curious to merit preservation, he has thought proper to adopt it, more from a hope of gratifying the curious antiquary, than of presenting the mere *belles lettres* critic with any thing deserving of his notice or approbation.

Nothing could have been better imagined than the circumstance, in Mr Scott's copy, of killing Clerk Saunders while his mistress was asleep; nor can any thing be more natural or

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The description, given in the legend of Sir Owain, of the terrestrial paradise, at which the blessed arrive, after passing through purgatory, omits gillyflowers, though it mentions many others. As the passage is curious, and the legend has never been published, many persons may not be displeased to see it extracted—

> Fair were her orbere with flowers,
> Rose and lili divers colours,
> Primerol and pervink;
> Mint, feverfey, and eglenterre,
> Columbin, and me ther wer
> Than ani man mai biheale.
>
> It herth orbes of other maner,
> Than ani in erth groweth here,
> The that is lest of prise;
> Everiwere thai gresse springeth,
> For winter no sonner it no dingeth;
> And sweeter than licorice.—Scott.

* The custom of binding the new-laid sod of the church yard with osiers, or other saplings, prevailed both in England and Scotland, and served to protect the turf from injury by cattle, or otherwise. It is alluded to by Gay in the What d'ye call it—

> Stay, let me pledge, 'tis my last earthly Honor,
> When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker.

In the Shepherd's Week, the same custom is alluded to, and the cause explained:—

> With wicker rods we fenced her tomb around,
> To ward, from man and beast, the hallowed ground
> I cut her new grave the parson's cattle rase,
> For both his horse and cow the church-yard grase.
> Fifth Pastoral.—Scott.

pathetic than the three stanzas that follow. They might have charmed a whole volume of bad poetry against the ravages of time; in Mr Scott's volumes they shine but like pearls among diamonds.

'Clerk Saunders he started, and Marg'ret she turn'd
Into his arms, as asleep she lay;
And sad and silent was the night
That was atween thir twan.

'And they lay still and sleeped sound,
Until the day began to daw;
And kindly to him she did say,
"It's time, true love, you were awa'."

'But he lay still and sleeped sound,
Albeit the sun began to shreen;
She lookit atween her and the wa',
And dull and drowsie were his een.'

The following copy was transmitted by Mrs Arrott of Aberbrothick. The stanzas, where the seven brothers are introduced, have been enlarged from two fragments, which, although very defective in themselves, furnish lines which, when incorporated with the text, seemed to improve it. Stanzas 21 and 22 were written by the editor; the idea of the *rose* being suggested by the gentleman who recited, but who could not recollect the language in which it was expressed."]

Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
He lived upon sea-sand;
May Margaret was a king's daughter,
She lived in upper land.

Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,
Weel learn'd at the scheel;
May Margaret was a king's daughter;—
They baith lo'ed ither weel.

He's throw the dark, and throw the mark,
And throw the leaves o' green;
Till he came to May Margaret's door,
And tirled at the pin.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, May Margaret,
Or are ye the bower within?"
"O wha is that at my bower door,
Sae weel my name does ken?"
"It's I, Clerk Saunders, your true love,
You'll open and let me in."

"O will ye to the cards, Margaret,
Or to the table to dine?
Or to the bed, that's weel down spread
And sleep when we get time."

"I'll no go to the cards," she says,
"Nor to the table to dine;
But I'll go to a bed, that's weel down spread
And sleep when we get time."

They were not weel leyn down,
And no weel fa'en asleep,
When up and stood May Margaret's bre-
Just up at their bed feet. [thren,

"O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,*
O wha is aught yon noble steed,
That stands your stable in?"

"The steed is mine, and it may be thine,
To ride whan ye ride on hie—
. . . . . .

"But awa', awa', my bauld brethren,
Awa', and mak' nae din;
For I am as sick a lady the nicht
As e'er lay a bower within."

"O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is aught yon noble hawk,
That stands your kitchen in?"

"The hawk is mine, and it may be thine,
To hawk whan ye hawk in hie—
. . . . . .

"But awa', awa', my bald brethren!
Awa' and mak' nae din;
For I'm ane o' the sickest ladies this nicht
That e'er lay bower within."

"O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,
And dinna to us len,
O wha is that, May Margaret,
You and the wa' between?"

"O, it is my bower-maiden," she says,
"As sick as sick can be;
O, it is my bower-maiden," she says,
"And she's thrice as sick as me."

* The term *len*, in this sense, is, so far as I know, now obsolete in Scotland. It here means to *stop* or *hesitate*, and is used in the same sense by Browne, in his "Britannia's Pastorals." It seems to be the same with the old English and Scottish *blin*, to cease, or stop.—*Jamieson.*

"We ha'e been east, and we've been west,
And low beneath the moon;
But a' the bower-women e'er we saw
Hadna good buckles in their shoon."

Then up and spak' her eldest brither,
Aye in ill time spak' he;
"It is Clerk Saunders, your true love,
And never mat I thee,
But for this scorn that he has done,
This moment he sall die."

But up and spak' her youngest brother;
Aye in good time spak' he:
"O, but they are a gudelie pair!—
True lovers an ye be,
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Shall never sinder ye!"

Syne up and spak' her nexten brother,
And the tear stood in his e'e,
"Ye ve lo'ed her lang, and lo'ed her weel,
And pity it wad be,
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Shoud ever sinder ye!"

But up and spak' her fiften brother,
"Sleep on your sleep for me;
But we baith sall never sleep again,
For the tane of us sall die!"

But up and spak' her midmaist brother;
And an angry laugh leuch he;
"The thorn that dabe I'll cut it down,
Though fair the rose may be.

"The flower that smell'd sae sweet yestreen
Has lost its bloom wi' thee;
And though I'm wae it should be sae,
Clerk Saunders, ye maun die."

And up and spak' her thirden brother,
Aye in ill time spak' he;
"Curse on his love and comelinesse!—
Dishonour'd as ye be,
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt
Sall quickly sinder ye!"

Her eldest brother has drawn his sword;
Her second has drawn anither;
Between Clerk Saunders' hause and collar bane
The cald iron met thegither.

"O wae be to you, my fause brethren,
And an ill death mat ye die!
Ye mith slain Clerk Saunders in open field,
And no in the bed wi' me."

When seven years were come and gane,
Lady Margaret she thought lang;
And she is up to the highest tower,
By the lee light o' the moon.

She was lookin' o'er her castle high,
To see what she might sa';
And there she saw a grieved ghost
Comin' waukin' o'er the wa'.

"O, are ye a man of mean," she says,
Seekin' ony o' my meat?
Or are you a rank robber,
Come in my bower to break?"

"O, I'm Clerk Saunders, your true love;
Behold, Margaret, and see,
And mind, for a' your meikle pride,
Sae will become of thee."

"Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, my true love,
This meikle marvels me—
O wherein is your bonnie arms
That wont to embrace me?"

"By worms they're eaten; in mools they're rotten;
Behold, Margaret, and see;
And mind, for a' your meikle pride,
Sae will become o' thee!"

O bonnie, bonnie sang the bird,
Sat on the coil o' hay;
But dowie dowie was the maid,
That follow'd the corpse o' clay

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,
Is there ony room at your feet?
Is there ony room at your twa sides
For a lady to lie and sleep?"

"There is nae room at my head, Margaret;
As little at my feet;
There is nae room at my twa sides
For a lady to lie and sleep.

"But gae hame, gae hame, now, May Margaret;
Gae hame and sew your seam;
For if ye were laid in your weel-made bed,
Your days will nae be lang."

Sweet Willie and Lady Margerie.

[From Motherwell's collection. "This ballad," says Mr Motherwell, "which possesses considerable beauty and pathos, is given from the recitation of a lady now far advanced in years, with whose grandmother it was a deserved favourite. It is now for the first time printed. It bears some resemblance to Clerk Saunders."]

Sweet Willie was a widow's son,
And he wore a milk-white weed, O;
And weel could Willie read and write,
Far better ride on steed, O.

Lady Margerie was the first ladye,
That drank to him the wine, O;
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,
"Laddy, your love is mine, O."

Lady Margerie was the first ladye,
That drank to him the beer, O;
And aye as the healths gaed round and round,
"Laddy, ye're welcome here, O."

"You must come intill my bower,
When the evening bells do ring, O;
And you must come intill my bower,
When the evening mass doth sing, O."

He's ta'en four-and-twenty braid arrows,
And laced them in a whang, O;
And he's awa' to lady Margerie's bower,
As fast as he can gang, O.

He set his ae foot on the wa',
And the other on a stane, O;
And he's kill'd a' the king's life guards,
He's kill'd them every man, O.

"Oh open, open, lady Margerie,
Open and let me in, O;
The weet weets a' my yellow hair,
And the dew drops on my chin, O."

With her feet as white as sleet,
She strod her bower within, O;
And with her fingers lang and sma',
She's looten sweet Willie in, O.

She's louted down unto his feet,
To lowse sweet Willie's shoon, O;
The buckles were sae stiff they wadna lowse,
The blood had frozen in, O.

"O Willie, O Willie, I fear that thou
Hast bred me dule and sorrow;
The deed that thou hast done this night,
Will kythe upon the morrow."

In then came her father dear,
And a braid sword by his gare, O;
And he's gi'en Willie, the widow's son,
A deep wound and a sair, O

"Lye yont, lye yont, Willie," she says,
"Your sweat weets a' my side, O;
Lye yont, lye yont, Willie," she says,
"For your sweat I downa bide, O."

She turned her back unto the wa',
Her face unto the room, O;
And there she saw her auld father,
Fast walking up and down, O.

"Woe be to you, father," she said,
"And ap ill deid may you die, O;
For ye've kill'd Willie, the widow's son,
And he would have married me, O."

She turned her back unto the room,
Her face unto the wa', O;
And with a deep and heavy sich,
Her heart it brake in twa, O.

Sweet William and May Margaret.

[From Mr Kinloch's collection.—"Though this," says Mr Kinloch, "is evidently a distinct ballad from 'Clerk Saunders,' yet the editor of the Border Minstrelsy has incorporated it with that ballad; notwithstanding it appears that he was informed by the reciter, that it was usual to separate from the rest, that part of the ballad which follows the death of the lovers, as belonging to another story. 'For this, however,' says he, 'there seems no necessity, as other authori-

tion give the whole as a complete tale.'—Vol. II. page 485. The editor has obtained two copies of this ballad, as quite unconnected with 'Clerk Saunders,' and founded upon a different story. Another version of it, in the present form, under the title of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' will be found in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, and a similar one in the 'Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern,' entitled William and Marjorie."]

As May Marg'ret sat in her bouerie,
In her bower all alone,
At the very parting o' midnight,
She heard a mournfu' moan.

"O is it my father, O is it my mother?
Or is it my brother John?
Or is it sweet William, my ain true love,
To Scotland new come home?"

"It is na your father, it is na your mother,
It is na your brother John:
But it is sweet William, your ain true-love,
To Scotland new come home."—

"Ha'e ye brought me onie fine things,
Onie new thing for to wear?
Or ha'e ye brought me a braid o' lace,
To smood up my gowden hair?"

"I've brought ye na fine things at all,
Nor onie new thing to wear,
Nor ha'e I brought ye a braid of lace,
To smood up your gowden hair.

"But Margaret! dear Margaret!
I pray ye speak to me;
O gi'e me back my faith and troth,
As dear as I gied it thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I wi' ye twin,
Till ye come within my bower,
And kiss me cheek and chin."

"O Margaret! dear Margaret!
I pray ye speak to me;
O gi'e me back my faith and troth,
As dear as I gied it thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I wi' ye twin,
Till ye tak' me to yonder kirk,
And wed me wi' a ring."

"O should I come within your bower,
I am na earthly man;
If I should kiss your red, red lips,
Your days wad na be lang.

"My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard,
It's far ayont the sea;
And it is my spirit, Margaret,
That's speaking unto thee."

"Your faith and troth ye sanna get,
Nor will I twin we thee,
Till ye tell me the pleasures o' heaven,
And pains of hell how they be."

"The pleasures of heaven I wat not of,
But the pains of hell I dree;
There some are hie hang'd for huring,
And some for adulterie."

Then Marg'ret took her milk-white hand,
And smooth'd it on his breast;—
"Tak' your faith and troth, William,
God send your soul good rest."

Sweet William's Ghost.

[From the fourth volume of Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany. Ritson says, "The two last stanzas were probably added by Ramsay: they are evidently spurious."]

Twxxz came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan;
And aye he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

"Is that my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?'

"'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

"O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;
And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretch'd out her lilly-white hand,
And for to do her best,
"Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night,
The dead corp followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin 's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away."

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
But with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

"O stay, my only true love, stay,"
The constant Marg'ret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her soft limbs and dy'd.

William and Marjorie.

[From Motherwell's Collection.]

Lady Marjorie, lady Marjorie,
Sat sewing her silken seam,
And by her came a pale, pale ghost
Wi' mony a sigh and mane.

"Are ye my father the king," she says,
"Or are ye my brither John?
Or are ye my true love sweet William,
From England newly come?"

"I'm not your father the king," he says,
"No, no, nor your brither John;
But I'm your true love sweet William,
From England that's newly come."

"Have ye brought me any scarlet sae red,
Or any of the silks sae fine;
Or have ye brought me any precious things
That merchants have for sale."

"I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
No, no, nor the silks sae fine;
But I have brought you my winding-sheet
Ower many a rock and hill.

"Lady Marjorie, lady Marjorie!
For faith an' charitie,
Will ye gi'e to me my faith and troth
That I gave ones to thee?"

"O your faith and troth I'll not gi'e to thee,
No, no, that will not I,
Until I get sae kiss of your ruby lips,
And in my arms you lye."

"My lips they are sae bitter," he says—
"My breath it is sae strang;
If you get sae kiss of my ruby lips,
Your days will not be lang.

"The cocks are crawing, Marjorie," he says—
"The cocks are crawing again;
It's time the dead should part frae the quick—
Marjorie, I maist be gane."

She followed him high,—she followed him low,
Till she came to yon churchyard green;
And there the deep grave opened up,
And young William he lay down.

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,
"That stands here at your head?"
"O it's three maidens, Marjorie," he says,
"That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,
"That stand close at your side?"
"O it's three babes, Marjorie," he says,
"That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, sweet William," she says,
"That lye close at your feet?"
"O it's three hell-hounds, Marjorie," he says,
"That's waiting my soul to keep."

O she took up her white, white hand,
And she struck him on the breast;
Saying—"Have there again your faith and troth,
And I wish your soul gude rest."

Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

[From Percy's collection.—"This seems," says Dr Percy, "to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' Acts 3d and 5d; although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is, 'Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers.'—The lines preserved in the play are this distich:

'You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you.'

And the following stanza,

'When it was grown to dark at night,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grim'ly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.'

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any other language,"—(alluding to the ballad of "William and Margaret," given afterwards.)]

As it fell out on a long summer's day
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margaret,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
And stood at William's feet.

"Are you awake, sweet William?" she said;
"Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of y ur gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding sheet."

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady said,
"My dear, I have cause to weep.

"I dreamt a dream, my dear ladye,
Such dreames are never good:
I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine,'
And my bride-bed full of blood."

"Such dreams, such dreams, my honour'd sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine,'
And thy bride-bed full of blood."

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, "I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my ladie."

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethren
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,
"Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

"I'll do more for thee, Marg'ret,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win."

With that bespake the seven brethren,
Making most piteous mone:
"You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse
By day, nor yet by night.

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine:
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

Fair Marg'ret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed to-morrow:
Fair Marg'ret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Marg'ret was buryed in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher:
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tyed in a true lovee' knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

William and Margaret.

["THIS ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of DAVID MALLET, who in the edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the plan was suggested by the stanza (quoted in the introduction to the previous ballad, Fair Margaret and Sweet William), which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost. 'These lines,' says he, 'naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago.' The two introductory lines, and one or two others elsewhere, had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.

'When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep.' &c.

"In a publication entitled The Friends, &c. Lond. 1773, 2 vols. 12mo, (in the first volume) is inserted a copy of the ballad, with very great variations, which the editor of that work contends was the original; and that Mallet adopted it for his own, and altered it as here given.—But the superior beauty and simplicity of the present copy gives it so much more the air of an original, that it will rather be believed that some transcriber altered it from Mallet's, and adapted the lines to his own taste; than which nothing is more common in popular songs and ballads."—*Dr Percy.*

It was in the Plain Dealer, a periodical paper published in 1724, that William and Margaret first appeared. Mallet was then a very young man, having been born about the beginning of the century. He died in 1765. He was a native of Crieff in Perthshire, and for some time tutor in the Montrose family, through whose influence he first got introduced into public life. *Malloch* was his original name, but after he took up his residence in London, he changed it to *Mallet*, finding probably the sea too much for Cockney utterance. William and Margaret has been ex-

extravagantly praised by some. Even the caustic Ritson calls it one of the finest ballads that was ever written. On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott says, "The ballad, though the best of Mallet's writing, is certainly inferior to its original, which I presume to be the very fine and even terrific old Scottish tale, beginning,

'There came a ghost to Margaret's door.'"

In the Harp of Renfrewshire, pp. 122-128, an elaborate but unsuccessful attempt is made to deprive Mallet of the authorship of the ballad. In an edition, also, of Andrew Marvell's Works, London 1776, the editor claims the ballad for Marvell, on the ground of an old MS. volume, in Marvell's own hand; but Mr David Laing says the volume contains a number of pieces evidently transcribed forty years subsequent to Marvell's death.]

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red.
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay:
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

Watty and Madge.

[This parody on the foregoing ballad we find in the third volume of Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany. It is also given in Herd's Collection, but has been little, if at all, quoted in later collections, so that it must be new to most of our readers. We do not insert it here from any admiration of its smartness, (though it is not without merit,) but simply as illustrative of the reputation of the ballad of William and Margaret; for no better evidence of the popularity of a piece can be adduced, than that it has been made the subject of imitation or parody. In the compass of 12 pages, beginning with Clerk Saunders, p. 69, and ending with the present production, the reader has now before him a collection of ballads all related more or less to each other, and on which he is thus enabled to form a judgment, as it were, at one view.]

'Twas at the shining mid-day hour
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,
And the poor lad grew faint.

His face was like a bacon ham
That lang in reek had hung,
And horn-hard was his tawny hand
That held his hazel-rung.

So wad the saftest face appear
Of the maist dreary spark,
And such the hands that lords wad ha'e,
Were they kept close at wark.

His head was like a heathery bush
Beneath his bonnet blue,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His hairdy bristles grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling through his kyte,
And nothing now but solid gear
Could give his heart delyte.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
To his loved Madge he ran,
Sank down into the chimney-nook
With visage sour and wan.

"Get up," he cries, "my crieshy love,
Support my sinking saul
With something that is fit to chew,
Be't either hat or caul.

"This is the how and hungry hour,
When the best cares for grief
Are cogue-fu's of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef."

"Oh Watty, Watty," Madge replies,
"I but o'er justly trow'd
Your love was thowless, and that ye
For cake and pudding woe'd.

"Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,
When all were fast asleep,
How ye kiss'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

"How could ye ca' my hardies fat,
And comfort of your sight?
How could ye rooss my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples slight?

"Why did you promise me a snood,
To bind my locks sae brown?
Why did you me fine garters height,
Yet let my hose fa' down?

"O faithless Watty, think how aft
I ment your sarks and hose!
For you how mony bannocks stown,
How many cogues of brose.

"But hark!—the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot;
Come see, ye hash, how sair I sweat,
To steigh your guts, ye sot."

The grace was said, the master serv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,
Blythe Watty raise and rax'd himsel',
And fidg'd he was sae fain.

He hied him to the savoury bench,
Where a warm haggies stood,
And gart his gooly through the lag,
Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cried, "Come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare;"
Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

The Heir of Linne.

[This most instructive ballad was first published in Percy's collection, (1755,) from the old folio MS. in the editor's possession, to which he was so largely indebted in compiling his work, and the existence of which Ritson continued to doubt, notwithstanding the most satisfactory evidence to the contrary, in the testimony of many learned men who had seen and examined it. The present copy is from the fifth edition of the "Reliques," where the ancient readings are restored. Bishop Percy says, "The original of this ballad is f and in the editor's folio MS. the breaches and defects in which render the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject. From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed. The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a lord of parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with his estate."

Motherwell says, "The traditionary version in Scotland begins thus:

"The bonnie heir, the weel-faured heir,
And the weare heir o' Linne;
Yonder he stand- at his father's gate,
And nae body bids him come in.

O, see where he stands, and see where he gangs,
The weary heir o' Linne;
O, see where he stands on the cauld causey,
Some ane wald ta'en him in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna stand on the cauld causey,
Some ane wad ta'en him in."

We find in no collection a continuation of this version.]

PART THE FIRST.

LYTHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him fro,
And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the days with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To always spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold I'le give thee heere."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a god's-pennie;*
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

---

* *i. e.* earnest money; from the French *Denier a Dieu.* At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a "God's-penny." *Percy.*

For soe he to his father hight:
  "My sonne, when I am gonne," sayd hee,
"Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
  And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

"But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
  That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
  Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of golde:
  And "come with me, my friends," sayd hee,
"Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
  And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
  Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
  They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
  Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
  And another it was white monie.

"Nowe well-a-day," sayd the heir of Linne,
  "Nowe well-a-day, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
  I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trustye friend have I,
  And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
  Soe need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
  Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone,
  And bade him sharpely wend his way.

"Now well-a-day," sayd the heir of Linne,
  "Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
For when I had my landes so broad,
  On me they lived right merrilee.

"To beg my bread from door to door
  I wis, it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
  To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now Ile be away to my lonesome lodge,
  For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world should frown on mee
  I there shold find a trusty friend."

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heir of Linne
  O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Until he came to lonesome lodge,
  That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
  In hope some comfort for to winne:
But bare and lothly were the walles.
  "Here's sorry cheare," quoth the heir of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
  Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone;
  No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
  No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
  That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
  These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
  And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
  I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
  And all thy shame and sorrowe end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
  Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to barst
  With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
  Never a word he spake but three
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
  And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
  And sprang aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
  And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heir of Linne,
  Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
  And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
  Strait good comfort found he there:
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
  In which there stood three chests in-fere.*

Two were full of the beaten golde,
  The third was full of white money;
And over them in broad letters
  These words were written so plaine to see:

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
  Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
  That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it bee," sayd the heir of Linne;
  "And let it bee, but if I amend:†
For here I will make mine avow,
  This reade‡ shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheare,
  Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither cou'd se blanne,
  Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
  Upp at the speere§ then looked hee;
There sat three lords upon a rowe,
  Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the board-head,
  Because now lord of Linne was hee.
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
  "One forty pence for to lend mee."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
  Away, away, this may not bee:
For Christ's curse on my head," he sayd,
  "If ever I trust thee one pennie."

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
  To John o' the Scales with then spake he:
"Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
  I pray for sweet saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
  I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
  The first we wold begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellowe,
  Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, "Turn againe, thou heir of Linne;
  Some time thou wast a well good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
  And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I le lend thee forty pence,
  And other forty if need bee.

"And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
  To let him sit in thy companie.
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
  And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
  All wood he answer'd him againe:
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he sayd,
  "But I did kee by that bargaine.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
  Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
  By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee."

"I drawe you to record, lords," he said,
  With that he cast him a God's-pennie:
"Now by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
  "And here good John is thy monie."

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
  And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
  Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
  He told it forth with mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
  And now I me againe the lord of Linne."

Sayes, "Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
  Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
  And forty pounds I will give thee.

"I le make thee keeper of my forest,
  Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
  I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

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* *In-fere*, *i. e.* together.

† *i. e.* unless I amend. ‡ *i. e.* advice, counsel.

§ Perhaps the hole in the door or window, by which it was *sparred*, *i. e.* sparred, fastened, or shut.—In Bale's 2d Part of the Acts of Eng. Votaries, we have this phrase, (fol. 38.) "*The dore therof oft tymes opened and* sparred *agayne.*" *Percy.*

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"Now well-a-day!" sayth Joan o' the Scales:
"Now well-a-day! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I me but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare-thee-well," sayd the heir of Linne;
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said he:
"Christ's curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

Athol Wood.

[Modern Ballad.—Mrs Johnstone.—From the novel of "Clan Albyn."]

I'm weary o' your ha's, auld lord,
I m weary o' your towers,
The hours of grandeur unendear'd,
O but they're lanely hours.

My fingers shine wi' mony a ring,
An' wi' jewels they deck my hair;
But the lichtsome glance o' leal young love
Will never bliss me mair.

I mind thee still thou Athol wood,
And him on Lynedoch lea;
Wha pu'd my snood frae the scented birk,
An' my beads frae the reddan tree.

O merrily sang the bonnie blackbird
Aboon our hazel screen;
An' lika leaf was stirr'd wi' joy,
An' the blue lift dance'd between.

I mind thee still, thou fairy eve,
Whan this flichterin' heart was tint,
An' how saft the sang o' the mavis rang,
Whan he tauld what its flichterin' meant.

A witless bride ye bocht, auld lord,
An' he didna frown or fret;
But a breakin' heart was in his e'e,
An' that looks before me yet!

I'm lanely, lanely a' the day,
But the nicht is waur to bide,
For the dream that brings me Athol braes,
Wauks me by my auld lord's side!

O! there's mony a leaf in Athol wood,
An' mony a bird in its breast;
An' mony a psalm, maun the heart sustain,
Ere it sab itsel' to rest!

The twa Martyrs' Widows.

[Written by Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, the author of a number of lyrical pieces. In 1841, Robert Allan was induced to emigrate to America, but was not many days landed at New York, when he was carried off by a bilious fever, at the age of 67.]

Sit down, sit down by thy martyr's side,
And I'se sit down by mine;
And I shall speak o' him to my Gude,
And thou may speak o' thine.

It's wae to thee, and it's wae wi' me,
For our day o' peace is gane,
And we maun sit wi' a tearfu' e'e,
In our bourooh-ha' alane.

O Scotland! Scotland, it's wae to thee,
When thy lichts are ta'en awa';
And it's wae, it's wae to a sinfu' lan',
When the righteous sae maun fa'.

It was a haile covenant aith
We made wi' our Gude to keep;
And it's for the haile covenant vow,
That we maun sit and weep.

O wha will gang to yon hill-side,
To sing the psalm at e'en?
And wha will speak o' the luve o' our Gude?
For the cov'nant reft hath been.

The gerse may grow on yon bonnie hill-tap,
And the heather sweetly blume;
But there nae mair we sall sit at e'en,
For our hearts are in the tomb.

The hectic glow is upo' my cheek,
And the lily hue on thine;
Thou sune will lie by thy martyr's side,
And sune I sall sleep by mine.

Christie's Will.

[This is a modern imitation of the ancient ballads by Sir Walter Scott. The author thus introduces it in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—In the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called, for distinction sake, *Christie's Will*, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plander had descended to this person with the family mansion; and, upon some marauding party, he was seized, and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The earl of Traquair, lord high treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, inquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters;) but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two *delicate cutts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a law-suit, of importance to lord Traquair, was to be decided in the Court of Session; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who had a casting vote, in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way, when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the earl had recourse to Christie's Will, who, at once, offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air, on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engaged him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furze common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off, with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths only known to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle, in Annandale, called the tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned and solitary; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog, by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the law-suit was decided in favour of lord Traquair; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault, at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word, and, using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court, to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced to the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted, once more, with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty*—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in these disorderly times, it was only laughed at, as a fair *ruse de guerre*.

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, lord Durie, collector of the reports, well known in the Scottish law, under the title of "Durie's Decisions." He was advanced to the station of an ordinary lord of session, 10th July 1621, and died, at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened; a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

"We may frame," says Forbes, "a rational conjecture of his great learning and parts, not only from his collection of the decisions of the

session, from July 1671, till July 1672, but also from the following circumstance: 1. In a tract of more than twenty years, he was frequently chosen vice-president, and no other lord in that time. 2. 'Tis commonly reported, that some party, in a considerable action before the session, finding that the lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem to prevent the influence and weight which his lordship might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men kidnap him, in the links of Leith, at his diversion on a Saturday afternoon, and transport him to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive, without the benefit of day-light, a matter of three months (though otherwise civilly and well entertained;) during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him, as dead. But after the cause aforesaid was decided, the lord Durie was carried back by incognitos, and dropt in the same place where he had been taken up."—Forbes's Journal of the Session, Edin. 1714, preface, page 26.

Tradition ascribes to Christie's Will another memorable feat, which seems worthy of being recorded. It is well known, that, during the troubles of Charles I., the earl of Traquair continued unalterably fixed in his attachment to his unfortunate master, in whose service he hazarded his person, and impoverished his estate. It was of consequence, it is said, to the king's service, that a certain packet, containing papers of importance, should be transmitted to him from Scotland. But the task was a difficult one, as the parliamentary leaders used their utmost endeavours to prevent any communication betwixt the king and his Scottish friends. Traquair, in this strait, again had recourse to the services of Christie's Will; who undertook the commission, conveyed the papers safely to his majesty, and received an answer, to be delivered to lord Traquair. But, in the meantime, his embassy had taken air, and Cromwell had despatched orders to intercept him at Carlisle. Christie's Will, unconscious of his danger, halted in the town to refresh his horse, and then pursue his journey. But, as soon as he began to pass the long, high, and narrow bridge, which crosses the Eden at Carlisle, either end of the pass was occupied by a party of parliamentary soldiers, who were lying in wait for him. The borderer disdained to resign his enterprise, even in these desperate circumstances; and at once forming his resolution, spurred his horse over the parapet. The river was in high flood. Will sunk—the soldiers shouted—he emerged again, and guiding his horse to a steep bank, called the Stanners, or Stanhouse, endeavoured to land, but ineffectually, owing to his heavy horseman's cloak, now drenched in water. Will cut the loop, and the horse, feeling himself disembarrassed, made a desperate exertion, and succeeded in gaining the bank. Our hero set off, at full speed, pursued by the troopers, who had for a time stood motionless and in astonishment at his temerity. Will, however, was well mounted; and, having got the start, he kept it, menacing, with his pistols, any pursuer who seemed likely to gain on him—an artifice which succeeded, although the arms were wet and useless. He was chased to the river Esks, which he swam without hesitation; and, finding himself on Scottish ground, and in the neighbourhood of his friends, he turned on the northern bank, and, in the true spirit of a border rider, invited his followers to come through, and drink with him. After this taunt, he proceeded on his journey, and faithfully accomplished his mission. Such were the exploits of the very last border freebooter of any note.

The reader is not to regard the ballad as of genuine and unmixed antiquity, though some stanzas are current upon the border, in a corrupted state. They have been eked and joined together, in the rude and ludicrous manner of the original; but as it is to be considered as a modern ballad, it is transferred to this department of the work.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, Vol. III.*]

TRAQUAIR has ridden up Chapelhope,
And see has he down by the Gray Mare's
Tail;*
He never stinted the light gallop,
Until he speer'd for Christie's Will.

Now Christie's Will peep'd frae the tower,
And out at the shot-hole keeked he;
"And ever unlucky," quo' he, "is the hour,
That the warden comes to speer for me!"

"Good Christie's Will, now, have na fear!
Nae harm, good Will, shall hap to thee:
I saved thy life at the Jeddart air,
At the Jeddart air frae the justice tree.

* *Gray Mare's Tail*—A cataract above Moffat, so called.

"Bethink how ye sware by the salt and the bread,
By the lightning, the wind, and the rain,
That if ever of Christie's Will I had need,
He would pay me my service again."

"Gramercy, my lord," quoth Christie's Will,
"Gramercy, my lord, for your grace to me!
When I turn my cheek, and claw my neck,
I think of Traquair, and the Jeddart tree."

And he has opened the fair tower yate,
To Traquair and a' his companie;
The spule o' the deer on the board he has set,
The fattest that ran on the Hutton Lee.

"Now wherefore sit ye sad, my lord?
And wherefore sit ye mournfullie?
And why eat ye not of the venison I shot,
At the dead of night on Hutton Lee?"

"O weel may I stint of feast and sport,
And in my mind be vexed sair!
A vote of the canker'd Session Court,
Of land and living will make me bare.

"But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,
Or . . . if he could be but ten days stoun . . . .
My bonnie braid lands would still be my ain."

"O mony a time, my lord," he said,
"I've stown the horse frae the sleeping loun;
But for you I'll steal a beast as braid,
For I'll steal lord Durie frae Edinburgh town.

"O mony a time, my lord," he said,
"Iv'e stown a kiss frae a sleeping wench;
But for you I'll do as kittle a deed,
For I'll steal an auld lurdane aff the bench."

And Christie's Will is to Edinburgh gane;
At the Borough Muir then entered he;
And as he pass'd the gallow-stane,
He cross'd his brow, and he bent his knee.

He lighted at lord Durie's door,
And there he knocked most manfullie;
And up and spake lord Durie sae stour,
"What tidings, thou stalward groom, to me?"

"The fairest lady in Teviotdale
Has sent, maist reverent sir, for thee;
She pleas at the session for her land, a' haill,
And fain she wad plead her cause to thee."

"But how can I to that lady ride,
With saving of my dignitie?"
"O a curch and mantle ye may wear,
And in my cloak ye shall muffled be."

Wi' curch on head, and cloak ower face,
He mounted the judge on a palfrey fyne;
He rode away, a right round pace,
And Christie's Will held the bridle reyn.

The Lothian Edge they were not o'er,
When they heard bugles bauldly ring,
And, hunting over Middleton Moor,
They met, I ween, our noble king.

When Willie look'd upon our king,
I wot a frighted man was he!
But ever auld Durie was startled mair,
For tyning of his dignitie.

The king he cross'd himself, I wis,
When as the pair came riding bye—
"An uglier crone, and a sturdier loun,
I think, were never seen with eye!"

Willie has hied to the tower of Graeme,
He took auld Durie on his back,
He shot him down to the dungeon deep,
Which garr'd his auld banes gi'e mony a crack.

For nineteen days, and nineteen nights,
Of sun, or moon, or midnight stern,
Auld Durie never saw a blink,
The lodging was sae dark and dern.

He thought the warlocks o' the rosy cross*
Had fang'd him in their nets sae fast;

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* "As for the rencounter betwixt Mr Williamson, schoolmaster at Cowper (who has wrote a grammar,) and the Rosicrucians, I never trusted it, till I heard it from his own son, that a stranger came to Cowper and called who is present minister of Kirkaldy. He tells, for him: after they had drank a little, and the reckoning came to be paid, he whistled for spirits; one, in the shape of a boy, came and

Or that the gypsies' glamour'd gang*
Had lair'd his learning at the last.

gave him gold in abundance; no servant was seen riding with him to the town, nor enter with him into the inn. He caused his spirits, against next day, bring him noble Greek wine, from the Pope's cellar, and tell the freshest news them at Rome; then trysted Mr Williamson at London, who met the same man, in a coach, near to London bridge, and who called on him by his name; he marvelled to see any know him there; at last he found it was his Rosicrucian. He pointed to a tavern, and desired Mr Williamson to do him the favour to dine with him at that house; whether he came at twelve o'clock, and found him, and many others of good fashion there, and a most splendid and magnificent table, furnished with all the varieties of delicate meats, where they are all served by spirits. At dinner, they debated upon the excellency of being attended by spirits; and, after dinner, they proposed to him to assume him into their society, and make him participant of their happy life; but, among the other conditions and qualifications requisite, this was one, that they demanded his abstracting his spirit from all materiality, and renouncing his baptismal engagements. Being amazed at this proposal, he falls a praying; whereat they all disappear, and leave him alone. Then he began to forethink what would become of him, if he were left to pay that vast reckoning; not having as much on him as would defray it. He calls the boy, and asks, what was become of these gentlemen, and what was to pay? He answered, there was nothing to pay, for they had done it, and were gone about their affairs in the city."—Fountainhall's Decisions, Vol. I. p. 15. With great deference to the learned reporter, this story has all the appearance of a joke upon the poor schoolmaster, calculated at once to operate upon his credulity, and upon his fears of being left in pawn for the reckoning.—*Scott.*

* Besides the prophetic powers, ascribed to the gypsies in most European countries, the Scottish peasants believe them possessed of the power of throwing upon by-standers a spell, to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that is not. Thus, in the old ballad of Johnnie Faa, the elopement of the countess of Cassillis, with a gypsey leader, is imputed to fascination:

As sune as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast their glamour ower her.

Saxo Grammaticus mentions a particular sect of

"Hey! Batty, lad! far yaud! far yaud!"†
These were the morning sounds heard he;
And ever "Alack!" auld Duris cried,
"The deil is hounding his tykes on me!"

Mathematicians, as he is pleased to call them, who "per summam ludificandorum oculorum peritiam, proprios alienosque vultus, variis rerum imaginibus, adumbrare callebant; illicibusque formis veros obscurare conspectus." Merlin, the son of Ambrose, was particularly skilled in this art, and displays it often in the old metrical romance of Arthour and Merlin.

The *jongleurs* were also great professors of this mystery, which has in some degree descended, with their name, on the modern jugglers. But durst Breslaw, the Sieur Boaz, or Katterf.ito himself, have encountered, in a magical sleight, the *tragetoures* of father Chaucer?—See the Frankeleene's Tale in Chaucer.

Our modern professors of the magic natural would likewise have been sorely put down by the *Jagulours* and *Enchanteurs* of the Grete Chan; "for they maken to come in the air the sone and the mone, beseminge to every mannes sight; and aftre, they maken the nyght so darke, that no man may se no thing; and aftre, they maken the day to come agen, fair and pleasant, with bright sone to every mannes sight; and than, they bringin in daunces of the fairest damyselles of the world, and richest arrayed; and after, they maken to comen in other damyselles, bringing coupes of gold, fulle of mylke of diversbestes; and geven drinke to lordes and to ladyes; and than they makan knyghtes to justen in armies fulle lustyly; and they rennen togidre a gret randoun, and they frusschen togidre full fiercely, and they broken ther speres so rudely, that the trenchouns flen in sprotis and pieces alle about the halle; and than they make to come in hunting for the hert and for the boor, with houndes renning with open mouthe: and many other things they dow of her enchantements, that it is marveyle for to se."—Sir John Mandeville's Travels, p. 283. I question much, also, if the most artful *illusionists* of Germany could have matched the prodigies exhibited by Pacolet and Adramain, recorded in L'Historie des Valentin et Orson, a Rouen, 1631. The receipt, to prevent the operation of these deceptions, was,

† *Far yaud*—The signal made by a shepherd to his dog, when he is to drive away some sheep at a distance. From Yoden, to. *An. Sax.*—*Scott.*

And whilee a voice on Bandrons cried,
With sound uncouth, and sharp and hie;
"I have tar-barrell'd mony a witch,"
But now, I think, they'll clear scores wi' me!"

The king has caused a bill be wrote,
And he has set it on the Tron,—
"He that will bring lord Durie back,
Shall have five hundred marks and one."

Traquair has written a private letter,
And he has seal'd it wi' his seal,—
"Ye may let the auld brock out o' the poke;
The land's my ain, and a's gane weel."

O Will has mounted his bonnie black,
And to the tower of Graeme did trudge,
And once again, on his sturdy back,
Has he bente up the weary judge.

He brought him to the council stairs,
And there fall loudly shouted he,
"Gi'e me my guerdon, my sovereign liege,
And take ye back your auld Durie!"

to use a sprig of four-leaved clover. I remember to have heard (certainly very long ago, for, at that time, I believed the legend,) that a gypsey exercised his *glamour* over a number of people at Haddington, to whom he exhibited a common dung hill sock, trailing what appeared to the spectators, a massy oaken trunk. An old man passed with a cart of clover; he stopped, and pocked out a four-leaved blade; the eyes of the spectators were opened, and the oaken trunk appeared to be a bulrush.—*Scott.*

* Human nature shrinks from the brutal scenes produced by the belief in witchcraft. Under the idea, that the devil imprinted upon the body of his miserable vassals a mark, which was insensible to pain, persons were employed to run needles into the bodies of the old women who were suspected of witchcraft. In the dawning of common sense upon this subject, a complaint was made before the Privy Council of Scotland, 11th September, 1678, by Catherine Liddell, a poor woman, against the baron-bailie of Preston-Grange, and David Cowan (a professed pricker,) for having imprisoned, and most cruelly tortured her. They answered, 1st, She was searched by her own consent, *et volenti non fit injuria*; 2d, The pricker had learned his trade from Kincaid, a famed pricker; 3d, He never acted, but when called upon by magistrates or clergymen, so what he did was *auctore pretore*, 4th, His trade was lawful; 5th, Perkins, Delrio, and all divines and lawyers, who treat of witchcraft, assert the existence of the marks, or *stigmata sagarum*; and, 6thly, Were it otherwise, *Error communis facit jus.*—Answered, 1st, Denies consent; 2d, Nobody can validly consent to their own torture; for, *Nemo est dominus membrorum suorum*; 3d, The pricker was a common cheat. The last arguments prevailed; and it was found, that inferior "judges might not use any torture, by pricking, or by withholding them from sleep;" the council reserving a'l that to themselves, the justices, and those acting by commission from them. But lord Durie, a lord of session, could have no share in such inflictions.
Scott.

The Master of Weemys.

[Modern Ballad.—Wm. Motherwell.]

The Master of Weemys has biggit a ship,
To saile upon the sea;
And four-and-twenty hauld mariners,
Doe beare him companie.

They have holstit sayle and left the land,
They have saylit mylis three;
When up there lap the bonnie mermayd,
All in the Norland sea.

"O whare saile ye," quo' the bonnie mermayd,
"Upon the saut sea faem?"
"It's we are bounde until Norroway,
God send us skaithless hame!"

"Oh Norroway is a gay gay strande,
And a merrie land I trowe;
But nevir nane sall see Norroway
Gin the mermaid keeps her vowe!"

Down doukit then, the mermayden,
Deep intil the middil sea;
And merrie leuch that master bauld,
With his jollie companie.

They saylit awa', and they saylit awa',
They have saylit leagues ten;
When lo! uplap by the gude ship's side
The self-same mermayden.

Shee held a glass intil her richt hande,
In the uthir shee held a kame,
And shee kembit her haire, and aye she sang
As shee flotterit on the faem.

And shee gliskit round and round about,
Upon the waters wan;
O nevir againe on land or sea
Shall be seen sik a faire woman.

And shee shed her haire off her milk-white bree
Wi' her fingers sae sma' and lang;
And fast as saylit that gude ship on,
Sae louder was aye her sang.

And aye shee sang, and aye shee sang
As shee rade upon the sea;
"If ye bee men of Christian mouldc
Throwe the master out to mee.

"Throwe out to mee the master bauld
If ye bee Christian men;
But an ye faile, though fast ye sayle
Ye'll nevir see land agen!

"Sayle on, sayle on, sayle on," said shee,
"Sayle on and nevir blinne,
The winde at will your sayile may fill,
But the land ye shall never win!"

Its never word spak' that master bauld,
But a loud laugh leuch the crewe;
And in the deep then the mermayden
Doun drappit frae their viewe.

But ilk ane kythit her bonnie face,
How dark dark grew its lire;
And ilk ane saw her bricht bricht eyne
Leming like coals o' fire.

And ilk ane saw her lang bricht hair
Gae flashing through the tide,
And the sparkles o' the glass shee brake
Upon that gude ship's side.

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The wind blaws unco hie;"
"O there's not a sterne in a' the lift
To guide us through the sea!"

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The storm is coming fast;"
"Then up, then up my bonnie boy
Unto the topmost mast.

"Creep up into the tallest mast,
Gae up my ae best man;
Climb up until the tall top-mast
And spy gin ye see land."

"Oh all is mirk towards the eist,
And all is mirk be west;
Alas there is not a spot of light
Where any eye can rest!"

"Looke oute, looke oute my bauldest man,
Looke oute unto the storme,
And if ye cannot get sicht o' land,
Do you see the dawin o' morn?"

"Oh alace, alace my master deare,"
Spak' then that ae best man;
"Nor licht, nor land, nor living thing,
Do I spy on any hand."

"Looke yet agen, my ae best man,
And tell me what ye do see:"
"O Lord! I spy the false mermayden
Fast sayling out owre the sea!"

"How can ye spy the fause mermayden
Fast sayling on the mirk sea,
For there's neither mune nor mornin' licht—
In troth it can nevir bee."

"O there is neither mune nor mornin' licht,
Nor ae star's blink on the sea;
But as I am a Christian man,
That witch woman I see!

"Good Lord! there is a scaud o' fire
Fast coming out owre the sea;
And fast therein the grim mermayden
Is sayling on to thee!

"Shee hailes our ship wi' a shrill shrill cry—
Shee is coming, alace, more near:"
"Ah woe is me now," said the master bauld,
"For I both do see and hear!

"Come doun, come doun my ae best man,
For an ill weird I maun drie;
Yet, I reck not for my sinful self,
But thou my trew companie!"

The Marmaiden of Clyde.

[From the Edinburgh Magazine for May, 1820. "The Carlin-stane is a huge rock standing in the middle of the river Clyde, about half a mile below the Stonebyres-lin. It has ever been reputed a favourite haunt of mermen and mermaids. The Gaun Weel is a deep whirlpool at a little distance from the Carlin stane, concerning which many strange stories are told. In former times it was the chosen *haunt* of a most malevolent water kelpie, who dragged many a youth to the bottom when bathing, till at length a sturdy peasant called Aiken Kent, from a huge oaken club which he always carried, resolved to encounter this dreadful fiend. He went one summer evening to the Clyde, tirlit aff his claes, as the country narrators express it, grippit his aiken kent an' ploungit into the Weel. He swam round and round, dived to the bottom, but the kelpie, wha, it seems, was awar o' the character o' the douker, was nae whar to be seen. Fatigued at length, Aiken Kent cam' out o' the water, pat on himsel' an' sat doun to rest, when he fell soun' asleep. He was suddenly wakenit by something pu'-pu'an' at his kent, which he had laid aneth his head, an' liftan' his een saw through the gloamin' an austrous appearance clad in mist, with a grousome beard brizzling about his moe', an' his twa een shinin' with a dowie streamerlike Echt. Richtlie judging this to be the kelpie, Aiken Kent bangit fell upon the puir fiend wi' his club in sic a fury, that he sunne garit him cry out,

'O Aiken Kent ha'e done,
I'll never maist come here,
Ye may douk yoursel' baith late an' sune,
An' o' Kelpie ha'e nae fear.'

Ever since the Gaun Weel, except that it is dangerous to inexperienced bathers from its depth and swirling, is as safe as any other pool in Clyde."]

The marmaid sat on the Carlin-stane,
A caiman her yellow hair,
Was never maid in braid Clydesdale
Was ever half sae fair.

She cairn't it up, an' she cairn't it doun,
An' she cairn't it to her knee;
An' she snoodit it roun' her haffits white,
An' curl't it ower her cebree.

An' the marmaid's goun was green as grass,
In the cauld wall-ee that grows;
An' the croun on her brow was the sunny rain-bow,
Ower Stanebyres lin that glows.

The marmaid sat on the Carlin-stane,
Sae sweetly as she sang,
While through aiken wud an' birken shaw
The winsome echoes rang.

O sweetly sings the mavis mild,
An' the merl on the thorn;
More sweetly still the laverock sings,
Abune the e'e o' morn.

The lintie's blythe on the gowden whin,
An' the gowdspink on the spray;
But blyther far was the marmaid's sang,
Aichan frae bank to brae.

"My father is lord o' bounie Clyde,
And o' craigie Avon's shaws,
An' my mither is lady o' Nethan water,
An' wons in Craignethan ha's.

"And I clad myself in the cramesie,
But an' the silken pall;
And I was serv'd by seven maidens,
Whane'er I sat in hall.

"The buck and doe, the hart and roe,
We huntit ower the lea,
An' the gows-hawks flew wi' the mornin' dew,
Whill the day had closed his e'e,

"O fleetly ran the coal-black steeds,
More fleetly the steeds o' snaw;
But the dappl'd gray on whilk I rade,
Had the heels afore them a'.

"We huntit the stag o'er the Hawkshaw hills,
And doun to the Carlin-stane,
While sare forridden my merry menyie,
Left me my livan' lane.

"The bulleran' waves o' bludie Clyde,
Swash't by wi' rowt and rair,
An' the mune rase din through the mist o' the lin,
Wi' cauld and eerie glare.

"Ower wud an' wauld, the rowkie cauld,
Spread like a siller sea;
While a fairy inch seem't the lady's aik,
Sae lanely still an' wee.

"Auld Carnie castle ower the rowk,
Raise like a giant grim;
An' the wilcat yowl't through its dowie vowts,
Sae gowstie, howeh, and dim.

"The houlet hou't through the riftit rock,
The tod yowl't on the hill;
Whan an eldritch whish souch't through the lift,
And a' fell deadly still.

"The tranchl't stag i' the wan waves lap,
But hullness or hune,
While in mony a row, wi' jaup an' jow,
They shimmert in the mune.

"An' sare he focht, an' sare he swam,
Whill he wan to the Carlin-stane;
Whar he streek't himsel' i' the patients o' dead,
Wi' mony a waesome main.

"I sparr'd my steed to tak' the flude,
My steed he wadna steer,
But stude an' swat frae head to hufs,
Wa dredder an' wi' fear.

"I flang the renyie on his neck,
With a wiss that souldnae been,
An' lap i' the pule frae my saddle-seat,
Owercome wi' spite an' teen.

"The water hadnae wat my fit,
Nor yet my aller shune;
Whill an inky clud fell doun on the wud,
An' blotted out the mune.

"I saw nae mare, for a' the air
Grew black as black could be;
An' bonnie Clyde, with its hills an' howns,
Was tint afore mine e'e.

"I' the mirk in a stound, wi' rairan' sound,
A spait the river rase,
An' wi' swash an' swow, the angry jow,
Cam' lashan' doun the brae.

"I lulkit richt, I lulkit left,
But a' was black as nicht;
I lulkit to the heavens hee,
But no ae spark o' licht.

"In a widdendreme, the thunder-leem
Shot ower me blae as lead,
An' shaw't the black waves coman' rowan [down,
Abreast, abune my head.

"I tirn't me richt, I tirn't me left,
The craigs war in a low;
I tirn't me roun' the river doun,
Saw nocht but an ugsome how.

"A blent o' fire soup't athort the flude,
And ower the Carlin-stane;
In a suddentie, on the frie-flaucht,
The stately stag is gane.

"A stately stag—i' the spait he sank,
A stalwart wicht he rase;
He wav'd his han'—the lichtenine blan—
An' blackness cur't the brae.

"A' was dead-lown, whan in a stoun',
A whirlwind fell frae the air,
And hou't through the wuds, and cloven craigs,
Wi' weary waesome rair.

"The knarlie aiks of a hunder years
Cam' doupan to the grun',
While the brainches an' beuchs o' frusher trees
War scatter'd on the win'.

"Nae lichtenin' gleam't out through the mirk,
Nor was heard the thunder's rair,
But a leadlike low spread ower the craigs
Wi' dull and dowie glare.

"The mirk cam' in gliffs—in gliffs the mirk gade,
While I saw frae the craigs an' caves,
Wi' mop an' mowr, an' glare an' glowr,
Grim faces grin ower the waves.

"I say't to flee, but couldnae steer
Frae the stanners wharon I stude;
Whan the stalwart gome strade ower the spait
An' clasp'd me in the flude.

"Wi' sweep an' sweel, in the black Gaun Weel,
We pleung't i' the wanyoch wave;
An' held our way, 'neth rock an' brae,
Till we cam' till an ugsome cave.

"A grousome droich at the benner en'
Sat on a bink o' stane,
And a dowie sheen frae his austrous een
Ga'e licht to the dimnal wane.

"The dead blue licht skim't alang the black [ruffs
Whar draps hang raw on raw,
An' twinkl't in the damp broun air,
Whan pinkan' thay can fa'.

"The water-eaks, sae cauld and saft,
Crawl'd ower the glittie flure,
And a monstrous eel, wi' twist and tweel,
The gapan' entrance ware;

"'An' tak' my bride, my bonnie bonnie bride,'
To the dwarch the witch can say,
'An' wash awa' the changefu' life
That lives in upper day;

"'And dip her first in the Norroway sea,
She's mine for evermare;
And dip her syne in the lammer-wine,
Alike then sea and air;

"'And dip her hat in Tinto dew
That fell on Beltan-day,
Whan a thousand years are come an' gane
She'll be my bonnie May.'

"Like elettie fine war the dwarch's twae arms—
He laid them on my head,
The licht forhow't my wauland een,
My brow grew cauld as lead.

"A sukenan' grou cam' ower my heart,
I swarf't amang his hands,
An' feelless lay, while the laidlie droich
Performe'd his lord's commands.

"I swarf't in the mirk wi' dule and pine;
I cam' to mysel' i' the licht;
I swarf't in wee, a mortal may
Cam' back a marmaid bricht.

"I swarf't amid an ugsome den;
Cam' back in a palace rare;
I swarf't by a fen', whan I rase be my side
Stude a stalwart knicht an' fair.

"'And dinna fear my winsome dear,
Fear nae thing now ava;
You're a marmaid fair, for evermair,
Your mortal life's awa'.

"'In love an' lee—in game and glee—
We'll ring ower bonnie Clyde,
I'll aye to thee a bridegrume be,
You aye to me a bride.
"'An' we'll hauld our court 'mid the roaring lies.
And daff in the lashan' tide.

"'I big my halls o' the crystal clear,
And the ruffs o' the gowden mine;
The stanliest courts o' the richest roys
Are nocht compar'd to mine.

"'The cowdian' bells on the weelan' flude
Are the ships whilk we sail in,
Alike scarthree on the pale are we,
And in the swechan' lin.

"'We hook oursells on the fairnie heaps,
Whan simmer sune are breem,
Whan the year grown auld brings winter cauld
We flee till our ha's sae queem.

"'A hunder knichts at my beheeht,
The waters maun obey,
An' twice twae hunder maries free
Sall serve my winsome may.

"'There's no ae burn in braid Clydesdale
But wimples at my will,
Nor a swridden broun that but my leave
Comes tumbling doun the hill.

"'Whan cothes the landlash wi' rair an' swash,
I cowd on the rowan' spait,
And airt its way by bank an' brae
Fulfillan' my luve or hate.

"'The thochtless wicht wha scorns our micht,
I visit in that hour,
But the man I save frae the raging grave,
Wha fears the marmeen's power!'"

Jock Johnstone the Tinkler.

[MODERN Ballad.—JAMES HOGG.]

"Ou, came ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,
Or down the King's Road of the cleuch?
Or saw ye a knight and a lady bright,
Wha ha'e gane the gate they baith shall rue?"

"I saw a knight and a lady bright,
Ride up the cleuch at the break of day;
The knight upon a coal-black steed,
And the dame on one of the silver gray.

"And the lady's palfrey flew the first,
With many a clang of silver bell:
Swift as the raven's morning flight,
The two went scouring over the fell.

"By this time they are man and wife,
And standing in St Mary's fane;
And the lady in the grass-green silk
A maid you will never see again."

"But I can tell thee, saucy wight,—
And that the runaways shall prove,—
Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet
As maiden charms or maiden's love."

"Since thou sayst that, my Lord Douglas,
Good faith some clinking there will be;
Beshrew my heart, but and my sword,
If I winna turn and ride with thee!"

They whipp'd out over the Shepherd Cleuch,
And doun the links o' the Corseclench Burn;
And aye the Douglas swore by his sword
To win his love or ne'er return.

"First fight your rival, Lord Douglas,
And then brag after, if you may;
For the earl of Ross is as brave a lord
As ever gave good weapon sway.

"But I for ae poor diller mark,
Or thirteen pennies an' a bawbee,
Will tak' in hand to fight you baith,
Or beat the winner, whiche'er it be."

The Douglas turn'd him on his steed,
And I wat a loud laughter leuch he:—
"Of a' the fools I have ever met,
Man, I ha'e never met ane like thee.

"Art thou akin to lord or knight,
Or courtly squire or warrior leal?"
"I am a tinkler," quo' the wight,
"But I like crown-cracking unco weel."

When they came to St Mary's kirk,
The chaplin shook for very fear;
And aye he kiss'd the cross, and said,
"What deevil has sent that Douglas here!

"He neither values book nor ban,
But curses all without demur;
And cares nae mair for a holy man,
Than I do for a worthless cur."

"Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,
And tell to me without delay,
Where you have hid the lord of Ross,
And the lady that came at the break of day?

"No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,
Have I beheld since break of morn;
And I never saw the lord of Ross,
Since the woeful day that I was born."

Lord Douglas turn'd him round about,
And look'd the Tinkler in the face;
Where he beheld a lurking smile,
And a deevil of a dour grimace.

"How's this, how's this, thou Tinkler loun?
Hast thou presumed to lie on me?"
"Faith that I have!" the Tinkler said,
"And a right good turn I have done to thee;

"For the lord of Ross, and thy own true love,
The beauteous Harriet of Thirlestane,
Rade west away, ere the break of day;
And you'll never see the dear maid again:

"So I thought it best to bring you here,
On a wrang scent, of my own accord;
For had you met the Johnstone clan,
They wad ha'e made mince-meat of a lord."

At this the Douglas was so wroth,
He wist not what to say or do;
But he strak the Tinkler o'er the croun,
Till the blood came creeping over his brow.

"Beshrew my heart," quo' the Tinkler lad,
"Thou bear'st thee most ungallantlye!
If these are the manners of a lord, [me."
They are manners that winna gang down wi'

"Hold up thy hand," the Douglas cried,
"And keep thy distance, Tinkler loun!"
"That will I not," the Tinkler said, [down!"
"Though I and my mare should both go

"I have armour on," cried the Lord Douglas,
"Cuirass and helm, as you may see."
"The deil me care!" quo' the Tinkler lad;
"I shall have a skelp at them and thee."

"You are not horsed," quo' the Lord Douglas,
"And no remorse this weapon brooks."
"Mine's a right good yaud," quo' the Tinkler lad
"And a great deal better nor she looks.

"So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord,
What I have taken I needs must give;
Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,
For the langest day thou hast to live."

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,
Till the fire from both their weapons flew,
But the very first shock that they met with,
The Douglas his rashness 'gan to rue.

For though he had on a sark of mail,
And a cuirass on his breast wore he,
With a good steel bonnet on his head,
Yet the blood ran trinkling to his knee.

The Douglas sat upright and firm,
Aye as together their horses ran;
But the Tinkler laid on like a very deil,—
Sicean strokes were never laid on by man.

"Hold up thy hand, thou Tinkler loun,"
Cried the poor priest, with whining din;
"If thou hurt the brave Lord James Douglas,
A curse be on thee and all thy kin!"

"I care no more for Lord James Douglas,
Than Lord James Douglas cares for me;
But I want to let his proud heart know,
That a Tinkler 's a man as well as he."

So they fought on, and they fought on,
Till good Lord Douglas' breath was gone.
And the Tinkler bore him to the ground,
With rash, with rattle, and with groan.

"O hon! O hon!" cried the proud Douglas,
"That I this day should have lived to see!
For sure my honour I have lost,
And a leader again I can never be!

"But tell me of thy kith and kin,
And where was bred thy weapon hand?
For thou art the wale of tinkler louns
That ever was born in fair Scotland."

"My name's Jock Johnstone," quo' the wight,—
"I winna keep in my name frae thee;
And here, tak' thou thy sword again,
And better friends we two shall be."

But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,
That was a debt he could never owe;
He would rather die at the back of the dike,
Than owe his sword to a man so low.

"But if thou wilt ride under my banner,
And bear my livery and my name,
My right-hand warrior thou shalt be,
And I'll knight thee on the field of fame."

"Woe worth thy wit, good lord Douglas,
To think I'd change my trade for thine;
Far better and wiser would you be,
To live as journeyman of mine,

"To mend a kettle or a casque,
Or clout a goodwife's yettlin' pan,—
Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,
You'd make a noble tinkler man!

"I would give you drammock twice a-day,
And sunkets on a Sunday morn;
And you should be a rare adept
In steel and copper, brass and horn!

"I'll fight you every day you rise,
Till you can act the hero's part;
Therefore, I pray you, think of this,
And lay it seriously to heart."

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,
Answering with an inward curse,—
Like salmon wriggling on a spear,
That makes his deadly wound the worse.

But up there came two squires renown'd;
In search of Lord Douglas they came;
And when they saw their master down,
Their spirits mounted in a flame.

And they flew upon the Tinkler wight,
Like perfect tigers on their prey;
But the Tinkler heaved his trusty sword,
And made him ready for the fray.

"Come one to one ye coward knaves,—
Come hand to hand, and steed to steed,
I would that ye were better men,
For this is glorious work indeed!"

Before you could have counted twelve,
The Tinkler's wondrous chivalrye
Had both the squires upon the sward,
And their horses galloping o'er the lea.

The Tinkler tied them neck and heel,
And mony a biting jest gave he:
"O fie, for shame!" said the Tinkler 'ad,
"Sicean fighters I did never see!"

He slit one of their bridal reins,—
O what disgrace the conquer'd feels,
And he shelpit the squires with that good tawse,
Till the blood ran off at baith their heels.

The Douglas he was forced to laugh,
Till down his cheek the salt tear ran:
"I think the deevil be come here
In the likeness of a tinkler man!"

Then he has to Lord Douglas gone,
And he raised him kindly by the hand,
And he set him on his gallant steed,
And bore him away to Henderland:

"Be not cast down, my Lord Douglas,
Nor writhe beneath a broken bane,
For the leach's art will mend the part,
And your honour lost will spring again.

"'Tis true, Jock Johnstone is my name,
I'm a right good tinkler as you see;
For I can crack a casque betimes,
Or clout one, as my need may be.

"Jock Johnstone is my name, 'tis true,—
But noble hearts are allied to me,
For I am the Lord of Annandale,
And a knight and earl as well as thee."

Then Douglas strain'd the hero's hand,
And took from it his sword again;
Since thou art the lord of Annandale,
Thou hast eased my heart of mickle pain.

"I might have known thy noble form,
In that disguise thou'rt pleased to wear;
All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,
And England by experience dear.

"We have been foes as well as friends,
And jealous of each other's sway;
But little can I comprehend
Thy motive for these pranks to-day?"

"Sooth, my good lord, the truth to tell,
'Twas I that stole your love away,
And gave her to the lord of Ross
An hour before the break of day:

"For the lord of Ross is my brother,
By all the laws of chivalrye;
And I brought with me a thousand men
To guard him to my own countrye.

"But I thought meet to stay behind,
And try your lordship to waylay;
Resolved to breed some noble sport,
By leading you so far astray.

"Judging it better some lives to spare,—
Which fancy takes me now and then,—
And settle our quarrel hand to hand,
Than each with our ten thousand men.

"God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,
To Border foray sound and haill!
But never strike a tinkler again,
If he be a Johnstone of Annandale."

Bonnie Baby Livingston.

[This ballad is given in Mr Jamieson's collection, where it is said to be taken from Mrs Brown of Falkland's recitation.]

O bonnie Baby Livingstone
Gaed out to view the hay;
And by it cam' him Glenlyon,
Staw bonnie Baby away.

And first he's ta'en her silken coat,
And neist her satten gown:
Syne row'd her in his tartan plaid,
And happ'd her round and roun'.

He's mounted her upon a steed,
And roundly rade away;
And ne'er lost her look back again
The lee-lang simmer day.

He's carried her o'er yon hich hich hill,
Intil a Highland glen,
And there he met his brother John
Wi' twenty armed men.

And there were cows, and there were ewes,
And there were kids sae fair:
But sad and wae was bonnie Baby;
Her heart was fa' o' care.

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
And kist her cheek and chin;
"I wad gi'e a' my flocks and herds
Ae smile frae thee to win!"

"A smile frae me ye'se never win;
I'll ne'er look kind on thee;
Ye've stown me awa' frae a' my kin',
Frae a' that 's dear to me.

"Dundee, kind sir, Dundee, kind sir,
Tak' me to bonnie Dundee;
For ye sall ne'er my favour win
Till it anes mair I see."

"Dundee, Baby! Dundee, Baby!
Dundee ye ne'er shall see;
But I will carry you to Glenlyon,
Where you my bride shall be.

"Or will ye stay at Achingour,
And eat sweet milk and cheese;
Or gang wi' me to Glenlyon,
And there we'll live at our ease?"

"I winna stay at Achingour;
I care neither for milk nor cheese;
Nor gang wi' thee to Glenlyon;
For there I'll ne'er find ease?"

Then out it spak' his brother John,—
"If I were in your place,
I'd send that lady hame again,
For a' her bonnie face.

"Commend me to the lass that 's kind,
Though nae sae gently born;
And, gin her heart I couldna win,
To take her hand I'd scorn."

"O hand your tongue, my brother John,
Ye winna what ye say;
For I ha'e lued that bonnie face
This mony a year and day.

"I've lued her lang, and lued her weel,
But her love I ne'er could win;*
And what I canna fairly gain,
To steal I think nae sin."

Whan they cam' to Glenlyon castle,
They lighted at the yett;
And out they cam', his three sisters,
Their brother for to greet.

And they have ta'en her, bonnie Baby,
And led her o'er the green;
And ilka lady spak' a word,
But bonnie Baby spak' nane.

Then out it spak' her, bonnie Jane,
The youngest o' the three:
"O lady, why look ye sae sad?
Come tell your grief to me."

"O wharefore should I tell my grief,
Since lax I canna find?
I'm far frae a' my kin and friends,
And my love I left behind.

"But had I paper, pen, and ink,
Afore that it were day,
I yet might get a letter wrate,
And sent to Johnnie Hay.

"And gin I had a bonnie boy,
To help me in my need,
That he might rin to bonnie Dundee,
And come again wi' speed."

And they ha'e gotten a bonnie boy,
Their errand for to gang;
And bade him run to bonnie Dundee,
And nae to tarry lang.

The boy he ran o'er muir and dale
As fast as he could flee;
And o'er the sun was twa hours hight,
The boy was at Dundee.

Whan Johnnie lookit the letter on,
A hearty laugh leuch he;
But ere he read it till an end,
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this, or what is that,
Has stown my love frae me?
Although he were my ae brither,
An ill dead sall he dee.

"Gae, saddle to me the black," he says;
"Gae, saddle to me the brown;
Gae, saddle to me the swiftest steed,
That ever rade frae the town."

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* This is said in the true spirit of a Highland *Catch-er*, "freebooter;" literally, *soldier*, or *man of battle*, and, considering the manners of the times, is much less discreditable to the name of Glenlyon, than is another more notorious transaction of a much later date; I mean the massacre of Glencoe.—*Jamieson.*

He's call'd upon his merry men a',
  To follow him to the glen;
And he's vow'd he'd neither eat nor sleep
  Till he got his love again.

He's mounted him on a milk-white steed,
  And fast he rade away;
And he's come to Glenlyon's yett,
  About the close o' day.

As Baby at her window stood,
  And the west-wind saft did blaw,
She heard her Johnnie's well kent voice
  Aneath the castle wa'.

"O Baby, haste, the window loup;
  I'll kep you in my arm;
My merry men are at the yett
  To rescue you frae harm."

She to the window fix'd her sheets,
  And slipped safely down;
And Johnnie catch'd her in his arms,
  Ne'er loot her touch the groun'.

Glenlyon and his brother John
  Were birling in the ha',
When they heard Johnnie's bridle ring
  As fast he rade awa'.

"Bless Jock; gang out and meet the priest,
  I hear his bridle ring;
My Baby now shall be my wife,
  Before the laverock sing."

"O brither, this is nae the priest;
  I fear he'll come o'er late;
For armed men wi' shining brands
  Stand at the castle yett."

"Haste, Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh,
  Haste, tak' your sword and spear;
We'll gar these traytors rue the hour
  That e'er they ventured here."

The Highlandmen drew their claymores,
  And ga'e a warlike shout;
But Johnnie's merry men kept the yett,
  Nae ane durst venture out.

The lovers rade the lee-lang night,
  And safe got on their way;
And bounie Baby Livingstone
  Has gotten Johnny Hay.

"Awa' Glenlyon! fy for shame!
  Gae hide you in some den;
You've latten your bride be stown frae you,
  For a' your armed men."

The Prophecy of Queen Emma.

[Ballad of the last century, attributed to William Julius Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, and reputed author of the popular Scotch song, "There 's nae luck about the house."]

O'er the hills of Cheviot beaming,
  Rose the silver dawn of May;
Hostile spears, and helmets gleaming,
  Swell'd along the mountains gray.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
  Through the winding dales below,
And the echoing hills rebounded
  The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs, like torrents pouring,
  Edwin's horsemen rush'd along;
From the hills like tempests lowering,
  Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now portended,
  And the yew boughs half were drawn,
When the female scream ascended,
  Shrilling o'er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins round her weeping,
  Wav'd aloft their snowy hands,
From the wood queen Emma shrieking,
  Ran between the dreadful bands.

"Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
  Bids you grasp the unhallow'd spear;
Heaven detests the war fraternal;
  Oh, the impious strife forbear!

"Ah, how mild and sweetly tender
  Flow'd your peaceful early days!
Each was then of each defender,
  Each of each the pride and praise

"O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O, my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dar'd for thee the fight.

"Edgar, shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field!
O, my sons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

"Hah, what sight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners, braving
Thy insulted brother's spear?

"Ah, bethink how through thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd;
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Through thy trembling forests prowl'd.

"When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd—
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword!

"With that sword shalt thou assail him,
From whose point he set thee free,
While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee!

"Oh, my Edwin, timely hearken,
And thy stern resolves forbear!
Shall revenge thy councils darken,
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!

"Wisdom tells, and justice offers,
How each wound may yet be balm'd,
O, revere these holy proffers,
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.

"Oh, my sons"—but all her sorrows
Fir'd their impious rage the more:
From the bow-strings sprang the arrows;
Seen the valleys reek'd with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
Fled the queen all stain'd with blood,
In her purpled bosom quivering,
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended,
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to heaven extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair.

"Ah, my sons, how impious, cover'd
With each other's blood," she cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied—

"From that blood around you streaming,
Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrors o'er you streaming,
Muster round th' offended skies.

"See what burning spears portended,
Couch'd by fire-ey'd spectres glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air!

"O'er you both heaven's lightning vollies,
Wither'd is your strength ev'n now;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

"Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.

"Ha, what signal new arising
Through the dreadful group prevails!
'Tis the hand of justice poising
High aloft the eternal scales.

"Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!

"Opening mild and blue, reversing
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
See the murky clouds dispersing,
And the fertile show'r distils.

"But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky:
Through the gloom pale lightning sallies,
Distant thunders groan and die.

"O'er thy proudest castles waving,
Fed by hell and magic power,
Denmark tow'rs on high her raven,
Hatch'd in freedom's mortal hour.

"'Cursed be the day detested,
Cursed be the fraud profound,
When on Denmark's spear we rested,'
Through thy streets shall loud resound.

"To thy brother sad imploring,
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Hah, in settled darkness louring,
Now no more the vision rise!

"But thy rancorous soul descending
To thy sons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
War on war shall bleed and rage.

"This thy freedom proudly boasted,
Hapless Edgar," loud she cried—
With her wounds and woes exhausted,
Down on earth she sunk and died.

Polydore.

[From the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1810.]

On Rimside Moor a tempest-cloud
Its dreary shadows cast
At midnight, and the desert flat
Re-echoed to the blast;

When a poor child of guilt came there
With frantic step to range,
For blood was sprinkled on the garb
He dared not stay to change.

"My God! oh whither shall I turn?
The horsemen press behind,
Their hollo' and their horses tramp
Come louder on the wind;

"But there 's a sight on yonder heath
I dare not, cannot face,
Though 'twere to save me from those hounds,
And gain my spirit grace.

"Why did I seek those hated haunts
Long shunn'd so fearfully;
Was there not room on other hills
To hide and shelter me?

"Here's blood on every stone I meet,
Bones in each glen so dim,
And comrade Gregory that's dead:—
But I'll not think of him.

"I'll seek that hut where I was wont
To dwell on a former day,
Nor terrors vain, nor things long past,
Shall scare me thence away.

"That cavern from the law's pursuit
Has saved me oft before,
And fear constrains to visit haunts
I hoped to see no more."

Through well-known paths, though long untrod,
The robber took his way,
Until before his eyes the cave
All dark and desert lay.

There he, when safe beneath its roof,
Began to think the crowd
Had left pursuit, so wild the paths,
The tempest was so loud.

The bolts had still retain'd their place,
He barred the massy door,
And laid him down and heard the blast
Careering o'er the moor.

Terror and guilt united strove
To chase sweet sleep away;
But sleep with toil prevail'd at last,
And seized him where he lay.

A knock comes thundering to the door,
The robber's heart leaps high—
"Now open quick, remember'st not
Thy comrade Gregory?"—

"Whoe'er thou art, with smother'd voice
Strive not to cheat mine ear,
My comrade Gregory is dead,
His bones are hanging near!"

"Now ope thy door nor parley more,
Be sure I'm Gregory!
An 'twere not for the gibbet rope,
My voice were clear and free.

"The wind is high, the wind is loud,
It bends the old elm tree;
The blast has toss'd my bones about
This night most wearily.

"The elm was dropping on my hair,
The shackles gall'd my feet;
To hang in chains is a bitter lair
And oh a bed is sweet!

"For many a night I've borne my lot,
Nor yet disturb'd thee here,
Then sure a pillow thou wilt give
Unto thy old composer?"

"Tempt me no more," the robber cried,
And struggled with his fear,
Were this a night to ope my door,
Thy taunt should cost thee dear."—

"Ah, comrade, you did not disown,
Nor bid me brave the cold,
The door was open'd soon, when I
Brought murder'd Mansell's gold.

"When for a bribe you gave me up,
To the cruel gallows tree,
Yea made my bed with readiness,
And stirr'd the fire for me.

But I have sworn to visit thee,
Then cease to bid me go,
And open—or thy bolts and bars
Shall burst beneath my blow."

Oh sick at heart grew Polydore,
And wish'd the dawn of day;
That voice had quell'd his haughtiness,
He knew not what to say.

For now the one that stood without
An entrance craved once more,
And when no answer was return'd,
He struck—and burst the door.

Some words he mutter'd o'er the latch,
They were no words of good,
And by the embers of the hearth,
All in his shackles stood.

A wreath of rusted iron bound
His grim unhallowed head;
A demon's spark was in his eye—
Its mortal light was dead.

"Why shrink'st thou thus, good comrade,
With such a wilder'd gaze, [now,
Dost fear my rusted shackles' clank,
Dost fear my wither'd face?

"But for the gallows rope, my face
Had ne'er thus startled thee;
And the gallows rope, wan't not the fruit
Of thy foul treachery?

"But come thou forth, we'll visit now
The elm of the wither'd rind;
For though thy door was barr'd to me,
Yet I will be more kind.

"That is my home, the ravens there
Are all my company;
And they and I will both rejoice
In such a guest as thee.

"The wind is loud, but clasp my arm—
Why, fool, dost thou delay?
You did not fear to clasp that arm
When my life was sold away."

The midnight blast sung wild and loud
Round trembling Polydore,
As by his dead companion led
He struggled o'er the moor.

Soon had they reach'd a wilderness
By human foot unpress'd,
The wind grew cold, the heather sigh'd,
As conscious of their guest.

Alone amid the dreary waste
The wither'd elm reclined,
Where a halter with a ready noose
Hung dancing in the wind.

Then turning round, his ghastly face
Was twisted with a smile—
"Now living things are far remote,
We'll rest us here awhile.

"Brothers we were, false Polydore,
We robb'd in company;
Brothers in life, and we in death
Shall also brothers be.

"Behold the elm, behold the rope
Which I prepared before—
Art pale? 'tis but a struggle, man,
And soon that struggle 's o'er.

Tremble no more, but freely come,
And like a brother be;
I'll hold the rope, and in my arms
I'll help you up the tree."

The eyes of Polydore grew dim,
He roused himself to pray,
But a heavy weight sat on his breast
And took all voice away.

The rope is tied—then from his lips
A cry of anguish broke—
Too powerful for the bands of sleep,
And Polydore awoke.

All vanish'd now the cursed elm,
His dead companion gone,
With troubled joy he found himself
In darkness and alone.

But still the wind with hollow gusts
Fought ravening o'er the moor,
And check'd his transports, while it shook
The barricaded door.

The Lady and her Page.

[From the Scots Magazine for 1817.]

It was a sweet and gentle hour,
'Twas the night of a summer day,
When a lady bright, on her palfrey white,
Paced across the moorland grey.

And oft she check'd her palfrey's rein,
As if she heard footsteps behind,
'Twas her heart of fear that deceived her ear,
And she heard but the passing wind.

There trips a page that lady beside,
To guide the silken rein,
And he holds up those, with dateous care,
Her foot-cloth's sweeping train:

And that page was a knight, who in menial plight,
For love of that stately dame,
Long serv'd at her board, though a high born lord,
And a foe to her father's name.

Across the hase there stream'd a pale blaze,
And the page's cheek blanch'd with fear—
"Oh, see, lady, see! at the foot of yon tree,
The blue fire that burns me clear!

'Tis the prince of the night, 'tis the elfin sprite,
With his ghostly revelry:
Sweet lady, stand with this cross in thine hand,
Or thou and I must die!

"For, as legends tell, an unseen spell
Doth screen him from mortal wound;
Unless the steel be dipp'd in a well
That holy wall doth bound."

Sad was her heart when she saw her page part,
And she fear'd she would see him no more;
For, in secret, long her soul was wrung
With a love that ne'er trembled before.

"Oh, what is that sound seems to come from the ground,
And now sweeps along on the air!"
She dared not look, for with terror she shook,
And she tremblingly murmur'd a prayer.

And o'er the dun heath a balmy breath
Stole like roses and violets sweet;
And the lavender blue, all dropping with dew,
Strew'd the ground at the lady's feet.

"Fair maiden come to our twilling home,
Where we'll sport so merrily:
The glow-worm by night shall lend us a light,
As we dance round the grey ash tree;

"Or, with unwet wings, we'll sport in the springs
That roll far beneath the sea;
Or to the bright moon we'll fly as soon,
If my love thou wilt deign to be."

Askance she gaz'd—and her eye she rais'd,
A youth stood timidly nigh,
And, of a truth, 'twas a lovely youth
As ever met maiden's eye.

His tresses brown, the same mantling down,
Seem'd his snowy neck to veil;
And with chrysolite eyes, his wings crimson dyes,
Were stain'd like the peacock's tail.

His eye was bright, as the northern streamer's light,
But his cheek was sad and pale
And as the lines of care that were written there,
A spirit might read and wail:

But his sky-tinctur'd vest to his eye-lids was prest.
And his heart seem'd bursting with woe,
And the white, white rose, that wreath'd his brows,
Seem'd pale, and paler to glow.

"I've watch'd thee late and early,
I've watch'd thee night and day;
I've loved thee, lady, dearly,
With love that can never decay:

"I've heard thy sleeping sigh, lady,
I've heard thy waking prayer;
No mortal foot was nigh, lady,
But I was weeping there.

"With an eye that no thought can deceive, lady,
I've seen love sweetly stealing on thee;
I know that young bosom can heave, lady,
And shall it not heave for me?"

The lady stood—and her unchill'd blood
Gave her lip its warmest hue;
But the cross to her breast was fervently press'd,
And still her heart was true.

"Yet rest thee here, oh, lady, dear,
And my minstrel spirits gay,
With harp and lute, and fairy flute,
Shall play thee a roundelay."

All was hush'd and still on the elfin hill,
All was hush'd in the evening vale;
Not a whisper was heard, not a footstep stirr'd,
Not an aspen-leaf shook in the gale.

Then soft and slow a note of woe
Came far on the breathless air;
'Twas wild as the strain of a mermaid train
When they're combing their yellow hair;

'Twas wild as the dirge that floats o'er the surge,
The mariner's lonely grave,
All—while mortals sleep, they sing and they weep,
And they glide on the moonlight wave.

Then it rose rich and high, like the chaunt of joy
That breathes round the hermit bower;
When cherubim bright leave their mansions of light,
To soothe his dying hour.

Oh, how the heart beat of the lady sweet,
But her heart did not beat with fear;
The train so wild her senses had guil'd,
And she loved, though she trembled to hear.

But who is he that flies with his soul in his eyes,
Wide waving a faulchion of steel?
But the flush on her cheek, ere a word she could speak,
A nursling babe might tell.

'Twas an urchin sprite, in the guise of her knight,
'Twas a wile of the elfin king;
And the vision so quaint, in form and in taint,
Her soul to her cheek did bring.

"Hush'd, hush'd be your fear, for your true knight is near,
With the brand that his patron saint gave,
No elfin wight may dare its might,
For 'tis dipp'd in St Angelo's wave:

"And the cowl'd friar, and convent quire,
Are waiting our nuptials to say;
Haste, lady, haste, for the night's fading fast,
And the eastern cloud is grey.

"But give me the cross that's hid in thy breast,
And give me the rosary too;
And I'll lead thee o'er the perilous moor,
On the faith of a knight so true."

Oh, she gave up the cross that was laid in her breast,
And she gave up the rosary too—
As he grasp'd them, he frown'd, and he smote the ground,
And out rush'd the elfin crew.

And the goblin rout gave a maddening shout,
And danc'd round them in many a wild ring,
And the slender waist of that lady chaste
Was clasp'd by the elfin king.

All loose was her hair, and her bosom was bare,
And his eye it glar'd fierce and bold,
And her wan lip he press'd, and her shuddering breast,
And he grasped her locks of gold.

But instant a blow made the caitiff forego
His grasp of that victim fair,
And deadly he groan'd, as he shrunk from the wound,
And the phantom crew vanish'd in air.

"I've sav'd thee, my love! by help from above,
I've sav'd thee from mortal harms!"
And no word she spoke, but she gave him a look,
And sunk in her true knight's arms.

Lord John's Murder.

[From Buchan's Ancient Ballads.—"A fragment of this pathetic ballad," says Mr Buchan, will be found in the Edinburgh Collection of 1776, Vol. I. p. 165; but it is deficient in narrative, and imperfect in the tragical detail of what it contains. For some real or imaginary cause, the hero of the ballad murders his lover's only brother, for which he intends leaving the place of his rendezvous, but is prevented by the lady, who promises to secrete him in a place of her own bower. She proved faithful to her promise, for when nine armed men came in pursuit of him, she kept him secure; and to keep up the deception, and prevent suspicion, she entertained them all with bread and wine,—a proof that love is stronger than death. He having heard the men in converse with the lady, naturally supposed, from a guilty conscience, that they were his foes, and admitted into the house by the lady for his detection; so that, when she entered his apartment in a friendly manner, to inform him of the departure of his enemies, he drew his sword and gave her a mortal wound, thinking it was one of the men come to apprehend and secure him. On the discovery of his fatal mistake, the lady advised him to fly for his life, but he declined it, thinking himself worthy of death for her sake.]

Lord John stands in his stable door,
  Says he, I will gae ride:
His lady, in her bigly bower,
  Desired him to bide.

"How can I bide, how can I bide?
  How shall I bide wi' thee?
When I ha'e kill'd your ae brother,
  You ha'e nae mair but he."

"If ye ha'e kill'd my ae brother,
  Alas! and wae is me;
If ye be well yourself, my love,
  The less matter will it be!

"Ye'll do you to yon bigly bower,
  And take a silent sleep,
And I'll watch in my highest tower,
  Your fair body to keep."

She has shut her bigly bower,
  All wi' a silver pin;
And done her to the highest tower,
  To watch that nane come in.

But as she looked round about,
  To see what she could see,
There she saw nine armed knights
  Come riding o'er the lea.

"God make you safe and free, lady,
  God make you safe and free!
Did you see a bludy knight
  Come riding o'er the lea?"

"O, what like was his hawk, his hawk?
  And what like was his hound?
If his steed has ridden well,
  He's pass'd fair Scotland's strand.

"Come in, come in, gude gentlemen,
  And take white bread and wine;
And aye the better ye'll pursue,
  The lighter that ye dine."

"We thank you for your bread, lady,
  We thank you for the wine;
And I would gi'e my lands sae broad,
  Your fair body were mine."

She has gane to her bigly bower,
  Her ain gude lord to meet;
A trusty brand he quickly drew,
  Ga'e her a wound sae deep.

"What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire,
  To wreak itself on me,
When thus I strove to save thy life,
  Yet served for sic a fee?"

"Ohon, alas! my lady gay,
  To come so hastilie:
I thought it was my deadly foe,
  Ye had trysted into me.

"O live, O live, my gay lady,
  The space o' ae half hour,
And nae a leech in a' the land
  But I'se bring to your bower."

"How can I live, how shall I live?
  How can I live for thee?
Ye see my blude rins on the ground,
  My heart's blude by your knee."

"O take to flight, and flee, my love,
O take to flight, and flee!
I wouldna wish your fair body
For to get harm for me."

"Ae foot I winna flee, lady,
Ae foot I winna flee;
I've done the crime worthy o' death,
It's right that I should die.

"O deal ye well at my love's lyke,
The beer, but an' the wine;
For, ere the morn, at this same time,
Ye'll deal the same at mine.

The Duke of Athole's Nurse.

[From Buchan's Ballads.]

As I gaed in yon greenwood side,
I heard a fair maid singing;
Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete,
That all the woods were ringing.

"O, I'm the duke o' Athole's nurse,
My post is well becoming;
But I would give a' my half-year's fee,
For a sight o' my leman."

"Ye say, ye're the duke o' Athole's nurse,
Your post is well becoming;
Keep well, keep well your half-year's fee,
Ye'se ha'e twa sights o' your leman."

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,
And cannilie kiss'd his dearie;
"Ohon, and alake! anither has my heart,
And I darena mair come near thee!"

"Ohon, and alake! if anither ha's your heart,
These words ha'e fairly undone me;
But let us set a time, tryst to meet again,
Then in gude friends you will twine me.

"Ye will do you down to yon tavern house,
And drink till the day be dawing;
And, as sure as I ance had a love for you,
I'll come there and clear your lawing.

"Ye'll spare not the wine, although it be fine,
Nae Malago, though it be rarely;
But ye'll aye drink the bonnie lassie's health
That's to clear your lawing fairly."

Then he's done him down to yon tavern house,
And drank till day was dawing;
And aye he drank the bonnie lassie's health
That was coming to clear his lawing.

And aye as he biried, and aye as he drank,
The gude beer and the brandy;
He spar'd not the wine, although it was fine,
The sack nor the sugar candy.

"It's a wonder to me," the knight he did say,
"My bonnie lassie's sae delaying;
She promis'd, as sure as she loved me ance,
She would be here by the dawing."

He's done him to a shott window,
A little before the dawing;
And there he spied her nine brothers bauld,
Were coming to betray him.

"Where shall I rin, where shall I gang,
Or where shall I gang hide me?
She that was to meet me in friendship this day,
Has sent nine men to slay me!"

He's gane to the landlady o' the house,
Says, "O can you supply me?
For she that was to meet me in friendship this day,
Has sent nine men to slay me!"

She ga'e him a suit o' her ain female claise,
And set him to the baking;
The bird never sang mair sweet on the bush,
Nor the knight sang at the baking.

As they came in at the ha' door,
She loudly as they rappit;
And when they came upon the floor,
She loudly as they chappit.

"O, had ye a stranger here last night,
Who drank till the day was dawing?
Come, show us the chamber where he lyes in,
We'll shortly clear his lawing."

"I had nae stranger here last night,
That drank till the day was dawing;
But ane that took a pint, and paid it e'er he went,
And there's naething to clear o' his lawing."

A lad amang the rest, being o' a merry mood,
To the young knight fell a-talking;
The wife took her foot, and ga'e him a kick,
Says, "Be busy, ye jilt, at your baking."

They stabbed the house, baith but and ben,
The curtains they spared nae riving;
And for a' that they did search and ca',
For a kiss o' the knight they were striving.

The Cruel Brother.

[From Jamieson's Collection, given on the authority of Mrs Brown of Falkland.—Mr Jamieson says, "The ballad is very popular in Scotland; and an edition of it, differing materially from that here given, has appeared in the Edinburgh Collection, in two volumes."]

There was three ladies play'd at the ba',
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
There came a knight, and play'd o'er them a',
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But the youngest was beyond compare,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The midmost had a graceful mien,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But the youngest look'd like beauty's queen,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The knight bow'd low to a' the three,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But to the youngest he bent his knee,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The lady turned her head aside,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
The knight he woo'd her to be his bride,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The lady blush'd a rosy red,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
And said, "Sir knight, I'm o'er young to wed,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"O, lady fair, give me your hand,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And I'll mak' you lady of a' my land,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"Sir knight, ere you my favour win,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
Ye maun get consent frae a' my kin',
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

He has got consent frae her parents dear,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And likewise frae her sisters fair,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has got consent frae her kin' each one,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But forgot to spear at her brother John,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Now, when the wedding-day was come,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
The knight would take his bonnie bride home,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

And many a lord and many a knight,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
Came to behold that lady bright,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

And there was nae man that did her see,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But wished himself bridegroom to be,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Her father dear led her down the stair,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And her sisters twain they kiss'd her there,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Her mother dear led her through the close,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And her brother John set her on the horse,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

She lean'd her o'er the saddle-bow,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
To give him a kiss ere she did go,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has ta'en a knife, baith lang and sharp,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And stabb'd the bonnie bride to the heart
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

She hadna ridden half through the town,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,
Until her heart's blood stained her gown,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

"Ride saftly on," said the best young man,
"With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
For I think our bonnie bride looks pale and wan,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"O, lead me gently up yon hill,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And I'll there sit down, and make my will,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"O, what will you leave to your father dear,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"The silver shod steed that brought me here,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"What will you leave to your mother dear,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"My velvet pall and silken gear,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"And what will you leave to your sister Ann,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"My silken scarf and my golden fan,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"What will you leave to your sister Grace,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"My bloody cleaths to wash and dress,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"What will ye leave to your brother John,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"The gallows-tree to hang him on,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"What will ye leave to your brother John's wife,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?"
"The wilderness to end her life,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

This fair lady in her grave was laid,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And a mass was o'er her said,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

But it would have made your heart right sair,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
To see the bridegroom rive his hair,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The Laird of Ochiltrie.

[This ballad is given in Herd's Collection, and is founded on a circumstance which took place in 1592, and which is thus related by Spotswood. "At the same time, John Weymis, younger of Bogie, gentleman of his majesty's chamber, and in great favour both with the king and queen, was discovered to have the like dealing with Bothwell; and, being committed to the keeping of the guard, escaped by the policy of one of the Dutch maids, with whom he entertained a secret love. The gentlewoman, named Mistress Margaret Twinslace, coming one night, whilst the king and queen were in bed, to his keepers, showed that the king called for the prisoner, to ask of him some question. The keepers, suspecting nothing, for they knew her to be the principal maid in the chamber, conveighed him to the door of the bed-chamber; and, making a stay without as they were commanded, the gentlewoman did let him down at a window, by a cord that she had prepared. The keepers, waiting upon his return, stayed there till the morning, and then found themselves deceived. This, with the manner of the escape, ministered great occasion of laughter; and, not many days after, the king being pacified by the queen's means, he was pardoned, and took to wife the gentlewoman who had, in this sort, hazarded her credit for his safety."—How the name of the hero *Bogie* happened to be changed to *Ochiltrie*, as in the present ballad, is not known.]

O listen gude people to my tale,
Listen to what I tell to thee,
The king has taiken a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

When news came to our guidly queen,
She sicht, and said richt mournfullie,
"O what will cum of lady Margaret,
Wha bears sic luve to Ochiltrie?"

Lady Margaret tore hir yellow hair
When as the queen told hir the saim:
"I wis that I had neir been born,
Ner neir had known Ochiltrie's name."

"Fy na," quo' the queen, "that maunna be,
Fy na, that maunna be;
I'll find ye out a better way
To mif the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

The queen she trippet up the stair,
And lowly knielt upon her knie:
"The first boon which I cum to craive
Is the lyfe of gentel Ochiltrie."

"O if you had ask'd me castels and towirs,
I wad ha'e gin them twa or thrie;
But a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

The queen she trippet doun the stair,
And down she gade richt mournfullie,
"Its a' the monie in fair Scotland,
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie."

Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair,
When as the queen told hir the same;
"I'll tak' a knife and end my lyfe,
And be in the grave as soon as him."

"Ah! na, fie! na," quoth the queen,
"Fie! na, fie! na, this maunna be;
I'll set ye yet on a better way
To loose and set Ochiltrie frie."

The queen she slippet up the stair,
And she gade up richt privatlie,
And she has stoun the prison-keys,
And gane and set Ochiltrie frie.

And she's gi'en him a purse of gowd,
And another of white monie;
She's gi'en him twa pistols by's side,
Saying to him, "Shute when ye win frie."

And when he cam' to the queen's window,
Whaten a joyfu' shute ga'e he!
"Peace be to our royal queen,
And peace be in her companie."

"O whaten a voice is that?" quoth the king,
"Whaten a voice is that?" quoth he,
"Whaten a voice is that?" quoth the king,
"I think it's the voice of Ochiltrie.

"Call to me a' my gaolours,
Call them by thirtie and by thrie,
Wharefor the morn at twelve o'clock
It's hangit shall they ilk ane be."

"O didna ye send your keys to us?
Ye sent them by thirtie and by thrie:
And wi' them sent a strait command,
To set at large young Ochiltrie."

"Ah! na, fie! na," quoth the queen,
"Fie, my dear luve! this maunna be;
And if ye're gawn to hang them a',
Indeed ye maun begin wi' me."

The tane was shippit at the pier of Leith,
The ither at the Queensferrie;
And now the lady has gotten hir luve,
The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

THE LAIRD OF LOGIE.

[From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. —"An edition of this ballad," says Sir Walter, "is current, under the title of 'The Laird of Ochiltrie;' but the editor has been fortunate enough to recover the following more correct and ancient copy, as recited by a gentleman residing near Biggar. It agrees more nearly, both in the name and in the circumstances, with the real fact, than the printed ballad of Ochiltrie. In the year 1592, Francis Stuart, earl of Bothwell, was agitating his frantic and ill-concerted attempts against the person of James VI., whom he endeavoured to surprise in the palace of Falkland. Through the emulation and private rancour of the courtiers, he found adherents even about the king's person; among whom, it seems, was the hero of our ballad, whose history is thus narrated in that curious and valuable chronicle, of which the first part has been published under the title of The Historie of King James the Sext.—'In this close tyme it fortunit, that a gentleman, callit Weymis of Logye, being also in credence at court, was delatit as a trafficker with Frances erle Bothwell; and he being examint before king and counsell, confessit his accusation to be of veritie, that sundrie tymes he had spokin with him, expressie agains the king's inhibition proclamit in the contrare, whilk confession he subscryvit with his hand; and because the event of this mater had sik a success, it sall also be prayxit be my pen, as a worthie turne, proceiding from honest chest loove and charitie, whilk suld on na wayis be obscurit from the posteritie, for the gude example; and therefore I have thought gude to insert the same for a perpetual memorie. Queene Anne, our noble princess, was servit with dyverse gentilwemen of hir awin cuntrie, and naymelie with ane callit

Mrss Margaret Twynstoun,* to whome this gentilman, Weymes of Logye, bure great honest affection, tending to the godlie band of marriage, the whilk was honestlie requytet be the said gentilwoman, yea evin in his greatest mister; for howsoone she understude the said gentilman to be in distress, and apperantlie be his confession to be punnist to the death, and she having prevelege to ly in the queynis chalmer that same verie night of his accusation, where the king was also reposing that same night, she came furth of the dure prevelie, hayth the prencie being then at quyet rest, and past to the chalmer, where the said gentilman was put in custodie to certayne of the garde, and commandit thayme that immediatelie he sould be breght to the king and queyne, whareunto thay geving sure credence, obeyit. But howsoone she was cum bak to the chalmer dur, she desyrit the wattches to stay till he sould cum furth agayne, and so she cleeit the dur, and convoyit the gentilman to a windo', where she ministrat a long coorde unto him to convoy himself doun upon; and so, be hir gude cheritable help, he happelie escapit be the subteltie of love.' "]

I WILL sing, if ye will harken,
If ye will harken unto me;
The king has ta'en a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird o' young Logie.

Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel;
Carmichael's the keeper o' the key;†
And may Margaret's lamenting sair,
A' for the love of young Logie.

"Lament, lament na, may Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the king himsel',
To seek the life of young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And she has curl'd back her yellow hair—
"If I canna get young Logie's life,
Farewsel to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the king,
She kneilt lowly on her knee—
"O what's the matter, may Margaret
And what needs a' this courtesie?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee!
And the first boon that I come to crave,
Is to grant me the life of young Logie."

"O na, O na, may Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it manna be;
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
Shall not save the life of young Logie."

But she has stown the king's redding kaim,
Likewise the queen her wedding knife;
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
To cause young Logie get his life.

She sent him a purse o' the red gowd,
Another o' the white monie;
She sent him a pistol for each hand,
And bade him shoot when he gat frae.

When he came to the tolbooth stair,
There he let his volley flee;
It made the king in his chamber start,
E'en in the bed where he might be.

"Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',
And bid Carmichael come speak to me,
For I'll lay my life the pledge o' that,
That yon's the shot o' young Logie."

When Carmichael came before the king,
He fell low down upon his knee;
The very first word that the king spake,
Was, "Where's the laird of young Logie?"

Carmichael turn'd him round about,
(I wot the tear blinded his e'e)
"There came a token frae your grace,
Has ta'en away the laird frae me."

"Hast thou play'd me that, Carmichael?
And hast thou play'd me that?" quoth he;
The morn the justice court's to stand,
And Logie's place ye maun supply."

Carmichael's awa' to Margaret's bower,
Even as fast as he may drie—
"O if young Logie be within,
Tell him to come and speak with me!"

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* Twynlaes, according to Spottiswoode.

† Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, the hero of the ballad called the Raid of the Reidswire, was appointed captain of the king's guard in 1568, and usually had the keeping of state criminals of rank.—*Scott.*

May Margaret turned her round about,
(I wot a loud laugh laughed she)
"The egg is chipped, the bird is flown,
Ye'll see nae mair of young Logie."

The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,
The tother at the Queen's Ferrie:
And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
The wanton laird of young Logie.

Edom o' Gordon.

["THIS ballad is founded upon a real event, which took place in the north of Scotland, in the year 1571, during the struggles between the party which held out for the imprisoned Queen Mary, and that which endeavoured to maintain the authority of her infant son James VI. The person here designated Edom o' Gordon, was Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother of the marquis of Huntly, and his deputy as lieutenant of the north of Scotland for the queen. This gentleman committed many acts of oppression on the clan Forbes, under colour of the Queen's authority; and, in one collision with that family, killed Arthur, brother to lord Forbes. He afterwards sent a party, under one captain Car, or Ker, to reduce the house of Towie, one of the chief seats of the name of Forbes. The proprietor of this mansion being from home, his lady, who was pregnant at the time, confiding too much in her sex and condition, not only refused to surrender, but gave Car some very opprobrious language over the walls; which irritated him so much, that he set fire to the house, and burnt the whole inmates, amounting in all to thirty-seven persons. As Gordon never cashiered Car for this inhuman action, he was held by the public voice to be equally guilty; and accordingly we here find a ballad in which he is represented as the principal actor himself. Gordon, in his History of the Family of Gordon, informs us that, in the right old spirit of Scottish family feud, the Forbeses afterwards attempted to assassinate Gordon on the streets of Paris. 'Forbes,' he says, 'with these desperate fellows, lay in wait, in the street through which he was to return to his lodgings from the palace of the Archbishop of Glasgow, then ambassador in France. They discharged their pistols upon Auchindown, as he passed by them, and wounded him in the thigh. His servants pursued, but could not catch them; they only found by good chance, Forbes's hat, in which was a paper with the name of the place where they were to meet. John Gordon, lord of Glenluce and Longormes, son to Alexander Gordon, bishop of Galloway, lord of the bedchamber to the king of France, getting instantly notice of this, immediately acquainted the king, who forthwith despatched *le grand prevost de l'hotel*, or the great provost of the palace, with his guards, in company with John Gordon, and Sir Adam's servants, to the place of their meeting to apprehend them. When they were arrived at the place, Sir Adam's servants, being impatient, rushed violently into the house, and killed Forbes; but his associates were all apprehended, and broke upon the wheel.' This dreadful incident would surely have made an excellent *second part* to the ballad."—*Chambers.*

Edom of Gordon was first published by Lord Hailes, from the recitation of a lady, at Glasgow, 1755, 13 pages, 4to. It was afterwards given by Percy in his Reliques, with some alterations from his old MS. Percy's copy is here followed.]

IT fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And whatna hauld sall we draw to,
My merrie-men and me?
We will gae to the house o' Rhodes, [Rothes]
To see that fair ladye."

She had nae sooner buskit hersel',
Nor putten on her goun,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner sitten doun,
Nor suner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were closed about the place.

The ladye ran to her toun heid,
As fast as she could drie,
To see if, by her fair speeches,
She could with him agree.

As sune as he saw the ladye fair,
And hir yetts all lockit fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his heart was aghast.

"Come down to me, ye ladye fair,
Come down to me, let's see;
This nicht ye'se lie by my ain side,
The morn my bride sall be."

"I winna come doun, ye fause Gordon;
I winna come doun to thee;
I winna forsake my ain deir lord,
That is sae far frae me."

"Gi'e up your house, ye fair ladye,
Gi'e up your house to me;
Or I will burn yourse' therein,
But and your babies thrie."

"I winna gi'e 't up, thou fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
Though thou sald burn mysel' therein,
But and my babies thrie.

"And cin wae worth you, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weil your fee;
Why pou ye out my grund-wa-stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

"And cin wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weil your hyre;
Why pou ye out my grund-wa-stane,
To mae lets in the fyre?"

"Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
Ye paid me weil my fee;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either do or die."

O then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee,
"Dear mother, gi'e ower your house," he says,
"For the reek it worries me."

"I winna gi'e up my house, my dear,
To nae sic traitor as he;
Come weel, come wae, my jewel fair,
Ye maun tak' share wi' me."

O then bespake her daughter deir;
She was baith jimp and sma';
"O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me ower the wa'."

They rowed her in a pair o' sheets,
And towed her ower the wa';
But on the point o' Edom's spair
She gat a deidly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie, was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheiks;
And cleir, cleir, was her yellow hair,
Whereon the reid blude dreips.

Then wi' his speir he turned her ower,
O gin her face was wan!
He said, "You are the first that eir
I wist alyve again."

He turned her ower and ower again,
O gin her skin was whyte!
He said, "I micht ha'e spared thy lyfe,
To been some man's delyte.

"Backs and boun, my merrie-men all,
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna luik on that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass!"

"Them luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was dauntit by a dame."

O then he spied her ain deir lord,
As he came o'er the lea;
He saw his castle in a fyre,
As far as he could see.

"Put on, put on, my michtie men,
As fast as ye can drie;
For he that 's hindmost o' my men,
Sall ne'er get gude o' me."

And some they rade, and some they ran,
Fu' fast out ower the plain;
But lang, lang, ere he could get up,
They a' were deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men,
Lay gasping on the grene;
For o' fifty men that Edom brought,
There were but fyve gaed hame.

And mony were the mudie men,
Lay gasping on the grene;
And mony were the fair ladyes,
Lay lemanless at hame.

And round and round the wa's he went,
Their ashes for to view;
At last into the flames he ran,
And bade the world adieu.

The Demon-lover.

["THIS ballad, which contains some verses of merit, was taken down from recitation by Mr William Laidlaw, tenant in Traquair-knowe. It contains a legend, which, in various shapes, is current in Scotland. I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden; but disconcerted by the holy herbs which she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burden of his courtship:

'Gin ye wish to be layman mine,
Lay aside the St John's wort and the vervain.'

"The heroine of the following tale was unfortunately without any similar protection."—*Scott.*]

"O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?"
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e;
"I wad never ha'e trodden on Irish ground
If it had not been for thee.

"I might ha'e had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yer sel' ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was mane."

"O faulse are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie;
I never wad ha'e trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"

"I ha'e seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss'd them baith cheek and chin;
"O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts, that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
But the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he.
"Of your weeping now let me be,
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O whatten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seem'd for to be;
Until that the tops o' that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin filled her e'e;
And wasesome wail'd the snow-white sprites
Upon the gurlie sea.

He struck the tap-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

Gil Morice.

[Under this head, we reprint here all that Mr Motherwell has collected, in his Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern, regarding the celebrated ballad of Gil Morice. Besides giving the different versions of Percy, Jamieson, &c., accompanied with illustrative commentary, Mr Motherwell publishes for the first time an ancient ditty called "Child Noryce," which he was fortunate enough to obtain from the singing of an old woman in Paisley, and which he considers to be the original or germ of Gil Morice. Altogether, Mr Motherwell's collections and illustrations on the subject of Gil Morice will be found to be extremely complete and satisfactory.]

Of the many ancient ballads which have been preserved by tradition among the peasantry of Scotland, none has excited more interest in the world of letters, than the beautiful and pathetic tale of "Gil Morice;" and this, no less on account of its own intrinsic merits as a piece of exquisite poetry, than of its having furnished the plot of the justly celebrated tragedy of Douglas.* It has likewise supplied Mr Langhorne with the principal materials from which he has woven the fabric of his sweet, though prolix poem of "Owen of Carron;" and Mr Jamieson mentions that it has also been "made the subject of a dramatic entertainment with songs, by Mr Bennie of Aberdeen." Perhaps the list could be easily increased of those who have drawn their inspiration from this affecting strain of Olden Minstrelsy.

If any reliance is to be placed on the traditions of that part of the country where the scene of the ballad is laid, we will be enforced to believe that it is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish History. The "green wood" of the ballad was the ancient forest of Dundaff in Stirlingshire, and lord Barnard's castle is said to have occupied a precipitous cliff overhanging the water of Carron, on the lands of Haiberthaire. A small burn which joins the Carron, about five miles above these lands, is named the Earisburn, and the hill near the source of that stream, is called the Earishill, both deriving their appellations, according to the unvarying traditions of the country, from the unfortunate Erie's son who is the hero of the ballad.† He, also, according to the same respectable authority, was "beautiful exceedingly," and especially remarkable for the extreme length and loveliness of his yellow hair which shrouded him, as it were a golden mist. To these floating traditions, we are probably indebted for the attempts which have been made to improve and embellish the ballad, by the introduction of various new stanzas since its first appearance in a printed form.

Of the early printed editions of this ballad, the editor has been unable to procure any copy.‡ In Percy's Reliques, it is mentioned that it had run through two editions in Scotland, the second of which appeared at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo.; and that to both there was prefixed an advertisement, setting forth, that the preservation of the poem

* "When this tragedy was originally produced at Edinburgh in 1756, the title of the heroine was *Lady Barnard*: the alteration to Lady Randolph was made on its being transplanted to London." It was acted in Covent Garden in 1757. Biographia Dramatica, Vol. II. p. 175.

† "It has been thought," says the writer of the Statistical account of St Ninians, "though it cannot be certainly determined, that the Earl's burn, the Earl's hill, a hill and rivulet in the muirland part of the parish, derived their names from the residence of some feudal baron or earl in the neighbourhood of the Carron. It is natural to suppose, that Gillies hill, another hill in the muirland part of the parish, derives its name from the name Gill or Gillies. The names both of Gillies and Morrison occur in the muirlands. It is certain, that the fair lady, mother of Gil Morice, 'lived on the Carronside.' This union of facts and probabilities suggests to the imagination, though it cannot persuade the judgment, that this parish was the scene of the tragical song, known by the name of Gil Morice."—Statistical Account of Scotland, Vol. XVIII. p. 202. If the reverend author, instead of stringing together his facts and probabilities, had consulted some of the ancient sybils who were his parishioners in that quarter, upon the subject, he would have arrived at more certainty in his deductions.

‡ Since writing this, he has been kindly favoured by Mr David Laing of Edinburgh, with an edition, which, though it has neither place, date, nor printer's name, may, from its title, be considered as the first Edinburgh edition, and printed probably in 1756. The title is given at length, "Gill Morice an Ancient Scots Poem. The foundation of the Tragedy, called Douglas, as it is now acted in the Concert-hall, Canongate." Except some slight variations in orthography, and in its omitting the 16 additional verses which are mentioned by bishop Percy as having been subsequently added to the ballad, there is no other material difference between this edition and that which is reprinted in the Reliques.

was owing "to a lady who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses," and requesting "that any reader who could render it more perfect and complete, would oblige the public with such improvements." This was holding out too tempting a bait not to be greedily snapped at by some of those "ingenious hands" who have corrupted the purity of legendary song 'n Scotland, by manifest forgeries and gross impositions. Accordingly, sixteen additional verses soon appeared in manuscript, which the editor of the Reliques has inserted in their proper places, though he rightly views them in no better light than that of an ingenious interpolation. Indeed, the whole ballad of "Gil Morice," as the writer of the present notice has been politely informed by the learned and elegant editor of the Border Minstrelsy, underwent a total revisal, about the period when the tragedy of Douglas was in the zenith of its popularity, and this improved copy, it seems, embraced the ingenious interpolation above referred to. Independent altogether of this positive information, any one familiar with the state in which traditionary poetry has been transmitted to the present times, can be at no loss to detect many more "ingenious interpolations," as well as paraphrastic additions in the ballad as now printed. But though it has been grievously corrupted in this way, the most scrupulous inquirer into the authenticity of ancient song can have no hesitation in admitting, that many of its verses, even as they now stand, are purely traditionary, and fair, and genuine parcels of antiquity, unalloyed with any base admixture of modern invention, and in no wise altered, save in those changes of language, to which all oral poetry is unavoidably subjected in its progress from one age to another. For the gratification of the general reader, and for the apter illustration of the more ancient and less vitiated sets of the ballad which follow, an accurate reprint of the copy which occurs in "Percy's Reliques" is now given.

GIL MORICE.*

GIL MORICE was an erle's son,
His name it waxed wide;

It was nae for his great riches,
Nor set his mickle pride;
Bot it was for a lady gay,†
That liv'd on Carron side.

"Quhair sall I get a bounie boy,
That will win hose and shoen;
That will gae to lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?

"And se maun rin my errand, Willie,
And se may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback se sall ride."

"O no! O no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest furth his wife."

"My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie," he say'd:
"How can se strive against the stream?
For I sall be obeyed."

"Bot, O my master dear!" he cry'd,
"In grene wod se're your lain;
Gi owre sic thochts, I wald se rede,
For fear se should be tain."

"Haste, haste, I say gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' speid;
If se refuse my heigh command,
I'll gar sour body bleid.

"Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain;

"And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;
And bid hir cum to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

* The acknowledged interpolated portions of this set are distinguished by being enclosed in brackets.

† The stall copies of the ballad complete the stanza thus:

His face was fair, lang was his hair,
In the wild woods he staid;
But his fame was for a fair lady
That lived on Carronside.

Which is no injudicious interpolation, inasmuch as it is founded upon the traditions current among the vulgar, regarding Gil Morice's comely face and long yellow hair.

"Yes I will gae your black errand,
Though it be to sour cost;
Sen se ly me will nae be warn'd,
In it se sall find frost.

"The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt;
As se will see before its nicht,
How sma' se ha'e to vaunt.

"And sen I maun sour errand rin,
Sae sair against my will;
Ise mak' a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill."

And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnard's ha',
Would neither chap nor ca';
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,*
And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait;
Bot straight into the ha' he cam',
Quhair they were set at meit.

"Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna waite;
Dame se maun to the gude grene wod,
Before that it be late.

"Ze're bidden tak' this gay mantel,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by yourse' alane.

"And there it is a silken sarke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave."

The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir e'e;
Bot a' that she cond say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

"Its surely to my bow'r-woman,
It neir could be to me."
"I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
I trow that se be she."

Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee;)
"If it be cum frae Gil Morice,
It's deir welcum to mee."

"Ze kild, se kild, se filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird se lee;
I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
I trow se be nae shee."

Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee;
Till siller cup and maser† dish,
In flinders he gard flee.

"Gae bring a robe of sour cilding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' sour lemman."

"O bide at hame, now lord Barnard,
I warde se bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate se wi' name."

Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
"O what meane a' the folk coming,
My mother tarries lang."

[His hair was like the threeds of gold
Drawne frae Minerva's loome;
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain sna,
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses glow:
His een like azure stream.

---

* This line, the stall copies give thus:

"Bot bent his bow to his white breast,"

A reading very expressive of the action meant to be described, and which, if correct, would render nugatory all Mr Jamieson's arguments upon a similar passage, in another ballad, to prove that, instead of *bend*, we should substitute *breast*.

† *i. e.* A drinking cup of maple; other edit. read *cuar.*—*Percy.*

The boy was clad in robes of greene,
Sweete as the infant spring:
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.]

The baron came to the greene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care;
And there he first spied Gil Morice,
Kameing his sellow hair:

[That sweetly wav'd around his face,
That face beyond compare;
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
A' rage, but fall dispair.]

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
My lady loved thee weel;
The fairest part of my bodie,
Is blacker than thy heel.

"Zet neir the lese now Gil Morice,
For a' thy great beautie,
Zee rew the day ze eir was born,
That heed sall gae wi' mee."

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae;*
And through Gil Morice fair body,
He's gar cauld iron gae.

And he has tain Gil Morice head,
And set it on a speir;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gil Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on the castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gil Morice head,
Cam trailing to the town.

"Far better I love that bluidy head,
Bot, and that sellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair."

And she has tain her Gil Morice,
And kissed baith mouth and chin;
I was once as fou of Gil Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean.

"I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude green wode,
Under the heavy rain.

"Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleep;
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
The maut tears for to weep."

And syne she kissed his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin:
"O better I lo'e my Gil Morice,
Than a' my kith and kin!"

"Away, away, ze fil woman,
And an ill death maist ze dee;
Gin I had kend he'd bin sour son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee."

"Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
Obraid me not for shame!
Wi' that same speir, O pierce my heart:
And put me out o' pain.

"Sinee nothing bot Gil Morice head,
Thy jealous rage could quell;
Let that saim hand now tak' hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

"To me nae after days nor nichts,
Will ere be saft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind."

"Enough of blood by me's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather wuird it had been mysel',
Than eather him or thee.

"With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine,
Had gard his body bleid.

"Dry up zour tears my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

* This line, to get at its meaning, should be printed, "And slait it on the strae." Mr Pinkerton has a most ridiculous gloss on this passage in his "Tragic Ballads."

"I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,
The comely youth to kill.

"I'll sy lamment for Gil Morice,
As gin he were mine ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day,
On which the south was slain."*

In the shape which it now bears, the foregoing ballad must be considered as one whose text has been formed out of various sets combined by the taste, and in all likelihood materially shed out by the invention, of the editor of 1755. The worthy and useful class of "old women and nurses," from whose mouths it is stated to be carefully taken, has not entirely disappeared; but it would defy the most unwearied and persevering industry, to obtain from their lips, in this day, any duplicate of the present copy which could, by unexceptionable evidence, be traced to a period anterior to the date of the first edition. The scene of wire-drawn recrimination between lord Barnard and his lady, which is quite out of keeping with the character of the "bold baron," is of itself quite enough to convince any one versant in this species of literature, that it has come through the refining hands of a modern ballad wright. In this opinion, the present writer does not stand singular, for both Mr Ritson and Mr Jamieson agree in rejecting as spurious, the stanzas which follow after the one beginning

"Awa', awa' ye ill woman."

And the opinion of these critics in such a question, is certainly entitled to much deference.

But, fortunately for those desirous of fixing the genuineness of traditionary poetry, the opinion now expressed does not rest for its accuracy on mere conjecture. In the course of his inquiries on this subject, the editor received from the recitation of an old woman, a copy, which, while it confirms that opinion, and affords a fair specimen of what the sets of the ballad probably were, from which the text of "Gil Morice" was selected, likewise proves that the editor of the Reliques was perfectly correct when he stated that the ballad was current in Scotland, under the very title which the present copy bears, viz.

CHIELD MORICE.†

Chield Morice was an earl's son,
His name it wazed wide;
It was nae for his parentage,
Nor yet his meikle pride;
But it was for a lady gay,
That lived on Carron side.

"O Willie, my man, my errand gang,
And you maun rin wi' speed;
When other boys rin on their feet,
On horseback ye shall ride."

"O master dear I love you weel,
And I love you as my life;
But I will not gae to lord Barnard's ha',
For to tryst forth his wife.

"For the baron he's a man of might,
He ne'er could bide a taunt;
And ye shall see or it be late,
How meikle ye'll ha'e to vaunt."

"O you must rin my errand, Willie,
And you maun rin wi' speed;
And if you don't obey my his command,
I'll gar your body bleed.

"And here it is a gay manteel,
Its a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,
Bring nae body but her lane.

"And here it is a Holland smock,
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;
Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,
Ask not the baron's leave."

* It may be proper to mention, that other copies read the 2nd line of stanza 27 thus,

Shot frae the golden sun,

And in stanza 28, as follows,

His een like azure sheene.—Percy.

† This was the title given by the old woman herself. She is now 70 years of age, and the ballad in question she learned in her infancy from her grandmother. She mentions that at a later period of her life she also committed to memory "Gil Morice," which began with young lasses like her to be a greater favourite, and more fashionable than the set which her grandmother and

"Since I must rin this errand for you,
Sae sair against my will;
I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,
It shall be done for till."

For he did not ask the porter's leave,
Though he stood at the gate;
But straight he ran to the big hall,
Where great folk sat at meat.

"Good hallow gentle sir and dame,
My errand canna wait;
Dame ye must gae speak to Chield Morice,
Before it be too late.

"And here it is a gay manteel,
Its a' gowd but the hem;
Ye must come speak to Chield Morice,
Bring nae body but your lane.

"And here it is a Holland smock,
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;
You must come speak to Chield Morice—
Ask not the baron's leave."

Oh aye she stamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her e'e,
But for a' that she could say or do,
Forbidden he wadna be.

"It's surely to my bouir-woman,
It canna be to me."
"I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
And I trow that thou art she."

Out then spak' the wylie nurse,
Wi' the bairn just on her knee,
"If this be come from Chield Morice,
It's dear welcome to me."

"Thou lies, thou lies, thou wylie nurse,
Sae loud's I hear thee lie,
I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
And I trow thou binna she."

Then up and rose him the bold barom,
And an angry man was he;
He took the table wi' his foot,
And kep'd it wi' his knee,
Till silver cup and cear dish
In flinders they did flee.

"Go bring me one of thy cleiding
That hings upon the pin,
And I'll awa' to the gude green wood,
And crack wi' your leman."

"I would have you stay at hame, lord Barnard,
I would have you stay at hame;
Never wyte a man for violence done
That never thocht you wrang."

And when he to the green wood went,
Nobody saw he there,
But Chield Morice on a milk-white steed,
Combing down his yellow hair.

Chield Morice sat in the gay green wood,
He whistled and he sang;
"O what means a' thir folk coming?
My mother tarries lang."

"No wonder, no wonder, Chield Morice,"
he said,
"My lady loved thee weel,
For the whitest bit of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.

"But nevertheless now, Chield Morice,
For a' thy gay beautie;
Oh nevertheless now, Chield Morice,
Thy head shall go with me."

He had a rapier by his side,
Hung low down by his knee;
He struck Chield Morice on the neck,
Till aff his head did flee.

Then he's ta'en up that bluidy head,
And stuck it on a spear,
And the meanest man in a' his train
Gat Chield Morice head to bear.

The lady look't'd owre the castle wa',
Wi' muckle dule and down,*
And there she saw Chield Morice head,
Coming trailing to the town.

---

other old folks used to sing under the title of "Chield Morice."

* So recited, the word *down* must here be considered as signifying a presentiment of coming evil. *Query*—whether does this line, or the corresponding one in Gil Morice, preserve the right reading?

But he's ta'en up this bluidy head,
And dash'd it 'gainst the wa';
"Come down, come down, you ladies fair,
And play at this footba'!"

Then she's ta'en up this bluidy head,
And she kiss'd it baith cheek and chin;
"I would rather ha'e no kiss o' that bluidy head,
Than a' thy earldom.

"I got him in my father's bower,
Wi' meikle sin and shame;
And I brocht him up in the gay green wood,
Beneath the heavy rain.

"Many a day have I rock'd thy cradle,
And fondly seen thee sleep;
But now I'll gang about thy grave,
And mair, mair will I weep."

"O woe be to thee, thou wild woman,
And an ill deid may thou die;
For if ye had tauld me he was your son,
He should ha'e ridden and gane wi' me."

"O hold your tongue, you bold baron,
And an ill deid may thou die;
He had lands and rents enew of his ain,
He needed nane frae thee."

"Then I'll curse the hand that did the deed,
The heart that thocht him ill,
The fiet that carried me speedilie,
This comely youth to kill."

This lady she died gin ten o' the clock,
Lord Barnard he died gin twal';
And bonnie boy, now sweet Willie,
What's come o' him I canna tell.

Besides the foregoing, there seems to have been another version of this ballad at one time known, three stanzas of which, being all that he was able to recover, Mr Jamieson has given in his "Notes on Childe Maurice." These stanzas are said to be the beginning and end of the piece. They are as follows

"Gin Mennan sat in Silver wood,
He whistled and he sang;
Where sall I get a bonnie boy,
My errand fee to gang.

"He's ca'd his foster brither, Willie,
'Come win ye hose and shoon,
And gae unto lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady come.'

"And she has ta'en the bloody head,
And cast it i' the brim,
Syne gather'd up her robes of green,
And fast she followed him."

The set of the ballad to which these verses belong, the editor has been at some pains to recover; but in this respect, he has been equally unfortunate with Mr Jamieson. He has been informed, however, by Mr Sharpe, that the above fragment is incorporated in an Annandale version of the ballad, which also ingrafts a novel feature on the story, inasmuch as it is wound up by making the ghost of the slain youth appear to his mother, between whom, a colloquy, somewhat in the vein of May Margaret's discourse with the spirit of Clerk Saunders, takes place; and then, agreeably to established use and wont, after such an interview, she follows the noiseless footsteps of the beloved shade, and expires on the spot where it is resolved into "thin air."

The precise form in which the ballad was known to the author of "Douglas," cannot now be ascertained. From the circumstance of the catastrophe of the above fragment, and that of the tragedy agreeing with each other,* Mr Jamieson fancies it probable, that it may have been part of the traditionary version followed by Mr Home. The present editor has been politely informed by Sir Walter Scott, that he had, at different times, inquired of the late Mr Home concerning the ballad on which his poem was supposed to be founded, but without success, owing to the then impaired state of the venerable dramatist's memory.

At rather an early period, the ballad, somewhat differing, it must be confessed, from any copy known to exist in Scotland, appears to have been also popular in the north of England: and indeed with it, as with many more, it might be difficult to say to which country it of right exclusively belongs. This is the set of the ballad

* The discrepancy in this particular, between the common edition of the ballad and the tragedy of Douglas, has been prettily supplied by some miserable verse maker, whose detestable continuation, extending to six stanzas, the curious reader will find printed among Mr Jamieson's notes on "Childe Maurice."

to which Dr Percy refers, as occurring in his folio MS., under the title of "Childe Maurice;" and it has been printed by Mr Jamieson in his collection from that MS. with minute fidelity, who thereby hath conferred no small favour on the lovers of ancient song. As it is not only a curious version withal, but likewise peculiarly illustrative, both of the sets which have gone before, and of that one which gives a title to this prolix argument; it is to be hoped that no apology will be necessary for presenting it here to the reader, more especially as the valuable collection, from which it is extracted, hath not been so well received by the world as its merits deserve.

CHILDE MAURICE.

Childe Maurice hunted ithe silven wood*
he hunted it round about
& noebody yt he found theren
nor noebody without

and tooke his silver combe in his hand
to kembe his yellow lockes

he sayes come hither thou little foot page
yt runneth lowly by my knee
ffor thou shalt goe to John Steward's wiffe
& pray her speake wth mee

& as it ffalls out many times
as knotts been knitt on a hell
or merchantmen gone to leave London
either to buy ware or sell

and grete thou doe y ladye well
ever so well ffroe mee

and as it ffalls out many times
as any harte can thinke
as schoole masters are in any schoole house
writting with pen and inke

ffor if I might as well as shee may
this night I wold wth her speake

& heere I send a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
and bid her come to the silver wood†
to hunt w Childe Maurice.

& there I send her a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
and bid her come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man;

one while this litle boy he yode
another while he ran
until he came to John Steward's hall
I wis he never blan

and of nurture the child had good
he ran up hall & bower ffree
and when he came to this lady ffaire
sayes God you save and see

I am come ffrom Childe Maurice
a message unto thee
& Childe Maurice he greets you well
& ever soe well ffrom me

and as it ffalls out oftentimes
as knotts been knitt on a hell
or merchant men gone to leave London
either to buy or sell

& as oftentimes he greetes you well
as any hart can thinke
or schoolemaster in any schoole
wryting wth pen and inke

& heere he sends a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
& he bidds you come to the silver wood
to hunt wth child Maurice

& heere he sends you a ring of gold
a ring of precyous stone
he prayes you to come to the silver wood
let for no kind of man

now peace, now peace, thou litle footpage
ffor Christe's sake I pray thee
ffor if my Lo heare one of those words
thou must be hanged hye

John Steward stood under the castle wall
& he wrote the words every one

& he called unto his horse keeper
make ready you my steede
and soe he did to his Chamberlaine
make ready thee my weed

* Silven, sic in MS. † Silver wood, sic in MS.

& he cast a lease upon his backe
& he rode to the silver wood
& there he sought all about
about the silver wood

& there he found him Child Maurice
sitting vpon a blocke
wth a silver combe in his hand
kembing his yellow locke

he sayes how now how now Child Maurice
alacke how may this bee
but then stood by him Child Maurice
& sayd these words trulye

I do not know your ladye he said
if that I do her see
fforthou hast sent her love tokens
more now then 2 or 3

for thou hast sent her a mantle of greene
as greene as any grasse
& bade her come to the silver wood
to hunt wth Childe Maurice

sad by my faith now Childe Maurice
the tane of us shall dye
now by my troth sayd Childe Maurice
& that shall not be I

but he pulled out a bright browne sword
& dryed it on the grasse
& see fast he smote at John Steward
I wis he never rest

then hee pulled forth his bright browne sword
& dryed itt on his sleeve
& the first good stroke John Steward stroke
Child Maurice head he did cleeve

& he pricked it on his sword's poynt
went singing there beside
and he rode till he came to the ladye fflaire
whereas his ladye lyed

or I sayes dest thou know Child Maurice head
iff that thou dost it see
and lap it soft, and kisse itt oft
fforthou lovedst him better than mee

but when shee looked on Childe Maurice head
shee never spake words but three
I never beare noe childe but one
and you have slain him trulye

sayes wicked be my merry men all
I gave meate drink and clothe
but cold they not have holden me
when I was in all that wrath

fforI have slaine one of the courteousest knights
that ever betrode a steede
soe have I done one of the fairest ladyes
that ever were womans weede

What has gone before, forms a fit introduction to the very ancient traditionary ballad on the same subject, which is now for the first time printed. With much deference to the opinion of others skilled in these matters, the editor has to challenge for it in point of antiquity, a precedence far above any of its fellows: indeed, in his judgment, it has every appearance of being the prime root, from which all the variations of the ballad heretofore known have originated.

In this place, it may be remarked too, that it obviously preserves the true title of the ballad, "Morice" and "Maurice" being evident corruptions of "Norice," a nursling, or foster, corruptions which from similarity of sound in the enunciation, can easily be conceived as likely ones into which reciters, who learn by the ear, are exceedingly apt to fall; and corruptions of which the experience of every one who has attempted to collect these interesting monuments of early song, can furnish ample parallels. Again, its clear, straight-forward, rapid and succinct narrative—its extreme simplicity of style and utter destitution of all ornament, argue most powerfully in behalf of the primitiveness and authenticity of its text. It is, in fact the very anatomy of a perfect ballad, wanting nothing that it should have, and having nothing that it should want. By testimony of a most unexceptionable description—but which it would be tedious here to detail—the editor can distinctly trace this ballad as existing in its present shape, at least a century ago, which carries it decidedly beyond the date of the first printed copy of Gil Morice; and this with a poem which has been preserved but by oral tradition, is no mean *positive* antiquity. If we imagine it a more ancient version than that contained in Dr Percy's MS., our sole means of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion must be derived from such internal evidence as the ballad itself affords; and, both versions being now before the reader, he is enabled to judge deliberately for himself, and to form his own opinion, on that which many will, ere this, I suspect, have deemed a very unimportant subject.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned, that the ballad is exceedingly rare; and, so far as the editor has been able to learn, it has escaped the notice of our most eminent collectors of traditionary poetry. This may be ascribed to the refined and ornate paraphrase of Gil Morice, having supplanted it in the affections of the vulgar, in the same way as the poem of "Sir James the Rose," attributed to the pen of Michael Bruce, hath absorbed, almost entirely, the memory of the old ballad on which it is founded.

CHILD NORYCE.*

Child Noryce is a clever young man,
  He wavers wi' the wind;
His horse was silver shod before,
  With the beaten gold behind.

He called to his little man John,
  Saying, "You don't see what I see;
For oh yonder I see the very first woman,
  That ever loved me.

"Here is a glove, a glove," he said,
  "Lined with the silver grey;
You may tell her to come to the merry green wood,
  To speak to child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
  "Its all gold but the stane;
You may tell her to come to the merry green wood,
  And ask the leave o' nane."

"So well do I love your errand, my master,
  But far better do I love my life;
O would ye have me go to Lord Barnard's castel,
  To betray away his wife?"

"O don't I give you meat," he says,
  "And don't I pay you fee?
How dare you stop my errand," he says,
  "My orders you must obey."

Oh when he came to Lord Barnard's castel,
  He tinkled at the ring;
Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself,†
  To let this little boy in.

"Here is a glove, a glove," he says,
  "Lined with the silver grey;
You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
  To speak to Child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
  "Its all gold but the stane:
You are bidden to come to the merry green wood,
  And ask the leave o' nane."

Lord Barnard he was standing by,
  And an angry man was he:
"Oh, little did I think there was a lord in this world,
  My lady loved but me!"

Oh he dressed himself in the holland smocks,
  And garments that was gay;‡
And he is away to the merry green wood,
  To speak to Child Nory.

Child Noryce sits on yonder tree
  He whistles and he sings;
"O was he to me," says Child Noryce,
  "Yonder my mother comes!"

Child Noryce he came off the tree,
  His mother to take off the horse;
"Och, alace, alace," says Child Noryce,
  My mother was ne'er so gross."

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* That the reader may have no room to doubt the genuineness of a ballad for which a very high antiquity is claimed, the editor thinks it right to mention, that it is given verbatim as it was taken down from the singing of widow M'Cormick, who, at this date, (January, 1825,) resides in Westbrae Street of Paisley.

† This unquestionably should be Lady Barnard, instead of her Lord, see 3d stanza under; but as it was so recited, this obvious error the editor did not conceive himself warranted to correct, more especially as he has found it out of his power to obtain another copy of the ballad from any different quarter.

‡ This ballad more distinctly than either Gil Morice or Chield Morice, announces the disguise resorted to by Lord Barnard, in order to surprise his supposed rival.

Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,
  That hang low down by his knee;
He cut the head off Child Noryce,
  And put the body on a tree.

And when he came to his castel,
  And to his lady's hall,
He threw the head into her lap,
  Saying, "Lady, there is a ball!"

She turned up the bloody head,
  She kissed it frae cheek to chin;
"Far better do I love this bloody head,
  Than all my royal kin.

"When I was in my father's castell,
  In my virginitie;
There came a lord into the north,
  Gat Child Noryce with me."

"O woe be to thee, lady Margaret," he said,
  "And an ill death may you die;
For if you had told me he was your son,
  He had ne'er been slain by me."

Helenore.

[A FRAGMENT, in imitation of the old Scottish Ballad.—By RICHARD GALL.]

An' wiel they baitht her bluidy face,
  An' syne her bosom bare;
But O, her saft an' bonnie skin
  Bespak' sum lady faire.

Her blinkand e'e was schut in dethe,
  (Quhilk anes was fa' o' gile,)
An' clay-cauld war her rosie lips,
  (Quhilk spak' sae tenderlie.)

An' mony ane cam' thair, I trow,
  Quha did the tithings heir;
An' aye as they baiket on her bonnie face,
  Wi' sorro' drapt a teir.

"O heavin! it brekis my very hairt,
  A face sae sweit to see!
But sure, sith nane a meith doth kue,
  O' freemit bluid she be."

Sir Kenneth, knycht o' meikle fame,
  Luikt owre his castle wa';
An' downe anethe the hingand heugh
  The gathert thrang he sa':

An' lang he farlit at the sicht,
  An' mair he raxit his ein;
Syne hastenit fra his castle hie,
  An' to the howe bedein.

"Quhat meine this thrang? Quhat meine this mane
  Amang baith yung an' ald?"
Syne he luikit at the deid lady,
  Lay on the yird sa cald.

The warrior shuke—O mair he shuke!—
  Furth sprang the glitterand teir:
"O Chryste! O Chryste! it is Helenore!
  It is my dochter deir!"

King Malcom & Sir Colvin.

[From Buchan's Northern Ballads.]

THERE anes liv'd a king in fair Scotland,
  King Malcolm called by name;
Whom ancient history gives record,
  For valour, worth, and fame.

And it fell anes upon a day,
  The king sat down to dine;
And then he miss'd a favourite knight,
  Whose name was Sir Colvin.

But out it speaks another knight,
  Ane o' Sir Colvin's kin;
"He's lyin' in bed right sick in love,
  All for your daughter Jean."

"O wass me," said the royal king,
  "I'm sorry for the same;
She maun take bread and wine sae red,
  Give it to Sir Colvin."

Then gently did she bear the bread,
  Her page did carry the wine;
And set a table at his bed,—
  "Sir Colvin, rise and dine."

"O well love I the wine, lady,
Come frae your lovely hand;
But better love I your fair body,
Than all fair Scotland's strand.'

"O hold your tongue now, Sir Colvin,
Let all your folly be;
My love must be by honour won,
Or nane shall enjoy me.

"But on the head o' Elrick's hill,
Near by yon sharp hawthorn,
Where never a man with life e'er came
Sin' our sweet Christ was born;

"O ye'll gang there and walk a' night,
And boldly blaw your horn;
With honour that ye do return,
Ye'll marry me the morn."

Then up it raise him, Sir Colvin,
And dress'd in armour keen;
And he is on to Elrick's hill,
Without light o' the meen.

At midnight mark the meen upstarts,
The knight walk'd up and down;
While loudest cracks o' thunder rear'd,
Out ower the bent sae brown.

Then by the twinkling of an e'e,
He spied an armed knight;
A fair lady bearing his brand,
Wi' torches burning bright.

Then he cried high as he came nigh,
"Coward, thief, I bid you flee!
There is not ane comes to this hill,
But must engage wi' me.

"Ye'll best take road before I come,
And best take foot and flee;
Here is a sword baith sharp and broad,
Will quarter you in three."

Sir Colvin said, "I'm not afraid
Of any here I see;
You ha'e not ta'en your God before,
Less dread ha'e I o' thee."

Sir Colvin then he drew his sword,
His foe he drew his brand;
And they fought there on Elrick's hill
Till they were bluidy men.

The first an' stroke the knight he strake,
Ga'e Colvin a slight wound;
The next an' stroke Lord Colvin strake,
Brought's foe unto the ground.

"I yield, I yield," the knight he said,
"I fairly yield to thee;
Nae ane came e'er to Elrick-hill
E'er gain'd such victorie.

"I and my forbears here did haunt
Three hundred years and more;
I'm safe to swear a solemn oath,
We were never beat before."

"An asking," said the lady gay,
"An asking ye'll grant me."
"Ask on, ask on," said Sir Colvin,
"What may your asking be?"

"Ye'll gi'e me hame my wounded knight,
Let me fare on my way;
And I'se ne'er be seen on Elrick's hill,
By night, nor yet by day.
And to this place we'll come nae mair,
Could we win safe away.

"To trouble any Christian one
Lives in the righteous law;
We'll come nae mair unto this place
Could we win safe awa'."

"O ye'se get hame your wounded knight,
Ye shall not gang alane;
But I maun ha'e a word o' him,
Before that we twa twine."

Sir Colvin being a book-learn'd man,
Sae gude in fencing tee;
He's drawn a stroke behind his hand,
And followed in speedilie.

Sae fierce a stroke Sir Colvin's drawn,
And followed in speedilie;
The knight's brand, and sword hand,
In the air he gar'd them flee.

It flew sae high into the sky,
And lighted on the ground;
The rings that were on these fingers,
Were worth five hundred pound.

Up he has ta'en that bluidy hand,
Set it before the king;
And the morn it was Wednesday,
When he married his daughter Jean

Young Aikin.

[From Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs. —"In some late publications," says Mr Buchan, "I have seen fragments of this beautiful ballad under various names.—It is now for the first time given in a complete state. The ballad is, to all appearance, very old; and agrees with the romantic history and times of Fergus II. It will be considered by all lovers of Scottish song, as a great acquisition to their store of traditionary poetry. The heroine lady Margaret, a king's daughter, was stolen by her father's cup-bearer, who built for her a bower, in which she was so artfully confined, that no one could have discovered the place of her residence. In this bower, she bare to her adopted husband seven sons, the oldest of whom was the means of releasing her from her dreary abode. On his arrival at the court of his grandfather, whither he had gone to reconnoitre, the old monarch at once perceived such a family likeness in the face of this woodland boy, as made him inquire after the fate of his long lost daughter. She, with the rest of her sons, arrived at her father's palace; and, like the prodigal, or long lost son, was welcomed with joy and gladness. The ballad concludes with the pardon of Young Akin,—his reception at the king's court, and the baptism of the children."]

Lady Margaret sits in her bower door
Sewing at her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmond's-wood,
And wish'd she there had been.

She lost the seam fa' frae her side,
And the needle to her tae;
And she is on to Elmond's-wood
As fast as she could gae.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but ane,
Till by it came a young hind chiel,
Says, "Lady lat alane.

"O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why brake ye the tree;
For I am forester o' this wood,
Ye should spier leave at me?"

"I'll ask leave at nae living man,
Nor yet will I at thee;
My father is king o'er a' this realm,
This wood belongs to me."

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,
Nor broken a branch but three,
Till by it came him young Akin,
And gar'd her let them be.

The highest tree in Elmond's-wood,
He's pu'd it by the root;
And he has built for her a bower
Near by a hallow seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure
Wi' carbuncle and stane;
Though travellers were never sae nigh
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's-wood,
For six lang years and one;
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,
And the seventh she's brought home.

It fell ance upon a day,
This guid lord went from home;
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his eldest son.

And when they were on a guid way,
Wi' slowly pace did walk;
The boy's heart being something wae,
He thus began to talk:—

"A question I would ask, father,
Gin ye wouldna angry be."
"Say on, say on, my bonnie boy,
Ye's nae be quarrell'd by me."

"I see my mother's cheeks aye weet,
I never can see them dry;
And I wonder what aileth my mother
To mourn continually."

"Your mother was a king's daughter,
Sprung frae a high degree;
And she might ha's wed some worthy prince,
Had she not been stown by me;

"I was her father's cup-bearer,
Just at that fatal time;
I catch'd her on a misty night,
When summer was in prime;

"My luve to her was most sincere,
Her luve was great for me,
But when she hardships doth endure,
Her folly she does see."

"I'll shoot the buntin' o' the bush,
The linnet o' the tree,
And bring them to my dear mither,
See if she'll merrier be."

It fell upo' another day,
This guid lord he thought lang,
And he is to the hunting gane,
Took wi' him his dog and gun;

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,
He's aff, single, alane;
And left his seven children to stay
Wi' their mither at hame.

"O I will tell to you, mither,
Gin ye wadna angry be."
"Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,
Ye'se nae be quarrell'd by me."

"As we came frae the hynd hunting,
We heard fine music ring."
"My blessings on you, my bonnie boy,
I wish I'd been there my lane."

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
His six brothers also,
And they are on through Elmond's-wood,
As fast as they could go;

They wistna weel where they were gaen,
Wi' the stratlins o' their feet;
They wistna weel where they were gaen
Till at her father's yate.

"I ha'e nae money in my pocket,
But royal rings ha'e three;
I'll gi'e them you, my little young son,
And ye'll walk there for me;

"Ye'll gi'e the first to the proud porter,
And he will let you in;
Ye'll gi'e the next to the butler boy,
And he will show you ben;

"Ye'll gi'e the third to the minstrel
That plays before the king;
He'll play success to the bonnie boy,
Came through the wood him lane."

He ga'e the first to the proud porter,
And he open'd an' let him in;
He ga'e the next to the butler boy,
And he has shown him ben;

He ga'e the third to the minstrel
That play'd before the king;
And he play'd success to the bonnie boy
Came through the wood him lane.

Now when he came before the king,
Fell low down on his knee;
The king he turned round about,
And the saut tear blinded his e'e.

"Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
Gang frae my companie;
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,
My heart will birst in three."

"If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is none;
If I look like your dear daughter,—
I am her eldest son."

"Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be?"
"She's just now standing at your yates,
And my six brothers her wi'."

"O where are all my porter boys
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yates baith wide and braid?
Let her come in to me.'

When she came in before the king,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, father,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Till I see my mither and sister dear,
For lang for them I think."

When she came before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, mither,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear sister,
For lang for her I think."

When that these two sisters met,
She hail'd her courteousie:
"Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, sister,
Nor ae drop can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang for him I think."

"O where are all my rangers bold,
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far an' wide,
To bring Akin to me?"

Out it speaks the little wee boy,—
"Na, na, this maunna be;
Without ye grant a free pardon,
I hope ye'll nae him see."

"O here I grant a free pardon,
Weil seal'd by my own han';
Ye may make search for young Akin,
As soon as ever you can."

They search'd the country wide and braid,
The forest far and near;
And found him into Elmond's-wood,
Tearing his yellow hair.

"Win up, win up, now young Akin,
Win up and boun wi' me;
We're messengers come from the court,
The king wants you to see."

"O let him take frae me my head,
Or hang me on a tree;
For since I've lost my dear lady,
Life's no pleasure to me."

"Your head will nae be touch'd, Akin,
Nor hang'd upon a tree;
Your lady's in her father's court,
And all he wants is thee."

When he came in before the king,
Fell low down on his knee.
"Win up, win up, now young Akin,
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

But as they were at dinner set,
The boy asked a boun;
"I wish we were in the good church,
For to get Christendoun;

"We ha'e lived in guid green wood
This seven years and ane;
But a' this time since e'er I mind,
Was never a church within."

"Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,
But granted it shall be;
This day to guid church ye shall gang,
And your mither shall gang wi'."

When into the guid church she came,
She at the door did stan';
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
She coulina come farer ben.

Then out it speaks the parish priest,
And a sweet smile ga'e he;—
"Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,
Present your babes to me."

Charles, Vincent, Sam, and Dick,
And likewise James and John;
They call'd the eldest Young Akin,
Which was his father's name.

Then they staid in the royal court,
And liv'd wi' mirth and glee;
And when her father was decean'd,
Heir of the crown was she.

Rose the Red and White Lilly.

[Fraser published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"This legendary tale," says Sir Walter, "is given chiefly from Mrs Brown's MS. Accordingly many of the rhymes arise from the northern mode of pronunciation; as *dee* for *do*, and the like.—Perhaps the ballad may have originally related to the history of the celebrated Robin Hood, as mention is made of Barnisdale, his favourite abode."]

O Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Their mither dear was dead:
And their father has married an ill woman,
Wished them twa little guid.

But she had twa as gallant sons
As ever brake man's bread;
And the tane o' them lo ed her, White Lilly,
And the tother Rose the Red.

O bigged ha'e they a bigly bour,
Fast by the roaring strand;
And there was mair mirth in the ladyes' bour,
Nor in a' their father's land.

But out and spak' their step-mother,
As she stood a little forebye—
"I hope to live and play the prank,
Sall gar your loud sang lie."

She's call'd upon her eldest son;
"Cum here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my bauld Arthur,
That ye maun sail the sea."

"Gin sae it maun be, my deir mother,
Your bidding I maun dee;
But, be never waur to Rose the Red,
Than ye ha'e been to me."

She's called upon her youngest son;
"Cum here, my son, to me:
It fears me sair, my Brown Robin,
That ye maun sail the sea."

"Gin it fear ye sair, my mother deir,
Your bidding I sall dee;
But, be never waur to White Lilly,
Than ye ha'e been to me."

"Now haud your tongues, ye foolish boys!
For small sall be their part;
They ne'er again sall see your face,
Gin their very hearts suld break."

Sae bauld Arthur's gane to our king's court,
His ha'e chamberlain to be;
But Brown Robin, he has slain a knight,
And to grene-wood he did flee.

When Rose the Red, and White Lilly,
Saw their twa loves were gane,
Sune did they drop the loud loud sang,
Took up the still mourning.

And out then spake her White Lilly;
"My sister, we'll be gane:
Why suld we stay in Barnisdale,
To mourn our bour within?"

O cutted ha'e they their green cloathing,
A little abune their knee;
And sae ha'e they their yellow hair,
A little abune their bree.

And left ha'e they that bonnie bour,
To cross the raging sea;
And they ha'e ta'en to a holy chapel,
Was christened by Our Ladye.

And they ha'e changed their twa names,
Sae far frae ony toun;
And the tane o' them's hight Sweet Willie,
And the tother's Rouge the Rounde.

Between the twa a promise is,
And they ha'e sworn it to fulfil;
Whenever the tane blew a bugle-horn,
The tother suld cum her till.

Sweet Willie's gane to the king's court,
Her true love for to see;
And Rouge the Rounde to gude grene-wood,
Brown Robin's man to be.

O it fell anes, upon a time,
They putted at the stane;
And seven foot ayont them a',
Brown Robin's gar'd it gang.

She lifted the heavy putting-stane,
And gave a sad "O hon!"
Then out bespake him, Brown Robin,
"But that's a woman's moan!"

"O kent ye by my rosy lips?
Or by my yellow hair;
Or kent ye by my milk-white breast,
Ye never yet saw bare?"

"I kent na by your rosy lips,
Nor by your yellow hair;
But, cum to your bour whaever likes,
They'll find a ladye there."

"O gin ye come my bour within,
Through fraud, deceit, or guile,
Wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
I vow I will thee kill."

"Yet durst I cum into your bour,
And ask nae leave," quoth he;
"And wi' this same brand, that's in my hand,
Wave danger back on thee."

About the dead hour o' the night,
The ladye's bour was broken;
And, about the first hour o' the day,
The fair knave bairn was gotten.

When days were gane and months were come,
The ladye was sad and wan;
And sye she cried for a bour woman,
For to wait her upon.

Then up and spake him, Brown Robin,
"And what needs this?" quoth he;
"Or what can woman do for you,
That canna be done by me?"

"'Twas never my mother's fashion," she said,
"Nor shall it e'er be mine,
That belted knights should e'er remain
While ladyes dree'd their pain.

"But gin ye take that bugle-horn,
And wind a blast sae shrill,
I ha'e a brother in yonder court
Will come me quickly till."

"O gin ye ha'e a brother on earth,
That ye lo'e mair than me,
Ye may blow the horn yoursel'," he says,
"For a blast I winna gi'e."

She's ta'en the bugle in her hand,
And blawn baith loud and shrill;
Sweet William started at the sound,
And came her quickly till.

O up and starts him, Brown Robin,
And swore by Our Ladye,
"No man shall come into this bour,
But first maun fight wi' me."

O they ha'e fought the wood within,
Till the sun was going down;
And drops o' blood, frae Rose the Red,
Came pouring to the ground.

She leant her back against an aik,
Said,—"Robin, let me be:
For it is a ladye, bred and born,
That has fought this day wi' thee."

O seven foot he started back,
Cried—"Alas and woe is me!
For I wished never, in all my life,
A woman's blaid to see:

"And that all for the knightly vow
I swore by Our Ladye;
But mair for the sake o' ae fair maid,
Whose name is White Lilly."

Then out and spake her, Rouge the Rounde,
And leugh right heartilie,
"She has been wi' ye this year and mair,
Though ye wistna it was she."

Now word has gane through all the land,
Before a month was gane,
That a forester's page in gude grene-wood,
Had born a bounie son.

The marvel gaed to the king's court,
And to the king himsel';
"Now, by my fae," the king did say,
"The like was never heard tell!"

Then out then spake him, Bauld Arthur,
And laugh'd right loud and hie—
"I trow some may has play'd the lown,
And fled her ain country."

"Bring me my steid!" the king gan say;
My bow and arrows keen;
And I'll gae hunt in yonder wood,
And see what's to be seen."

"Gin it please your grace," quoth Bauld Arthur,
"My liege I'll gang you wi',
And see gin I can meet a bounie page,
That's stray'd awa' frae me."

And they ha'e chased in gude grene-wood,
The buck but and the rae,
Till they drew near Brown Robin's bour,
About the close o' day.

Then out and spake the king himsel',
Says—"Arthur, look and see,
Gin yon be not your favourite page,
That leans against yon tree."

O Arthur's ta'en a bugle-horn,
And blawn a blast sae shrill;
Sweet Willie started to her feet,
And ran him quickly till.

"O wanted ye your meat, Willie,
Or wanted ye your fee?
Or gat ye e'er an angry word,
That ye ran awa' frae me?"

"I wanted nought, my master dear;
To me ye aye was good:
I cam' to see my ae brother,
That wons in this grene-wood."

Then out bespake the king again,—
"My boy, now tell to me,
Who dwells into yon bigly bour,
Beneath yon green aik tree?"

"O pardon me," said Sweet Willie,
"My liege, I darena tell;
And gang nae near yon outlaw's bour
For fear they suld ye kill."

"O hand your tongue, my bonnie boy!
For I winna be said nay;
But I will gang yon bour within,
Betide me weal or wae."

They have lighted frae their milk-white steids,
And saftlie entered in;
And there they saw her, White Lilly,
Nursing her bonnie young son.

"Now, by the mass," the king he said,
"This is a comely sight;
I trow, instead of a forester's man,
This is a lady bright!"

O out and spake her, Rose the Red,
And fell low on her knee:—
"O pardon us, my gracious liege,
And our story I'll tell thee.

"Our father is a wealthy lord,
Lives into Barnisdale;
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meikle bale.

"Yet had she twa as fa' fair sons,
As e'er the sun did see;
And the tane o' them lo'ed my sister deir,
And the tother said he lo'ed me."

Then out and cried him, Bauld Arthur,
As by the king he stood,—
"Now, by the faith of my body,
This suld be Rose the Red!"

The king has sent for robes o' green,
And girdles o' shining gold;
And sae sune have the ladyes busked themselves,
Sae glorious to behold.

Then in and came him, Brown Robin,
Frae hunting o' the king's deer,
But when he saw the king himsel',
He started back for fear.

The king has ta'en Robin by the hand,
And bade him nothing dread,
But quit for aye the gude grene-wood,
And come to the court wi' speed.

The king has ta'en White Lilly's son,
And set him on his knee;
Says, "Gin ye live to wield a brand,
My bowman thou sall be."

Then they have ta'en them to the holy chapelle,
And there had fair wedding;
And when they cam' to the king's court,
For joy the bells did ring.

ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILLIE.

[The following version of "Rose the Red and White Lilly" is from Buchan's Ballads of the North. It differs materially from the one given in Scott's Minstrelsy.]

Now word is gane through a' the land,
Gude seal that it sae spread!
To Rose the Red and White Lillie,
Their mither dear was dead.

Their father's married a bauld woman,
And brought her ower the sea;
Twa sprightly youths, her sin young sons,
Intill her companie.

They fix'd their eyes on those ladies,
On shipboard as they stood,
And sware, if ever they wan to land,
These ladies they would wed.

But there was nae a quarter past,
A quarter past but three,
Till these young lavers a' were fond
O' others companie.

The knights they harped i' their bower,
The ladies sew'd and sang;
There was mair mirth in that chamber
Than a' their father's lan'.

Then out it spak' their step-mither,
At the stair-foot stood she;
"I'm plagued wi' your troublesome noise,
What makes your melodie?

"O Rose the Red, ye sing too loud,
While Lillie your voice is strang;
But gin I live and brook my life,
I'se gar you change your sang."

"We mauna change our loud, loud song,
For nae duke's son ye'll bear;
We winna change our loud, loud song,
But aye we'll sing the mair.

"We never sang the sang, mither,
But we'll sing ower again;
We'll take our harps into our hands,
And we'll harp, and we'll sing."

She's call'd upon her twa young sons,
says, "Boun' ye for the sea;
Let Rose the Red, and White Lillie,
Stay in their bower wi' me."

"O God forbid," said her eldest son,
"Nor let it ever be,
Unless ye were as kind to our luves
As gin we were them wi'."

"Yet never the less, my pretty sons,
Ye'll boun' you for the faem;
Let Rose the Red, and White Lillie,
Stay in their bowers at hame."

"O when wi' you we came alang,
We felt the stormy sea;
And where we go, ye ne'er shall know,
Nor shall be known by thee."

Then wi' her harsh and boisterous word,
She forc'd these lads away;
While Rose the Red and White Lillie
Still in their bowers did stay.

But there was not a quarter past,
A quarter past but ane;
Till Rose the Red in rage she gaed,
White Lillie's claithing grew thin.

Wi' bitter usage every day,
The ladies they thought lang;
"Ochon, alas!" said Rose the Red,
"She's gar'd us change our sang.

"But we will change our own fu' names,
And we'll gang frae the town;
Frae Rose the Red and White Lillie,
To Nicholas and Roger Brown.

"And we will cut our green claithing
A little aboon our knee;
And we will on to gude greenwood,
Twa bauld bowmen to be."

"Ochon, alas!" said White Lillie,
"My fingers are but sma';
And though my hands would wield the bow,
They winna yield at a'."

"O had your tongue now, White Lillie,
And let these fears a' be;
There's naething that ye're awkward in,
But I will learn thee."

Then they are on to gude greenwood
As fast as gang could they;
O then they spied him, Robin Hood,
Below a green silk tree.

"Gude day, gude day, kind sir," they said,
"God make you safe and free."
"Gude day, gude day," said Robin Hood,
"What is your wills wi' me?"

"Lo here we are, twa banish'd knights,
Come frae our native hame;
We're come to crave o' thee service,
Our king will gi'e us nane."

"If ye be twa young banish'd knights,
Tell me frae what countrie;"
"Frae Anster town into Fifeshire,
Ye know it as weil as we."

"If a' be true that ye ha'e said,
And tauld just now to me;
Ye're welcome, welcome, every one,
Your master I will be.

"Now ye shall eat as I do eat,
And lye as I do lye;
Ye saina wear nae waur claithing
Nor my young men and I."

Then they went to a ruinous house,
And there they enter'd in;
And Nicholas fed wi' Robin Hood,
And R. ger wi' little John

But it fell ance upon a day,
They were at the putting-stane,
When Rose the Red she view'd them a',
As they stood on the green.

She hit the stane then wi' her foot,
And kep'd it wi' her knee;
And spaces three aboon them a',
I wyte she gar'd it flee.

She set her back then to a tree,
And ga'e a loud Ohon!
A lad spak' in the companie,
"I hear a woman's moan."

"How know you that, young man," she said,
"How know you that o' me?
Did e'er ye see me in that place,
A'e foot my ground to flee?

"Or know ye by my cherry cheeks,
Or by my yellow hair?
Or by the paps on my breast bane,
Ye never saw them bare."

"I know not by your cherry cheeks,
Nor by your yellow hair;
But I know by your milk-white chin,
On it there grows nae hair.

"I never saw you in that cause
A'e foot your ground to flee;
I've seen you stan' wi' sword in han'
'Mang men's blood to the knee.

"But if I come your bower within,
By night, or yet by day;
I shall know, before I go,
If ye be man or may."

"O if you come my bower within,
By night, or yet by day;
As soon's I draw my trusty brand,
Nae lang ye'll wi' me stay."

But he is haunted to her bower,
Her bigly bower o' stane,
Till he has got her big wi' bairn,
And near six months she's gane.

When three mair months were come and gane,
They gae'd to hunt the hynde;
She wont to be the foremost ane,
But now stay'd far behynd.

Her luver looks her in the face,
And thus to her said he;
"I think your cheeks are pale and wan,
Pray, what gaes warst wi' thee?

"O want ye roses to your breast,
Or ribbons to your sheen?
Or want ye aught o' dear bought luve
As your heart can contean?"

"I want nae roses to my breast,
Nae ribbons to my sheen;
Nor want I aught dear bought luve
As my heart can contean.

"I'd rather ha'e a fire behynd,
Anither me before;
A gude midwife at my right side,
Till my young babe be bore."

"I'll kindle a fire wi' a flint stane,
Bring wine in a horn green;
I'll be midwife at your right side,
Till your young babe be born."

"That wae ne'er my mither's custom,
Forbid that it be mine!
A knight stan' by a lady bright,
When she dree a' her pine.

"There is a knight in gude greenwood,
If that he kent o' me;
Through stock and stane, and the hawthorn
Sae soon's he would come me tee."

"If there be a knight in gude greenwood
Ye like better than me;
If ance he come your bower within,
Ane o' us twa shall dee."

She set a horn to her mouth,
And she blew loud and shrill;
Thr ugh stock and stane, and the hawthorn,
Brave Roger came her till.

"Wha's here sae bauld," the youth replied,
"Thus to encroach on me?"
"O here am I," the knight replied,
"Ha'e as much right as thee."

Then they fought up the gude greenwood,
Sae did they down the plain;
They niddart ither wi' lang braid swords,
Till they were bloody mean.

Then out it spak' the sick woman,
Hat under the greenwood tree;
"O had your han', young man," she said,
"She's a woman as well as me."

Then out it speake anither youth,
Amang the companie;
"Gin I had kent what I ken now,
'Tis for her I would dee."

"O wae met worth you, Rose the Red,
An ill death mat ye dee!
Although ye tauld upo' yourself,
Ye might ha'e heal'd on me."

"O for her sake I wae content,
For to gae over the sea;
For her I left my mither's ha',
Though she proves faure to me."

But whan these lovers were made known,
They sung right joyfullie;
Nae blyther was the nightingale,
Nor bird that sat on tree.

Now they ha'e married these ladies,
Brought them to bower an ha',
And now a happy life they lead,
I wish me may wa a'.

THE WEDDING OF ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

[THIS appears to be merely an imperfect version of the previous ballad. It is given in Mr Kinloch's collection.—"The fame," says Mr Kinloch, "of bold Robin Hood, (to whom tradition has assigned the title of the Earl of Huntingtoun), and his *too comrade* Little John, was not confined to England, but was well known in Scotland, where their gallant exploits are yet remembered, and have become still more familiar since the publication of 'Ivanhoe;' in which romance

'Robin Hood and his merry men'

sustain a very prominent part.

"Robin Hood was, anciently, celebrated in Scotland by an annual play or festival; and the following extract, while it shows the estimation in which this festival was regarded by the populace, displays at the same time their lawless conduct, and the weakness of the civil power, in the city of Edinburgh in the fourteenth century.—'The game of Robin Hood was celebrated in the month of May. The populace assembled previous to the celebration of this festival, and chose some respectable member of the corporation to officiate in the character of Robin Hood, and another in that of Little John, his squire. Upon the day appointed, which was a Sunday or a holiday, the people assembled in military array, and went to some adjoining field, where, either as actors or spectators, the whole inhabitants of the respective towns were convened. In this field they probably amused themselves with a representation of Robin Hood's predatory exploits, or of his encounters with the officers of justice. As numerous meetings for disorderly mirth are apt to engender tumult, when the minds of the people came to be agitated with religious controversy, it was found necessary to repress the game of Robin Hood by public statute. The populace were by no means willing to relinquish their favourite amusement. Year after year the magistrates of Edinburgh were obliged to exert their authority in repressing this game, often ineffectually. In the year 1561, the mob were so enraged in being disappointed in making a Robin Hood, that they rose in mutiny, seized on the city gates, committed robberies upon strangers; and one of the ringleaders, being condemned by the magistrates to be hanged, the mob forced open the jail, set at liberty the criminal and all the prisoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the cross for executing the malefactor. They next assaulted the magistrates, who were sitting in the council-chamber, and who fled to the tolbooth for shelter, where the mob attacked them, battering the doors, and pouring stones through the windows. Application was made to the deacons of the corporations to appease the tumult. Remaining, however, unconcerned spectators, they made this answer:—*They will be magistrates alone; let them rule the multitude alone.* The magistrates were kept in confinement till they made proclamation be published, offering indemnity to the rioters upon laying down their arms. Still, however, so late as the year 1592, we find the General Assembly complaining of the profanation of the Sabbath, by making of Robin Hood Plays.'—Arnot's Hist. of Edin. ch. 11.

"Among all the numerous ballads and tales,

which have been composed on these celebrated outlaws, the editor has not discovered that the present one has ever been published. The editor observes however, a ballad in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' under the title of 'Rose the Red and White Lilly,' which is evidently founded on the same story. The editor of that work is correct in his conjecture, that it related to Robin Hood. One might fancy a slight resemblance between the meeting of Robin Hood with the heroines of this ballad, and his meeting with Clorinda, or 'Maid Marian,' as detailed in 'Robin Hood's birth, breeding, valour and marriage,' as published by Mr Ritson, Part II."]

THE king has wedded an ill woman,
Into some foreign land;—
His daughters twa, that stood in awe,
They bravely sat and sang.

Then in be-came their step-mother,
Sae stately steppin' ben;—
"O gin I live and brulk my life,
I'll gar ye change your tune."

"O we sang ne'er that sang, ladie,
But we will sing again;
And ye ne'er bore that son, ladie,
We wad lay our love on.

"But we will cow our yellow locks,
A little abune our bree,
And we will on to gude greenwud,
And serve for meat and fee.

"And we will kilt our gay claithing
A little below the knee;
And we will on to gude greenwud,
Gif Robin Hood we see.

"And we will change our ain twa names,
When we gae frae the toun,—
The tane we will call Nicholas,
The tither Roges Roun."

Then they ha's cow'd their yellow locks,
A little abune their bree;
And they are on to gude greenwud,
To serve for meat and fee.

And they ha's kilt their gay claithing
A little below their knee,
And they are on to gude greenwud,
Gif Robin Hood they see.

And they ha's chang'd their ain twa names,
When they gaed frae the toun;—
The tane they've called Nicholas,
The tither Roges Roun.

And they ha's staid in gude greenwud,
And never a day thought lang,
Till it fell anes upon a day,
That Roges sang a sang.

"When we were in our father's bower,
We sew'd the silken seam;
But now we walk the gude greenwud,
And bear anither name.

"When we were in our father's ha',
We wore the beaten gold;
But now we wear the chield mae sharp,—
Alas! we'll die with cold!"

Then up bespak' him Robin Hood,
As he to them drew near,—
"Instead of boys to carry the bow,
Two ladies we've got here!"

So they had not been in gude greenwud,
A twalmonth and a day,
Till Roges Roun was as big wi' bairn,
As onie lady could gae.

"O wae be to my step-mother,
That garr'd me leave my hame,
For I'm wi' bairn to Robin Hood,
And near nine months is gane.

"O wha will be my bower-woman—
Na bower-woman is here!
O wha will be my bower-woman,
When that sad time drawe near!"

The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,
And the tither to Little John;—
And it was a' owing to their step-mother
That garr'd them leave their hame.

Hynd Horn.

["THOUGH Hynd Horn possess no claims upon the reader's attention on account of its poetry, yet it is highly valuable as illustrative of the history of romantic ballad. In fact, it is nothing

else than a portion of the ancient English metrical romance of 'Kyng Horn,' which some benevolent pen, peradventure, 'for luf of the lewed man,' hath stripped of its 'quainte Inglis,' and given—

> 'In symple speche as he seethe,
> That is lightest in manne's mouthe.'

Of this the reader will be at once convinced, if he compares it with the romance alluded to, or rather with the fragment of the one preserved in the Auchinleck MS., entitled, 'Horne Childe and Maiden Rimnild,' both of which ancient poems are to be found in Ritson's Metrical Romances. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remind the reader, that Hend or Hynd means 'courteous, kind, affable,' &c., an epithet, which, we doubt not, the hero of the ballad was fully entitled to assume."—*Motherwell.*]

Near Edinburgh was a young child born,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And his name it was called young Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he served the king,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And it's a' for the sake of his dochter Jean,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The king an angry man was he,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Oh! I never saw my love before,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Till I saw her through an augre bore,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And she gave to me a gay gold ring,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
With three shining diamonds set therein,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And I gave to her a silver wand,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
With three singing laverocks set thereon,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What if these diamonds lose their hue?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Just when my love begins for to rue,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"For when your ring turns pale and wan,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Then I'm in love with another man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

He's left the land, and he's gone to the sea,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And he's stayed there seven years and a day,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Seven lang years he has been on the sea,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And Hynd Horn has looked how his ring may be,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

But when he looked this ring upon,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
The shining diamonds were both pale and wan,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Oh! the ring it was both black and blue,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And she's either dead, or she's married,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

He's left the sea, and he's come to the land,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And the first he met was an auld beggar man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What news? what news? my silly auld man?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
For it's seven years since I have seen land,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"What news? what news? thou auld beggar man?
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
What news? what news? by sea or land?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"No news at all," said the auld beggar man,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
But there is a wedding in the king's hall,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"There is a king's dochter in the west,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And she has been married thir nine nights past,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Into the bridebed she winna gang,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
Till she hears tell of her ain Hynd Horn,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat,
Wite a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloak,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Wilt thou give to me thy begging staff,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
And I'll give to thee my good gray steed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

The auld beggar man cast off his coat,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
And he's ta'en up the scarlet cloak,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man threw down his staff,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
And he is mounted the good gray steed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn for the king's hall,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

When he came to the king's gate,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
He asked a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

These news unto the bonnie bride came,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
That at the yett there stands an auld man,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"There stands an auld man at the king's gate,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
He asketh a drink for young Hynd Horn's sake,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I'll go through nine fires so hot,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan; [sake,
But I'll give him a drink for young Hynd Horn's
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

She went to the gate where the auld man did stand,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
And she gave him a drink out of her own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

She gave him a cup out of her own hand,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
He drunk out the drink, and drept in the ring,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Got thou it by sea, or got thou it by land?
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
Or got thou it off a dead man's hand?
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
For I got it out of thine own hand,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"I'll cast off my gowns of brown,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
And I'll follow thee from town to town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"I'll cast off my gowns of red,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
And along with thee I'll beg my bread,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
For I can make thee lady of many a town,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan,
For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride wed,
With a hey lilleiu and a how lo lan;
But young Hynd Horn took the bride to the bed,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

Laird of Drum.

[From Mr Kinloch's Collection.—"Drum, the property of the ancient and once powerful family of Irwin or Irvine, is situated in the parish of Drumoak, in Aberdeenshire. This ballad was composed on the marriage of Alexander Irvine of Drum to his second wife, Margaret Coutts, a woman of inferior birth and

manners, which step gave great offence to his relations. He had previously, in 1643, married Mary, fourth daughter of George, second Marquis of Huntly."]

THE Laird o' Drum is a-wooing gane,
It was on a morning early,
And he has fawn in wi' a bonnie may
A-shearing at her barley.

"My bonnie may, my weel-shar'd may,
O will you fancy me, O;
And gae and be the lady o' Drum,
And let your shearing abee, O."

"It's I canna fancy thee, kind sir,
I winna fancy thee, O,
I winna gae and be lady o' Drum,
And let my shearing abee, O.

"But set your love on anither, kind sir,
Set it not on me, O,
For I am not fit to be your bride,
And your hare I'll never be, O.

"My father he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speir at him,
For I am at his will O."

Drum is to her father gane,
Keeping his sheep on yon hill, O;
And he has gotten his consent
That the may was at his will, O.

"But my dochter can neither read nor write,
She was ne'er brought up at scheel, O,
But weel can she milk cow and ewe,
And mak' a hobbock weel, O.

"She'll win in your barn at bear-seed time,
Cast out your muck at Yule, O,
She'll saddle your steed in time o' need,
And draw aff your boots hersel', O."

"Have not I no clergymen?
Pay I no clergy fee, O?
I'll scheel her as I think fit,
And as I think weel to be, O.

"I'll learn your lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the scheel, O;
She'll neither need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw aff my boots hersel', O.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale, O;
And wha will welcome my bonnie bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O."

Drum is to the hielands gane,
For to mak' a' ready,
And a' the gentry round about,
Cried, "Yonder's Drum and his lady!

"Peggy Coutts is a very bonnie bride,
And Drum is a wealthy laddie,
But he micht ha'e chosen a hier match,
Than onie shepherd's lassie."

Then up bespak' his brither John,
Says, "Ye've deen us meikle wrang, O,
Ye've married een below our degree,
Alake to a' our kin', O."

"Hold your tongue, my brither John,
I have deen you na wrang, O,
For I've married een to wirk and win,
And ye've married een to spend, O.

"The first time that I had a wife,
She was far abeen my degree, O;
I durst na come in her presence,
But wi' my hat upo' my knee, O.

"The first wife that I did wed,
She was far abeen my degree, O,
She wadna ha'e walk'd to the yetts o' Drum
But the pearls abeen her bree, O.

"But an she was adorn'd for as much gold
As Peggy's for beauty, O,
She micht walk to the yetts o' Drum
Amang gueed companie, O."

There war four-and-twenty gentlemen
Stood at the yetts o' Drum, O,
There was na ane amang them a'
That welcom'd his lady in, O.

He has tane her by the milk-white hand,
And led her in himsel', O,
And in through ha's, and in through bowers,—
"And ye're welcome, lady o' Drum, O."

Thrice he kissed her cherry cheek,
And thrice her cherry chin, O;
And twenty times her comely mou',—
"And ye're welcome, lady o' Drum, O.

"Ye sall be cook in my kitchen,
Butler in my ha', O;
Ye sall be lady in my command,
Whan I ride far awa', O."

"But I told ye afore we war wed,
I was owre low for thee, O;
But now we are wed, and in ae bed laid,
And ye maun be content wi' me, O:

"For an I war dead, and ye war dead,
And baith in ae grave laid, O,
And ye and I war tane up again, [O?"
Wha could distan your moods frae mine,

The Battle of Harlaw.

[This ballad relates very faithfully and circumstantially the cause and issue of this battle, fought in 1411, between Donald of the Isles and the Earl of Marr, nephew to the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland during the captivity of James I.—In the "Complaynt of Scotland," published in 1549, a ballad, with this title, is mentioned as being then popular, but the present was first published by Allan Ramsay, and in all likelihood written by him.]

Frae Dunideir as I cam' throuch,
Doun by the hill of Bancchis,
Allangst the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and se,
The noys and dulcsum hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw,
Cryand the corynoch on hie,
"Alas, alas, for the Harlaw."

I marvilt what the matter meint,
All folks war in a fery fairy,
I wist nocht quha was fee or friend,
Zit quietly I did me carrie;
But sen the days of auld king Harrie,
Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene;
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man, and bad him stay,
Requesting him to mak' me 'quaint
Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair fit the Harlaw;
Then he entreated me tak' tent,
And he the truth sould to me schaw.—

"Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
And to the governour he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht;
Quha saw his interest was but sicht,
And thairfore answerit with disdain:
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodword back again.

"But Donald, richt impatient
Of that answer duke Robert gaif,
He vowed to God omnipotent,
All the hale lands of Ross to haif;
Or elis, he graithed in his graif,
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
Nor be abusit lyk a slaif,
That bargain sould be dearly bocht.

"Then haistylie he did command,
That all his weir-men should convene
Ilk ane weil harnsit frae hand,
To meit, and heir quhat he did mein;
He waxit wrath, and vowit tein,
Sweirand he wald surpryse the north,
Subdew the krugh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

"Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding boun',
With money maid, with force and wyle,
Richt far and near, baith up and doun:
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Allangst the land of Ross he reare,
And all obeyed at his bandoun,
Evin frae the north to sathren shoare.

"Then all the cuntrie men did sleid,
For nae resistans durst they mak',
Nor offer battill in the field,
Be force of arms to beir him bak;
Syne they resolvit all and spak',
That best it was for their behoif,
They sould him for thair chiftain tak',
Believing weil he did them luve.

"Then he a proclamation maid,
All men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray land to mak' a raid,
Frae Arthuryre unto Spoynes;

And, furthermair, he sent express
To schaw his colloure and essenzie,
To all and sindry, mair and less,
Throughout the boundis of Boyn and Enzie.

"And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
His purpose was for to pursew,
And quhasoever durst gainstand,
That race they should full sairly rew;
Then he had all his men be trew,
And him defend by force and sicht,
And promist them rewardis anew,
And mak' them men of meikle micht.

"Without resistance," as he said,
"Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
But Gariach was all agast;
Throw all these fields he sped him fast,
For sic a sicht was never sene,
And then, forsmith, he langd at last,
To se the bruch of Aberdene.

"To hinder this prowd enterprise,
The stout and mighty erle of Mar,
With all his men in arms did ryse,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar;
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To fecht, or Donald came fae nar
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

"And thus the martial erle of Mar
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Bessire the enemie was aware,
His banner hauldly did display;
For well enowch they kend the way,
And all their semblance weil they saw,
Without all dangir or delay,
Came hastily to the Harlaw.

"With him the braif lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus sheriff-principall;
The constabill of gude Dunde,
The vanguard led before them all;
Seppose in number they war small,
Thay first richt hauldlie did pursew,
And maid their fies befotr them fall,
Quha then that race did sairly rew.

"And then the worthy lord Saltoun,
The strong undoubted laird of Drum,
The stalwart laird of Lawriestone,
With fit their forces all and sum;
Panmuir with all his men did cum;
The provost of braif Aberdene,
With trumpets, and with tuck of drum,
Came shortly in their armour schene.

"These with the erle of Mar came on,
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
Their enemies to set upon
In awful manner hardily;
Togither vowit to live and die,
Since they had marcht mony myles,
For to suppress the tyrannie
Of deuted Donald of the Yles.

"But he in number ten to ane,
Richt subtilie alang did ride,
With Maleomtosch, and fall Maclean,
With all thair power at thair syde;
Presumeand on thair strenth and pryde,
Without all feir or ony aw,
Richt hauldlie battill did abyde,
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

"The armies met the trumpet sounds,
The dandring drums alloud did touk,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,
Till ane of them the feild sould bruik;
Nae help was thairfor, nane wad jouk,
Fers was the feght on ilka side,
And on the ground lay mony a bouk,
Of them that thair did battill byd.

"With doutsum victorie they dealt,
The bludy battill lastit lang;
Each man his nibours fors thair felt,
The weakest aft-times gat the wrang;
Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
Naething was heard but heavy knocks,
That echo maid a dulefull sang,
Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

"But Donald's men at last gaif back,
For they war all out of array;
The erle of Maris men throw them brak,
Pursewing shairply in thair way,
Their enemys to tak' or slay,
Be dynt of fors to gar them yield;
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And sae for fairdness tint the field.

"Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
To mountains hich for all his micht;
For he and his war all agast,
And ran till they war out of sicht;

And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
Thoch mony men with him he brocht;
Towards the Ylee fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

"This is," quod he, "the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw;
Thoch my discourse be sumthing schort,
Tak' this to be a richt suthe saw.
Contrairie God and the king's law
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw;
This is the sum, sae I conclude.

"But sit a bounie quhyle abide,
And I sall mak' thee clearly ken,
Quhat slauchter was on ilkay syde,
Of Lowland and of Highland men;
Quha for their awin haif evir bene;
These laste lowns micht well be spaird,
Cheesit lyke deirs into their dene,
And gat thair wages for rewaird.

"Malcomtosch of the clan beid chief,
Maclean with his grit hauchty heid,
With all thair succour and relief,
War dulefully dung to the deid;
And now we are freid of thair feid,
And will not lang to come again;
Thousands with them without remeid,
On Donald syd, that day war slain.

"And on the uther syde war lost,
Into the feild that dismal day,
Chief men of worth (of mekle cost)
To be lamentit sair for ay;
The lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of micht and mekle main,
Grit dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappylie was slain.

"Of the best men amang them was
The gracious guds lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff-principal of Angus,
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie;
He had few fallows in the feild,
Zit fell by fatal destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to yield.

"Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knicht,
Grit constabill of fair Dunde,
Unto the dulefull deith was dicht;
The kingis chief banner-man was he,
A valiant man of chevalrie,
Quhas predecessors wan that place
At Spey, with gude king William 'fie,
'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

"Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
The much renownit laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was better sene,
Quhen they war scemblit all and sum;
To praise him we sould not be dumm,
For valour, witt, and worthynesse,
To end his days he ther did cum,
Quhois ransom is remeidyless.

"And thair the knicht of Lawriston
Was slain into his armour schene;
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Quha provest was of Aberdene;
The knicht of Panmure as was sene,
A mortal man in armour bricht;
Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
Left to the world their last gude nicht.

"Thair was not sic' king Keneth's days,
Sic strange intestine crywel stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
Quhair mony ilkie lost thair lyfe;
Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
And mony children fatherless,
Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe;
Lord, help these lands, our wrangs redress.—

"In July, on Saint James his even,
That four-and-twenty dismail day,
Twelve hundred, ten score, and eleven,
Of seirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say;
Men will remember as they may,
Quhen thus the veritie they knew;
And mony a ane may mern for ay,
The brim battil of the Harlaw."

The King's Daughter.

[Modern Ballad.—Henry Glassford Bell.]

It was a lord and a gentle maid
Sat in a greenwood bower,
And thus the brave Sir Alfred said
To the greenwood's fairest flower:—

"I have loved thee well, sweet Rosalie,—
With thee I could live and die;
But thou art a maid of low degree,
And of princely race am I.

"I have loved thee well, sweet Rosalie,
I have loved a year and a day;
But a different fate is in store for me,
And I must no longer stay.

"Thou art a cottage maiden, love,
And knew not thy own pedigree;
And I must marry the king's daughter,
For she is betrothed to me."

There was a smile on Rosalie's lip,
But a tear in her blue eye shone;
The smile was all for her lover's fate,
The tear purchance for her own.

And down fell her ringlets of chestnut hair,
Down in a shower of gold;
And she hid her face in her lover's arms,
With feelings best left untold.

Then slowly rose she in her bower,
With something of pride and scorn,
And she look'd like a tall and dewy flower
That lifts up its head to the morn.

She flung her golden ringlets aside,
And a deep blush crimson'd her cheek,—
"Heaven bless thee, Alfred, and thy young bride,
Heaven give you the joy you seek!

"Thou wert not born for a cottage, love,
Nor yet for a maiden of low degree;
Thou wilt find thy mate in the king's daughter—
Forgot and forgive thy Rosalie."

Sir Alfred has flung him upon his steed,
But he rides at a laggard pace;
Of the road he is travelling he takes no heed,
And a deadly paleness is on his face.

Sir Alfred has come to the king's palace,
And slowly Sir Alfred has lighted down;
Heavy'd when he thought of the king's daughter—
He sigh'd when he thought of her father's crown.

"Oh! that my home were the greenwood bower,
Under the shelter of the greenwood tree!
Oh! that my strength had been all my dower,
All my possessions Rosalie!"

Sir Alfred has entered the royal hall
'Midst a thousand nobles in rich array;
But he who was once more gay than all,
Has never, I ween, one word to say.

The king sat high on his royal throne,
Though his hairs were gray, his arm was strong,
"Good cousin," he said, in a jocund tone,
"Is it thou or thy steed that has stay'd so long?

"But it boots not now—Bring forth the bride!
Thou hast never yet my daughter seen;
A woeful fate it is thine to bide,
For her hair is red and her eyes are green!"

The bride came forth in a costly veil,
And nought of her face could Alfred see;
But his cheek grew yet more deadly pale,
And he fell down faltering upon his knee:

"Pardon! pardon! my liege, my king!
And let me speak while I yet am free;
But were she fair as the flowers of spring,
To your daughter I never can husband be."

Lightning flash'd from the king's fierce eye,
And thunder spoke in his angry tone,—
"Then the death of a traitor thou shalt die,
And thy marriage peal shall be torture's moan!"

"I never fear'd to die, Sir King,
But my plighted faith I fear to break;
I never fear'd the grave's deep rest,
But the pangs of conscience I fear to wake."

Out then spoke the king's daughter,
And haughtily spoke she,—
"If Sir Alfred is vow'd to another love,
He shall never be claim'd by me;—

"If Sir Alfred is vow'd to another love,
Why, let the knight go free;
Let him give his hand to his other love,
There are hundreds as good as he!"

With a careless touch she threw back her veil,
As if it by chance might be;
And who do you think was the king's daughter?—
His own—his long-loved Rosalie!

First he stood like a marble stone,
And she like a lily sweet,
Then a sunny smile o'er his features shone,
And then he was at her feet.

Earl Richard.

[From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. —"There are two ballads," says Sir Walter, "in Mr Herd's MSS. upon the following story, in one of which the unfortunate knight is termed Young Huntin. A fragment, containing, from the sixth to the tenth verse, has been repeatedly published. The best verses are here selected from both copies, and some trivial alterations have been adopted from tradition."]

"O LADY, rock never your young son young,
One hour langer for me;
For I have a sweetheart in Garlock Wells,
I love far better than thee.

"The very sole o' that lady's foot
Than thy face is far mair white."—
"But nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,
Ye will bide in my bower a' night?"

She bried him with the ale and wine,
As they sat down to sup:
A living man he laid him down,
But I wot he ne'er rose up.

Then up and spake the popinjay,
That flew aboun her head;
"Lady! keep weel your green cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid."

"O better I'll keep my green cleiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid,
Than thou canst keep thy clattering toung,
That trattles in thy head."

She has call'd upon her bower maidens,
She has call'd them ane by ane;
"There lies a dead man in my bower:
I wish that he were gane!"

They ha'e booted him, and spurred him,
As he was wont to ride;—
A hunting-horn tied round his waist,
A sharpe sword by his side;
And they ha'e had him to the wan water,
For a' men call it Clyde.

Then up and spoke the popinjay,
That sat upon the tree—
What ha'e ye done wi' Erl Richard?
Ye were his gay ladye."

"Come down, come down, my bonnie bird,
And sit upon my hand;
And thou shalt ha'e a cage o' gowd,
Where thou hast but the wand."

"Awa'! awa'! ye ill woman!
Nae cage o' gowd for me;
As ye ha'e done to Erl Richard,
Sae wad ye do to me."

She hadna cross'd a rigg o' land,
A rigg, but barely ane,
When she met wi' his auld father,
Came riding all alane.

"Where ha'e ye been now, ladye fair?
Where ha'e ye been sae late?"
"We ha'e been seeking Erl Richard,
But him we canna get."

"Erl Richard kens a' the fords in Clyde,
He'll ride them ane by ane,
And though the night was ne'er sae mirk,
Erl Richard will be hame."

O it fell anes, upon a day,
The king was boun' to ride;
And he has mist him, Erl Richard,
Should ha'e ridden on his right side.

The ladye turn'd her round about,
Wi' meikle mournfu' din—
"It fears me mair o' Clyde water,
That he is drown'd therein."

"Gar douk, gar douk," the king he cried,
"Gar douk for gold and fee;
O wha will douk for Erl Richard's sake,
Or wha will douk for me?"

They douked in at ae well-head,
And out aye at the other;
"We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,
Although he were our brother."

It fell that in that ladye's castle,
The king was boun' to bed;
And up and spake the popinjay,
That flew abune his head.

"Leave off your douking on the day,
And douk upon the night;
And where that sackless knight lies slain,
The candles will barn bright."

"O there's a bird within this bower,
That sings baith sad and sweet;
O there's a bird within your bower,
Keeps me frae my night's sleep."

They left the doulding on the day,
And doulded upon the night;
And, where that sackless knight lay slain,
The candles burned bright.*

The deepest pot in a' the linn,†
They laid Erl Richard in;
A greene turf tyed across his breast,
To keep that gade lord down.

Then up and spake the king himself,
When he saw the deadly wound—
"O wha has slain my right-hand man,
That held my hawk and hound?"

Then up and spake the popinjay,
Says—"What needs a' this din?
"It was his light leman took his life,
And hided him in the linn."

She swore her by the grass sae grene,
Sae did she by the corn,
She had na' seen him, Erl Richard,
Since Mondinday at morn.

"Put na the wite on me," she said;
"It was my may Catherine."
Then they ha'e cut baith fern and thorn,
To burn that maiden in.

It wadna take upon her cheik,
Nor yet upon her chin;
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,
To cleanse the deadly sin.

The maiden touched the clay-cauld corpse,
A drap it never bled;‡
The ladye laid her hand on him,
And soon the ground was red.

Out they ha'e ta'en her, may Catherine,
And put her mistress in:
The flame tulk fast upon her cheik,
Tulk fast upon her chin;
Tulk fast upon her faire bodye—
She burn'd like holline green.

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* These are unquestionably the corpse lights, called in Wales *Canwyllau Cyrph*, which are sometimes seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. The editor is informed, that, some years ago, the corpse of a man, drowned in the Ettrick, below Selkirk, was discovered by means of these candles. Such lights are common in church-yards, and are probably of a phosphoric nature. But rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes, that, as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house, in which the person had died, and glides towards the church-yard, tracing through every winding the root of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest. This and other opinions, relating to the "tomb-fires' livid gleam," seem to be of Celtic extraction.—*Scott.*

† The deep holes, scooped in the rock by the eddies of a river, are called *pots*; the motion of the water having there some resemblance to a boiling cauldron.—*Linn*, means the pool beneath a cataract.—*Scott.*

Lord William.

[" This ballad was communicated to me by Mr James Hogg; and, although it bears a strong resemblance to that of Earl Richard, so strong, indeed, as to warrant a supposition, that the one has been derived from the other, yet its intrinsic merit seems to warrant its insertion. Mr Hogg has added the following note, which,

‡ This verse, which is restored from tradition, refers to a superstition formerly received in most parts of Europe, and even resorted to by judicial authority, for the discovery of murder. In Germany, this experiment was called *bahr-recht*, or the law of the bier, because, the murdered body being stretched upon a bier, the suspected person was obliged to put one hand upon the wound, and the other upon the mouth of the deceased, and, in that posture, call upon heaven to attest his innocence. If, during this ceremony, the blood gushed from the mouth, nose, or wound, a circumstance not unlikely to happen in the course of shifting or stirring the body, it was held sufficient evidence of the guilt of the party. The same singular kind of evidence, although reprobated by Mathaeus and Carpzovius, was admitted in the Scottish criminal courts, at the short distance of one century.—*Scott.*

in the course of my inquiries, I have found amply corroborated.—' I am fully convinced of the antiquity of this song; for, although much of the language seems somewhat modernized, this must be attributed to its currency, being much liked, and very much sung in this neighbourhood. I can trace it back several generations, but cannot hear of its ever having been in print. I have never heard it with any considerable variation, save that one reciter called the dwelling of the feigned sweetheart, *Castlecaw*.']

Scott.

Lord William was the bravest knight
That dwalt in fair Scotland,
And though renowned in France and Spain,
Fell by a ladie's hand.

As she was walking maid alone,
Down by yon shady wood,
She heard a smit* o' bridle reine,
She wish'd might be for good.

"Come to my arms, my dear Willie,
You're welcome hame to me;
To best o' chear, and charcoal red,†
And candle burnin' free."

"I winna light, I darena light,
Nor come to your arms at a';
A fairer maid than ten o' you,
I'll meet at Castle-law."

"A fairer maid than me, Willie!
A fairer maid than me!
A fairer maid than ten o' me,
Your eyes did never see."

He louted owr his saddle lap,
To kiss her ere they part,
And wi' a little keen bodkin,
She pierced him to the heart.

"Ride on, ride on, lord William, now,
As fast as ye can dree!
Your bonnie lass at Castle-law
Will weary you to see."

Out up then spake a bonnie bird,
Sat high upon a tree,—
"How could you kill that noble lord?
He came to marry thee."

"Come down, come down, my bonnie bird,
And eat bread aff my hand!
Your cage shall be of wiry gold,
Wha' now it's but the wand."

"Keep ye your cage o' gold, lady,
And I will keep my tree;
As ye ha's done to lord William,
Sae wad ye do to me."

She set her foot on her door step,
A bonnie marble stane;
And carried him to her chamber,
O'er him to make her mane.

And she has kept that good lord's corpse
Three quarters of a year,
Until that word began to spread,
Then she began to fear.

Then she cried to her waiting maid,
Aye ready at her ca';
"There is a knight into my bower,
'Tis time he were awa."

The ane has ta'en him by the head,
The ither by the feet,
And thrown him in the wan water,
That ran baith wide and deep.

"Look back, look back, now, lady fair,
On him that lo'ed ye weel!
A better man than that blue corpse
Ne'er drew a sword of steel."

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* *Smit*—Clashing noise, from smite—hence also (*perhaps*) Smith and Smithy.—*Scott.*

† *Charcoal red*—This circumstance marks the antiquity of the poem. While wood was plenty in Scotland, charcoal was the usual fuel in the chambers of the wealthy.—*Scott.*

Reedisdale & Wise William.

[Fraser published in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, to which collection it was communicated by Mr P. Buchan.]

Wee Reedisdale and Wise William
Were drinking at the wine;
There fell a roosing them amang,
On an unruly time.

For some o' them ha'e roos'd their hawks,
And other some their hounds;
And other some their ladies fair,
And their bowers whare they walk'd in.

Then out it spake him Reediedale,
And a rash word spake he;
Says, "There is not a lady fair,
In bower wherever she be,
But I could aye her favour win,
Wi' an blink o' my e'e."

Then out it spake him, wise William,
And a rash word spake he;
Says, "I have a sister of my own,
In bower where ever she be,
And ye will not her favour win,
With three blinks of your e'e."

"What will ye wager, wise William?
My lands I'll wad with thee;"
"I'll wad my head against your land,
Till I get more monie."

Then Reediedale took wise William,
Laid him in prison strang;
That he might neither gang nor ride,
Nor no word to her send.

But he has written a braid letter,
Between the night and day,
And sent it to his own sister,
By dun feather and gray.

When she had read wise William's letter,
She smiled and she leugh;
Said, "Very well, my dear brother,
Of this I have enough."

She lookad out at her west window,
To see what she could see;
And there she spied him Reediedale,
Come riding over the lea.

Says, "Come to me, my maidens all,
Come hitherward to me;
For here it comes him Reediedale,
Who comes a-courting me."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me."
"Go from my yetts now, Reediedale,
For me you will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me;
And bonnie are the gowns of silk
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie gowns of silk,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reediedale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie jewels, brooches, and rings,
I will give unto thee."

"If you have bonnie brooches and rings,
O mine are bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reediedale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie are the ha's and bowers
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie ha's and bowers,
O mine are bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reediedale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie are my lands so broad,
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie lands so broad,
O mine are bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reediedale,
For me ye will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie are the bags of gold
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie bags of gold,
I have bags of the same;
Go from my yetts now, Reediedale,
For down I will not come."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see;
Or else I'll set your house on fire,
If better cannot be."

in the course of my inquiries, I have found amply corroborated.—' I am fully convinced of the antiquity of this song; for, although much of the language seems somewhat modernized, this must be attributed to its currency, being much liked, and very much sung in this neighbourhood. I can trace it back several generations, but cannot hear of its ever having been in print. I have never heard it with any considerable variation, save that one reciter called the dwelling of the faigned sweetheart, *Castlesma.*' "]

Scott.

Lord William was the bravest knight
That dwalt in fair Scotland,
And though renowned in France and Spain,
Fell by a ladie's hand.

As she was walking maid alone,
Down by yon shady wood,
She heard a smit* o' bridle reins,
She wish'd might be for good.

"Come to my arms, my dear Willie,
You're welcome hame to me;
To best o' chear, and charcoal red,†
And candle burnin' free."

"I winna light, I darena light,
Nor come to your arms at a';
A fairer maid than ten o' you,
I'll meet at Castle-law."

"A fairer maid than me, Willie!
A fairer maid than me!
A fairer maid than ten o' me,
Your eyes did never see."

He louted owr his saddle lap,
To kiss her ere they part,
And wi' a little keen bodkin,
she pierced him to the heart.

"Ride on, ride on, lord William, now,
As fast as ye can dree!
Your bonnie lass at Castle-law
Will weary you to see."

Out up then spake a bonnie bird,
Sat high upon a tree,—
"How could you kill that noble lord?
He came to marry thee."

"Come down, come down, my bonnie bird,
And eat bread aff my hand!
Your cage shall be of wiry gold,
Whar now it's but the wand."

"Keep ye your cage o' gold, lady,
And I will keep my tree;
As ye ha'e done to lord William,
Sae wad ye do to me."

She set her foot on her door step,
A bonnie marble stane;
And carried him to her chamber,
O'er him to make her mane.

And she has kept that good lord's corpse
Three quarters of a year,
Until that word began to spread,
Then she began to fear.

Then she cried to her waiting maid,
Aye ready at her ca';
"There is a knight into my bower,
'Tis time he were awa."

The ane has ta'en him by the head,
The ither by the feet,
And thrown him in the wan water,
That ran baith wide and deep.

"Look back, look back, now, lady fair,
On him that lo'ed ye weel!
A better man than that blue corpse
Ne'er drew a sword of steel."

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"I'll wad my head against your land,
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When she had read wise William's letter,
She smiled and she lough;
Said, "Very well, my dear brother,
Of this I have enough."

She looked out at her west window,
To see what she could see;
And there she spied him Reedisdale,
Come riding over the lea.

Says, "Come to me, my maidens all,
Come hitherward to me;
For here it comes him Reedisdale,
Who comes a-courting me."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me."
"Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me;
And bonnie are the gowns of silk
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie gowns of silk,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

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A sight of you I'll see;
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O mine are bonnie tee;
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One sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie are the ha's and bowers
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie ha's and bowers,
O mine are bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
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A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie are my lands so broad,
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie lands so broad,
O mine are bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me ye will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie are the bags of gold
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie bags of gold,
I have bags of the same;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For down I will not come.'

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see;
Or else I'll set your house on fire,
If better cannot be."

Then he has set the house on fire
And all the rest it take;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, "Alas! they'll ne'er get out."

"Look out, look out, my maidens fair,
And see what I do see;
How Reediedale has fired our house,
And now rides o'er the lea.

"Come hitherwards, my maidens fair,
Come hither unto me;
For thro' this reek, and thro' this smeek,
O through it we must be."

They took wet mantles them about,
Their coffers by the band;
And thro' the reek, and thro' the flame,
Alive they all have wan.

When they had got out through the fire,
And able all to stand;
She sent a maid to wise William,
To bruik Reediedale's land.

"Your land is mine now, Reediedale,
For I have won them free."
"If there is a gude woman in the world,
Your one sister is she."

Thomas o' Yonderdale.

[First published in Buchan's Ballads of the North.]

Lady Maisry lives intill a bower,
She never wore but what she would;
Her gowns were o' the silks sae fine,
Her coats stood up wi' bolts o' gold.

Mony a knight there courted her,
And gentlemen o' high degree;
But it was Thomas o' Yonderdale,
That gain'd the love o' this ladie.

Now he has hunted her till her bower,
Baith late at night, and the mid-day;
But when he stole her virgin rose,
Nae mair this maid he would come nigh.

But it fell ance upon a time,
Thomas, her bower he walked by,
There he saw her, lady Maisry,
Nursing her young son on her knee.

"O sail on you, my bonnie babe,
And lang may ye my comfort be;
Your father passes by our bower,
And now minds neither you nor me."

Now when Thomas heard her speak,
The saut tear trinkled frae his e'e;
To lady Maisry's bower he went,
Says, "Now I'm come to comfort thee."

"Is this the promise ye did make,
Last when I was in your companie?
You said before nine months were gane,
Your wedded wife that I should be."

"If Saturday be a bonnie day,
Then, my love, I maun sail the sea;
But if I live for to return,
O then, my love, I'll marry thee."

"I wish Saturday a stormy day,
High and stormy be the sea;
Ships may not sail, nor boats row,
But gar true Thomas stay wi' me."

Saturday was a bonnie day,
Fair and lessome blew the wind;
Ships did sail, and boats did row,
Which had true Thomas to unco ground.

He hadna been on unco ground,
A month, a month, but barely three,
Till he has courted another maid,
And quite forgotten lady Maisry.

As night as he lay on his bed,
In a dreary dream dreamed he,
That Maisry stood by his bedside,
Upbraiding him for's inconstancie.

He's call'd upon his little boy,
Says, "Bring me candle, that I see;
And ye maun gang this night, boy,
Wi' a letter to a gay ladie."

"It is my duty you to serve,
And bring you coal and candle light,
And I would rin your errand, master,
If 't were to lady Maisry bright.

"Though my legs were sair I couldna gang,
  Tho' the night were dark I couldna see,
Though I should creep on hands and feet,
  I would gae to Lady Maisry."

"Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
  And at my bidding for to be;
For ye maun quickly my errand rin,
  For it is to Lady Maisry.

"Ye'll bid her dress in the gowns o' silk,
  Likewise in the coats o' cramasie;
Ye'll bid her come along wi' you,
  True Thomas's wedding for to see.

"Ye'll bid her shoe her steed before,
  And a' gowd graithing him behind;
On ilka tip o' her horse mane,
  Twa bonnie bells to loudly ring.

"And on the tor o' her saddle,
  A courtly bird to sweetly sing,
Her bridle reins o' silver fine,
  And stirrups by her side to hing."

She dress'd her in the finest silk,
  Her coats were o' the cramasie;
And she's awa' to unco land,
  True Thomas's wedding for to see.

At ilka tippet o' her horse mane,
  Twa bonnie bells did loudly ring;
And on the tor o' her saddle,
  A courtly bird did sweetly sing.

The bells they rang, the bird he sang,
  As they rode in yon pleasant plain;
Then soon she met true Thomas's bride,
  Wi' a' her maidens and young men.

The bride she garned round about,
  "I wonder," said she, "who this may be?
It surely is our Scottish queen,
  Come here our wedding for to see."

Out it spake true Thomas's boy,
  "She mauna lift her head sae hie;
But it's true Thomas's first love,
  Come here your wedding for to see."

Then out bespake true Thomas's bride,
  I wyte the tear did blind her e'e;
"If this be Thomas's first true love,
  I'm sair afraid he'll ne'er ha'e me."

Then in it came her Lady Maisry,
  And aye as she trips in the floor;
"What is your will, Thomas," she said,
  "This day, ye know, ye call'd me here?"

"Come hither by me, ye lily flower,
  Come hither, and set ye down by me;
For ye're the ane I've call'd upon,
  And ye my wedded wife maun be."

Then in it came true Thomas's bride,
  And aye as she tripp'd on the stane;
"What is your will, Thomas," she said,
  "This day, ye know, ye call'd me hame?"

"Ye ha'e come on hired horseback,
  But ye'se gae hame in coach sae free,
For here's the flower into my bower,
  I mean my wedded wife shall be."

"O ye will break your lands, Thomas,
  And part them in divisions three;
Gi'e twa o' them to your as brother,
  And cause your brother marry me."

"I winna break my lands," he said,
  "For ony woman that I see;
My brother's a knight o' wealth and might,
  He'll wed nane but he will for me."

Earl Crawford.

[From Buchan's Ballads of the North.]

"O we were seven bonnie sisters,
  As fair women as fair could be,
And some got lairds, and some got lords,
  And some got knights o' high degree;
When I was married to Earl Crawford,
  This was the fate that befell to me.

"When we had been married for some time,
  We walked in our garden green;
And aye he clapp'd his young son's head,
  And aye he made sae much o' him.

"I turn'd me right and round about,
  And aye the blythe blink in my e'e;
Ye think as much o' your young son
  As ye do o' my fair body.

"What need ye clap your young son's head,
What need ye make so much o' him?
What need ye clap your young son's head?
I'm sure ye gotna him your lane."

"O if I gotna him my lane,
Show here the man that helped me;
And for these words your ain mouth spoke,
Heir o' my land he ne'er shall be."

He call'd upon his stable groom,
To come to him right speedilie;
"Gae saddle a steed to Lady Crawford,
Be sure ye do it hastilie.

"Hie bridle gilt wi' gude red gowd,
That it may glitter in her e'e;
And send her on to bonnie Stobha',
All her relations for to see."

Her mother lay o'er the castle wa',
And she beheld baith dale and down
And she beheld her, Lady Crawford,
As she came riding to the town.

"Come here, come here, my husband dear,
This day ye see not what I see;
For here there comes her, Lady Crawford,
Riding alane upon the lea."

When she came to her father's yates,
She tirled gently at the pin;
"If ye sleep, awake, my mother dear,
Ye'll rise lat Lady Crawford in."

"What news, what news, ye Lady Crawford,
That ye come here so hastilie?"
"Bad news, bad news, my mother dear,
For my gude lord's forsaken me."

"O wae's me for you, Lady Crawford,
This is a dowie tale to me;
Alas! you were too young married,
To tacle sic cross and misery."

"O had your tongue, my mother dear,
And ye'll lat a' your folly be;
It was a word my merry mouth spake,
That sinder'd my gude lord and me."

Out it spake her brither then,
Aye as he stept ben the floor;
"My sister Lillie was but eighteen years
When Earl Crawford wrong'd her sore.

"But had your tongue, my sister dear,
And ye'll lat a' your mourning bee;
I'll wed you to as fine a knight,
That is nine times as rich as hee."

"O hand your tongue, my brither dear,
And ye'll lat a' your folly bee;
I'd rather yse kiss o' Crawford's mouth
Than a' his gowd and white monie.

"But saddle to me my riding steed,
And see him saddled speedilie;
And I will on to Earl Crawford's,
And see if he will pity me."

Earl Crawford lay o'er castle wa',
And he beheld baith dale and down;
And he beheld her, Lady Crawford,
As she came riding to the town.

He called ane o' his livery men
To come to him right speedilie;
"Gae shut my yates, gae steek my doors,
Keep Lady Crawford out frae me."

When she came to Earl Crawford's yates,
She tirled gently at the pin;
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Earl Crawford,
Ye'll open, lat Lady Crawford in.

"Come down, come down, O Earl Crawford,
And speak some comfort unto me;
And if ye winna come yourself,
Ye'll send your gentleman to me."

"Indeed, I winna come myself,
Nor send my gentleman to thee;
For I tauld you when we did part
Nae mair my spouse ye'd ever bee."

She laid her mouth then to the yates,
And aye the tears drapt frae her e'e;
Says, "Fare-ye-well, Earl Crawford's yates
You, again, I'll nae mair see."

Earl Crawford call'd on his stable groom
To come to him right speedilie;
And me did he his waiting man,
That did attend his fair bodie.

"Ye will gae saddle for me my steed,
And see and saddle him speedilie;
And I'll gang to the Lady Crawford,
And see if she will pity me."

Lady Crawford lay o'er castle wa',
And she beheld baith dale and down;
And she beheld him, Earl Crawford,
As he came riding to the town.

Then she has call'd ane o' her maids
To come to her right speedilie;
"Gae shut my yates, gae steek my doors,
Keep Earl Crawford out frae me."

When he came to Lady Crawford's yates,
He tirled gently at the pin;
"Sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Crawford,
Ye'll rise and let Earl Crawford in.

"Come down, come down, O Lady Crawford,
Come down, come down, and speak wi' me;
And gin ye winna come yoursel',
Ye'll send your waiting-maid to me."

"Indeed I winna come myself,
Nor send my waiting-maid to thee;
Sae take your ain words hame again
At Crawford castle ye tauld me.

"O mother dear gae make my bed,
And ye will make it saft and soun',
And turn my face unto the west,
That I nae mair may see the sun."

Her mother she did make her bed,
And she did make it saft and soun';
True were the words fair Lillie spake,
Her lovely eyes ne'er saw the sun.

The Earl Crawford mounted his steed,
Wi' sorrows great he did ride hame;
But ere the morning sun appear'd,
This fine lord was dead and gane.

Then on a'e night this couple died,
And baith were buried in a'e tomb;
Let this a warning be to all,
Their pride may not bring them low down.

John Thomson & the Turk.

[" This curious ballad is of respectable antiquity. Dunbar has written a piece entitled 'Prayer that the King war John Thomsoun's man,' the 4th line of each stanza being 'God gif ye war John Thomsoun, man!' In his note on this poem, Mr Pinkerton says: 'This is a proverbial expression, meaning a hen-pecked husband. I have little doubt but the original proverb was *Jean Thomson's man*; *man*, in Scotland, signifies either *husband* or *servant*.' Pinkerton was ignorant of the existence of the ballad: had he been acquainted with it, he would have saved himself the trouble of writing a foolish conjecture. Colville in his Whig's Supplication, or the Scotch Hudibras, alludes twice to John Thomson:

'We read in greatest warriors' lives,
They oft were ruled by their wives, &c.
And so the imperious Romans
Made the great Turk Johnie Thomson's man.'

again,

'—— And these we ken,
Have ever been John Thomson's men,
That is still ruled by their wives.'

"Pennicuick, in his Linton address to the Prince of Orange, also alludes to the proverbial expression—

'Our Lintoun wives shall blaw the coal,
And women here, as weel we ken,
Would have us all John Thomson's men.'

"Two or three stanzas of the ballad were known to Dr Leyden when he published his addition of the Complaynt of Scotland. These he has given in the glossary appended to that work.

"In Kelly's proverbs, London, 1721, there is this notice of the proverb—'Better be John Thomson's man than Ringan Dinn's or John Knox's,' and Kelly gives this gloss, 'John Thomson's man is he that is complaisant to his wife's humours, Ringan Dinns is he whom his wife scolds, John Knox's is he whom his wife beats.' In the west country, my friend, Mr A. Crawford, informs me that when a company are sitting together, sociably, and a neighbour drops in, it is usual to welcome him thus:—'Come awa', we're a' John Tamson's bairns.'

"There is a song about John Tamson's wallet, but whether this was the Palmer's scrip, which the hero of the ballad must have borne, I know not. All that I have heard concerning the wallet is contained in these two verses:

'John Tamson's wallet frae end to end,
John Tamson's wallet frae end to end;
And what was in't ye fain would ken,
Whigmaleerie for women and men.

About his wallet there was a dispute,
Some said it was made o' the skin o' a brute,
But I believe it's made o' the best o' bend,
John Tamson's wallet's free end to end.'

There is a nursery ryme which runs thus:

'John Tamson and his man
To the town ran;
They bought and they sold
And the penny down told.
The kirk was auc,
The quire was twa;
They gied a sheip,
And cam' awa'.'

And this exhausts all I know respecting this worthy warrior."—*Motherwell.*]

JOHN Thomson fought against the Turks
Three years, intill a far countrie;
And all that time and something mair,
Was absent from his gay ladie.

But it fell ance upon a time,
As this young chieftain sat alane,
He spied his lady in rich array,
As she walk'd ower a rural plain.

"What brought ye here, my lady gay,
So far awa' from your ain countrie?
I've thought lang, and very lang,
And all for your fair face to see."

For some days she did with him stay,
Till it fell ance upon a day,
"Farewel, for a time," she said,
"For now I must boun hame away."

He's gi'en to her a jewel fine,
Was set with pearl and precious stane;
Says, "My love beware of these savages bold,
That's in your way as ye gang hame.

"Ye'll tak' the road, my lady fair,
That leads you fair across the lea:
That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,
And likewise from base Violentrie."

Wi' heavy heart thir twa did pairt,
She mistet as she wald gae hame;
Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,
But to base Violentrie she's gane.

When a twelvemonth had expired,
John Thomson he thought wond'rous lang,
And he has written a braid letter,
And sealed it weel wi' his ain hand.

He sent it with a small vessel
That there was quickly gaun to sea;
And sent it on to fair Scotland,
To see about his gay ladie.

But the answer he received again—
The lines did grieve his heart right sair:
Nane of her friends there had her seen,
For a twelvemonth and something mair.

Then he put on a palmer's weed,
And took a pike-staff in his hand;
To Violentrie's castell he bied,
But slowly slowly he did gang.

When within the hall he came,
He jooked and cooch'd out ower his tree—
"If ye be lady of this hall,
Some of your good bountith gi'e me."

"What news, what news, palmer," she said,
"And from what countrie cam' ye?"
"I'm lately come from Grecian plains,
Where lies some of the Scots armie."

"If ye be come from Grecian plains,
Some mair news I will ask of thee—
Of one of the chieftains that lies there,
If he has lately seen his gay ladie."

"It is twa months and something mair,
Since we did pairt on yonder plain;
And now this knight has began to fear
One of his foes he has her ta'en."

"He has not ta'en me by force nor slight,
It was a' by my ain free will;
He may tarry into the fight,
For here I mean to tarry still.

"And if John Thomson ye do see,
Tell him I wish him silent sleep;
His head was not so easiely,
Nor yet sae weel as lies at my feet."

With that he threw aff his strange disguise,
Laid by the mask that he had on;
Said, "Hide me now, my lady fair,
For Violentrie will soon be hame."

"For the love I bore thee ance,
I'll strive to hide you if I can."
Then she put him down in a dark cellar,
Where there lay many a new-slain man.

But he hadna in the cellar been,
Not an hour but barely three,
Then hideous was the noise he heard,
When in at the gate cam' Violentrie.

Says, "I wish you well, my lady fair,
Its time for us to sit to dine;
Come, serve me with the good white bread,
And likewise with the claret wine.

"That Scots chieftain, our mortal foe,
Sae aft frae field has made us flee,
Ten thousand sechins this day I'll give
That I his face could only see."

"Of that same gift wald you give me,
If I wald bring him unto thee?
I fairly hold you at your word—
Come hen John Thomson to my lord."

Then from the vault John Thomson came,
Wringing his hands most piteously,
"What wouldst ye do," the Turk he cried,
"If ye had me as I ha'e thee?"

"If I had you as ye have me,
I'll tell ye what I'd do to thee;
I'd hang you up in good green wood,
And cause your ain hand wale the tree.

"I meant to stick you with my knife
For kissing my beloved ladie"—
"But that same wood ye've shaped for me,
It quickly shall be sewed for thee."

Then to the wood they baith are gane;
John Thomson clamb frae tree to tree;
And aye he sighed and said, "och hone,
Here comes the day that I must die."

He tied a ribbon on every branch,
Put up a flag his man might see;
But little did his fause foes hen
He meant them any injurie.

He set his horn unto his mouth,
And he has blawn baith loud and schill:
And then three thousand armed men
Cam' tripping all out ower the hill.

"Deliver us, our chief," they all did cry,
"Its by our hand that ye must die;"
"Here is your chief," the Turk replied,
With that fell on his bended knee.

"O mercy, mercy, good fellows all,
Mercy, I pray you'll grant to me;"
"Such mercy as ye meant to give,
Such mercy we shall give to thee."

This Turk they in his castel burnt,
That stood upon yon hill so hie;
John Thomson's gay ladie they took
And hang'd her on yon greenwood tree!

Earl Lindsaye.

[Mournfu Ballad.—By John Nevay.—It is well known in the north, that a deadly feud existed between the Lindsays and Ogilvies. The story in the present ballad is an episode in the history of the rival houses.]

Where, in yon dark-red mouldering towers,
By Lemla's muddy bourne,
The fierce Lindsaye, with feudal sway,
Made many a vassal mourn,

Behind Phinaven's fir-crown'd hill
A shepherd's shieling stood;
And with him wonn'd his shepherdess,
His Marion, fair and good.

To sing the lovely maiden's charms
Foil'd every minstrel's skill;
And legend says—there ne'er was lass
Like Marion of the hill!

No marvel then that she should be
Her father's joy and pride;
And though he wish'd, yet much he fear'd
To see his child a bride.

Blythe tended she her happy flock
On yon green sunny brae;
Blythe walk'd in harvest on yon hill
To pull the berries blae.

Oft by the fount, that from the rock
Still trickles cool and clear,
She sat and sang till echoes rang,
Which she much liked to hear.

Earl Lindsaye, there, oft saw the fair
As he rode hunting by;
And he would leave the knights and 'squires,
With passion in his eye—

"O, by the rood! I have not seen,
Amang our damsels bright,
Such eyne as these, so formed to please,
And give an earl delight!"

The maiden blushed, and fixed her eyes
On the young gowan's flower:
Her heart was innocent as it,
And fear'd no earthly power.

The earl rode on, and to the chase,
Still he on Marion thought;
But dark his soul, as were his looks,
He set that soul to plot.

He loved no one upon the earth,
And no one e'er loved him;
Even his own children, when they durst,
Would shun his presence grim!

None on the earth he fear'd but one—
The widow of the den!
He thought she was a midnight witch
To weird the fate of men.

She was a spinster of the sun,
And 'rose with morning wan;
Fine, as the gossamer, the threads
Her bonnie fingers span.

As the earl rode by the hovel door
To hunt the love-eyed stag,
A feigned smile trembled in his eye
To the supposed hag.

With fear he mark'd her small grey eyne;
And if their look was bland,
He rode; and many an antler bright
That day lay on the land!

But should his black steed halt and snort,
His hounds howl as they pass'd,
Back to his gloomy towers he sped,
Lest he, by cantrip-cast,

Might o'er yon dizzy craig be flung,
Mangled among the gorse!
Nor vain his fears—old Janet had
For him a secret curse.

Young Duncan was the widow's son;
He loved the shepherd's child;
And he was blest as blest could be
When Marion on him smiled.

To win the simple maiden's heart
No artful wiles had he;
His love for her was warm and true
As sunshine to the tree.

And he would chase the fox and wolf
That took her lambs away;
And on the hill the adder kill
That in her flower-path lay.

And he would tear the eagle from
His eyry on the rock,
And lay him stretch'd before his love,
Beside her bleating flock.

From infancy he was inured
To sun-heat, and to storm;
A muscular and stalwart youth,
Firm as the oak his form.

His arm was strength, his foot was speed,
His heart truth's purest glow;
Uncap'd he went; and on the heat
He oft outran the roe!

Yea, by the antlers he would take
The irritated stag;
And from his keep, in forest deep,
The desert's idol drag!

Yet, though in strength a Hercules,
He, as the kid, was meek,—
Knew not to boast,—good-natured still,
And helper of the weak.

His dam, with a peculiar love,
Loved her gallant boy;
In him she saw his father's strength,
His kindness, and his joy.

She knew he was her champion
To avenge the wrongs of three—
Himself, his mother—father too,
Who died on gallows-tree.

Earl Lindsaye plotted day and night,
In tower, and forest wild,
How he could snare, to his foul lair,
The shepherd's lovely child.

At last his heart devised an art,
A witching scheme, and rare:
He had a harper of such power,
It joy gave to despair!

Young Marion loved the lark's love-song,
  Loved all the woodland quire;
But she had never heard the harp
  Whose strains the soul inspire!

'Twixt Cathaw and his brother-alp
  Shone eve's mild-raying sun;
And there was a soft golden light
  On vale and mountain dun.

Pean'd was the flock—her care and joy;
  And, with her own fair lamb,
Adown the footpath midst the broom,
  When all things breathed of balm,

The maiden took her vesper walk;
  The breeze was lull'd to sleep,
And even the aspen rustled not;
  With soft and silvery sweep

The Esk was scarcely heard to flow;
  While, on her raptured ear,
Fell strain so sweet, so bland, so pure,
  It seem'd from heavenly sphere!

She paused—she listened; it was gone!
  And she resumed her walk:
"O, could I hear that strain again!"
  Was Marion's mental talk.

Of fays and fairies she had heard,
  Of their music sweet and bland;
It, haply, might be them, she thought,
  From happy fairy-land.

'Twas play'd again—and sweeter still
  The fascinating air!
'Twas in the wood, not distant far,
  And Marion entered there.

The summer sun, with setting beam,
  On the green trees shone bright;
Her sylvan path was green and gold,
  And music gave delight.

The damsel laid her down to rest,
  So charm'd, she almost wept!
The siren-harp play'd on and on—
  Her heart o'erpower'd, she slept!

For this the tyrant's vassal-slaves
  Prepared had daily been:—
On cider-couch they bore her through
  The forest's deep serene.

Seen in the castle's gayest bower,
  And on the softest couch,
The sleeping shepherdess was laid;
  But no rude hand dare touch,—

For, over sacred innocence
  May guardian angel be;
While guilt in his own snare is caught,
  His own ill destiny.

The shepherd's daughter-child is lost;
  And well might he surmise,
That she is in Earl Lindsaye's power,
  And sad in secret sighs.

Now should he dare his plaint to make,
  The pit, the axe, and block,—
The dungeon-cell, and gibbet-tree,
  His misery would mock!

He left his shieling,—left his flock
  On the green hills to stray:
His faithful dog tended the sheep
  For two nights and a day.

Meanwhile, young Duncan dearn'd the wood,
  And den and cave search'd he;
Ah! he but found his Marion's lamb
  Under the greenwood tree.

He claspt it in his arms, and took
  The silent mourner home:
"O, now my mother! feed this lamb,
  For I again must roam!"

"My boy," she said, "I gang wi' thee;
  We'll seek the tint thegither;
She is thy love, she eke is mine,
  An' she loved me as a mither."

Away, between the light and dark,
  The son and mother went;
And long ere yet the sun was in
  The mist-veiled firmament,

By Lemla's sluggish stream they stood,
  Beneath the fatal tree,
Whereon the husband—father died,
  But not for felony.

"Look up, my boy! there is the tower
  That choked thy father's breath!
Hew down that branch! for it maun help
  To do a deed of death!

"By dawn o' morn, Earl Lindsaye took
Your father frae my side,
Because I wadna gair his lust
Whan I was a young bride.

"He hangit your father on that tree,
Wi' this same widdie-raip;
The bloody Earl stood by the while,
An' leugh at his death-gaip!

"Thy heart is bald, thy arm is strang
To wield this rang o' aik;
Beneath this tree, then, swear to me,
Earl Lindsaye's life to take."

An uncouth laugh burst from his heart,
Then he his mother kiss'd:
"That I will do, my mother dear,
Or may I ne'er be blest!"

The curse was out! the murderer's days
Were numbered on the spot.
The son and mother went their way
To their secluded cot.

The mist-cloud, floating o'er the vale,
Seemed an aerial lake;
While on the dark blue hills afar
The sun was seen to break.

Up 'rose the hernes; anon the reek
From many a hut 'gan curl;
The strong and lusty steers were yoked
By the bare-headed churl.

Far west the hill a horn was blown,
Till strath and mountain rang;
Another from Phinaven's towers
Answer'd with sullen twang.

Earl Lindsaye heard, and curl'd his lip—
He knew the distant horn;
And there were din and hurry in
Phinaven's towers that morn:

The clasping of mailly armour on,
And girding of glaive and sword;
The warders trode, the Lindsayes rode
O'er dyke, and ditch, and ford.

First on the green, in his clotted mail,
Earl Lindsaye stood, with his black blood-hound;
He cursed the groom for a lazy loon,
And fell'd the caitiff to the ground!

He chid the sun as his rising ray
Play'd on his visage dark,
He fix'd his steel cap on his brow,
And cursed the cheerful lark!

The Lindsayes gather'd fast and strong
On the smooth bowling-park:
Their lib was foud, and they joy'd in blood—
Their hearts and hornes were dark.

In breathless haste came from the west
A simple peasant man:
"Earl Airly is on Phinaven's hill,
Wi' his brave hielan' clan."

A cloud came o'er Earl Lindsaye's brow
That struck the kerne with dread:
"Now give the coward loon a groat,
—But see you take his head!"

Loud from the western bartizan,
The warder blew his horn;
Answered another from the hill,
Bold sounding scorn for scorn.

With Airly and his merry knights
The good old shepherd stood;
He had sought their aid to retrieve the maid—
His Marion fair and good.

Many and oft have sought the aid
Of the noble Ogilvie,
Nor sought in vain—if gold or steel
The applicant can five.

Young Duncan 's out, the mother, too,
Her silvan hovel leaves.
"Revenge! revenge!" she cried, and fired
The dark hut's broomy eaves.

Quick spread the flame! the rafters crack'd
The wind burst from its cloud;
It caught the blaze and fired the trees;—
The widow laugh'd aloud!

Thick from the den the adders sprang
Across the beaten path;
Up rode the Lindsays-clan, and saw
The weird-hag in her wrath!

Her snakes twined round the black blood-hound,
And stung him to the death!
"Next Lindsaye dies!" the widow cries,
"Follow me to the heath!"

But, a stern Scot, his heart quail'd not:
  "Come on, brave knights! with me;
I have the will, but cannot kill
  That hag of deviltry!"

The chase was o'er: twa stags had bled,
  And red were horse and man;
Rode up the Good and valiant knights,
  With Airly in the van.

Arrayed they stood in bitter feud,
  And burning clan view'd clan;
While Airly spoke: "Lord Lindsaye! dost
  Thou ken this good old man?

"Know'st thou of his lost daughter fair?
  If aught be in thy power,
Restore her to her father's heart
  Within this very hour!"

"Ha! ha! 'tis easy so to vaunt!
  I love the peasant-girl.
Proud Ogilvie! be thine the plea
  Of the old craven churl."

"Lord Lindsaye I nor hate nor fear;
  Justice and God our word.
Come on with me, my chivalry!
  A good cause wheets the sword."

Quick as the red bolt from the cloud
  Flash'd glaive and sword from sheath!
While mid the host the weird crone rushed,
  And gave a pause to death.

"Yet hear my prayer, thou murderer!
  My curse be on thy head!
Thou shalt not die but by his hand
  Whom thou an orphan made!"

As hounds the lion from the copse,
  Young Duncan forward rushed!
Thus challenged by a peasant youth,
  Blood-red the Lindsaye blushed.

Now Airly's kinsmen laugh'd outright
  The unequal match to see;
Which blew the fire of Lindsaye's ire
  Against the Ogilvie.

"Come down, Earl Lindsaye!" Duncan cried,
  "An' shake a paw wi' me!
Och! gin ye winna wi' gude will,
  I'll help my lord a wee."

By hoof and fetlock Duncan grasp'd
  Earl Lindsaye's foaming steed—
Down horse and rider came! The knights
  All mute beheld the deed.

"Now draw the Tiger-Earl's braid sword
  Against mine aiken rung!
Ken ye this twig, ye murderer?
  On it my dad ye hung.

"On thee will I avenge his death,
  His wraith now gi'es me strength!"
He struck Earl Lindsaye's flashing blade—
  A yard fell from its length.

"Fling owre the craig that broken thing,
  As I toss my staff o' aik;
Now you or I maun follow it
  For my murdered father's sake!"

And now they grappled stiff and stern—
  They knew 'twas life or death;
But Duncan's hand was like a vice,
  His foot strong on the heath.

Like friends they hug, like fiends they tug,
  And still, as bull-dogs, mute;
Till on the precipice is placed
  Earl Lindsaye's trembling foot!

Now bend they o'er the fearful crag—
  Full forty fathoms deep!
As if from hell the witch did yell,
  And sprang toward the steep!

One o'er the brink is toppled down,
  The crash sounds horridly!
A shiver thrills the stoutest heart;
  The Lindsayes turn and flee.

The widow howl'd an eldritch laugh,
  Then wept for very joy;
She thanked God; she clasp't her son,
  And call'd him gallant boy.

"Now will your father's spirit rest;
  Now we ha's won his love;
Nae mair he'll haunt the den unblest,
  But fly in his cloud above!"

In durance-bower the shepherd's flower
  Lone drooping sheds the tear;
The lover-youth, through ways uncouth
  Runs quick as hunted deer.

The Lindsayes sly, in ambush lie:
  "He comes!" they softly cried
Six arrows stuck round Duncan's heart!
  He jump'd—he fell—and died.

Earl Airly, with his gallant knights,
  Stands by the castle-wall:
By noble deed the maid is freed,—
  She saw the Lindsayes fall.

Airly, the grateful blushing maid,
  To her glad father gave;
He on his knee blest the Ogilvie,
  The generous and the brave.

"Now drive your flocks to Airly's hills,
  And tend them there in peace;
And from this hour may tyrant power
  For aye in Scotland cease."

"Haste! burn that clog and bloody axe,
  And shut that hell of death!
That block no more shall drink man's gore,
  That dark pond drown his breath!"

So Airly spoke; then turned his steed
  From many a horrid sight.
The battle won, o'er vale and dun
  Rode he with squire and knight.

From war's alarms to love's soft charms
  Lady Airly hail'd her lord;
And with her fair hand wreathed green bays
  Around the chieftain's sword.

In Airly's halls, in wassail glee,
  Is held the festal night;
Along the hills the pibroch trills,
  The Highland chief's delight.

And in the hall the festival
  Is cheer'd by many a string:
"In social life forget the strife,"
  The wine-joy'd minstrels sing.

The Orphan Maid.

[From "A Legend of Montrose," where it is said to be a translation from the Gaelic, with, perhaps, about the same truth as Ossian is a translation.]

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
  November's sunbeam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
  When forth comes lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
  Her arms, her feet, were bare,
The hail-drops had not melted yet,
  Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the ties
  That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,
  Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's state
  Is hard and sad to bear,
Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate,
  Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,
  Since when from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
  Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has born,"
  The wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St Bridget's morn
  Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St Bridget sent no scaly spoil;—
  An infant, wellnigh dead,
They saved, and rear'd in want and toil,
  To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kiss'd—
  "My husband's looks you bear;
St Bridget and her morn be bless'd!
  You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
  In silk and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail
  Are glistening in her hair.

Through the Wood.

[Modern Ballad.—William Anderson.]

Through the wood, through the wood,
  Warbles the merle!

Through the wood, through the wood,
Gallops the earl!
Yet he heeds not its song
As it sinks on his ear,
For he lists to a voice
Than its music more dear.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Once and away,
The castle is gain'd,
And the lady is gay.
When her smile waxes sad,
And her eyes become dim;
Her bosom is glad,
If she gazes on him!

Through the wood, through the wood,
Over the wold,
Rides onward a band
Of true warriors bold:
They stop not for forest,
They halt not for water;
Their chieftain in sorrow
Is seeking his daughter.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle;
Through the wood, through the wood,
Frances the earl;
And on a gay palfrey
Comes pacing his bride;
While an old man sits smiling,
In joy, by her side.

The two Brothers.

["THE domestic tragedy which this affecting ballad commemorates is not without a precedent in real history; nay, we are almost inclined to believe that it originated in the following melancholy event.—

"'This year, 1589, in the moneth of July, ther falls out a sad accident, as a further warneing that God was displeased with the familie. The Lord Sommervill haveing come from Cowthally, earlie in the morning, in regard the weather was hott, he had ridden hard to be at the Drum be ten a clock, which having done, he laid him down to rest. The servant, with his two sones, William Master of Sommervill, and John his brother, went with the horses to ane shott of land, called the Prety Shott, directly opposite the front of the house where there was some meadow ground for grassing the horses, and willowes to shadow themselves from the heat. They had not long continued in this place, when the Master of Somervill after some litle rest awakeing from his sleep and finding his pistolles that lay hard by him wett with the dew he began to rub and dry them, when unhappily one of them went off the ratch, being lying upon his knee, and the mussl turned side-ways, the ball stroche his brother John directly in the head, and killed him outright, soe that his sorrowful brother never had one word from him, albeit he bagged it with many teares.'—Memorie of the Somervilles, Vol. 1. p. 467.

"The reader will find in the first volume of 'Popular Ballads and Songs' another edition of this ballad, which, in point of merit, is perhaps superior to the present copy. The third stanza of that edition was however imperfect, and the ingenious editor, Mr Jamieson, has supplied four lines to render it complete. Excellent though his interpolations generally are, it will be seen that, in this instance, he has quite misconceived the scope and tendency of the piece on which he was working, and in consequence has supplied a reading with which the rest of his own copy is at complete variance, and which at same time sweeps away the deep impression this simple ballad would otherwise have made upon the feelings; for it is almost unnecessary to mention that its touching interest is made to centre in the boundless sorrow, and careless remorse, of him who had been the unintentional cause of his brother's death—and in the solicitude which that high-minded and generous spirit expresses, even in the last agonies of nature, for the safety and fortunes of the truly wretched and unhappy survivor. Mr Jamieson's addition is given below.*—By that addition this ballad has been altered in one of its most distinctive and essen-

* "The addition to the stanza in question is inclosed by crotchets.

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
The lee lang summer's day;
[And nane was near to part the strife
That rose atween them tway,
Till out and Willie's drawn the sword,
And dod his brother slay."]—Motherwell.

tial features; hence the present copy, which preserves the genuine reading in the stanza referred to, though it might have derived considerable improvements in other particulars from the one given by Mr Jamieson, has, on the whole, been preferred."—*Motherwell.*]

THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa'—
"It's will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba',
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,
And there we'll warsell a fa'."

"I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at the ba',
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll warsel a fa'."

They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of William's pouch,
And gave John a deadly wound.

"O lift me upon your back,
Take me to yon well fair;
And wash my bloody wounds o'er and o'er,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta'en him to yon well fair;
He's wash'd his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak' ye aff my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's taken aff his Holland sark,
And torn it gair by gair;
He's rowit it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak' now aff my green clelding,
And row me saftly in;
And tak' me up to yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

He's taken aff the green clelding,
And rowed him saftly in;
He's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.

"What will ye say to your father dear
When ye gae hame at e'en?"
"I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

"O no, O no, my brother dear,
O you must not say so;
But say that I'm gane to a foreign land,
Whare nae man dose me know."

When he sat in his father's chair
He grew baith pale and wan.
"O what blude's that upon your brow?
O dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude o' my gude gray steed,
He wadna ride wi' me."

"O thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me:
O what blude's this upon your cheek?
O dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wadna hunt for me."

"O thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me:
O what blude's this upon your hand?
O dear son tell to me."
"It is the blude of my gay goss hawk,
He wadna flee for me."

"O thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me:
O what blude's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"It is the blude of my ae brother,
O dule and wae is me."

"O what will ye say to your father?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"I'll saddle my steed, and awa' I'll ride
To dwell in some far countrie."

"O when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie tell to me."
"When sun and mune leap on yon hill,
And that will never be."

She turn'd herself right round about,
And her heart burst into three:
"My ae best son is deid and gane,
And my tother ane I'll ne'er see."

The two Magicians.

[First printed in Mr Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs.]

Tam lady stands in her bower door,
As straight as a willow wand;
The blacksmith stood a little forebye,
Wi' hammer in his hand.

"Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,
Into your robes o' red,
Before the morn at this same time,
I'll loose your silken snood."

"Awa', awa', ye coal-black smith,
Would ye do me the wrang,
To think to gain my virgin love,
That I ha'e kept sae lang?"

Then she has hadden up her hand,
And she swore by the mold,
"I wu'dna be a blacksmith's wife,
For the fall o' a chest o' gold.

"I'd rather I were dead and gone,
And my body laid in grave,
Ere a rusty stock o' coal-black smith,
My virgin love should have."

But he has hadden up his hand,
And he swore by the mass,
I'll cause ye be my light leman,
For the hauf o' that and less.

Chorus.

O bide, lady, bide,
And aye he bade her bide
The rusty smith your leman shall be,
For a' your muckle pride.

Then she became a turtle dow,
To fly up in the air;
And he became another dow,
And they flew pair and pair.
O bide, lady, &c.

She turn'd herself into an eel,
To swim into yon burn;
And he became a speckled trout,
To gi'e the eel a turn.
O bide, lady, &c.

Then she became a duck, a duck,
Upon a reedy lake;
And the smith wi' her to soom or dive,
Became a rose-kaim'd drake.
O bide, lady, &c.

She turn'd herself into a hare,
To rin ower hill and hollow,
And he became a gude grey hound,
And boldly he did follow.
O bide, lady, &c.

Then she became a gay grey mare,
And stood in yonder slack;
And he became a gilt saddle,
And sat upon her back.

Chorus.

Was she wae, he held her sae,
And still he bade her bide;
The rusty smith her leman was,
For a' her muckle pride.

Then she became a hot girdle,
And he became a cake;
And a' the ways she turn'd herself,
The blacksmith was her make.
Was she wae, &c.

She turn'd herself into a ship,
To sail out ower the flood;
He ca'ed a nail intill her tail,
And syne the ship she stood.
Was she wae, &c.

Then she became a silken plaid,
And stretch'd upon a bed;
And he became a green covering,
And thus the twa were wed.
Was she wae, &c.

The Parted Lovers.

[Fragment of a Scottish Ballad, by Robert Tannahill.]

"Wild drives the bitter northern blast,
Fierce whirling wide the crispy snaw,
Young lassie, turn your wand'ring steps,
For e'ening's gloom begins to fa':

"I'll take you to my father's ha',
And shield you from the wintry air,
For, wand'ring through the drifting snaw,
I fear ye'll sink to rise nae mair."

"Ah! gentle lady, airt my way
Across this langsome, lonely moor,
For he wha's dearest to my heart,
Now waits me on the western shore.

"With morn he spreads his outward sail,
This night I vow'd to meet him there,
To take an secret fond farewell,
We maybe part to meet nae mair."

"Dear lassie, turn—'twill be your dead!
The dreary waste lies far and wide;
Abide till morn, and then ye'll ha'e
My father's hard-boy for your guide."

"No, lady,—no! I maun na turn,
Impatient love now chides my stay,
Yon rising moon, with kindly beam,
Will light me on my weary way."

"Ah! Donald, wherefore bounds thy heart!
Why beams with joy thy wishful e'e?
Yon's but thy true love's fleeting form,
Thy true love mair thou'lt never see.

"Deep in the hollow glen she lies,
Among the snaw, beneath the tree,
She soundly sleeps in death's cauld arms,
A victim to her love for thee."

Lord Ronald.

[Modern Ballad.—Robert Allan of Kilbarchan.]

Lord Ronald cam' to his lady's bower,
When the moon was in her wane;
Lord Ronald cam' at a late, late hour,
An' to her bower is gane

He saftly stept in his sandal shoon,
An' saftly laid him down:
"It's late, it's late, quoth Ellenore—
Syne ye maun wauken soon!

"Lord Ronald, stay till the early cock
Sall flap his siller wing!
An' saftly ye maun ope the gate,
An' loose the silken string."

"O Ellenore, my fairest fair!
O Ellenore, my bride!
How can ye fear, when my merry men a'
Are on the mountain side?"

The moon was hid, the night was gane,
But Ellenore's heart was wae:
She heard the cock flap his siller wing,
An' she watch'd the morning ray.

"Rise up, rise up, Lord Ronald, dear!
The morning opes its e'e;
O speed thee to thy father's tower,
An' safe, safe may thou be!"

But there was a page, a little false page,
Lord Ronald did espy,
An' he has told his baron all
Where the hind and hart did lye.

"It isna for thee, but thine, Lord Ronald—
Thy father's deeds o' weir!
But since the hind has come to my fauld,
His blood shall dim my spear."

Lord Ronald kiss'd fair Ellenore,
An' press'd her lily hand;
She a stately knight an' comely dame
Ne'er met in wedlock's band:

But the baron watch'd as he rais'd the latch
An' kiss'd again his bride,
An' with his spear, in deadly ire,
He pierc'd Lord Ronald's side.

The life-blood fled frae fair Ellenore's cheek
She look'd all wan an' 'ghast;
She lean'd her down by Lord Ronald's side,
An' the blood was rinnin' fast:

She clasped his hand an' she kiss'd his lip,
As she sigh'd her last adieu;
For never, O never did lady love
Her lord with a heart so true!

Proud Lady Margaret.

[From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"This Ballad," says Sir Walter, "was communicated to the editor by Mr Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favourite. Two verses and one line were wanting, which are here supplied from a different Ballad, having a plot somewhat similar. These verses are the 6th and 9th."]

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
Looking o'er her castle wa'.

She looked east, and she looked west,
To see what she could spy.
When a gallant knight came in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.

"You seem to be no gentleman,
You wear your boots so wide;
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
You wear the horn so syde."

"I am no cunning hunter," he said,
"Nor ne'er intend to be;
But I am come to this castle
To seek the love of thee;
And if you do not grant me love,
This night for thee I'll die."

"If you should die for me, sir knight,
There's faw for you will mane,
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green.

"But ye mann read my riddle," she said,
"And answer my questions three;
And but ye read them right," she said,
"Gae stretch ye out and die.—

"Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie bonnie bird,
Sings on the evening gale?"

"The primrose is the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale;
And the thistlecock is the bonniest bird,
Sings on the evening gale."

"But what's the little coin," she said,
"Wald buy my castle round?
And what's the little boat," she said,
"Can sail the world all round?"

"O hey, how mony small pennies
Make thrice three thousand pound?
Or hey, how mony small fishes
Swim a' the salt sea round?"

"I think ye mann be my match," she said,
"My match, and something mair,
You are the first e'er got the grant
Of love frae my father's heir.

"My father was lord of nine castles,
My mother lady of three;
My father was lord of nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me.

"And round about a' thee castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
And on the fifteenth day of May,
The meadows they will maw."

"O hald your tongue, lady Marg'ret," he said,
For loud I hear you lie!
Your father was lord of nine castles,
Your mother was lady of three;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
But ye ha' heir to but three.

"And round about a' thee castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
But on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows will not maw.

"I am your brother Willie," he said,
"I trow ye ken na me;
I came to humble your haughty heart
Has gar'd see monie die."

"If ye be my brother Willie," she said,
"As I trow weel ye be,
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae along wi' thee."

"O hald your tongue, lady Marg'ret," he said,
"Again I hear you lie;
For ye've unwashen hands, and ye've unwashen feet,*
To gae to clay wi' me.

* *Unwashen hands and unwashen feet*—Alluding to the custom of washing and dressing dead bodies.—*Scott.*

"For the wee worms are my bed-fellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets;
And when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps."

The Courteous Knight.

[THIS Ballad, similar in incident to the preceding, but more complete in narrative, is given in Mr Buchan's Collection.]

THERE was a knight, in a summer's night,
Appear'd in a lady's hall,
As she was walking up and down,
Looking o'er her castle wall.

"God make you safe and free, fair maid,
God make you safe and free!"
"O sae fa' you, ye courteous knight,
What are your wills wi' me?"

"My wills wi' you are not sma', lady,
My wills wi' you nae sma';
And since there's nane your bower within,
Ye'se ha'e my secrets a'.

"For here am I a courtier,
A courtier come to thee;
And if ye winna grant your love,
All for your sake I'll dee."

"If that ye dee for me, sir knight,
Few for you will make mean;
For mony gude lord's done the same,
Their graves are growing green."

"O winna ye pity me, fair maid,
O winna ye pity me?
O winna ye pity a courteous knight,
Whose love is laid on thee?"

"Ye say ye are a courteous knight,
But I think ye are nane;
I think ye're but a miller bred,
By the colour o' your claithing.

"You seem to be some false young man,
You wear your hat sae wide;
You seem to be some false young man,
You wear your boots sae side."

"Indeed I am a courteous knight,
And of great pedigree;
Nae knight did mair for a lady bright
Than I will do for thee.

"O, I'll put smiths in your smithy,
To shoe for you a steed;
And I'll put tailors in your bower,
To make for you a weed.

"I will put cooks in your kitchen,
And butlers in your ha';
And on the tap o' your father's castle,
I'll big gude corn and saw."

"If ye be a courteous knight,
As I trust not ye be;
Ye'll answer some o' the sma' questions
That I will ask at thee.

"What is the fairest flower, tell me,
That grows in mire or dale?
Likewise, which is the sweetest bird
Sings next the nightingale?
Or what's the finest thing," she says,
"That king or queen can wale?"

"The primrose is the fairest flower,
That grows in mire or dale;
The mavis is the sweet st bird
Next to the nightingale;
And yellow gowd's the finest thing
That king or queen can wale.

"Ye ha'e asked many questions, lady,
I've you as many told;
But, how many pennies round
Make a hundred pounds in gold?

"How many of the small fishes
Do swim the salt seas round?
Or, what's the seemliest sight you'll see
Into a May morning?"

"Berry-brown ale and a birken speal,
And wine in a horn green;
A milk-white lace in a fair maid's dress,
Looks gay in a May morning."

"Mony's the questions I've ask'd at thee,
And ye've answer'd them a';
Ye are mine, and I am thine,
Amo' the sheets sae sma'.

"You may be my match, kind sir,
You may be my match and more;
There ne'er was ane came sic a length,
Wi' my father's heir before.

"My father's lord o' nine castles,
My mother she's lady ower three,
And there is name to heir them all,
No never a ane but me;
Unless it be Willie, my ae brother,
But he's far ayont the sea.'

"If your father's laird o' nine castles,
Your mother lady ower three;
I am Willie your ae brother,
Was far beyond the sea."

"If ye be Willie, my ae brother,
As I doubt sair ye be;
But if it's true ye tell me now,
This night I'll gang wi' thee."

"Ye've ower ill washen feet, Janet,
And ower ill washen hands,
And ower coarse robes on your body,
Along wi' me to gang.

"The worms they are my bed-fellows,
And the cauld clay my sheet;
And the higher that the wind does blaw,
The sounder I do sleep.

"My body's buried in Dumfermline,
And far beyond the sea;
But day nor night, nae rest could get,
All for the pride o' thee.

"Leave aff your pride, jolly Janet," he says,
"Use it not ony mair;
Or when ye come where I ha'e been
You will repent it sair.

"Cast aff, cast aff, sister," he says,
"The gowd lace frae your crown;
For if ye gang where I ha'e been,
Ye'll wear it laigher down.

"When ye're in the gude church set,
The gowd pine in your hair;
Ye take mair delight in your fickless dress,
Than ye do in your morning prayer.

"And when ye walk in the church-yard,
And in your dress are seen,
There is nae lady that see your face
But wishes your grave were green.

"You're straight and tall, handsome withall,
But your pride owergroes your wit;
But if ye do not your ways refrain,
In Firie's chair ye'll sit.

"In Firie's chair you'll sit, I say,
The lowest seat o' hell;
If ye do not amend your ways,
It's there that ye must dwell."

Wi' that he vanish'd frae her sight,
Wi' the twinkling o' an eye;
Nae thing mair the lady saw,
But the gloomy clouds and sky.

Sir Hugh le Blond.

[From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"This ballad," says Sir Walter, "is a northern composition, and seems to have been the original of the legend called Sir Aldingar, which is printed in the Reliques of Antient Poetry. The incidents are nearly the same in both ballads, excepting that, in Aldingar, an angel combats for the queen, instead of a mortal champion. The names of Aldingar and Rodingham approach near to each other in sound, though not in orthography, and the one might, by reciters, be easily substituted for the other. I think I have seen both the name and the story in an ancient prose chronicle, but am unable to make any reference in support of my belief. The tradition, upon which the ballad is founded, is universally current in the Mearns; and the editor is informed, that, till very lately, the sword, with which Sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have defended the life and honour of the queen, was carefully preserved by his descendants, the viscounts of Arbuthnot. That Sir Hugh of Arbuthnot lived in the thirteenth century, is proved by his having, in 1282, bestowed the patronage of the church of Garvoch upon the monks of Aberbrothwick, for the safety of his soul.—Register of Aberbrothwick, quoted by Crawford in Peerage. But I find no instance in history, in which the honour of a queen of Scotland was committed to the chance of a duel. It is true, that Mary, wife of Alexander II., was, about 1242, somewhat implicated in a dark story, concerning the murder of Patrick, earl of Athole, burned in his lodging at Haddington, where he had gone to

attend a great tournament. The relations of the deceased baron accused of the murder Sir William Biset, a powerful nobleman, who appears to have been in such high favour with the young queen, that she offered her oath, as a compurgator, to prove his innocence. Biset himself stood upon his defence, and proffered the combat to his accusers; but he was obliged to give way to the tide, and was banished from Scotland. This affair interested all the northern barons; and it is not impossible, that some share, taken in it by this Sir Hugh de Arbuthnot, may have given a slight foundation for the tradition of the country.—Wintoun, book vii. ch. 9. Or, if we suppose Sir Hugh le Blond to be a predecessor of the Sir Hugh who flourished in the thirteenth century, he may have been the victor in a duel, shortly noticed as having occurred in 1154, when one Arthur, accused of treason, was unsuccessful in his appeal to the judgment of God. Arthurus regem Malcolm proditurus duello perlit. Chron. Sanctæ Crucis, ap. Anglia Sacra, vol. I. p. 161.

"But, true or false, the incident, narrated in the ballad, is in the genuine style of chivalry. Romances abound with similar instances, nor are they wanting in real history. The most solemn part of a knight's oath was to defend 'all widows, orphelines, and maidens of gude fame.'*—Lindsay's Heraldry, MS. The love of arms was a real passion of itself, which blazed yet more fiercely when united with the enthusiastic admiration of the fair sex. The knight of Chaucer exclaims, with chivalrous energy,

> 'To fight for a lady! a benedicite!
> It were a lusty sight for to see.'

It was an argument, seriously urged by Sir John of Heinault, for making war upon Edward II., in behalf of his banished wife, Isabella, that knights were bound to aid, to their uttermost power, all distressed damsels, living without council or comfort.

"An apt illustration of the ballad would have been the combat, undertaken by three Spanish champions against three Moors of Granada, in defence of the honour of the queen of Granada, wife to Mohammed Chiquito, the last monarch of that kingdom. But I have not at hand Las Guerras Civiles de Granada, in which that achievement is recorded. Raymond Berenger, count of Barcelona, is also said to have defended, in single combat, the life and honour of the empress Matilda, wife of the emperor Henry V., and mother to Henry II. of England.—See Antonio Ulloa, del vero Honore Militare, Venice, 1569.

"A less apocryphal example is the duel, fought in 1387, betwixt Jaques le Grys and John de Carogne, before the king of France. These warriors were retainers of the earl of Alengon, and originally sworn brothers. John de Carogne went over the sea for the advancement of his fame, leaving in his castle a beautiful wife, where she lived soberly and sagely. But the devil entered into the heart of Jaques le Grys, and he rode, one morning, from the earl's house to the castle of his friend, where he was hospitably received by the unsuspicious lady. He requested her to show him the donjon, or keep of the castle, and in that remote and inaccessible tower forcibly violated her chastity. He then mounted his horse, and returned to the earl of Alengon within so short a space, that his absence had not been perceived. The lady abode within the donjon, weeping bitterly, and exclaiming, 'Ah Jaques! it was not well done thus to shame me! but on you shall the shame rest, if God send my husband safe home!' The lady kept secret this sorrowful deed until her husband's return from his voyage. The day passed, and night came, the knight went to bed; but the lady would not; for ever she blessed herself, and walked up and down the chamber, studying and musing, until her attendants had retired; and then, throwing herself on her knees before the knight, she showed him all the adventure. Hardly would Carogne believe the treachery of his companion: but when convinced, he replied, 'Since it is so, lady, I pardon you; but the knight shall die for this villanous deed. Accordingly, Jaques le Grys was accused of the crime, in the court of the earl of Alengon. But, as he was greatly loved of his lord, and as the evidence was very slender, the earl gave judgment against the accusers. Hereupon John Carogne appealed to the parliament of Paris; which court, after full consideration, appointed the case to be tried by mortal combat betwixt

* Such an oath is still taken by the Knights of the Bath; but, I believe, few of that honourable brotherhood will now consider it quite so obligatory as the conscientious Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who gravely alleges it as a sufficient reason for having challenged divers cavaliers, that they had either snatched from a lady her bouquet, or ribband, or, by some discourtesy of similar importance, placed her, as his lordship conceived, in the predicament of a distressed damsell.—Scott.

the parties, John Carongne appearing as the champion of his lady. If he failed in his combat, then was he to be hanged, and his lady burned, as false and unjust calumniators. This combat, under circumstances so very peculiar, attracted universal attention; in so much, that the king of France and his peers, who were then in Flanders, collecting troops for an invasion of England, returned to Paris, that so notable a duel might be fought in the royal presence. 'Thus the kynge, and his uncles, and the constable, came to Parys. Then the lystes were made in a place called Saynt Katheryne, behinde the Temple. There was soo moche people, that it was mervayle to beholde; and on the one side of the lystes there was made gret scaffoldes, that the lordes might the better se the batayle of the II champions; and so they bothe came to the falde, armed at all peaces, and there eche of them was set in theyr chayre; the erle of Saynt Poule gouverned John Carongne, and the erle of Alanson's company with Jacques le Grys; and whan the knyght entred in to the falde, he came to his wyfe, who was there sittynge in a chayre, covered in blacke, and he sayd to her thus:—"Dame, by your informacyon, and in your quarrell, I do put my lyfe in adventure, as to fyght with Jacques le Grys; ye knowe, if the cause be just and true."—"Syr," said the lady, "it is as I have sayd; wherefore ye may fyght surely: the cause is good and true." With those wordes, the knyghte kissed the lady, and toke her by the hande, and then blessed hym, and soo entred into the falde. The lady sate styll in the blacke chayre, in her prayers to God, and to the vyrgyne Mary, humbly prayenge them, by theyr specyall grace, to send her husband the victory, accordynge to the ryght. She was in gret heyvynes, for she was not sure of her lyfe; for, if her husbande sholde have been discomfyted, she was judged, without remedy, to be brente, and her husbande hanged. I cannot say whether she repented her or not, as the matter was so forwarde, that both she and her husbande were in grete peryll: howbeit, fynally, she must as then abyde the adventure. Then these two champyons were set one against another, and so mounted on theyr horses, and behaved them noble; for they knewe what pertayned to deedes of armes. There were many lordes and knyghtes of Frauance, that were come thyder to se that batayle. The two champyons justed at theyr fyrst metyng, but none of them dyd harte other; and, after the justes, they lyghted on foote to performe theyr batayle, and soo fought valyauntly.—And fyrst, John of Carongne was hurt in the thyghe, whereby all his frendes were in grete fere; but, after that, he fought so valyauntly, that he bette down his adversary to the erthe, and threst his sword in his body, and soo slew hym in the falde; and then he demaunded, if he had done his devoyre or not? and they answered, that he had valyauntly atchieved his batayle. Then Jacques le Grys was delyvered to the hangman of Parys, and he drewe hym to the gybbet of Mountfawcon, and there hanged him up. Then John of Carongne came before the kynge, and kneled downe, and the kynge made him to stand up before hym; and, the same daye, the kynge caused to be delyvered to him a thousande franks, and retayned him to be of his chambre, with a pencyon of II hundred pounde by yere, durynge the term of his lyfe. Then he thanked the kynge and the lordes, and went to his wyfe, and kissed her; and then they wente togyder to the chyrche of our ladye in Parys, and made theyr offeryngs, and then retourned to theyr lodgynges. Then this Sir John of Carongne tayred not longe in Frauance, but went, with Syr John Boucequant, Syr John of Bordes, and Syr Loys Grat. All these went to se Lamorahaquyn,* of whome, in those dayes, there was moch spekynge.'

"Such was the readiness, with which, in those times, heroes put their lives in jeopardy, for honour and lady's sake. But I doubt whether the fair dames of the present day will think, that the risk of being burned, upon every suspicion of frailty, could be altogether compensated by the probability, that a husband of good faith, like John de Carogne, or a disinterested champion, like Hugh le Blond, would take up the gauntlet in their behalf. I fear they will rather accord to the sentiment of the hero of an old romance, who expostulates thus with a certain duke:

> 'Certes, sir duke, thou doest unright,
> To make a roast of your daughter bright;
> I wot you ben unkind.'
>
> Amis and Amelion.

"I was favoured with the following copy of Sir Hugh le Blond by K. Williamson Burnet, Esq. of Monboddo, who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service

* This name Froissart gives to the famous Mahomet, emperor of Turkey, called the Great. It is a corruption of his Persian title, Ameer Uddeen Knan. Scott.

of the Arbuthnot family. Of course the diction is very much humbled, and it has, in all probability, undergone many corruptions; but its antiquity is indubitable, and the story, though indifferently told, is in itself interesting. It is believed, that there have been many more verses."]

The birds sang sweet as ony bell,
The world had not their make,
The queen she's gone to her chamber,
With Rodingham to talk.

"I love you well, my queen, my dame,
'Bove land and rents so clear,
And for the love of you, my queen,
Would thole pain most severe."

"If well you love me, Rodingham,
I'm sure so do I thee:
I love you well as any man,
Save the king's fair bodye."

"I love you well, my queen, my dame;
'Tis truth that I do tell:
And for to lye a night with you,
The salt seas I would sail."

"Away, away, O Rodingham!
You are both stark and stoor;
Would you defile the king's own bed,
And make his queen a whore?

"To-morrow you'd be taken sure,
And like a traitor slain;
And I'd be burned at a stake,
Although I be the queen."

He then stepp'd out at her room-door,
All in an angry mood;
Until he met a leper-man,*
Just by the hard way-side.

He intoxicate the leper-man
With liquors very sweet;
And gave him more and more to drink,
Until he fell asleep.

He took him in his arms two,
And carried him along,
Till he came to the queen's own bed,
And there he laid him down.

He then stepp'd out of the queen's bower,
As swift as any roe,
'Till he came to the very place
Where the king himself did go.

The king said unto Rodingham,
"What news have you to me?"
He said, "Your queen's a false woman,
As I did plainly see."

He hasten'd to the queen's chamber,
So costly and so fine,
Until he came to the queen's own bed,
Where the leper-man was lain.

He looked on the leper-man,
Who lay on his queen's bed;
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,
And thus he to him said:

"Plooky, plooky, are your cheeks,
And plooky is your chin,
And plooky are your arms two
My bonnie queen's layne in.

"Since she has lain into your arms,
She shall not lye in mine;
Since she has kiss'd your ugsome mouth,
She never shall kiss mine."

In anger he went to the queen,
Who fell upon her knee;
He said, "You false, unchaste woman,
What's this you've done to me?"

The queen then turn'd herself about,
The tear blinded her e'e—
"There's not a knight in a' your court
Dare give that name to me."

He said, "'Tis true that I do say;
For I a proof did make:
You shall be taken from my bower,
And burned at a stake.

"Perhaps I'll take my word again,
And may repent the same,
If that you'll get a Christian man
To fight that Rodingham."

* Filth, poorness of living, and want of linen, made this horrible disease formerly very common in Scotland. Robert Bruce died of the leprosy; and, through all Scotland, there were hospitals erected for the reception of lepers, to prevent their mingling with the community.—Scott.

"Alas! alas!" then cried our queen,
"Alas, and woe to me!
There's not a man in all Scotland
Will fight with him for me."

She breathed unto her messengers,
Sent them south, east, and west;
They could find none to fight with him,
Nor enter the contest.

She breathed on her messengers,
She sent them to the north;
And there they found Sir Hugh le Blond,
To fight him he came forth.

When unto him they did unfold
The circumstance all right,
He bade them go and tell the queen,
That for her he would fight.

The day came on that was to do
That dreadful tragedy;
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up
To fight for our lady.

"Put on the fire," the monster said;
"It is twelve on the bell!"
"'Tis scarcely ten, now," said the king;*
"I heard the clock mysel'."

Before the hour the queen is brought,
The burning to proceed;
In a black velvet chair she's set,
A token for the dead.

She saw the flames ascending high,
The tears blinded her e'e:
"Where is the worthy knight," she said,
"Who is to fight for me?"

Then up and spake the king himsel',
"My dearest have no doubt,
For yonder comes the man himsel',
As bold as e'er set out."

They then advanced to fight the duel
With swords of temper'd steel,
Till down the blood of Rodingham
Came running to his heel.

Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,
'Twas of the metal clear;
And he has pierced Rodingham
Till's heart-blood did appear.

"Confess your treachery, now," he said,
"This day before you die!"
"I do confess my treachery,
I shall no longer lye:

"I like to wicked Haman am,
This day I shall be slain."
The queen was brought to her chamber,
A good woman again.

The queen then said unto the king,
"Arbattle's near the sea,
Give it unto the northern knight,
That this day fought for me."

Then said the king, "Come here, sir knight,
And drink a glass of wine;
And, if Arbattle's not enough,
To it we'll Fordoun join."†

* In the romance of Doolin, called La Fleur des Battailles, a false accuser discovers a similar impatience to hurry over the execution, before the arrival of the lady's champion.—*Scott.*

† Arbattle is the ancient name of the barony of Arbuthnot.—Fordun has long been the patrimony of the same family.—*Scott.*

The Miller's Son.

[From Buchan's Collection.]

"O woe is me, the time draws nigh
My love and I must part;
No one doth know the cares and fears
Of my poor troubled heart.

"Already I have suffered much,
Our parting cost me dear;
Unless I were to go with you,
Or you to tarry here.

"My heart is fixed within his breast,
And that he knows right well;
I fear that I some tears will shed,
When I bid you farewell.

"When I bid you farewell," she said,
"This day, and woe is me;
And cauld and shrill the wind blows still,
Between my love and me.

"The hat my love wears on his head,
It's not made of the woe;
But it is o' the silk so fine,
And becomes his noble brow.

"His eyes do wink, and aye so jimp,
His hair shines like the broom;
And I would not gi'e my laddie's love
For a' the wealth in Rome."

He said, "Farewell, my dearest dear,
Since from you I must go;
Let ne'er your heart be full of grief,
Nor anguish make you woe.

"If life remains, I will return,
And bear you companie;"
Now cauld and shrill the wind blows still
Between my love and me.

"His bonnie middle is so well made,
His shoulders brave and braid;
Out of my mind he'll never be
Till in my grave I'm laid.

"Till I'm in grave laid low," she says,
"Alas! and woe is me;
Now cauld and raw, the wind does blaw,
Between my love and me.

"Some do mourn for oxen," she said,
"And others mourn for kye;
And some do mourn for dewie death,
But none for love but I.

"What need I make all this din,
For this will never dee;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me."

She's ta'en her mantle her about,
And sat down by the shore,
In hopes to meet with some relief,
But still her grief grew more.

"O I'll sit here while my life's in,
Until the day I die;
O cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

"O see ye not yon bonnie ship,
She's beauteous to behold;
Her sails are of the taffety fine,
Her topmasts shine like gold.

"In yonder ship my love does skip,
And quite forsaken me;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

"My love he's neither laird nor lord,
Nor ane of noble kin;
But my bonnie love, the sailor bold,
Is a poor millar's son.

"He is a millar's son," she says,
"And will be till he die;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

"My love he's bound to leave the land,
And cross the watery faem;
And the bonnie ship my love sails in,
The Goldspink is her name.

"She sails mair bright than Phœbus fair
Out o'er the raging sea;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

"He promised to send letters to me,
Ere six months they were gone;
But now nine months they are expired,
And I've received none.

"So I may sigh, and say, alas!
This day, and woe is me;
And cauld and shrill the wind blaws still
Between my love and me.

"I wish a stock-stone aye on earth,
And high wings on the sea;
To cause my true love stay at home,
And no more go from me.

"What needs me for to wish in vain?
Such things will never be;
The wind blaws sair in every where
Between my love and me."

PART SECOND.

A NORTH boy the ballad read,
Forbade them sair to lie;
She was a lady in Southland town,
Her name was Barbarie.

She thought her love abroad was gone,
Beyond the raging sea;
But there was nae mair between them twa,
Than a green apple tree.

"Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,
No more from you I'll part;
I'm come to ease the cares and fears
Of your poor troubled heart.

"All for my sake ye've suffer'd much,
I'm come to cherish thee;
And now we've met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die.

"I wish'd your face was set in glass,
That I might it behold;
And the very letters of your name,
Were wrote in beaten gold.

"That I the same might bear about,
Through many strange countrie;
But now we're met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die.

"Here is a ring the pledge of love,
I still will you adore;
Likewise a heart that none can move,
A prince can give no more.

"A prince can give no more, my love,
Than what I give to thee;
Now we are met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die.

"I promised to send letters to thee,
Ere six months they were gone;
But now nine months they are expired,
And I'm returned home.

"Now from the seas I am return'd,
My dear, to comfort thee;
And now we're met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die.

"Ye say I'm neither laird nor lord,
Nor one of noble kin;
But ye say I'm a sailor bold,
But and a miller's son.

"When ye come to my father's mill,
Ye shall grind mature free;
Now we're met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die.

"Ye say I'm bound to leave the land,
And cross the watery faem;
The ship that your true love commands,
The Goldspink is her name.

"Though I were heir o'er all Scotland,
Ye should be lady free;
And now we're met, nae mair to part,
Until the day we die."

Bondsey and Maisry.

[From Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland.]

"O come along wi' me, brother,
Now come along wi' me;
And we'll gae seek our sister Maisry
Into the water o' Dee."

The eldest brother he stepped in,
He stepped to the knee;
Then out he jump'd upo' the bank,
Says, "This water's nae for me."

The second brother he stepped in,
He stepped to the quit;
Then out he jump'd upo' the bank,
Says, "This water's wond'rous deep."

When the third brother stepped in,
He stepped to the chin;
Out he got, and forward wade,
For fear o' drowning him.

The youngest brother he stepp'd in,
Took 's sister by the hand;
Said, "Here she is my sister Maisry,
Wi' the hinny drops on her chin.

"O if I were in some bounie ship,
And in some strange countrie,
For to find out some conjurer,
To gar Maisry speak to me."

Then out it speaks an auld woman,
As she was passing by;
"Ask of your sister what you want,
And she will speak to thee."

"O sister, tell me who is the man
That did your body win?
And who is the wretch, tell me, likewise,
That threw you in the lin?"

"O Boudsey was the only man
That did my body win;
And likewise Boudsey was the man
That threw me in the lin."

"O will we Boudsey head, sister?
Or will we Boudsey hang?
Or will we set him at our bow end,
Lat arrows at him gang?"

"Ye winna Boudsey head, brothers,
Nor will ye Boudsey hang;
But ye'll take out his twa grey e'en,
Make Boudsey blind to gang.

"Ye'll put to the gate a chain o' gold,
A rose garland gar make;
And ye'll put that in Boudsey's head
A' for your sister's sake."

Chil Ether.

[From Buchan's Collection.]

Chil Ether and lady Maisry
Were baith born at an birth;
They lov'd each other tenderlie,
'Boon every thing on earth.

The ley likes na the summer shower,
Nor girss the mornin' dew,
Better, dear lady Maisry,
Than Chil Ether loves you.

The bounie doe likes na its mate,
Nor babe, at breast, its mither,
Better, my dearest Chil Ether,
Than Maisry loves her brither.

But he needs gae to gain renown,
Into some far countrie;—
And Chil Ether has gaen abroad,
To fight in Payanimie.

And he has been in Payanimie
A twalmonth and a day;
But never nae tidings did there come,
Of his welfare to say.

Then she's ta'en ship, awa' to sail,
Out ower the roaring faem;
A' for to find him, Chil Ether,
And for to bring him hame.

She hadna sail'd the sea a month,
A month but barely three;
Until she landit on Cipar's shore,
By the moon-light sae lie.

Lady Maisry did on her green mantle,
Took her purse in her hand;
And call'd to her, her mariners,
Syne walk'd up through the land.

She walked up, sae did she down,
Till she came till castell high;
There she sat down, on the door stane
And weepit bitterlie.

Then out it spake a sweet, sweet voice,
Out ower the castell wa';—
"Now isna that lady Maisry
That makes sic a doleful' fa'?

"But gin that be lady Maisry,
Lat her make mirth and glee,
For I'm her brother, Chil Ether,
That loves her tenderlie.

"But gin that be lady Maisry,
Lat her take purse in hand;
And gang to yonder castell wa',
They call it Gorinand.

"Speir for the lord o' that castell,
Gie'm dollars thirty-three.
Tell him to ransom Chil Ether,
That loves you tenderlie."

The's done her up to that castell,
Paid down her gude monie;
And sae she's ransom'd Chil Ether,
And brought him hame her wi'.

Lord Thomas Stuart.

[From "A North Countrie Garland," (Edinburgh, 1833) where the Editor says he is unacquainted with the circumstances that gave rise to the ballad.]

Thomas Stuart was a lord,
A lord of mickle land;
He used to wear a coat of gold,
But now his grave is green.

Now he has wooed the young Countess,
The Countess of Balquhin,
And given her for a morning gift,
Strathbogie and Aboyne.

But woman's wit is aye wilful,
Alas! that ever it was sae,
She long'd to see the morning gift,
That her good lord to her ga'e.

When steeds were saddled and weel bridled,
An' ready for to ride,
There came a pain on that gude lord,
His back likewise his side.

He said, "Ride on, my lady fair,
May goodness be your guide,
For I am so sick and weary that
No farther can I ride."

Now ben did come his father dear,
Wearing a golden band,
Says, "Is there na leech in Edinburgh
Can cure my son from wrang?"

O leech is come and leech is gane,
Yet, father, I'm aye wauz;
There's not a leech in Edinbro'
Can death from me debar.

But be a friend to my wife, father,
Restore to her her own,
Restore to her her morning gift,
Strathbogie and Aboyne.

It had been gude for my wife, father,
To me she'd borne a son,
He would have got my lands and rents,
Where they lie out and in.

"It had been gude for my wife, father,
To me she'd borne an heir;
He would have got my lands and rents
Where they lie fine and fair."

The steeds they strave into their stables,
The boys could not get them bound,
The hounds lay howling on the beach,
'Cause their master was behind.

"I dream'd a dream since late yestreen,
I wish it may be good,
That our chamber was full of swine,
An' our bed full of blood.

"I saw a woman come from the west,
Full sore wringing her hands,
And aye she cried, Ohon, alas!
My good lord's broken bands.

"As she came by my gude lord's bower
Saw mony black steeds and brown,—
I'm feared it be mony unco lords
Having my love from town.

"As she came by my gude lord's bower,
Saw mony black steeds and grey,—
I'm fear'd it's mony unco lords
Havin' my love to the clay."

Sir Maurice.

[Modern Ballad.—Joanna Baillie.]

Sir Maurice was a wealthy lord,
He lived in the north countrie,
Well would he cope with foe-man's sword
Or the glance of a lady's e'e.

Now all his armed vassals wait,
A staunch and burly band,
Before his stately castle gate,
Bound for the Holy Land.

Above the spearmen's lengthen'd file,
  Are figur'd ensigns flying;
Strok'd by their keeper's hand the while,
  Are harness'd chargers neighing.

And looks of woe, and looks of cheer,
  And looks the two between,
On many a warlike face appear,
  Where tears have lately been.

For all they love is left behind;
  Hope beckons them before:
Their parting sails spread to the wind,
  Blown from their native shore.

Then through the crowded portal pass'd
  Six goodly knights and tall;
Sir Maurice himself, who came the last,
  Was goodliest of them all.

And proudly roved his hasty eye
  O'er all the warlike train;—
"Save ye, brave comrades! prosp'rously,
  Heaven send us o'er the main!

"But see I right? an armed band
  From Moorham's lordless hall;
And he who bears the high command,
  Its ancient seneschal!

"Return; your stately keep defend;
  Defend your lady's bower,
Lest rude and lawless hands should rend,
  That lone and lovely flower."—

"God will defend our lady dear,
  And we will cross the sea,
From slav'ry's chain, his lot severe,
  Our noble lord to free."—

"Nay, nay! some wand'ring minstrel's tongue,
  Hath fram'd a story vain;
Thy lord, his liegemen brave among,
  Near Acre's wall was slain."—

"Nay, good my lord! for had his life
  Been lost on battle-ground,
When cess'd that fell and fatal strife,
  His body had been found."—

"No faith to such delusions give;
  His mortal term is past."—
"Not so! not so! he is alive,
  And will be found at last!"

These latter words right eagerly,
  From a slender stripling broke,
Who stood the ancient warrior by,
  And trembled as he spoke.

Sir Maurice started at the sound,
  And all from top to toe
The stripling scann'd, who to the ground
  His blushing face bent low.

"Is this thy kinsman, seneschal?
  Thine own or thy sister's son?
A gentler page, in tent or hall,
  Mine eyes ne'er look'd upon.—

"To thine own home return, fair youth!
  To thine own home return,
Give ear to likely sober truth,
  Nor prudent counsel spurn.

"War suits thee not, if boy thou art;
  And if a sweeter name
Befit thee, do not lightly part
  With maiden's honour'd fame."

He turn'd him from his liegemen all,
  Who round their chieftain press'd;
His very shadow on the wall
  His troubled mind express'd.

As sometimes slow and sometimes fast,
  He paced to and fro,
His plumy crest now upward cast
  In air, now drooping low.

Sometimes like one in frantic mood,
  Short words of sound he utter'd,
And sometimes, stopping short, he stood,
  As to himself he mutter'd.

"A daughter's love, a maiden's pride!
  And may they not agree?
Could man desire a lovelier bride,
  A truer friend than she?

"Down, cursed thought! a boy's garb
  Betrays not wanton will,
Yet, sharper than an arrow's barb,
  That fear might haunt me still."

He mutter'd long, then to the gate,
  Return'd and look'd around,
But the seneschal and his stripling mate,
  Were no where to be found.

With outward cheer and inward smart,
In warlike fair array,
Did Maurice with his bands depart,
And shoreward bent his way.

Their stately ship rode near the port,
The warriors to receive,
And there, with blessings kind but short,
Did friends of friends take leave.

And soon they saw the crowded strand
Wear dimly from their view,
And soon they saw the distant land,
A line of hazy blue.

The white-sail'd ship with fav'ring breeze,
In all her gallant pride,
Mov'd like the mistress of the seas,
That rippled far and wide.

Sometimes with steady course she went,
O'er wave and surge careering,
Sometimes with sidelong mast she bent,
Her wings the sea-foam sheering.

Sometimes, with poles and rigging bare,
She scudded before the blast,
But safely by the Syrian shore,
Her anchor dropt at last

What martial honours Maurice won,
Join'd with the brave and great,
From the fierce, faithless Saracen,
I may not here relate.

With boldest band on ridge or moat,
With champion on the plain,
I' th' breach with clust'ring foes he fought,
Chok'd up with grizly slain.

Most valiant by the valiant styl'd,
Their praise his deeds proclaim'd,
And oft his liegemen proudly smil'd
To hear their leader nam'd.

But fate will quell the hero's strength,
And dim the loftiest brow,
And thus, our noble chief, at length
Was in the dust laid low.

He lay the heaps of dead beneath,
As sank life's flick'ring flame,
And thought it was the trance of death,
That o'er his senses came.

And when again day's blessed light
Did on his vision fall,
There stood by his side—a wond'rous sight!
The ancient seneschal.

He strove, but could not utter word,
His misty senses fled:
Again he woke, and Moorham's lord
Was bending o'er his bed.

A third time sank he, as if dead,
And then, his eye-lids raising,
He saw a chief with turban'd head,
Intently on him gazing.

"The prophet's zealous servant I;
His battles I've fought and won
Christians I scorn, their creeds deny,
But honour Mary's son.

"And I have wedded an English dame,
And set her parent free;
And none, who wears an English name,
Shall e'er be thrall'd by me.

"For her dear sake I can endure
All wrong, all hatred smother;
Whate'er I feel, thou art secure,
As though thou wert my brother."—

"And thou hast wedded an English dame!"
Sir Maurice said no more,
For o'er his heart soft weakness came,
He sigh'd and wept full sore.

And many a dreary day and night
With the Moslem chief stay'd he,
But ne'er could catch, to bless his sight,
One glimpse of the fair lady.

Oft gaz'd he on her lattice high
As he paced the court below,
And turn'd his listn'ing ear to try
If word or accent low

Might haply reach him there; and oft
Traversed the garden green,
Wetting her footsteps small and soft
Might on the turf be seen.

And oft to Moorham's lord he gave
His list'ning ear who told,
How he became a wretched slave
Within that Syrian hold;

What time from liegemen parted far,
Upon the battle field,
By stern and adverse fate of war
He was obliged to yield:

And how his daughter did by stealth
So boldly cross the sea
With secret store of gather'd wealth,
To set her father free·

And how into the foemen's hands
She and her people fell;
And how (herself in captive bands)
She sought him in his cell;

And but a captive boy appear'd,
Till grief her sex betray'd,
And the fierce Saracen, so fear'd!
Spoke gently to the maid.

How for her plighted hand sued he,
And solemn promise gave,
Her noble father should be free
With ev'ry Christian slave;

(For many there, in bondage kept,
Felt the stern rule of vice;)
How, long she ponder'd, sorely wept,
Then paid the fearful price.—

A tale which made his bosom thrill,
His faded eyes to weep;
He, waking, thought upon it still,
And saw it in his sleep.

But harness rings, and the trumpet's bray
Again to battle calls:
And Christian pow'rs, in grand array
Are near those Moslem walls.

Sir Maurice heard: untoward fate:
Sad to be thought upon:
But the castle's lord unlock'd its gate,
And bade his guest be gone.

"Fight thou for faith by thee ador'd;
By thee so well maintain'd!
But never may this trusty sword
With blood of thine be stain'd!"—

Sir Maurice took him by the hand,
"God bless thee too,"—he cried;
Then to the nearest Christian band
With mingled feelings hied.

The battle join'd, with dauntless pride
'Gainst foemen, foemen stood;
And soon the fatal field was dyed
With many a brave man's blood.

At length gave way the Moslem force;
Their valiant chief was slain;
Maurice protected his lifeless corse,
And bore it from the plain.

There's mourning in the Moslem halls,
A dull and dismal sound:
The lady left its 'leagur'd walls,
And safe protection found.

When months were past, the widow'd dame
Look'd calm and cheerfully;
Then Maurice to her presence came,
And bent him on his knee.

What words of penitence or suit
He utter'd, pass we by;
The lady wept, awhile was mute,
Then gave this firm reply:

"That thou didst doubt my maiden pride
(A thought that rose and vanish'd
So fleetingly) I will not chide;
'Tis from remembrance banish'd.

"But thy fair fame, earn'd by that sword,
Still spotless shall it be:
I was the bride of a Moslem lord,
And will never be bride to thee.

So firm, though gentle, was her look,
Hope i' the instant fled:
A solemn, dear farewell he took,
And from her presence sped.

And she a plighted nun became,
God serving day and night;
And he of blest Jerusalem
A brave and zealous knight.

But that their lot was one of woe,
Wot ye because of this
Their sep'rate single state? if so,
In sooth ye judge amiss.

She tends the helpless stranger's bed,
For alms her wealth is stor'd;
On her meek worth God's grace is shed,
Man's grateful blessings pour'd.

He still in warlike mail doth stalk,
  In arms his prowess prove;
And oft of siege or battle talk,
  And sometimes of his love.

She was the fairest of the fair,
  The gentlest of the kind;
Search ye the world wide every where,
  Her like ye shall not find.

She was the fairest, is the best,
  Too good for a monarch's bride;
I would not give her in her nun's coif dress'd
  For all her sex beside.

The Earl of Douglas and Dame Oliphant.

[This Ballad is from Mr Buchan's Collection. It bears the mark of considerable antiquity, though here and there betraying the interpolations or imperfections of modern reciters.]

Willie was an earl's ae son,
  And an earl's son was he;
But he thought his father lack to sair,
  And his mother of low degree.

But he is on to fair England,
  To sair for meat and fee;
And all was for dame Oliphant,
  A woman of great beauty.

He hadna been in fair England
  A month but barely ane,
Ere he dream'd that fair dame Oliphant
  Gied him a gay gowd ring.

He hadna been in fair England
  A month but barely four,
Ere he dream'd that fair dame Oliphant
  Gied him a red rose flower,
Well set about wi' white lilies,
  Like to the paramour.

It fell ance upon a day,
  Dame Oliphant thought lang;
And she gaed on to gude greenwood,
  As fast as she could gang.

As Willie stood in his chamber door,
  And as he thought it good;
There he beheld dame Oliphant,
  As she came through the wood.

He's ta'en his bow his arm ower,
  His sword into his hand;
And he is on to gude greenwood,
  As fast as he could gang.

And there he found dame Oliphant
  Was lying sound asleep;
And aye the sounder she did sleep,
  The nearer he did creep.

But when she waken'd frae her sleep,
  An angry maid was she;
Crying, "Had awa' frae me, young man,
  Had far awa' frae me,
For I fear ye are the Scottish knight
  That beguiles young ladies free."

"I am not the Scottish knight,
  Nor ever thinks to be;
I am but Willie o' Douglas-dale,
  That serves for meat and fee."

"If ye be Willie o' Douglas dale,
  Ye're dearly welcome to me;
For aft in my sleep ha'e I thought on
  You and your merry winking e'e."

But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew
  And the lions took the hill;
And Willie he gaed hame again,
  To his hard task and tile:
And likewise did dame Oliphant,
  To her book and her seam.

Till it fell ance upon a day,
  Dame Oliphant thought lang;
And she went on to Willie's bower yetts
  As fast as she could gang.

"O, are ye asleep now, squire Willie,
  O, are ye asleep?" said she;
"O waken, waken, squire Willie,
  O waken and speak to me.

"The gowns that were ower wide, Willie,
  They winna meet on me;
And the coats that were ower side, Willie,
  They winna come to my knee;

And if the knights of my father's court get a word,
I'm sure they'll gar you dee."

"Dame Oliphant, dame Oliphant,
A king's daughter are ye;
But would ye leave your father and mother,
And gang awa' wi' me?'

"O, I would leave my father and mother,
And the nearest that e'er betide;
And I would nae be fear'd to gang,
Gin ye war by my side."

But she's ta'en a web o' the scarlet,
And tare it fine and sma';
And even into Willie's arms
She kept the castle wa';
And Willie was wight and well able,
And he keepit her frae a fa'.

But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,
And the lions took the hill;
And Willie's lady followed him,
And the tears did trinkle still.

"O want ye ribbons to your hair,
Or roses to your shoon?
Or want ye chains about your neck,
Ye'se get mair ere that be done."

"I want not ribbons to my feet,
Nor roses to my shoon;
And there are mair chains about my neck
Than ever I'll see done:
But I ha'e as much dear bought love
As my heart can contain."

"Will ye gae to the cards or dice?
Or to the table play?
Or to a bed sae well down spread,
And sleep till it be day?"

"I've mair need o' the roddins, Willie,
That grow on yonder thorn;
Likewise a drink o' Marywell-water,
Out o' your grass-green horn.

"I've mair need o' a fire, Willie,
To haud me frae the cauld;
Likewise a glass o' your red wine,
Ere I bring my son to the fauld."

He's got a bush o' roddins till her,
That grow on yonder thorn;
Likewise a drink o' Marywell-water,
Out o' his grass-green horn.

He carried the match in his pocket,
That kindled to her the fire;
Well set about wi' oaken spalls,
That leam'd ower Lincolnshire.

And he has bought to his lady,
The white bread and the wine
And the milk he milked frae the goats,
He fed his young son on.

Till it fell ance upon a day,
Dame Oliphant thought lang;
"O gin ye ha'e a being, Willie,
I pray you ha'e me hame."

He's ta'en his young son in his arms,
His lady by the hand;
And they are down through guid greenwood,
As fast as they could gang;

Till they came to a shepherd may,
Was feeding her flocks alone;
Said, "Will ye gang along wi' me,
And carry my bonnie young son?

"The gowns that were shapen for my back,
They shall be sewed for thine;
And likewise I'll gar squire Willie
Gi'e you a braw Scots man."

When they came on to Willie's bower yetts,
And far beyond the sea;
She was hail'd the lady o' Douglas-dale,
And Willie an earl to be.
Likewise the maid they brought awa',
She got a braw Scots man.

And lang and happy did they live,
But now their days are done;
And in the kirk o' sweet Saint Bride
Their graves are growing green.

The Laird o' Meldrum and Peggy Douglas.

[From Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs.]

My father he left me twa ploughs and a mill,
It was to begin my dowrie;
And what care I for ony o' them a',
If I be not brave Meldrum's ladie.

Meldrum, it stands on the head o' yon hill,
And dear but it stands bonnie;
But what care I for this, if I had himself,
For to me he's the dearest o' ony.

But how can I be the lady o' Argye,
The lady o' Pitlays, or Pitloggan?
How can I expect to enjoy these estates,
And I but a servant woman?

In climbing the tree it is too high for me,
And seeking the fruit that's nae growing;
I'm seeking her water beneath cauld ice,
And against the stream I am rowing.

But Meldrum he stands on his ain stair head,
And hearing his bonnie lassie mourning;
Says, "Cheer up your heart, my ain proper pink,
Though ye be but a servant woman.

"Ye're nae climbing a tree that's too high for thee,
Nor seeking the fruit that's nae growing;
Nor seeking her water beneath cauld ice,
It's wi' the stream that ye are rowing."

"They ca' me Peggy Douglass the butt," she says,
"They ca' me Peggy Douglass the ben, sir;
And although I were your wedded wife,
They would ca' me Peggy Douglass again, sir."

"They ca' you Peggy Douglass the butt," he says,
"They ca' you Peggy Douglass the ben, may;
But the best that's in a' my father's ha',
Darena ca' you Peggy Douglass again, may."

When he had her up to yon stair head,
She was but a servant woman;
But lang, lang ere she came down again,
She was getting baith mistress and madam.

"Yestreen I sat by Meldrum's kitchen fire,
Among the rest o' his servant lasses;
But the night I will lye in his arms twa,
And I'll wear the ribbons and laces."

The Wife of Usher's Well.

[A FRAGMENT first published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.]

THERE lived a wife at Usher's well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but lately ane,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but lately three,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,*
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.†

---

* The sense of this verse is obscure, owing, probably, to corruption by reciters. It would appear that the mother had sinned in the same degree with the celebrated *Lenore*.—*Scott*.

† The notion, that the souls of the blessed wear garlands, seems to be of Jewish origin. At least in the Masec-book, there is a Rabbinical tradition to the following effect:—"It fell out, that a Jew, whose name was Ponim, an ancient woman, whose business was altogether about

[illegible] Rabbi
[illegible] How
[illegible] And
[illegible] goeth well
[illegible] in paradise.'
[illegible] were but looked
[illegible] magnificant Jew.
[illegible] that thou art
[illegible] tradition answered, 'I
[illegible] of the esteem I am in,
[illegible] rising early, and with
[illegible] prayer, and offered the
[illegible] of my heart; for which
[illegible] grace in paradise, and
[illegible] If thou doubtest whether I
[illegible] will show thee a token that
[illegible] of it. Yesterday, when thou
[illegible] in my funeral attire, thou didst
[illegible] Then asked Rabbi Ponim, 'What
[illegible] of that garland?' The appari-
[illegible] 'I wear it, to the end the wind
[illegible] may not have power over me; for
[illegible] of excellent herbs of paradise.' Then
[illegible] Ponim mend the sleeve of the de-
[illegible] for the deceased had said, that if it was
[illegible] ended, he should be ashamed to be seen
[illegible] others, whose apparel was whole.
[illegible] then the apparition vanished. Wherefore,
[illegible] every one utter his prayer with fervency;
[illegible] then it shall go well with him in the other
world. And let care be taken that no rent, nor
tearing, be left in the apparel in which the de-
ceased are interred."—Jewish Traditions, abridg-
ed from Buxtorf, London, 1738, Vol. II. p. 19.

Scott.

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin'* worm doth chide:
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Farewel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonnie lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

Burd Helen.

["THIS beautiful tale of woman's love," says Mr Robert Chambers, "beautiful in the pathos of its simple and touching narrative, and equally beautiful in the pathos of its simple and touching language—was first published, by Percy, as an English ballad, under the title of 'Childe Waters.' Mr Jamieson long afterwards published a Scottish version, under the title of 'Burd Ellen,' from the recitation of a lady of the name of Brown; adding some fragments of another copy, which he had taken down from the singing of Mrs Arrot of Aberbrothwick. Mr Kinloch has more lately given, under the title of 'Lady Margaret,' an imperfect copy, superior in some points to that of Mr Jamieson; and, more recently still, Mr Buchan, in his 'Ancient Ballads and Songs,' has presented a very complete one, which he entitles 'Burd Helen.'" The present copy is compiled by Mr Chambers from the different imperfect versions above enumerated.]

---

* *Channerin'*—Fretting.

Lord John stood in his stable door,
Said he was boune to ride:
Burd Helen stood in her bouir door,
Said she'd run by his side.

"The corn is turning ripe, Lord John;
The nuts are growing fu':
And ye are boune for your ain countrie;
Fain wad I go with you."

"Wi' me, Helen! wi' me, Helen!
What wad ye do wi' me?
I've mair need o' a little foot-page,
Than of the like o' thee."

"O I will be your little foot-boy,
To wait upon your steed;
And I will be your little foot-page,
Your leish of hounds to lead."

"But my hounds will eat the breid o' wheat,
And ye the dust and bran;
Then will ye sit and sigh, Helen,
That e'er ye lo'ed a man."

"O your dogs may eat the gude wheat-breid,
And I the dust and bran;
Yet will I sing and say, weel's me,
That e'er I lo'ed a man!"

"O better ye'd stay at hame, Helen,
And sew your silver seam;
For my house is in the far Hielands,
And ye'll ha'e puir welcome hame."

"I winna stay, Lord John," she said,
"To sew my silver seam;
Though your house is in the far Hielands,
And I'll ha'e puir welcome hame."

"Then if you'll be my foot-page, Helen,
As you tell unto me,
Then you must cut your gown of green
An inch abune your knee.

"So you must cut your yellow locks
As inch abune your e'e;
You must tell no man what is my name:
My foot-page then you'll be."

Then he has luppen on his white steed,
And straight awn' did ride;
Burd Helen, dress'd in men's array,
She ran fast by his side.

And he was ne'er sae lack* a knicht,
As ance wad bid her ride;
And she was ne'er sae mean a May,
As ance wad bid him bide.

Lord John he rade, Burd Helen ran,
A live-lang summer day;
Until they cam' to Clyde-water,
Was filled frae bank to brae.

"Seest thou yon water, Helen," said he,
"That flows from bank to brim?"
"I trust to God, Lord John," she said,
"You ne'er will see me swim!"

But he was ne'er sae lack a knicht,
As ance wad bid her ride;
Nor did he sae much as reach his hand,
To help her ower the tide.

The firsten step that she waide† in,
She wadit to the knee;
"Ochone, alas," quo' that ladye fair,
"This water's no for me!"

The second step that she waide in,
She ste, pit to the middle:
Then, sighing, said that fair ladye,
"I've wet my gowden girdle."

The thirden step that she waide in,
She steppit to the neck;
When that the bairn that she was wi',
For cauld began to quake.

"Lie still, my babe; lie still, my babe;
Lie stil as lang's ye may:
Your father, that rides on horseback high,
Cares little for us twae."

And when she cam' to the other side,
She sat down on a stane;
Says, "Them that made me, help me now;
For I am far frae hame!

"Oh, tell me this, now, good Lord John;
In pity tell to me;
How far is it to your lodging,
Where we this nicht maun be?"

---

* In another version, "courteous."
† A preterite of wade, peculiar to Scotland.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair enough.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away."

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And fare ye weel, the bonnie lass,
That kindles my mother's fire."

---

dead, coming to the door of the school, saw one standing there, who had a garland upon his head. Then was Rabbi Ponim afraid, imagining it was a spirit. Whereupon he, whom the Rabbi saw, called out to him, saying, 'Be not afraid, but pass forward. Dost thou not know me?' Then said Rabbi Ponim, 'Art not thou he whom I buried yesterday?' And he was answered, 'Yea, I am he.' Upon which Rabbi Ponim said, 'Why comest thou hither? How fareth it with thee in the other world?' And the apparition made answer, 'It goeth well with me, and I am in high esteem in paradise.' Then said the Rabbi, 'Thou wert but looked upon in the world as an insignificant Jew. What good work didst thou do, that thou art thus esteemed?' The apparition answered, 'I will tell thee: the reason of the esteem I am in, is, that I rose every morning early, and with fervency uttered my prayer, and offered the grace from the bottom of my heart; for which reason I now pronounce grace in paradise, and am well respected. If thou doubtest whether I am the person, I will show thee a token that will convince thee of it. Yesterday, when thou didst clothe me in my funeral attire, thou didst tear my sleeve.' Then asked Rabbi Ponim, 'What is the meaning of that garland?' The apparition answered, 'I wear it, to the end the wind of the world may not have power over me; for it consists of excellent herbs of paradise.' Then did Rabbi Ponim mend the sleeve of the deceased; for the deceased had said, that if it was not mended, he should be ashamed to be seen amongst others, whose apparel was whole. And then the apparition vanished. Wherefore, let every one utter his prayer with fervency; for then it shall go well with him in the other world. And let care be taken that no rent, nor tearing, be left in the apparel in which the deceased are interred."—Jewish Traditions, abridged from Buxtorf, London, 1733, Vol. II. p. 19.

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Lord John stood in his stable door,
Said he was boune to ride:
Bard Helen stood in her bouir door,
Said she'd run by his side.

"The corn is turning ripe, Lord John;
The nuts are growing fu':
And ye are boune for your ain countrie;
Fain wad I go with you."

"Wi' me, Helen! wi' me, Helen!
What wad ye do wi' me?
I've mair need o' a little foot-page,
Than of the like o' thee."

"O I will be your little foot-boy,
To wait upon your steed;
And I will be your little foot-page,
Your leish of hounds to lead."

"But my hounds will eat the breid o' wheat,
And ye the dust and bran;
Then wil ye sit and sigh, Helen,
That e'er ye lo'ed a man."

"O your dogs may eat the gude wheat-breid,
And I the dust and bran;
Yet wil I sing and say, weel's me,
That e'er I lo'ed a man!"

"O better ye'd stay at hame, Helen,
And sew your silver seam;
For my house is in the far Hielands,
And ye'll ha's pair welcome hame."

"I wiana stay, Lord John," she said,
"To sew my silver seam;
Though your house is in the far Hielands,
And I'll ha's pair welcome hame."

"Then if you'll be my foot-page, Helen,
As you tell unto me,
Then you must cut your gown of green
An inch abune your knee.

"So you must cut your yellow locks
An inch abune your e'e;
You must tell no man what is my name:
My foot-page then you'll be."

Then he has leppen on his white steed,
And straight awa' did ride;
Bard Helen, dress'd in men's array,
She ran fast by his side.

And he was ne'er ane lack* a knicht,
As ance wad bid her ride;
And she was ne'er ane mean a May,
As ance wad bid him bide.

Lord John he rade, Bard Helen ran,
A live-lang summer day;
Until they cam' to Clyde-water,
Was filled frae bank to brae.

"Seest thou yon water, Helen," said he,
"That flows from bank to brim?"
"I trust to God, Lord John," she said,
"You ne'er will see me swim!"

But he was ne'er ane lack a knicht,
As ance wad bid her ride;
Nor did he ane mush as reach his hand,
To help her over the tide.

The firsten step that she waide† in,
She wadit to the knee;
"Ochone, alas," quo' that ladye fair,
"This water's no for me!"

The second step that she waide in,
She ste, pit to the middle:
Then, sighing, said that fair ladye,
"I've wet my gowden girdle."

The thirden step that she waide in,
She steppit to the neck;
When that the bairn that she was wi',
For cauld began to quake.

"Lie still, my babe; lie still, my babe;
Lie still as lang's ye may:
Your father, that rides on horseback high,
Cares little for us twae."

And when she cam' to the other side,
She sat down on a stane;
Says, "Them that made me, help me now;
For I am far frae hame!

"Oh, tell me this, now, good Lord John;
In pity tell to me;
How far is it to your lodging,
Where we this nicht maun be?"

---

* In another version, "courteous."
† A preterite of wade, peculiar to Scotland.

"O dinna ye see yon castle, Helen,
Stands on yon sunny lea?
There ye've got nae o' my mother's men;
Ye've got nae mair o' me."

"O weel see I your bonnie castell,
Stands on yon sunny lea;
But I'se ha'e nane o' your mother's men,
Though I never get mair o' thee."

"But there is in yon castle, Helen,
That stands on yonder lea;
There is a lady in yon castle,
Will sinder you and me."

"I wish nae ill to that ladye,
She comes na in my thoght;
But I wish the maid maist o' your love,
That dearest has you bought."

When he cam' to the porter's yett,
He tirled at the pin;
And wha sae ready as the bauld porter,
To open and let him in?

Mony a lord and lady bright
Met Lord John in the close;
But the bonniest lady amang them a'
Was handing Lord John's horse.

Four and twenty gay ladyes
Led him through bower and ha';
But the fairest lady that was there,
Led his horse to the sta'.

Then up bespak' Lord John's sister;
These were the words spak' she:
"You have the prettiest foot-page, brother,
My eyes did ever see—

"But that his middle is sae thick,
His girdle sae wond'rous hie:
Let him, I pray thee, good Lord John,
To chamber go with me."

"It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosses and mire,
To go into chamber with any ladye
That wears so rich attire.

It were more meet for a little foot-page,
That has run through moss and mire,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And sit down by the kitchen fire."

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bounc to meat,
Bard Helen was, at the bye-table,
Amang the pages set.

"O eat and drink my bonnie boy,
The white breid and the beer."
"The never a bit can I eat or drink;
My heart's sae fu' o' fear."

"O eat and drink, my bonnie boy,
The white breid and the wine."
"O the never a bit can I eat or drink·
My heart's sae fu' o' pyne."

But out and spak' Lord John his mother,
And a skeely* woman was she:
"Where met ye, my son, wi' that bonnie boy,
That looks sae sad on thee?

"Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,
And sometimes deidly wan:
He's liker a woman grit wi' child,
Than a young lord's serving man."

"O it makes me laugh, my mother dear,
She words to hear frae thee;
He is a squire's sae dearest son,
That for love has followed me.

"Rise up, rise up, my bonnie boy;
Gi'e my horse corn and hay."
"O that I will, my master deir,
As quickly as I may."

She took the hay aneath her arm,
The corn intill her hand;
But atween the stable-door and the sta'
Bard Helen made a stand.

"O room ye round, my bonnie brown steids;
O room ye near the wa';
For the pain that strikes through my twa sides,
I fear, will gar me fa'."

She lean'd her back again' the wa';
Strong travail came her on;
And, e'en among the great horses' feet,
She has brought forth her son.

---

* *Skilful*—or rather expressing that property in old women which makes them far-seen in matters connected with the physics of human nature.—*Buchan.*

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When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boune for bed,
Lord John's mother and sister gay
In as bouir they were laid.

Lord John hadna weel got off his claes,
Nor was he weel laid doun,
Till his mother heard a bairn greet,
And a woman's heavy moan

"Win up, win up, Lord John," she said;
"Seek neither stockings nor shoon:
For I ha'e heard a bairn loud greet,
And a woman's heavy moan!"

Richt hastilie he rose him up,
Socht neither h se nor shoon;
And he's doon him to the stable door,
By the lee licht o' the mane.

"O open the door, Bard Helen," he said,
"O open and let me in;
I want to see if my steed be fed,
Or my greyhounds fit to rin."

"O lullaby, my own deir child!
Lullaby, deir child, deir!
I weid thy father were a king,
Thy mother laid on a bair!"

"O open the door, Bard Helen," he says,
"O open the door to me;
Or, as my sword hangs by my gair,
I'll gar it gang in thee!"

"That never was my mother's custome,
And I hope it's ne'er be mine;
A knicht into her companie,
When she dries a' her pyne."

He hit the door then wi' his foot,
She did he wi' his knee;
Till door o' deal, and locks o' steel,
In splinders he rart flee.

"An askin', an askin', Lord John," she says,
"An askin' ye'll grant me;
The meanest maid about your house,
To bring a drink to me

"An askin', an askin', my dear Lord John,
An askin' ye'll grant me;
The warstem bouir in a' your touirs,
For thy young son and me!"

"I grant, I grant your askins, Helen,
An' that and mair frae me;
The very best bouir in a' my touirs,
For my young son and thee.

"O have thou comfort, fair Helen
Be of good cheer, I pray;
And your bridal and your kirking baith
Shall stand upon as day.'

And he has ta'en her Bard Helen,
And rowed her in the silk;
And he has ta'en his ala young son,
And wash'd him in the milk.

And there was ne'er a gayer bridegroom,
Nor yet a blyther bride,
As they, Lord John, and Lady Helen,
Neist day to kirk did ride.

Queen Eleanor's Confession.

[This is originally an English ballad, but the following Scottish version is given in Mr Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads—"Henry II. of England," says Mr Kinloch, "while Duke of Normandy, married, at the age of nineteen, 'the fam'd Eleanor Duchess of Guienne and Aquitain, who had lately been divorced from Lewis king of France, for consanguinity and suspicion of adultery, after she had born him two daughters.'—Rehard, b. ii. c. 1. The great disparity in age, and the moral taint which attached to her, would lead us to suspect that Henry was directed in his choice, more by the allurement of several rich provinces in France, than by affection for the lady. This may account for his notorious infidelity to her bed, particularly with 'Fair Rosamond,' whom, it is said, Eleanor, in a fit of jealousy, caused to be poisoned. Whilst our historians charge Eleanor with instigating her sons to rebel against their father, to which she was incited by jealousy and ill usage, they do not breathe the slightest suspicion against her conjugal honour while queen of England. It would, therefore, appear that the ballad has no foundation in truth, other than it may allude to her conduct whilst the wife of Louis VII."]

The queen fell sick, and very, very sick,
She was sick and like to dee;
And she sent for a friar oure frae France,
Her confessour to be.

King Henry when he heard o' that,
An angry man was he;
And he sent to the earl Marshall,
Attendance for to gi'e.

"The queen is sick," king Henry cried,
"And wants to be beshriven;
She has sent for a friar oure frae France,
By the rude* he were better in heaven.

"But tak' you now a friar's guise,
The voice and gesture feign,
And when she has the pardon crav'd,
Respond to her, Amen!

"And I will be a prelate old,
And sit in a corner dark,
To hear the adventures of my spouse,
My spouse, and her haly spark."

"My liege! my liege! how can I betray
My mistress and my queen!
O swear by the rude that no damage
For this shall be gotten or be gi'en."

"I swear by the rude," quoth king Henry,
"No damage shall be gotten or gi'en;
Come, let us spare no cure nor care,
For the conscience of the queen."

"O fathers! O fathers! I'm very, very sick,
I'm sick and like to dee;
Some ghostly comfort to my poor soul,
O tell if ye can gi'e!"

"Confess! confess!" earl Marshall cried,
"And you shall pardon'd be;"
"Confess! confess!" the king replied,
"And we shall comfort gi'e."

"O how shall I tell the sorry, sorry tale?
How can the tale be told!
I play'd the harlot wi' the earl Marshall,
Beneath yon cloth of gold.

"Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardon'd be."
"Amen! Amen!" quoth the earl Marshall,
And a very fear't heart had he.

"O down i' the forest, in a bower,
Beyond yon dark oak-tree,
I drew a penknife frae my pocket,
To kill king Henerie.

"Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardon'd be."
"Amen! Amen!" quoth the earl Marshall,
And a very fear't heart had he.

"O do you see yon pretty little boy,
That's playing at the ba'?
He is the earl Marshall's only son,
And I loved him best of a'.

"Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardon'd be."
"Amen! Amen!" quoth the earl Marshall,
And a very fear't heart had he.

"And do you see yon pretty little girl
That's a' beclad in green?
She's a friar's daughter oure in France,
And I hop'd to see her a queen.

"Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardon'd be."
"Amen! Amen!" quoth the earl Marshall,
And a fear't heart still had he.

"O do you see yon other little boy,
That's playing at the ba'?
He is king Henry's only son,
And I like him warst of a'.

"He's headed like a buck," she said,
"And backed like a bear:"—
"Amen!" quoth the king, in the king's ain voice,
"He shall be my only heir!"

The king look'd over his left shoulder,
An angry man was he:—
"An it werna for the oath I sware,
Earl Marshall, thou should'st dee."

* *Rude*—the Cross.

Lord Lovel.

[From Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads.—Taken down from the recitation of a lady of Roxburghshire. *Lovele* is the name of one of the heroes of Otterburn:

"Sir Jorg the worthy Lovele
A knyght of great renown,
Sir Raff the ryche Ragbe
With dynte wear beaten downe."]

Lord Lovel stands at his stable door,
Mounted upon a grey steed:
And bye came Ladie Nancibel,
And wish'd Lord Lovel much speed.

"O whare are ye going, Lord Lovel,
My dearest tell to me?"
"O I am going a far journey,
Some strange countrie to see;

"But I'll return in seven long years,
Lady Nancibel to see."
"O! seven, seven, seven long years,
They are mauch too long for me."

He was gane a year away,
A year but barely ane,
When a strange fancy cam' into his head,
That fair Nancibel was gane.

It's then he rade, and better rade,
Until he cam' to the toun,
And there he heard a dismal noise,
For the church bells a' did soun'.

He asked what the bells rang for,
They said, "It's for Nancibel:
She died for a discourteous squire,
And his name is Lord Lovel."

The lid o' the coffin he opened up,
The tissue he faulded doun;
And aye he kiss'd her pale, pale lips,
And the tears cam' trinkling doun.

"Weill may I kiss those pale, pale lips,
For they will never kiss me;—
I'll mak' a vow, and keep it true,
That they'll ne'er kiss ane but thee."

Lady Nancie died on Tuesday's night,
Lord Lovel upon the neist day;
Lady Nancie died for pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel, for deep sorrey.

Lord Lovat.

[From a small volume, entitled, "The Kilmarnock Annual for 1835."]

Lord Lovat left the wars,
Beneath the haile cross,
To seek the weel-kent braes and scaurs,
And the bonnie woods o' Ross.

He gaed when time was sleeping
In springlight on his brow;
But dim and doule age was creeping
Oot-owre his brentsem noo.

Oh! many an eerie sight
Has prood Lord Lovat seen;—
The wild war flashing day and night,
Unsparing men between;—

The desert and the sun,
Richt owre the blistering head;
The fearsome loch that gathered on
The wrack o' cities dead.

Lord Lovat's step was first
When Ascalon was won;
Lord Lovat's lance, the foremost burst
Jerusalem's wa's upon.

What has he got?—Thae wars
Are no for pelf I trow;
But his beardlie breast is seamed with scars,
And gashed his sunburnt brow.

What has he got?—The praise
O' warl ringing fame,
In minstrelsy a lordly place,
And knighthood's proudest name!

But he wad gi'e them a'—
Them a', and muckle mair,
For ae hour in his father's ha',
Wi' the Leddy Maisery there!

As hour of auld langsyne,
And langsyne's bonnie dreams;
As daunder where the roses shine,
Oot-owre the laughing streams.

On—on Lord Lovat rode,
Through wild and rocky glen,
Through the quiet blackness of the wood;—
On—on with spur and rein.

The sun was baffing down—
The drumly winter sun,
And the auld fire waved like shadows, round,
And the lift grew mirk abune.

His brave and bonnie black
Was worn and wearied sair;
They had travelled on since morninʼ bruk,
For three score miles and mair.

"Anither step or twa,—
Hand on my bonnie black!—
As ither stretch, and hearth and haʼ
Welcomes the lang lost back!"

At every step they rade
Lord Lovat lent a frienʼ,
In the wee burn brattlinʼ, as it gaed
The waving saughs between:—

The rowan tree that broke
The refted craig oot-through;—
The grey cairn and the mossy rock,
Wiʼ the wild whins on its brow,

On—on, the sun was down,
And the skie was dim in cloud,
When the keep he looked for glooned abune
The shadows of the wood.—

Waes me! The weeds waved out
Upon the broken waʼ;
The grass was growinʼ in the moat
Nae light was in the haʼ;

Nae sound was in the yard,
Whare spur and bridle rang;
And the wardersʼ challenge word was seard
The midnight glens amang

And the cauld twilight streamed
Oʼer aʼ in eerie gleams:—
Was this the palace hame that seemed
See bonnie in his dreams?

Lord Lovatʼs blood, I trow,
Was freezing round his heart,
And the cauld sweat brake in ice drops throʼ
Upon his forehead swart.—

He reached the castle haʼ,
In ruin, like the rest;
He only raised the hoodie craw,
And the sparrow from its nest!

There was an auld grey man,
Stood in the yard below,
And fear score years had crossed the span
Of wrinkles on his brow:—

"Come here thou auncient carle!
And tell me where they be—
The line of Ross—the proud auld earls,
But and his doohters three?—

"And bonnier than them aʼ,
May Maisrey where is she?"
—The auld man turned his head awaʼ,
To hide his heavy eʼe.

"Aʼ dead!" the auld man said—
"Aʼ dead! and ane by ane,
The bonniest flowers in Scotland braid,
In their bonniest time were taʼen!

"There was first the laddy Jean,
Wiʼ her light laugh to the last;
And then, and sune, the bard Allieren,
In the deadly wasting past!—

"In sax short years the wail
For the last and best was said;
And oh! no lang was Ross himsel
To follow where they gaed:—

"And, in the east, afur,
Lord Lovat but to be"—
—"Hush, vassal! hush, and tell me whaur
May Maisrey—where is she!"

"Oh she deʼed—the bonnie bride,
When the wild news of the war"—
"Awaʼ—awaʼ"—Lord Lovat cried,
"I douna harken mair!"—

He prest his gauntlet hauʼ
Hard on his burnin' brow;—
"Screech-owl of death!—awaʼ auld man
And leave me—leave me now."—

The grey haired vassal bent
Upon his knee, at once;
But fierce and fast Lord Lovat went,
With a broken spirit thence.—

"It could be none but he,
I kenned his stately mak';
I kenned him by his father's e'e—
The princely and the black!"

—The vassal said—"This night,
O'er a' the lands of Ross,
Shall hale and beacon fling their light
And speed the fiery cross."

That night a cry was heard
In hut and barons ha'—
It was an ancient gathering word,
Amaist forgot by a':

That night the winter stars
Looked down on mustering crests;
On the banner's charge of golden bars,
And the mail on gallant breasts.—

The day broke, clear and cold,
On a sea of shimmering spears,—
On bleaused arms, and bearings old,
Of Scotland's daring peers.—

But nae Lord Lovat came',
Though twice the gathering cry
From thousands rose the hills amang,
In thunder to the sky.—

"What keeps Lord Lovat now?"
Said auld Balfour, at last;
And to the gate with clouded brow,
The stalwart baron past:—

On through the halls—nae breath—
Nae sound was in the air—
On to the chapel—fixed in death,
Was the crusader there.—

Stretched on the altar steps, below
The cross, as if to pray,
And white, upon his sunburnt brow,
The drifted cranreuch lay!

Lady Elspat.

[From Mr Jamieson's Collection, where it is said to be given from the recitation of Mrs Brown.]

"How breent's your brow, my lady Elspat?
How gouden yellow is your hair?
O' a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
There's none like lady Elspat fair."

"Perform your vows, sweet William," she says
"The vows which ye ha' ma'e to me;
And at the back o' my mither's castell,
This night I'll surely meet wi' thee."

But wae be to her brother's page,
That heard the words thir twa did say;
He's tald them to her lady mither,
Wha wrought sweet William mickle wae.

For she has ta'en him, sweet William,
And she's gar'd bind him wi' his bow string
Till the red blaid o' his fair body
Frae lika nail o' his hand did spring.

O, it fell ance upon a time,
That the Lord-justice came to town;
Out has she ta'en him, sweet William,
Brought him before the Lord-justice boun'.

"And what is the crime now, lady," he says,
"That has by this young man been done?"
"O he has broken my bonnie castell,
That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane;

"And he has broken my bonnie coffers,
That was weel bandit wi' aiken ban;
And he has stown my rich jewels;
I wot he has stown them every ane."

Then out it spak' her Lady Elspat,
As she sat by Lord-justice' knee;
"Now ye ha'e told your tale, mither,
I pray, Lord-justice, ye'll now hear me.

"He hasna broken her bonnie castell,
That was weel biggit wi' lime and stane;
Nor has he stown her rich jewels,
For I wat she has them every ane.

"But though he was my first true love,
And though I had sworn to be his bride,
'Cause he hadna a great estate,
She would this way our loves divide."

Syne out and spak' the Lord-justice,
I wat the tear was in his e'e;
"I see nae fault in this young man:
Sae loose his bands, and set him free;

"And tak' your love, now, Lady Elspat;
And my best blessin' you baith upon;
For gin he be your first true love,
He is my eldest sister's son.

"There stands a steed in my stable,
Cost me baith gold and white mony;
Ye's get as mickle o' my free land
As he'll ride about in a summer's day."

The Earl of Mar's Daughter.

[From Mr Buchan's Collection.]

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a simmer's day,
The noble earl of Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

As thus she did amuse herse',
Below a green aik tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo
Set on a tower sae hie.

"O cow-me-doo, my love sae true,
If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'se ha'e a cage o' guid red gowd
Instead o' simple tree:

"I'll put gowd hingers roun' your cage,
And siller roun' your wa';
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them a'."

But she hadnae these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
Till cow-me-doo flew frae the tower,
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Hame to her bowers and ha';
And made him shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them a'.

When day was gane and night was come,
About the evening tide;
This lady spied a sprightly youth
Stand straight up by her side.

"From whence came ye, young man?" she said,
"That does surprise me mair;
My door was bolted right secure;
What way ha'e ye come here?"

"O had your tongue, ye lady fair,
Let a' your filly be;
Mind ye not on your turtle doo
Last day ye brought wi' thee?"

"O tell me mair, young man," she said,
"This does surprise me now;
What country ha'e ye come frae?
What pedigree are you?"

"My mither lives on foreign isles,
She has nae mair but me;
She is a queen o' wealth and state,
And birth and high degree.

"Likewise well skill'd in magic spells,
As ye may plainly see;
And she transform'd me to you shape,
To charm such maids as thee.

"I am a doo the live lang day,
A sprightly youth at night;
This aye gars me appear mair fair
In a fair maiden's sight.

"And it was but this verra day
That I came over the sea;
Your lovely faes did me enchant,—
I'll live and doo wi' thee."

"O cow-me-doo, my love sae true,
Nae mair frae me ye'se gae."
"That's never my intent, my love,
As ye said, it shall be sae."

Then he has staid in bower wi' her
For sax lang years and ane,
Till sax young sons to him she bare,
And the seventh she's brought hame.

But aye as ever a child was born,
He carried them away;
And brought them to his mither's care,
As fast as they could fly.

Thus he has staid in bower wi' her
For twenty years and three;
There came a lord o' high renown
To court this fair ladie.

But still his profer she refused,
And a' his presents too;
Says, "I'm content to live alane
Wi' my bird, coo-me-doo."

Her father swore a solemn oath
Amang the nobles all,
"The morn, or ere I eat or drink,
This bird I will gar kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage,
And heard what they did say;
And when he found they were dismist,
Says, "Woes me for this day.

"Before that I do langer stay,
And thus to be forlorn,
I'll gang unto my mither's bower,
Where I was bred and born."

Then cow-me-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea;
And lighted near his mither's castle
On a tower o' gowd sae hie.

As his mither was wanking out,
To see what she could see;
And there she saw her little son
Set on the tower sae hie.

"Get dancers here to dance," she said,
"And minstrells for to play;
For here's my young son, Florentine,
Come here wi' me to stay."

"Get nae dancers to dance, mither,
Nor minstrells for to play;
For the mither o' my seven sons,
The morn's her wedding-day."

"O tell me, tell me, Florentine,
Tell me, and tell me true;
Tell me this day without a flaw,
What I will do for you."

"Instead of dancers to dance, mither,
Or minstrells for to play;
Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men
Like storks, in feathers gray;

"My seven sons in seven swans,
Aboon their heads to flee;
And I, myself, a gay gos-hawk,
A bird o' high degree."

Then sighin, said the queen herself,
"That thing's too high for me;"
But she applied to an auld woman,
Who had mair skill than she.

Instead o' dancers to dance a dance,
Or minstrells for to play;
Four-and-twenty wall-wight men
Turn'd birds o' feathers gray;

Her seven sons in seven swans,
Aboon their heads to flee;
And he, himself, a gay gos-hawk,
A bird o' high degree.

This flock o' birds took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea;
And landed near the earl Mar's castle,
Took shelter in every tree.

They were a flock o' pretty birds
Right comely to be seen;
The people view'd them wi' surprise
As they danced on the green.

These birds ascended frae the tree,
And lighted on the ha';
And at the last wi' force did flee
Amang the nobles a'.

The storks there seized some o' the men,
They could neither fight nor flee;
The swans they bound the bridegroom man,
Below a green aik tree.

They lighted next on maidens fair,
Then on the bride's own head;
And wi' the twinkling o' an e'e,
The bride and them were fled.

There's ancient men at weddings been,
For sixty years or more;
But sic a curious wedding-day
They never saw before.

For nasthing could the companie do,
Nor nasthing could they say;
But they saw a flock o' pretty birds
That took their bride away.

When that the earl Mar, he came to know,
Where his doughter did stay;
He sign'd a bond o' unity,
And visits now they pay.

Lady Jane.

[Given in Mr Jamieson's Collection, from the recitation of Mrs Brown.]

"O wha will bake my bridal bread,
And brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my bright bride,
That I bring o'er the dale?"

"O I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your bright bride,
That you bring o'er the dale."

"O she that welcomes my bright bride,
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace her in her green clothing,
And braid her yellow hair.'

"O how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane;
When I ha's born you seven sons,
And am wi' bairn again?"

The lady stood in her bower door,
And looked o'er the land,
And there she saw her ain good lord
Leading his bride by the hand.

She's dreet her sons i' the scarlet red,
Herse' i' the dainty green;
And though her cheek look'd pale and wan,
She well might ha's been a queen.

She call'd upon her eldest son,
"Look yonder what you see;
For yonder comes your father dear,
Your step-mother hins wi'.—

"O you're welcome hame, my ain good lord,
To your halls but and your bowers;
You are welcome hame, my ain good lord,
To your castles and your towers;
Sae is your bright bride you beside;—
She's fairer than the flowers."

"O whatten a lady's that," she says,
"That welcomes you and me?
If I'm lang lady about this place,
Some good I will her do;
She is sae like my sister Jane,
Was stown i' the bower frae me."

O she has served the lang tables
Wi' the white-bread and the wine;
But ay she drank the wan water,
To keep her colour fine.*

And she gaed by the first table,
And leugh amang them a';
But ere she reach'd the second table,
She loot the tears down fa'.

She's ta'en a napkin lang and white,
And hung't upon a pin:—
It was to dry her watery eyes
As she gaed out and in.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' man boun' to bed,
The bride but and the bonnie bridegroom
Is as chamber were laid.

She's ta'en her harp intill her hand,
To harp this twa asleep;
And ay as she harped and she sang,
Full sorely did she weep.

"O seven fall fair sons I have born,
To the good lord o' this place;
And I wish that they were seven hares,
To run the castle race,
And I mysel' a good grey hound,
And I wad gi'e them chase.

"O seven fall fair sons I have born,
To the good lord o' this ha',

---

* To *keep her colour fine*—To preserve her complexion; to keep her from betraying the secret emotions of her heart by changing countenance.—*Jamieson.*

And I wish that they were seven raitons,
To run the castle wa',
And I myself a good grey cat,
And I wud worry them a'.

"The earl o' Richmond was my father,
And the lady was my mither;
And a' the bairns beside myself
Was a sister and a brither."

"Sing on, sing on, ye sad lady;
I wat ye ha'e sang in time;
Gin the earl o' Richmond was your father
I wat me was he mine."

"Rise up, rise up, my bierly bride,
I think my bed's but cald;
I wadna hear my lady lament
For your tocher ten times tald."

"O seven ships did bring you here,
And ane sall tak' you hame;
The lave I'll keep to your sister Jane,
For tocher she gat nane."

The Bent sae Brown.

[This old and once popular ballad we give, with some slight alterations, from Mr Buchan's Collection. The character of "sister Ann," as here depicted, and her indifference about her slain brothers, would scarcely meet the approval of modern times.]

Twaas are sixteen long miles I'm sure,
Between my love and me;
There are eight o' them in gude dry land,
And other eight by sea

Betide me life, betide me death,
My love I'll gang and see;
Although her friends they do me hate,
Her love is great for me.

Of my coat I'll make a boat,
And o' my mark a sail;
And o' my cane a gude topmast,
Dry land till I come till.

Then o' his coat he's made a boat,
And o' his mark a sail;
And o' his cane a gude topmast,
Dry land till he came till.

He is on to Annie's bower door,
And tirled at the pin;—
"O sleep ye, wake ye, my love Annie,
Ye'll rise lat me come in."

"O who is this at my bower door,
Sae well that kens my name?"
"It is your true love, sweet Willie,
For you I've crost the faem."

"I am deeply sworn, Willie,
By father and by mother;
At kirk or market where we meet,
We darena own each other.

"And I am deeply sworn, Willie,
By my hauld brothers thrd;
At kirk or market where we meet,
I darena speak to thee."

"Ye take your red fan in your hand,
Your white fan over your een;
And ye may swear, and save your oath,
Ye saw nae me come in.

She's ta'en her red fan in her hand,
The white fan over her een;
It was to swear and save her oath,
She saw nae him come in.

They hadna kiss'd nor love clapped,
As lovers do when they meet;
Till up it wakens her mother,
Out o' her drowsy sleep.

"Win up, win up, my three hauld sons,
Win up and make ye boun';
Your sister's lover's in her bower,
And he's but new come in."

Then up it raise her three hauld sons,
And girt to them their brand;
And they are to their sister's bower
As fast as they could gang.

When they came to their sister's bower,
They sought it up and down;
But there was neither man nor boy,
In her bower to be foun'.

Then out it speaks the first o' them,
"We'll gang and lat her be;
For there is neither man nor boy
Intill her com, aaie."

Then out it speaks the second son,
"Our travel's a' in vain;
But mother dear, nor father dear,
Shall break our rest again."

Then out it speaks the third o' them,
(An ill death mat he die!)
"We'll lurk amang the bent sae brown,
That Willie we may see.'

He stood behind his love's curtains,
His goud rings show'd him light
And by this ye may a' weel guess,
He was a renowned knight.

He's done him to his love's stable,
Took out his berry-brown steed;
His love stood in her bower door,
Her heart was like to bleed.

"O mourn ye for my coming, love?
Or for my short staying?
Or mourn ye for our safe sind'ring,
Case we never meet again?"

"I mourn nae for your here coming,
Nor for your staying lang;
Nor mourn I for our safe sind'ring,—
I hope we'll meet again.

"I wish ye may won safe away,
And safely frae the town;
For ken you not my brothers three
Are 'mang the bent sae brown."

"If I were on my berry-brown steed,
And three miles frae the town,
I wouldna fear your three bauld brothers,
Amang the bent sae brown."

He leint him ower his saddle bow,
And kiss'd her lips sae sweet;
The tears that fell between these twa,
They wat his great steed's feet.

But he wasna on his berry-brown steed,
Nor twa miles frae the town,
Till up it starts these three fierce men,
Amang the bent sae brown.

Then up they came like three fierce men,
Wi' mony shout and cry;
"Bide still, bide still, ye cowardly youth,
What makes you haste away?

"For I must know before you go,
Tell me, and make nae lie;—
If ye've been in my sister's bower,
My hands shall gar ye die."

"Though I've been in your sister's bower,
I have nae fear o' thee;
I'll stand my ground, and fiercely fight,
And shall gain victorie."

"Now I entreat you for to stay,
Unto us gi'e a wad;
If ye our words do not obey,
I'se gar your body bleed."

"I have nae wad," says sweet Willie,
"Unless it be my brand;
And that shall guard my fair body,
Till I win frae your hand."

Then twa o' them stept in behind,
All in a furious mood;
The third o' them came him before,
And seiz'd his berry-brown steed.

O then he drew his trusty brand,
That hang down by his gare;
And he has slain these three fierce men,
And left them sprawling there.

Then word has gane to her mother,
In bed where she slept soun',
That Willie had kill'd her three bauld sons,
Amang the bent sae brown.

Then she has cut the locks that hung
Sae low down by her e'e;
Sae has she kilt her green clathing
A little aboon her knee.

And she has on to the king's court,
As fast as gang could she;
When fair Annie got word o' that,
Was there as soon as she.

Her mother went before the king,
Fell low down on her knee:
"Win up, win up, my dame," he said,
"What is your will wi' me?"

"My wille they are not sma', my liege,
The truth I'll tell to thee·
There is ane o' your courtly knights
Last night ha'e robbed me."

"And has he broke your bigly bowers,
Or has he stole your fee?
There is nae knight into my court
Last night has been frae me;

"Unless 'twas Willie o' Lauderdale,
Forbid that it be he!"
"And by my sooth," says the auld woman,
"That very man is he.

"For he has broke my bigly bowers,
And he has stole my fee;
And made my daughter, Ann, his love,
And an ill woman is she.

"That was not all he did to me,
Ere he went frae the town;
My sons sae true he fiercely slew,
Amang the bent sae brown."

Then out it spake her daughter Ann,
She stood by the king's knee;
"Ye lie, ye lie, my mother dear,
Sae loud's I hear you lie.

"He has not broke your bigly bowers,
Nor has he stole your fee;
Nor made your daughter, Ann, his love,
A good woman I'll be.

"Although he slew your three bauld sons,
He weel might be forgi'en;
They were weil clad in armour bright,
When my love was him lane."

"Well spoke, well spoke," the king replied,
"This tauking pleases me;
For ae kiss o' your lovely mouth,
I'll set your true love free."

She's ta'en the king in her arms,
And kiss'd him cheek and chin;
He then set her behind her love,
And they went singing hame.

Rosmer Hafmand.

[This is a translation by Mr Jamieson from the Danish.]

Tuman dwalls a lady in Danmarck,
Lady Hillers lyle men her ca';
And she's gar'd bigg a new castell,
That shines o'er Danmarck a'.

Her dochter was stown awa' frae her;
She sought for her wide-whare;
But the mair she sought, and the less she fand,—
That wirks her sorrow and care.

And she's gar'd bigg a new ship,
Wi' vanes o' flaming goud,
Wi' mony a knight and mariner,
Sae stark in need bestow'd.

She's followed her sons down to the strand,
That chaste and noble fre;
And wull and waif for eight lang years
They sail'd upon the sea.

And eight years wull and waif they sail'd,
O' months that seem'd sae lang;
Syne they sail'd afore a high castell,
And to the land can gang.

And the young lady Svane lyle,
In the bower that was the best,
Says, "Wharfrae cam thir frem swains
Wi' us this night to guest?"*

Then up and spak' her youngest brither
Sae wisely aye spak' he;
"We are a widow's three poor sons,
Lang wilder'd on the sea.

---

* *Swains*—In this, and the other translations from the Danish, the term *swain* is used in its original and proper sense, to signify a young man. The term *lyle* (little), so often annexed, to express endearment, to the names of ladies in the Danish ballads, is still in use in Cumberland and the northern counties of England.—*Jamieson.*

"In Danmarck were we born and bred,
Lady Hillers lyle was our mither;
Our sister frae us was stown awa',
We findna whare or whither."

"In Danmarck were ye born and bred?
Was lady Hillers your mither?
I can nae langer heal frae thee,
Thou art my youngest brither.

"And hear ye this, my youngest brither,
Why bade na ye at hame?
Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,
Ye canna brook ane o' them.'

She's set him in the weiest nook
She in the house can meet;
She's bidden him for the high God's sake
Neither to laugh nae greet.

Rosmer hame frae Zealand came,
And he took on to bann;
"I smell fa' weel, by my right hand,
That here is a Christian man."

"There flew a bird out o'er the house,
Wi' a man's bane in his mouth;
He coost it in, and I cast it out,
As fast as e'er I couth."

But wilyly she can Rosmer win;
And clapping him tenderly,
"It's here is come my sister-son;—
Gin I lose him, I'll die.

"It's here is come my sister-son,
Frae baith our fathers' land;
And I ha's pledged him faith and troth,
That ye will not him bann."

"And is he come thy sister-son,
Frae thy father's land to thee?
Then I will swear my highest aith,
He's dree nae skaith frae me."

'Twas then the high king Rosmer,
He ca'd on younkers twae:
"Ye bid proud Svane lyle's sister-son
To the chalmer afore me gae."

It was Svane lyle's sister-son,
When afore Rosmer he wan,
His heart it quook, and his body shook,
nae fley'd, he scarce dow stand.

Sae Rosmer took her sister-son,
Set him upon his knee;
He clappit him sae kithfonely,
He turned baith blue and blae.*

And up and spak' she, Svane lyle;
"Sir Rosmer, ye're nae to learn,
That your ten fingers arena sma',
To clap sae little a bairn."

There was he till, the fifteen year,
He green'd for hame and land:
"Help me now, sister Svane lyle,
To be set on the white sand."

It was proud lady Svane lyle,
Afore Rosmer can stand:
"This younker sae lang in the sea has been,
He greens for hame and land."

"Gin the younker sae lang in the sea has been
And greens for hame and land,
Then I'll gi'e him a kist wi' goud,
Sae fitting till his hand."

"And will ye gi'e him a kist wi' goud,
Sae fitting till his hand?
Then hear ye, my noble hearts dear,
Ye bear them baith to land."

Then wrought proud lady Svane lyle
What Rosmer little wist;
For she's tane out the goud sae red,
And laid herself i' the kist.

He's ta'en the man upon his back;
The kist in his mouth took he;
And he has gane the lang way up
Frae the bottom o' the sea.†

"Now I ha's borne thee to the land;
Thou seest baith sun and moon;
Namena lady Svane for thy highest God,
I beg thee as a boon."

---

* *Blae and blae.*—In England they say, "black and blue;" but the Danish has it, "yellow and gray."—*Jamieson.*

† This Rosmer Longshanks, as he is called in another of the ballads, must have been of the most Gargantuan dimensions, not to have been sensible, when he put the chest in his mouth, of the difference of weight between *Svane lyle* and a *chestful of gold.*—*Jamieson.*

Bessie sprang i' the cant sea out,
And jawp'd it up i' the sky;
But whan he cam' till the castell in,
Nae Swane lyle could he spy.

Whan he cam' till the castell in,
His dearest awa' was gane;
Like wood he sprang the castell about,
On the rock o' the black flintstane.

Glad they were in proud Hillers lyle's house,
Wi' welcome joy and glee;
Hame to their friends her bairns were come,
That had lang been in the sea.

Marchioness of Douglas.

[The circumstances in real life, which gave rise to this ballad, are thus detailed by Mr Chambers, from whose collection the ballad is taken.—"James second marquis of Douglas, when aged twenty-four, married, at Edinburgh, on the 7th of September, 1670, Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth earl of Mar. This lady is said to have been previously wooed, without success, by a gentleman of the name of Lowrie, who, on account of his afterwards marrying Mariotte Weir, heiress of Blackwood, in Lanarkshire, was commonly called, according to the custom of Scotland, the Tutor, and sometimes the Laird, of Blackwood. Lowrie, who seems to have been considerably advanced in life at the time, was chamberlain or factor to the Marquis of Douglas; a circumstance which gave him peculiar facilities for executing an atrocious scheme of vengeance he had projected against the lady. By a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of Iago, and in particular, by pretending to have discovered a pair of men's shoes underneath the Marchioness's bed, he completely succeeded in breaking up the affection of the unfortunate couple. Lord Douglas, who, though a man of profligate conduct, had hitherto treated his wife with some degree of politeness, now rendered her life so miserable, that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father. The Earl came with a large retinue, to carry her off, when, according to the ballad, as well as the tradition of the country, a most affecting scene took place. The Marquis himself was so much overcome by the parting of his wife and child—for she had now borne a son—that he expressed, even in that last hour, a desire of being reconciled to her. But the traitorous Lowrie succeeded in preventing him from doing so, by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness. Regarding the ultimate fate of the Marchioness I am altogether ignorant. It is, however, very improbable that any reconciliation ever took place between her and her husband, such as is related in the ballad. Her son was afterwards a personage of some historical note. When only eighteen years of age, he raised the 20th, or Cameronian regiment; a band originally associated in 1689 for the purpose of protecting the Convention of Estates at Edinburgh, while the measure of the Revolution was in agitation, but which he afterwards led abroad to fight in King William's French wars. He was killed, when in the act of leading on the regiment, at the battle of Steinkirk, in 1692, when only twenty-one years of age. The Marquis of Douglas married a second wife, who bore to him the noted Archibald duke of Douglas, Lady Jane Douglas, and other children; and thus, what is a very strange circumstance, the venerable Lord Douglas, who died in 1827, was but grandson to the 'fause love' who sent the heroine of 'Waly, waly,' to take up her couch on Arthur's Seat, and slake her thirst at St Anton's Well, in the decade of 1670. Lowrie distinguished himself in the religious troubles of the reign of Charles II. He had been accessory to the insurrection of 1666, and was condemned to death for his concern in the affair of Bothwell-bridge, but was pardoned. Fountainhall describes him as a man disliked by people of every party and every condition."]

Part First.

"O waly, waly, up yon bank,
And waly, waly, doun yon brae,
And waly, waly, by yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wont to gae!

"Hey, nonnie, nonnie, but love is bonnie,
A little while, when it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.*

---

* The stanza runs thus in the copy which Mr Motherwell has extracted from the Pepysian

"I leant my back unto an ask;
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
And sae did my fause love to me.

"My mother tauld me, when I was young,
That young man's love was ill to trow;
But untill her I wald give nae ear,
And, alaas, my ain wand dings me now!

"O had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had locked my heart with a key o' gowd,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.

"O wherefore should I busk my head,
O wherefore should I kaim my hair,
Since my true-love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair?

"As we came in by Glasgow toun,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

"Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me,
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love has forsaken me.*

"Oh, Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
Oh, gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a lift that wearies me?

"It's not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor drifting snaw's inclemencie;
It's not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.

"And oh, an my young babe was born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me!

"When lords and lairds cam' to this toun,
And gentlemen o' high degree,
I took my auld son in my arms,
And went to my chamber pleasantlie.

"But when lords and lairds come nest to the [toun,
And gentlemen o' high degree,
"O, I maun sit in the dark, alane,
Wi' my young son on the nurse's knee!
O, I maun sit in the dark, alane,
And ne'er a ane to comfort me!"

PART SECOND.

"WHEN I lay sick, and very sick,
When I lay sick, and like to die,
A gentleman of good account
Came from the west to visit me;
But Blackwood whisper'd in my lord's ear,
He was ower lang in the chamber wi' me.

"When I was sick, and very sick,
When I was sick, and like to die,
As I drew near to my stair-head,
I heard my ain lord lichtile me.

Library. In the ordinary versions, it begins, "O waly, waly, but love be bonnie;" and Allan Ramsay gives this line as the title of the song, only substituting the word "gin" [(if) for "but." A third variation is quoted, in Leyden's Introduction to the "Complaynt of Scotland," from a manuscript Cantus, or Collection of Songs, dated in the latter part of the seventeenth century:—

"Hey troly, loly! love is joly,
A whyle, whill it is new;
But when it's old, it grows full cold,
Woe worth the love untrue!"

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both "nonnis, nonnis," and "Troly, loly!" were common burdens of songs. A song under the title of "Trolee, lolee," is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, 1548, and also in Laneham's Account of the reception of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, 1575. Perhaps, the elegant modern burden, beginning, "Tol de rol, lol de rol," may be a genuine descendant of the "Troly, loly," of the two centuries before the last.

Chambers.

* Arthur's seat is a well-known hill near Edinburgh, and St Anton's, or St Anthony's Well, a fountain which springs from its side, near to the ruins of a small chapel and hermitage, the tenant of which it must have supplied with water. The explanation here given of the occasion of the ballad is countenanced by local circumstances. The forlorn countess, in alluding to the period when she was an honoured wife, speaks of a visit to Glasgow, a city near to her husband's residence and estates: in alluding to her present degraded condition, when residing with her father at Edinburgh, she introduces Arthur's Seat and St Anthony's Well, two objects of note in the immediate vicinity of the capital.—*Chambers.*

"Gae, little page, and tell your lord,
Gin he'll come doun and dine wi' me,
I'll set him on a chair o' gowd,
And serve him on my bended knee."

The little page gaed up the stair:
"Lord Douglas, dine wi' your ladye;
She'll set ye on a chair o' gowd,
And serve ye on her bended knee."

"When cockle shells turn silver bells,
When wine dreips red frae ilka tree,
When frost and snaw will warm us a',
Then I'll come doun and dine wi' thee."

"What ails you at your youngest son,
That sits upon the nurse's knee?
I'm sure that he has done nae harm,
Unless to his ain nurse and me.

"If I had kent what I ken now,
That love it was so ill to win,
I should ne'er ha' wet my cherry cheek,
For ony man or mother's son.

"But when my father got word o' this,
O what an angry man was he!
He sent fourscore o' his archers bauld,
To bring me safe to his ain countrie.

"When I rose up, then, in the morn,
My goodly palace for to lea',
I knocked at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word wad he speak to me.

"Fare ye weel, then, Jamie Douglas;
I need care as little as ye care for me:
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,
And I sane will see my ain countrie.

"Ye thocht that I was like yourse',
And loving lik ane I did see;
But here I swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved a man but thee.

"Slowly, slowly, rose he up,
And slowly, slowly cam' he doun;
And when he saw me set on his horse,
He garred his drums and trumpets sound.

"When I upon my horse was set,
My tenants all were with me ta'en;
They set them doun upon their knees,
And they begged me to came back again.

"It's fare ye weel, my bonnie palace,
And fare ye weel, my children three!
God grant your father may get mair grace,
And love ye better than he has loved me.

"It's fare ye weel, my servants all,
And you, my bonnie children three!
God grant your father grace to be kind,
Till I see you safe in my ain countrie.

"Now woe be to you, fause Blackwood,
Aye, and an ill death may you dee!
Ye was the first and foremost man,
That parted my true love and me."

Part Third.

"As on we cam' to Edinburgh toun,
My gude father he welcomed me.
He caused his minstrels meet to sound.
It was nae music at a' to me;
For nae mirth nor music sounds in my ear
Since my true love's forsaken me."

"Now hand your tongue, my daughter dear,
And of your weeping let me be;
For a bill of divorce I'll gar write for him,
And I'll get as gude a lord to thee."

"Oh, hand your tongue, my father dear,
And o' such talking let me be;
I wadna gi'e a look o' my guid lord's face
For all the lords in the north countrie.

"Oh, I'll cast aff my robes o' red,
And I'll put on my robes o' blue;
And I will travel to some other land,
To see gin my love will on me rue.

"There sall nae wash come on my face;
There sall nae kame come in my hair;
There sall neither coal nor candle-light
Be seen intill my boair mair."

When she cam' to her father's land,
The tenants a' cam' her to see;
Never a word she could speak to them,
But the buttons aff her claes would flie.

"The lintie is a bonnie bird,
And aften flies far frae its nest;
Sae a' the world may plainly see,
They're far awa' that I love best.

PART FOURTH.

As she was sitting at her boair window,
Looking afar ower hill and glen,
Wha did she see but fourscore soldiers,
That cam' to tak' her back again.

Out bespak' the foremostman;
And whatsn a weel-spoken man was he!
"If the Lady Douglas be within,
Ye'll bid her come doun and speak to me."

But out bespak' her father then;
I wat an angry man was he!
"Ye may gang back the gate ye cam',
For her face again ye'll never see."

"Now hand your tongue, my father," she says,
"And of your folly let me be;
For I'll gae back to my gude lord,
Since his love has come back to me."

Sae she has dressed herself fu' braw,
And mounted on her dapple grey,
And, like a queen, wi' her men behind,
She has ridden gayly out the way.

She laughed like ony new-made bride,
When she took farewell o' her father's towers;
But the tear, I wat, stude in her e'e,
When she cam' in sicht o' her lover's bowers.

As she cam' by the Orange gate,
Whatsn a blythe sicht did she see;
Her gude lord coming her to meet,
And in his hand her bairnies three!

"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
That I may drink to my ladie:"
She took the cup intill her hand,
But her bonnie heart it brak' in three.

Jellon Grame.

[FRASER published in Scott's Minstrelsy.—"Jellon," says Sir Walter, "seems to be the same name with Jyllian or Julian. 'Jyl of Brentford's Testament' is mentioned in Warton's History of Poetry, Vol. II. p. 40. The name repeatedly occurs in old ballads, sometimes as that of a man, at other times as that of a woman. Of the former is an instance in the ballad of 'The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter.'—Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Vol. III. 72:—

Some do call me Jack, sweetheart,
And some do call me Jill.

"Witton Gilbert, a village four miles west of Durham, is, throughout the bishopric, pronounced Witton Jilbert. We have also the common name of Giles, always in Scotland pronounced Jill. For Gillie, or Juliana, as a female name, we have Fair Gillian of Croydon, and a thousand authorities."]

O JELLON GRAME sat in Silverwood,*
He sharped his broad sword lang:
And he has called his little foot-page
An errand fur to gang.

"Win up, my bonnie boy," he says,
"As quickly as ye may;
For ye maun gang fur Lillie Flower
Before the break of day.

The boy has buckled his belt about,
And through the green-wood ran;
And he came to the ladye's bower
Before the day did dawn.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, Lillie Flower?
The red sun's on the rain;
Ye're bidden come to Silverwood,
But I doubt ye'll ne'er win hame."

She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely three,
Ere she came to a new-made grave,
Beneath a green aik tree.

O then up started Jellon Grame,
Out of a bush thereby;
"Light down, light down, now, Lillie Flower
For it's here that ye maun lye."

---

* Silverwood, mentioned in this ballad, occurs in a medley MS. song, which seems to have been copied from the first edition of the Aberdeen cantus, *penes* John G. Dalyell, Esq. advocate. One line only is cited, apparently the beginning of some song:—

Silverwood, gin ye were mine.—Scott.

She lighted aff her milk-white steed,
And kneel'd upon her knee;
"O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame,
For I'm no prepared to dee!

"Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,
Maun shortly see the light;
But to seh it weltering in my blood,
Would be a piteous sight."

"O should I spare your life," he says,
"Until that bairn were born,
Full weel I ken your auld father
Would hang me on the morn."

"O spare my life, now, Jellon Grame!
My father ye needna dread;
I'll keep my babe in gude green-wood,
Or wi' it I'll beg my bread."

He took no pity on Lillie Flower,
Though she for her life did pray;
But pierced her through the fair body
As at his feet she lay.

He fait nae pity for Lillie Flower,
Where she was lying dead;
But he fait some for the bonnie bairn,
That lay weltering in her bluid.

Up has he ta'en that bonnie boy,
Given him to nurses nine;
Three to sleep, and three to wake,
And three to go between.

And he bred up that bonnie boy,
Called him his sister's son:
And he thought no eye could ever see
The deed that he had done.

O so it fell upon a day,
When hunting they might be,
They rested them in Silverwood,
Beneath that green aik tree.

And many were the green-wood flowers
Upon the grave that grew,
And marvell'd much that bonnie boy
To see their lovely hue.

"What's paler than the prymrose wan?
What's redder than the rose?
What's fairer than the lilye flower
On this wee know that grows?"

O out and answered Jellon Grame,
And he spak' hastilie—
"Your mother was a fairer flower,
And lies beneath this tree.

"More pale she was, when she sought my grace,
Than prymrose pale and wan;
And redder than rose her ruddy heart's blood,
That down my broad sword ran."

Wi' that the boy has bent his bow,
It was baith stout and lang;
And through and through him Jellon Grame,
He gar'd an arrow gang.

Says,—"Lie ye there, now, Jellon Grame!
My malisoun gang you wi'!
The place that my mother lies buried in
Is far too good for thee."

Lady Anne.

[Communicated to the Border Minstrelsy by Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddom, who mentions having copied it from an old magazine. "Although it has probably received some modern corrections," says Sir Walter Scott, "the general turn seems to be ancient, and corresponds with that of a fragment, containing the following verses, which I have often heard sung in my childhood:

She set her back against a thorn,
And there she has her young son born;
"O smile nae sae, my bonnie babe!
An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead."
* * * * *

An' when that lady went to the church,
She spied a naked boy in the porch.

"O bonnie boy, an' ye were mine,
I'd clead ye in the silks sae fine."
"O mither dear, when I was thine,
To me ye were na half sae kind."
* * * * *

"Stories of this nature are very common in the annals of popular superstition. It is, for example, currently believed in Ettrick Forest, that a libertine, who had destroyed fifty-six inhabited houses, in order to throw the possessions of the cottagers into his estate, and who

added, to this injury, that of seducing their daughters, was wont to commit to a carrier in the neighbourhood the care of his illegitimate children, shortly after they were born. His emissary regularly carried them away, but they were never again heard of. The unjust and cruel gains of the profligate laird were dissipated by his extravagance, and the ruins of his house seem to bear witness to the truth of the rhythmical prophecies denounced against it, and still current among the peasantry. He himself died an untimely death; but the agent of his amours and crimes survived to extreme old age. When on his death-bed, he seemed much oppressed in mind, and sent for a clergyman to speak peace to his departing spirit: but, before the messenger returned, the man was in his last agony; and the terrified assistants had fled from his cottage, unanimously averring, that the wailing of murdered infants had ascended from behind his couch, and mingled with the groans of the departing sinner."]

Fair lady Anne sate in her bower,
Down by the greenwood side,
And the flowers did spring, and the birds did sing,
'Twas the pleasant May-day tide.

But fair lady Anne on Sir William call'd,
With the tear grit in her e'e,
"O though thou be fause, may heaven thee guard,
In the wars ayont the sea!"

Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,
Upon the simmer's morn,
And they did sing, and play at the ba',
As naked as they were born.

"O seven lang years wad I sit here,
Amang the fruet and snaw,
A' to ha'e but ane o' these bonnie boys,
A playing at the ba'."

Then up and spake the eldest boy,
"Now listen thou fair ladie,
And ponder well the read that I tell,
Then make ye a choice of the three.

"'Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,
And that ane, see fair to see,
But a twelve-month sinsyne to paradise came,
To join with our companie."

"O I wil ha'e the snaw-white boy,
The bonniest of the three."
"And if I were thine, and in thy propine,*
O what wad ye do to me?"

"'Tis I wad clead thee in silk and gowd,
And nourice thee on my knee."
"O mither! mither! when I was thine,
Sic kindness I couldna see.

"Beneath the turf, where now I stand,
The fause nurse buried me;
The cruel penknife sticks still in my heart,
And I come not back to thee."

Erlinton.

[From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"This ballad," says Sir Walter, "is published from the collation of two copies, obtained from recitation. It seems to be the rude original, or perhaps a corrupted and imperfect copy, of The Child of Elle, a beautiful legendary tale, published in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry. It is singular, that this charming ballad should have been translated, or imitated, by the celebrated Burger, without acknowledgment of the English original. As The Child of Elle avowedly received corrections, we may ascribe its greatest beauties to the poetical taste of the ingenious editor. They are in the true style of Gothic embellishment. We may compare, for example, the following beautiful verse, with the same idea in an old romance:—

The baron stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turned his face aside,
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide!
Child of Elle.

The heathen Soldan, or Admiral, when about to slay two lovers, relents in a similar manner—

Weeping, he turned his head away,
And his swerde hit fel to grounde.
Floriss and Blauncheflour.]

---

* *Propine*—Usually gift, but here the power of giving or bestowing.—*Scott.*

Ellenrow had a fair daughter,
I wat he weird her in a great sin,*
For he has built a bigly bower,
An' a' to put that lady in.

An' he has warn'd her sisters six,
An' one has he her brethren se'en,
Outher to watch her a' the night,
Or else to seek her morn an' e'en.

She hadna been i' that bigly bower,
Na not a night, but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
Chapp'd at the door, cryin', "Peace within!"

"O whae is this at my bower door,
That chaps sae late, or kens the gin?"†
"O it is Willie, your ain true love,
I pray you rise an' let me in!"

"But in my bower there is a wake,
An' at the wake there is a wane;‡
But I'll come to the green-wood the morn,
Whar blooms the brier, by mornin' dawn."

Then she's gane to her bed again,
Where she has layen till the cock crew thrice,
Then she said to her sisters a',
"Maidens, 'tis time for us to rise."

She put on her back a silken gown,
An' on her breast a siller pin,
An' she's tane a sister in ilka hand,
An' to the green-wood she is gane.

She hadna walk'd in the green-wood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,
Whae frae her sisters has her ta'en.

He took her sisters by the hand,
He kiss'd them baith, an' sent them hame,
An' he's ta'en his true love him behind,
And through the green-wood they are gane.

They hadna ridden in the bonnie green-wood,
Na not a mile but barely ane,
When there came fifteen o' the boldest knights,
That ever bare flesh, blood, or bane.

The foremost was an aged knight,
He wore the grey hair on his chin,
Says, "Yield to me thy lady bright,
An' thou shalt walk the woods within."

"For me to yield my lady bright
To such an aged knight as thee,
People wad think I war gane mad,
Or a' the courage flown frae me."

But up then spake the second knight,
I wat he spake right boustouslie,
"Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,
Or here the tane of us shall die."

"My lady is my warld's meed:
My life I winna yield to nane;
But if ye be men of your manhead,
Ye'll only fight me ane by ane."

He lighted aff his milk-white steed,
An' gae his lady him by the head,
Say'n, "See ye dinna change your cheer,
Untill ye see my body bleed."

He set his back unto an ash,
He set his feet against a stane,
An' he has fought these fifteen men,
An' kill'd them a' but barely ane;
For he has left that aged knight,
An' a' to carry the tidings hame.

When he gaed to his lady fair,
I wat he kiss'd her tenderlie;
"Thou art mine ain love, I have thee bought;
Now we shall walk the green-wood free."

---

* *Weird her in a great sin*—Placed her in danger of committing a great sin.—*Scott.*

† *Gin*—The slight or trick necessary to open the door; from engine.—*Scott.*

‡ *Wane*—A number of people.—*Scott.*

Young Benjie.

[First published in the Border Minstrelsy.—"In this ballad," says Sir Walter, "the reader will find traces of a singular superstition, not yet altogether discredited in the wilder parts of Scotland. The lykewake, or watching a dead body, in itself a melancholy office, is rendered, in the idea of the assistants, more dismally awful,

by the mysterious horrors of superstition. In the interval betwixt the death and interment, the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover around its mortal habitation, and, if invoked by certain rites, retains the power of communicating, through its organs, the cause of its dissolution. Such inquiries, however, are always dangerous, and never to be resorted to, unless the deceased is suspected to have suffered *foul play*, as it is called. It is the more unsafe to tamper with this charm in an unauthorised manner, because the inhabitants of the infernal regions are, at such periods, peculiarly active. One of the most potent ceremonies in the charm, for causing the dead body to speak, is, setting the door ajar, or half open. On this account, the peasants of Scotland sedulously avoid leaving the door ajar, while a corpse lies in the house. The door must either be left wide open, or quite shut; but the first is always preferred, on account of the exercise of hospitality usual on such occasions. The attendants must be likewise careful never to leave the corpse for a moment alone, or if it is left alone, to avoid, with a degree of superstitious horror, the first sight of it. The following story, which is frequently related by the peasants of Scotland, will illustrate the imaginary danger of leaving the door ajar. In former times, a man and his wife lived in a solitary cottage, on one of the extensive border fells. One day the husband died suddenly; and his wife, who was equally afraid of staying alone by the corpse, or leaving the dead body by itself, repeatedly went to the door, and looked anxiously over the lonely moor for the sight of some person approaching. In her confusion and alarm, she accidentally left the door ajar, when the corpse suddenly started up, and sat in the bed, frowning and grinning at her frightfully. She sat alone, crying bitterly, unable to avoid the fascination of the dead man's eye, and too much terrified to break the sullen silence, till a catholic priest, passing over the wild, entered the cottage. He first set the door quite open, then put his little finger in his mouth, and said the paternoster backwards; when the horrid look of the corpse relaxed, it fell back on the bed, and behaved itself as a dead man ought to do.

"The ballad is given from tradition. I have been informed by a lady of the highest literary eminence, that she has heard a ballad on the same subject, in which the scene was laid upon the banks of the river Clyde. The chorus was

'O Bothwell banks bloom bonnie,'

and the watching of the dead corpse was said to have taken place in Bothwell church."]

Of a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
And a dear true love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But ay the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.*

And they ha'e quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;
And she said she'd chuse another luve,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout,† and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie;
And he's gane by the wan moon-light,
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
O open, and let me in!"
"I darena open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within."

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonnie bard,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang!
It sets ye chuse another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her e'e,—
"I darena, darena, let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill ha'e I done?"
He took her in his arms twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

---

* *Plea*—Used obliquely for *dispute*.—*Scott*.

† *Stout*—Through this whole ballad, (unless in in one instance,) signifies *haughty*.—*Scott*.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith laith to be dang,
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak' her eldest brother,
"O see na ye what I see?"
And out then spak' her second brother,
"It's our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak' her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"
And out then spak' her youngest brother,
"There's a honey mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground—
"O wha has killed our sae sister,
And how can he be found?

"The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her barial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say."

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear;
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to craw;
And at the dead hour o' the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

"O whae has done the wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Whae was sae stout, and feared nae doat,
As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the first sae man
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout, and proud-hearted,
He threw me o'er the linn."

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang,
Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang?"

"Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers
Ye maunna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang.

"Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best sae servant about your house
To wait young Benjie on.

"And aye, at every seven years' end,
Ye'll tak' him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun drie,
To seug* his deadly sin."

The Curse of Moy.

[This was a contribution of J. B. Morritt to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Mr Morritt of Rokeby in Yorkshire, was one of Sir Walter Scott's most valued friends. He died in 1843.—"The Castle of Moy is the ancient residence of Mackintosh, the chief of the Clan-Chattan. It is situated among the mountains of Inverness-shire, not far from the military road that leads to Inverness. It stands in the hollow of a mountain, on the edge of a small gloomy lake, called Loch Moy, surrounded by a black wood of Scotch fir, which extends round the lake, and terminates in wild heathe, which are unbroken by any other object, as far as the eye can reach. The tale is founded on an ancient Highland tradition; that originated in a feud between the clans of Chattan and Grant. A small rocky island in Loch Moy is still shown, where stood the dungeon in which prisoners were confined, by the former chiefs of Moy."]

Loud in the gloomy towers of Moy,
The Chattan clan their carol raise,†
And far th' ascending flame of joy
Shoots o'er the loch its trembling blaze.

For long within her secret bower,
In child-bed lay the lady fair,
But now is come th' appointed hour,
And vassals shout, "An heir! an heir!"

---

* *Seug*—shelter or explate.—*Scott*

† The Chattan clan is a federal clan, consisting of the families of Macintosh, Macpherson, and some others of less consequence. The chief is the laird of Macintosh; the Chattan country is in the inland part of Inverness-shire.—*Scott*.

And round the fire with many a tale,
The well-spiced bowl the dames prolong,
Save when the chieftains' shouts prevail,
Or war's wild chorus swells the song.

Loud sound the pipes, the dancer's heel
Bounds nimbly from the floor of pine,
When in the light and mazy reel
Young maids and active soldiers join.

Late waned the night, the blazing brand
More feebly glimmered in the hall,
Less loudly about the jovial band,
Less lively sounds the pibroch's call.*

When from the corner of the hearth,
A figure crept, of all the train
Most alien from a scene of mirth,
And muttering sigh'd, "'Tis vain, 'tis vain!"

Soon ceased the shout, a general thrill
Seiz'd every heart; th' ill omen'd voice
Seem'd e'en the warrior's breast to chill,
Nor dared the trembling sire rejoice.

He saw a pale and shiv'ring form,
By age and frenzy haggard made;
Her eyes, still wild with passion's storm,
Belied the snows that shroud her head.

Long had she wander'd on the heath,
Or begg'd the lonely trav ler's aid,
And gossips swear that sudden death
Still follow where her footsteps tread.

Her hut on Badenoch's wildest height,
Full well the mountain hunter knew,
Nor paused to take a narrower sight,
But cursed the witch and quick withdrew.

Slowly she crawl'd before the throng,
Fix'd on the chief her haggard eyes,
Check'd with a look the minstrel's song,
"No more," she cried, "No more rejoice!

"To you that o'er your midnight ale
Have listened to the tales of glee,
I come to tell a gossip's tale;
Ill-omen'd chieftain! list to me."

THE WITCH'S TALE.

"Full sixty fatal years have roll'd,
Since clamour shook these gloomy towers;
When Moy's black chief, with Urquhart old,†
Led Grant's and Chattan's mingled powers.

"Like you their followers shouted brave,
Like yours the minstrels answer'd loud,
Like you they 'gan the dance to weave,
And round and round the goblet flow'd

"In solemn guise the chieftains came,
To solemn league the chieftains swore;
To quench the death-feud's fatal flame,
And dye the heath with blood no more.

"Fair rose the morn, and Urquhart's pow'rs
To Moray's hostile border flew,‡
But ling'ring in the Chattan tow rs,
The aged chief the last withdrew.

"Homewards he turned, some younger arm
Shall lead the war on the banks of Spey;
But sharp was the sleet, and cold the storm,
That whistled at eve in his locks so gray.

"With him went Alva's heir, who stay'd,§
The chieftain's weal or woe to share;

* The pibroch is a wild music, played by the piper at the assembling of a clan, in marches, &c. Every clan had its own particular tune, which was played most scrupulously and indefatigably on all great and signal occasions.—*Scott.*

† Grant, the laird of Urquhart, was the chief of the clan of Grant; his castle of Urquhart, now in ruins, covers one of the most beautiful of the craggy promontories that adorn Loch Ness. The delightful vale of Glen Urquhart is embosomed in the mountains behind it. The possessions of the clan in the southern part of Inverness-shire, border on th se of the clan Chattan, with whom, of course, they were continually at variance.—*Scott.*

‡ The Lowland district of Moray, or Elginshire, along the banks of the Spey, being comparatively fertile and civilized, and in the immediate vicinity of the Grampians, was long exposed to the ravages and inroads of the Highland clans, who possessed the mountains on the border, and the upper part of Strathspey.—*Scott.*

§ Alva is an ancient possession of a chieftain of the family of Grant.—*Scott.*

So Urquhart's trembling daughter pray'd,
So Alva vow'd, who loved her dear.

"But drear was Badenoch's wintry waste,
And mirk the night that round them fell,
As over their heads the night-raven past,
And they enter'd Glen Iral's darkling dell.*

"The raven scream'd, and a slogan yell
Burst from Glen Iral's sable wood,
They heard in the gale a bugle swell,
They saw in the shade a man of blood.

"Grimly he points, and a hundred hands
Their horses seize; in that fatal hour,
Unarm'd, defenceless, Urquhart stands,
But Alva has drawn his broad claymore.

"'Stand fast, Craig-Ellachie,' he cried,†
As his stalwart stroke the foremost slew;
Alas! no friendly voice replied,
But the broad claymore in fragments flew.

"And sad was the heart of Alva's heir,
And he thought of Urquhart's scenes of joy,
When instead of her smile that he loved so dear,
He met the haughty scowl of Moy.

"And far across the wintry waste,
And far from Marg'ret's bow'r of joy,
In silent haste, and in chains they past,
To groan and despair in the towers of Moy.

"On yonder rock their prison stood,
Deep in the dungeon's vault beneath,
The pavement still wet with the rising flood,
And heavy, and dank, is the fog they breathe.

"Three days were past—with streaming eye,
With bursting heart, and falt'ring breath,
What maiden sues at the feet of Moy,
To save their life, or to share their death?

"'Tis Marg'ret; in whose heart the tale
Had waken'd the first sad sigh of grief,
And wan and pale from Urquhart's vale,
She flew to the tow'r of the gloomy chief.

"Beneath his darken'd brow, the smile
Of pleas'd revenge with hatred strove,
And he thought of the hours, perchance, the while
When she slighted his threats, and scorn'd his love.

"And thus he spoke, with trait'rous voice,
'Oh! not in vain can Margaret plead;
One life I spare—be her's the choice,
And one for my clan and my kin shall bleed.

"'Oh will she not a lover save,
But dash his hopes of mutual joy,
And doom the brave to the silent grave,
To ransom a sire from the sword of Moy?

"'Or will she not a father spare,
But bare his last spark of life destroy,
And will she abandon his silvery hair,
And wed her love in the halls of Moy?'

"Oh have you seen the shepherd swain,
While heav'n is calm on the hills around,
And swelling in old Comri's plain,‡
Earth shakes, and thunders burst the ground;

"Like him aghast did Marg'ret stand,
Wild start her eyes from her burning head,
Nor stirs her foot, nor lifts her hand;
The chastisement of heaven is sped.

"Long mute she stands, when before her eyes,
From the dungeon's cave, from the gloomy [lake,
In the mournful wood two forms arise,
And she of the two her choice must make.

"And wildly she sought her lover's breast,
And madly she kiss'd his clanking chain;
'Home, home,' she cried, 'be my sire release'd,
While Alva and I in the grave remain.

"'And my father will rest, and our name be blest,
When Moy's vile limbs shall be strew'd on the shore;
The pine tree shall wave o'er our peaceful grave,
Till together we wake to weep no more.'

* The Iral is a small stream that rises in the Chattan country, and falls into the river of Nairn, between Moy and Loch Ness.—*Scott.*

† Craig-Ellachie, where was the place of assembling of the clan of Grant, was also the slogan or war-cry of the clan.—*Scott.*

‡ The vale of Comri, in Perthshire, where earthquakes are still frequently felt, is in the higher part of Strathearn, near Crieff.—*Scott.*

"The tear from Urquhart's eye that stole,
As rung in his ear his daughter's cry,
Ceased on his furrow'd cheek to roll, [Moy.
When he mark'd the scorn of the gloomy

"And stately rose his stiffen'd form,
And seemed to throw off the load of age,
As gather'd in his eye the storm
Of feudal hate, and a chieftain's rage.

"'False traitor! though thy greedy ear
Hath drunk the groan of an enemy,
Yet inly rankle shame and fear,
While rapture and triumph smile on me.

"'And thou, my best, my sorrowing child,
Whate'er my fate, thy choice recall!
These towers, with human blood defiled,
Shall hide my corse, and atone my fall.

"'Why should I live the scorn of slaves?
From me no avenger shall I see,
Where fair Lochness my castle laves,
To lead my clan to victory.

"'White are my hairs, my course is run,—
To-morrow lays thy father low;
But Alva safe, with yonder sun
He shall rise in blood on the hills of snow.

"'If Alva falls, and falls for me,
A father's curse is over thy grave;
But safe and free let him wend with thee,
And my dying blessing thou shalt have.'

"The maid stood aghast, and her tears fell fast,
As to the wild heath she turn'd to flee;
'Be Alva safe,' she sigh'd as she past,
'To Badenoch's height let him follow me.'

"She sat her down on the blasted heath,
And hollowly sounded the glen below;
She heard in the gale the groan of death,
She answered the groan with a shriek of woe.

"And slowly tow'rds the mountain's head,
With a sable bier four ruffians hied;
'And here,' they said, 'is thy father dead,
And thy lover's corse is cold at his side.'

"They laid the bodies on the heat,
Each in his bloody tartan roll'd;
'Now sing Craig-Elachie's lament, [cold.'
For her chiefs are dead, and her hopes are

"She sigh'd not as she turned away,—
No tear-drop fell from her frozen eye;
But a night and a day, by their side did stay,
In stupid speechless agony.

"And another she staid, and a cairn she made,*
And piled it high, with many a groan;
As it rose white, on Badenoch's height,
She mutters a prayer over every stone.

"She pray'd, that, childless and forlorn
The chief of Moy might pine away:
That the sleepless night, and the careful morn,
Might wither his limbs in slow decay;

"That never the son of a chief of Moy
Might live to protect his father's age,
Or close in peace his dying eye,
Or gather his gloomy heritage.

"But, still as they fall, some distant breed,
With sordid hopes, and with marble heart,
By turns to the fatal towers succeed,
Extinct by turns to the grave depart.

"Then loud did she laugh, for her burning brain
The soothing showers of grief denied;
And still, when the moon is on the wane,
She seeks her hut on the mountain's side.

"There sits she oft to curse the beam
That vexes her brain with keener woe;
Full well the shepherd knows her scream,
When he sinks on the moor in the drifted snow.

"Seven times has she left her wretched cell
To cheer her sad heart with gloomy joy,
When the fury of heaven, or the blasts of hell,
Have wither'd the hopes of the house of Moy.

"And now! at your feast, an unbidden guest,
She bids you the present hour enjoy;
For the blast of death is on the heath,
And the grave yawns wide for the child of Moy."

Here ceased the tale, and with it ceased
The revels of the shuddering clan;
Despair had seized on every breast,
In every vein chill terrors ran.

* A cairn is a heap of loose stones, the usual memorial of an ancient burying-place.—*Scott.*

To the mountain hut is Marg'ret sped,
Yet her voice still rings in the ear of Moy;
Scarce above the mern on the mountain's head,
When the lady wept o'er her dying boy.

And long in Moy's devoted tower
Shall Marg'ret's gloomy curse prevail;
And mothers, in the child-bed hour,
Shall shudder to think on the witch's tale.

Hardyknute.

[THE author of this celebrated ballad was LADY WARDLAW, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitfirrane, a gentleman of Fife, in Scotland. She was born in 1677, and in 1696 was married to Sir Henry Wardlaw, of Balumlie, or Pitrivie, also in Fife. She died about the year 1727. This lady, who must be allowed to have possessed poetical talents of no common order, considering that she lived at so dark a period in the literary history of Scotland, attempted at first to pass off Hardyknute as a genuine fragment of ancient ballad. She caused her brother-in-law, Sir John Bruce of Kinross, to communicate the MS. to Lord Binning, (son of the poetical Earl of Haddington, and himself a poet,) with the following account: "In performance of my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found, a few weeks ago, in an old vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you will find, that the tenth part is not legible." The ballad was first published in 1719, by some literary gentlemen, who believed it to be what the authoress pretended; and it was afterwards admitted by Ramsay into the Evergreen, as a composition of the antique nature proper to that collection. For many years, it was generally received as a genuine old ballad; nor does any one ever seem to have questioned its pretensions to that character. Dr Percy at length, in his Reliques, published in 1755, disclosed the real fact of its authorship, which has latterly been confirmed beyond a doubt by other writers. Mr Hepburn of Keith, a gentleman well known in the early part of the last century for high honour and probity of character often declared that he was in the house with Lady Wardlaw at the time she wrote the ballad; and Mrs Wedderburn of Gosford, Lady Wardlaw's daughter, and Mrs Menzies of Woodend, her sister-in-law, used to be equally positive as to the fact. See Chalmers' edition of Ramsay's Works, London, 1800.—*Chambers.*

The historical events upon which the ballad is founded are the following.—In 1263, Haco, king of Norway or Denmark, under pretence that Arran and the islands adjacent formed part of the Western Isles, then subject to him, fitted out a large armament, with which he overran Kintire and the islands in dispute. Elated with success, he determined on pursuing his predatory enterprise still farther, and with this view came to anchor with his fleet at the Cumbras, whence he sent a detachment up the Clyde, which plundered the islands in Loch Lomond, at that time very populous. But before he had sufficient time to carry his other plans into effect, a storm arose in which several of his ships were driven on shore near Largs, where the Scotch army had collected, and was watching his motions. Those vessels which ran aground were immediately attacked by the Scots, and obstinately defended by the Norwegians, who being successively reinforced from their fleet, remained on shore all night; next morning (2d October) Haco landed with a numerous body of troops,—was again attacked by the Scots, and, after a desperate conflict, finally routed and driven to his ships, with the loss of sixteen thousand men, according to Buchanan and other Scotch writers, but of only about six hundred according to an ancient manuscript account of the expedition in the library of the king of Denmark.—That the loss on the part of the Norwegians is greatly under-rated in this account, is evident from the course which Haco found it necessary to follow a few days after the battle, for, notwithstanding his having been joined by the detachment from Loch Lomond, he withdrew with his fleet to Arran, which with the other islands that he had pillaged, he shortly after abandoned.]

STATELY stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west;
Full seventy yeers he now had ane,
With sheres seven yeers of rest.

He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae;
And sy his sword taukl, to their cost,
He was their deadly fae.

His on a hill his castle stode,
With halls and towirs a-hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to see,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.

His dame sae pierless anes and fair,
For chast and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout,
In bluidy fecht, with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;

Four yit remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land;
His was their fame, his was their micht,
And his was their command.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister saft and deir;
Her girdle shaw'it her middle jimp,
And gowden glist her hair.

Quhat wae'fu wae her bewtie bred!
Waefu to young and auld;
Waefu, I trow, to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse, in summer tyde,
Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle
With mony a hardy knicht.

The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif array,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your foes stand on the strand;
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands."

"Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple gray,"
Our gude king raise and cryd;
A trustier beast in all the land,
A Scots king never seyd

"Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dried of foes,
And haste and follow me."

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
"Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,
And red your king frae harm."

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown chicks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew lange as they were wont
In dangers great to do.

He has tane a horn as grene as grass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in grene-wood schake thereat,
Sae loud rang lika hill.

His sons, in manly sport and gie,
Had past that summer's morn,
Quhen low doun in a grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.

"That horn," quod they, "neir sounds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde;"
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
And sune were at his syde.

"Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace
To end my lengthened lyfe,
My age micht well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of stryfe·

"But now that Norse dois proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
He faired to fecht or fall.

"Robin of Rothesay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows schute sae hail,
That mony a comely countenance
They've turned to deidly pale.

"Brade Thomas, tak' ye but your lance,
Ye neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ye fecht wi't as ye did anes
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

"Malcom, licht of foot as stag
That runs in forest wyld,
Get me my thousands thrie of men,
Well bred to sword and schield:

"Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettal cleir;"
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They sune had fled far feir.

"Farewell, my dame, mae pelrless gude,"
And take her by the hand,
"Fairer to me in age you aim,
Than maids for bewtie fam'd:

"My youngest son sall here remain,
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keips
thee fast your painted bowirs."

And first sche wet her comely chieks,
And then hir bodice grene;
Her silken cords of twirtle twist
Weil plett with silver scheene;

And apron set with mony a dice
Of needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he cam' to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane:—

"Here maun I lye, here maun I die,
By trenchery's false gyles;
Witless I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked woman's smyles."

"Sir knicht, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on silken seat,
My ladyis kyndlie care you'd prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate:

"Hir saif wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids at deid of nicht;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in your sicht.

"Arise, young knicht, and mount your steid,
Full lown's the schynand day;
Chris frae my n.enyis quhom ye pleis,
To leid ye on the way."

With smyless luke, and visage wan,
The wounded knicht reply'd,
"Kind chiftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

"To me nae after day nor nicht
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But sune beneath sum draping trie
Cauld death sall end my care."

With him nae pleiding micht prevail;
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre
Lord Chattan's land sae wyde;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen fies his courage seyd:

Of Pictish race, by mother's syde;
Quhen Picts raled Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

Now with his fers and stalwart train
He reicht a ryding heicht,
Quhair, braid encampit on the dale,
Norse menyis lay in sicht:

"Yonder, my valiant sons, and fris,
Our raging revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scotish swaird,
To try with us thair fate.

"Mak' orisons to Him that saift
Our saals upon the rude;*
Syne braifly schaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude."

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
Quhyle thousands all around,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills sound.

To join his king, adoun the hill
In haste his march he made,
Quhyle playand pibrochs minstralls meit
Afore him stately strade.

"Thryse welcum, valyiant stoup of weir,
Thy nation's scheild and pryde,
Thy king nae reason has to feir,
Quhen thou art be his syde."

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.

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* *Rude*—the Cross.

Lang did they rage, and freht fall fierce,
With little skaith to man;
But bludy, bludy was the field
Or that lang day was done!

The king of Scots that sindle* bruik'd
The war that lukit lyke play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows seimt but delay.

Quoth noble Rothesay, "Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bleid a skore."
"Haste up my merry men," cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
With him to mense the faucht;†
But on his forehead there did licht
A sharp unconsie shaft;

As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O wasfou chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst betwene his een.

"Revenge! revenge!" cried Rothesay's heir,
"Your mail-coat sall nocht byde
The strength and sharpness of my dart,"
Then sent it through his syde.

Another arrow well he mark'd,
It persit his neck in twa;
His hands then quat the silver reine,
He law as eard did fa'.

"Sair bleids my liege! sair, sair he bleids!"
Again with micht he drew,
And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow;
Fast the braid arrow flew:

Wae to the knicht he ettled at;
Lament now quene Eigreid;
His dames to wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meid.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,"‡
(Of gold weil was it twyn'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, throuch quhilk
His stelly harnes shynd.)

"Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him 'venge the blude it beirs.
Say, if he face my bended bow
He sure nae weapon fairs."

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder, and arms strong,
Cry'd, "Quhair is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
And faird at Britain's throne?

"Though Britons tremble at his name,
I sune sall mak' him wail,
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart couldna byde,
It lent him youthfou micht:
"I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cry'd,
"To Scotland's king I hecht§

"To ky thee law as horse's hufs,
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first strake eir he strak
He garr'd his body bleid.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehauk's staird wyld,
He sicht with shame and spyte;
"Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to stryke."

Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,
As law as he to ladies usit,
In courtly gyse to lout.

Full sune he rais'd his bent body;
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair.

Norse ferliet‖ too as sair as he,
To see his stately luke;
Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,
Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,
Up towards him did prance:

* Seldom. † Try the fight.
‡ Military vest. § Promised. ‖ Wondered.

He spur'd his steid throw thickest ranks
  The hardy youth to quell,
Quha stode unmavit at his approach,
  His furie to repell.

"That schort brown shaft, sae meanly trim'd,
  Lakis lyke poor Scotland's geir;
But dreidfull scime the rusty poynt!"
  And load he leuch in jeir.

"Aft Britons blude has dim'd its shyne,
  This poynt cut short their vaunt;"
Syne piere'd the boisteris lairdeil cheik,
  Nae tyme he take to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang;
  His stirrip was nae stay,
Sae frible hang his unbent knie,
  Sure taken he was fey.

Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,
  Richt far was heard the thud,
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
  All waltering in his blude.

With cairless gesture, mind unmavit,
  On raid he north the plain,
He saimt in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
  Quhen winner ay the same.

Nor yit his heart dames' dimpellit cheik
  Coud meise* aft luve to bruik;
Till vengeful Ann returned his scorn,
  Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,
  All panting on the plain,
The faintung corps of warriours lay,
  Neir to arise again:

Neir to return to native land;
  Nae mair with blythsom sounds
To boist the glories of the day,
  And schaw their shyning wounds.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame
  May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the schiples sea
  Befoir hir mate appeirs.

* Soften.

Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain,
  Thy lord lyis in the clay;
The valyiant Scots nae revers thole†
  To carry lyfe away

There on a lie, quhair stands a cross
  Set up for monument,
Thousands full fierce, that summer's day,
  Fill'd kene waris black intent.

Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
  Let Norse the name aye dried;
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
  Sal latest ages reid.

Full load and chill blew westlin' wind,
  Sair beat the heavy showir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
  Wan neir his stately towir:

His towir that us'd with torches bleise
  To shyne sae far at nicht,
Scim'd now as black as mourning weid;
  Nae marvel sair he sich'd.

"Thair's nae licht in my lady's bowir,
  Thair's nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
  Nor ward stands on my wall.

"Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say!"
  Nae answer fits their dreid.
"Stand back my sons, I'll be your gyde;"
  But by they past with speid.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes"—
  There cekt his brag of weir,
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
  And maiden Fairly fair.

Black fair he falt, but quhat to fair,
  He wist not yit with dreid:
Sair schake his body, sair his limbs,
  And all the warrior fled.

† Suffer.

The Duel of Wharton and Stuart.

[From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"Duels," says Sir Walter Scott, "are derived from the times of chivalry. They succeeded to the *combat at outrance*, about the end of the sixteenth century; and, though they were no longer countenanced by the laws, nor considered a solemn appeal to the Deity, nor honoured by the presence of applauding monarchs and multitudes, yet they were authorised by the manners of the age, and by the applause of the fair.* They long continued, they even yet continue, to be appealed to, as the test of truth; since, by the code of honour, every gentleman is still bound to repel a charge of falsehood with the point of his sword, and at the peril of his life. This peculiarity of manners, which would have surprised an ancient Roman, is obviously deduced from the Gothic ordeal of trial by combat. Nevertheless, the custom of duelling was considered, at its first introduction, as an innovation upon the law of arms; and a book, in two huge volumes, entitled, *Le vrai Theatre d' Honneur et de la Chivalerie*, was written by a French nobleman, to support the venerable institutions of chivalry against this unceremonious mode of combat. He has chosen for his frontispiece two figures; the first represents a conquering knight, trampling his enemy under foot in the lists, crowned by Justice with laurel, and preceded by Fame, sounding his praises. The other figure presents a duellist, in his shirt, as was then the fashion, (see the following ballad,) with his bloody rapier in his hand: the slaughtered combatant is seen in the distance, and the victor is pursued by the Furies. Nevertheless, the wise will make some scruple, whether, if the warriors were to change equipments, they might not also exchange their emblematic attendants. The modern mode of duel without defensive armour, began about the reign of Henry III. of France, when the gentlemen of that nation, as we learn from Davila, began to lay aside the cumbrous lance and cuirass, even in war. The increase of danger being supposed to contribute to the increase of honour, the national ardour of the French gallants led them early to distinguish themselves by neglect of every thing that could contribute to their personal safety. Hence, duels began to be fought by the combatants in their shirts, and with the rapier only. To this custom contributed also the art of fencing, then cultivated as a new study in Italy and Spain, by which the sword became, at once, an offensive and defensive weapon. The reader will see the new 'science of defence,' as it was called, ridiculed by Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Scott.

* "All things being ready for the ball, and every one being in their place, and I myself being next to the queen (of France) expecting when the dancers would come in, one knockt at the door somewhat louder than became, as I thought, a very civil person. When he came in, I remember there was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, 'C'est Monsieur Balagny,' or, 'tis Monsieur Balagny; whereupon, also, I saw the ladies and gentlewomen, one after another, invite him to sit near them; and, which is more, when one lady had his company a while, another would say, 'you have enjoyed him long enough; I must have him now.' at which bold civility of theirs, though I were astonished, yet it added unto my wonder, that his person could not be thought, at most, but ordinary handsome: his hair, which was cut very short, half grey, his doublet but of sackcloth, cut to his shirt, and his breeches only of plain grey cloth. Informing myself of some standers-by who he was, I was told he was one of the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine men in single fight: and that, for this reason, the ladies made so much of him: it being the manner of all French women to cherish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of any one else, with the safety of their honour.'—Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, p. 70. How near the character of the duellist, originally, approached to that of the knight-errant, appears from a transaction, which took place at the siege of Juliers, betwixt this Balagny and lord Herbert. As these two noted duellists stood together in the trenches, the Frenchman addressed lord Herbert: 'Monsieur, on dit que vous etes un des plus braves de votre nation, et je suis Balagny, allons voir qui fera le mieux.' With these words, Balagny jumped over the trench, and Herbert as speedily following, both ran sword in hand towards the defenders of the besieged town, which welcomed their approach with a storm of musquetry and artillery. Balagny then observed, this was not service, but Herbert swore, he would not turn back first: so the Frenchman was finally fain to set him the example of retreat. Notwithstanding the advantage which he had gained over Balagny, in this 'jeopardy of war,' lord Herbert seems still to have grudged that gentleman's astonishing reputation: for he endeavoured to pick a quarrel with him, on the romantic score of the worth of their mistresses, and, receiving a ludicrous answer, told him, with disdain, that he spoke more like a pallian than a cavalier. From such instances, the reader may judge, whether the age of chivalry did not endure somewhat longer than is generally supposed."—Scott.

by Don Quevedo, in some of his novels. But the more ancient customs continued for some time to maintain their ground. The sieur Colombiere mentions two gentlemen, who fought with equal advantage for a whole day, in all the panoply of chivalry, and, the next day, had recourse to the modern mode of combat. By a still more extraordinary mixture of ancient and modern fashions, two combatants on horseback ran a tilt at each other with lances, without any covering but their shirts.

When armour was laid aside, the consequence was, that the first duels were very sanguinary, terminating frequently in the death of one, and sometimes, as in the ballad, of both persons engaged. Nor was this all: The seconds, who had nothing to do with the quarrel, fought stoutly, *pour se deesmayer*, and often sealed with their blood their friendship for their principal. A desperate combat, fought between Messrs Entraguet and Caylus, is said to have been the first in which this fashion of promiscuous fight was introduced. It proved fatal to two of Henry the Third's minions, and extracted from that sorrowing monarch an edict against duelling, which was as frequently as fruitlessly renewed by his successors. The use of rapier and poniard together,* was another cause of the mortal slaughter in these duels, which were supposed, in the reign of Henry IV., to have cost France at least as many of her nobles as had fallen in the civil wars. With these double weapons, frequent instances occurred, in which a duellist, mortally wounded, threw himself within his antagonist's guard, and plunged his poniard into his heart. Nay, sometimes the sword was altogether abandoned for the more sure and murderous dagger. A quarrel having arisen betwixt the vicomptc d'Allemagne and the sieur de la Roque, the former, alleging the youth and dexterity of his antagonist, insisted upon fighting the duel in their shirts, and with their poniards only; a desperate mode of conflict, which proved fatal to both. Others refined even upon this horrible struggle, by choosing for the scene a small room, a large hogshead, or, finally, a hole dug in the earth, into which the duellists descended, as into a certain grave. Must I add, that even women caught the phrensy, and that duels were fought, not only by those whose rank and character rendered it little surprising, but by modest and well-born maidens!—*Audiguier Traite de Duel. Theatre d'Honneur*, vol. i. †

We learn, from every authority, that duels became nearly as common in England, after the accession of James VI., as they had ever been in France. The point of honour, so fatal to the gallants of the age, was no where carried more highly than at the court of the pacific *Solomon* of Britain. Instead of the feudal combats, upon the *Hie-gate of Edinburgh*, which had often disturbed his repose at Holy-rood, his levees, at Theobald's, were occupied with listening to the detail of more polished, but not less sanguinary, contests. I rather suppose, that James never was himself disposed to pay particular attention to the laws of the *duelle*; but they were defined with a quaintness and pedantry, which, bating his dislike to the subject, must have deeply interested him. The point of honour was a science, which a grown gentleman might study under suitable professors, as well as dancing, or any other modish accomplishment. Nay, it would appear, that the ingenuity of the *sword-men*, (so these military casuists were termed) might often accommodate a bashful combatant with an honourable excuse for declining the combat:

— Understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
Art born of gentle blood and pure descent?
Were none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
Bastard or bastinadoed? Is thy pedigree
As long, as wide as mine? For otherwise
Thou wert most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
In me to fight. More: I have drawn five teeth—
If these stand sound, the terms are much unequal;
And, by strict laws of duel, I am excused
To fight on disadvantage.—

Albumazar, Act IV. Sc. 7.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's admirable play of *A King and no King*, there is some excellent mirth at the expense of the professors of the point of honour.

* It appears from a line in the black-letter copy of the following ballad, that Wharton and Stuart fought with rapier and dagger:

With that stout Wharton was the first
Took rapier and poniard there that day.
Ancient Songs, 1792, p. 204.—Scott.

† This folly ran to such a pitch, that no one was thought worthy to be reckoned a gentleman, who had not tried his valour in at least one duel; of which lord Herbert gives the following instance: A young gentleman, desiring to marry a niece of Monsieur Dinancour, couyer to the duke de Montmorenci, received this answer: "Friend, it is not yet time to marry; if you will be a brave man, you must first kill in single combat, two or three men; then marry, and get two or three children; otherwise the world will neither have gained or lost by you."—Herbert's Life, p. 64.—Scott.

But, though such shifts might occasionally be resorted to by the faint-hearted, yet the fiery cavaliers of the English court were but little apt to profit by them; though their vengeance for insulted honour sometimes vented itself through fouler channels than that of fair combat. It happened, for example, that lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, in fencing with a master of the noble science of defence, lost his eye by an unlucky thrust. The accident was provoking, but without remedy; nor did lord Sanquhar think of it, unless with regret, until some years after, when he chanced to be in the French court. Henry the Great casually asked him, How he lost his eye? 'By the thrust of a sword,' answered lord Sanquhar, not caring to enter into particulars. The king, supposing the accident the consequence of a duel, immediately inquired, 'Does the man yet live?' These few words set the blood of the Scottish nobleman on fire; nor did he rest till he had taken the base vengeance of assassinating, by hired ruffians, the unfortunate fencing master. The mutual animosity, betwixt the English and Scottish nations, had already occasioned much bloodshed among the gentry, by single combat, and James now found himself under the necessity of making a striking example of one of his Scottish nobles, to avoid the imputation of the grossest partiality. Lord Sanquhar was condemned to be hanged, and suffered that ignominious punishment accordingly.

By a circuitous route, we are now arrived at the subject of our ballad; for to the tragical duel of Stuart and Wharton, and to other instances of bloody combats and brawls betwixt the two nations, is imputed James's firmness in the case of lord Sanquhar.

'For Ramsay, one of the king's servants, not long before Sanquhar's trial, had switched the earl of Montgomery, who was the king's first favourite, happily because he took it so. Maxwell, another of them, had bitten Hawley, a gentleman of the Temple, by the ear, which enraged the Templars (in those times riotous, subject to tumults,) and brought it almost to a national quarrel, till the king stept in, and took it up himself. The lord Bruce had summoned Sir Edward Sackville (afterward earl of Dorset,) into France, with a fatal compliment to take death from his hand. And the much-lamented Sir James Stuart, one of the king's blood, and Sir George Wharton, the prime branch of that noble family, for little worthless punctilios of honour (being intimate friends,) took the field, and fell together by each other's hand.'—Wilson's Life of James VI. p. 60.

The sufferers in this melancholy affair were both men of high birth, the heirs apparent of two noble families, and youths of the most promising expectation. Sir James Stuart was a Knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Walter, first lord Blantyre, by Nicolas, daughter of Sir James Somerville, of Cambusnethan. Sir George Wharton was also a Knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Philip, lord Wharton, by Frances, daughter of Henry Clifford, earl of Cumberland. He married Anne, daughter of the earl of Rutland, but left no issue.

The circumstances of the quarrel and combat are accurately detailed in the ballad, of which there exists a black-letter copy in the Pearson Collection, now in the library of the late John duke of Roxburghe, entitled, "A Lamentable Ballad, of a Combate, lately fought near London, between Sir James Stewards, and Sir George Wharton, knights, who were both slain at that time.—'To the tune of, *Down Plumpton Park*, &c.' A copy of this ballad has been published in Mr Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, and, upon comparison, appears very little different from that which has been preserved by tradition in Ettrick Forest. Two verses have been added, and one considerably improved, from Mr Ritson's edition. These three stanzas are the fifth and ninth of Part First, and the penult verse of Part Second. I am thus particular, that the reader may be able, if he pleases, to compare the traditional ballad with the original edition. It furnishes striking evidence, that, 'without characters, fame lives long.' The difference, chiefly to be remarked betwixt the copies, lies in the dialect, and in some modifications applicable to Scotland; as, using the words '*Our Scottish Knight*.' The black-letter ballad, in like manner, terms Wharton '*Our English Knight*.' My correspondent, James Hogg, adds the following note to this ballad: 'I have heard this song sung by several old people; but all of them with this tradition, that Wharton bribed Stuart's second, and actually fought in armour. I acknowledge, that, from some dark hints in the song, this appears not impossible; but that you may not judge too rashly, I must remind you, that the old people, inhabiting the head-lands (high ground) here-abouts, although possessed of many original songs, traditions, and anecdotes, are most unreasonably partial when the valour or

honour of a Scotsman is called in question.' I retain this note, because it is characteristic; but I agree with my correspondent, there can be no foundation for the tradition, except in national partiality." *

PART FIRST.

It grieveth me to tell you o'
Near London late what did befall,
'Twixt two young gallant gentlemen;
It grieveth me, and ever shall.

One of them was Sir George Wharton,
My good lord Wharton's son and heir;
The other, James Stuart, a Scottish knight,
One that a valiant heart did bear.

When first to court these nobles came,
One night, a gaming, fell to words; †
And in their fury grew so hot,
That they did both try their keen swords.

No manner of treating, nor advice,
Could hold from striking in that place;
For, in the height and heat of blood,
James struck George Wharton on the face.

"What doth this mean," George Wharton said,
"To strike in such unmanly sort?
But, that I take it at thy hands,
The tongue of man shall ne'er report!"

"But do thy worst, then," said Sir James,
"Now do thy worst, appoint a day!
There's not a lord in England breathes
Shall gar me give an inch of way.'

"Ye brag right weel," George Wharton said;
"Let our brave lords at large alane,
And speak of me, that am thy foe;
For you shall find enough o' ane!

"I'll alterchange my glove wi' thine;
I'll shew it on the bed o' death;
I mean the place where we shall fight;
There ane or both maun lose life and breath!"

"We'll meet near Waltham," said Sir James;
"To-morrow, that shall be the day.
We'll either take a single man,
And try who bears the bell away."

Then down together hands they shook,
Without any envious sign;
Then went to Ludgate, where they lay,
And each man drank his pint of wine.

No kind of envy could be seen,
No kind of malice they did betray;
But a' was clear and calm as death,
Whatever in their bosoms lay,

Till parting time; and then, indeed,
They shew'd some rancour in their heart;
"Next time we meet," says George Wharton,
Not half me soundly we shall part!"

So they have parted, firmly bent
Their valiant minds equal to try:
The second part shall clearly show,
Both how they meet, and how they dye.

PART SECOND.

GEORGE WHARTON was the first as man,
Came to the appointed place that day,
Where he expyed our Scots lord coming,
As fast as he could post away.

* Since the publication of the first edition of the Minstrelsy, I have seen cause to think that this imputation was not introduced by Scottish reciters, but really founded upon the opinion formed by Stuart's friends. Sir James Stuart married the lady Dorothy Hastings; and, in a letter from the late venerable countess of Moira and Hastings, he is described, from family tradition, as the most accomplished person of the age he lived in, and, in talents and abilities, almost equal to what is recorded of the admirable Crichton. Sir George Wharton is, on the other hand, affirmed to have been a man of a fierce and brutal temper, and to have provoked the quarrel, by wanton and intolerable reflections on the Scottish national character. "In the duel," her ladyship concludes, "family tradition does not allow Sir James to have been killed fairly." From an anecdote respecting Sir George Wharton's conduct in a quarrel with the earl of Pembroke, there is room to suppose the imputations on his temper were not without foundation. See Lodge's Illustrations of English History, vol. iii. p. 250. Lady Moira concludes, that she had seen a copy of the ballad different from any one hitherto printed, in which the charge of foul play was directly stated against Wharton.—Scott.

† Sir George Wharton was quarrelsome at cards, a temper which he exhibited so disagreeably when playing with the earl of Pembroke, that the earl told him, "Sir George, I have loved you long; but, by your manner in playing, you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore, choosing to love you still, I will never play with you any more."—Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 250.—

They met, shook hands; their cheeks were pale;
Then to George Wharton James did say,
"I dinna like your doublet, George,
It stands sae weel on you this day.

"Say, have you got no armour on?
Have you no under role of steel?
I never saw an Englishman
Become his doublet half sae weel."

"Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton said,
"For that's the thing that mauna be,
That I should come wi' armour on,
And you a naked man truly."

"Our men shall search our doublets, George,
And see if one of us do lie;
Then will we prove wi' weapons sharp,
Ourselves true gallants for to be."

Then they threw off their doublets both,
And stood up in their sarks o' lawn;
"Now take my counsel," said Sir James,
"Wharton, to thee I'll make it knawn:

"So as we stand, so will we fight;
Thus naked in our sarks," said he;
"Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton says;
"That is the thing that must not be.

"We're neither drinkers, quarrellers,
Nor men that cares na for ourse1;
Nor minde na what we'ere gaun about,
Or if we're gaun to heav'n or hell.

"Let us to God bequeath our souls,
Our bodies to the dust and clay!"
With that he drew his deadly sword,
The first was drawn on field that day.

Se'en bouts and turns these heroes had,
Or e'er a drop o' blood was drawn;
Our Scotch lord, wond'ring, quickly cry'd,
"Stout Wharton! thou still hauds thy awn!"

The first stroke that George Wharton gae,
He struck him thro' the shoulder-bane;
The neist was thro' the thick o' the thigh;
He thought our Scotch lord had been slain.

"Oh! ever alack!" George Wharton cry'd,
"Art thou a living man, tell me?
If there's a surgeon living can,
He's cure thy wounds right speedily."

"No more of that," James Stuart said;
"Speak not of curing wounds to me:
For one of us must yield our breath,
Ere off the field one foot we flee."

They looked oure their shoulders both,
To see what company was there:
They both had grievous marks of death,
But frae the other nane wad steer.

George Wharton was the first that fell;
Our Scotch lord fell immediately:
They both did cry to Him above,
To save their souls, for they bond die.

Lady Maisry.

[This ballad, which is said by Motherwell to be popular in many parts of Scotland, is given from Mr Jamieson's collection.]

The young lords o' the north country
Have all a-wooing gane,
To win the love of lady Maisry;
But o' them she would ha'e nane.

O, thae ha'e sought her, lady Maisry,
Wi' broaches, and wi' rings,
And they ha'e courted her, lady Maisry,
Wi' a' kin kind of things.

And they ha'e sought her, lady Maisry,
Frae father and frae mither;
And they ha'e sought her, lady Maisry,
Frae sister and frae brither.

And they ha'e follow'd her, lady Maisry,
Through chamber, and through ha';
But a' that they could say to her,
Her answer still was "Na."

"O, hand your tongues, young men," she said,
"And think nae mair on me;
For I've gi'en my love to an English lord,
Sae think nae mair on me."

Her father's kitchey-boy heard that.
(An ill death mot he dee!)
And he is in to her brother,
As fast as gang could he.

"O, is my father and my mother weel,
But, and my brothers three?
Gin my sister lady Maisry be weel,
There's naething can ail me."

"Your father and your mother is weel,
But and your brothers three;
Your sister, lady Maisry's weel;
She big wi' bairn is she."

"A mallison light on the tongue,
Sic tidings tells to me!—
But gin it be a lie you tell,
You sall be hanged hie."

He's doon him to his sister's bower,
Wi' mickle dool and care;
And there he saw her, lady Maisry,
Kembing her yellow hair.

"O, wha is aught that bairn," he says,
"That ye see big are wi'?
And gin ye winna own the truth,
This moment ye sall die."

She's turned her richt and round about,
And the kombe fall frae her han';
A trembling seized her fair bodie,
And her rosy cheek grew wan.

"O pardon me, my brother dear,
And the truth I'll tell to thee;
My bairn it is to Lord William,
And he is betrothed to me."

"O couldna ye gotten dukes, or lords,
Intill your ain countrie,
That ye drew up wi' an English dog,
To bring this shame on me?

"But ye maun gi'e up your English lord,
When your young babe is born;
For gin ye keep him an hour langer,
Your life shall be forlorn."

"I will gi'e up this English lord,
Till my young babe be born;
But the never a day nor hour langer,
Though my life should be forlorn."

"O where is a' my merry young men,
Wham I gi'e meat and fee,
To pu' the brashes and the thorn,
To barn this hariot wi'?"

"O where will I get a bonnie boy,
To help me in my need,
To rin wi' haste to Lord William,
And bid him come wi' speed?"

O out it spak' a bonnie boy,
Stood by her brother's side;
"It's I wad rin your errand, lady,
O'er a' the warld wide.

"Aft ha'e I run your errands, lady,
When blawin' baith wind and weet;
But now I'll rin your errand, lady,
Wi' saut tears on my cheek."

O whan he came to broken briggs,
He bent his bow and swam;
And whan he came to the green grass growin',
He slack'd his shoon and ran.

And whan he came to Lord William's yeats,
He badena to chap or ca';
But set his bent bow to his breast,
And lightly lap the wa';
And, or the porter was at the yeat,
The boy was in the ha'.

"O is my biggins broken, boy?
Or is my towers won?
Or is my lady lighter yet,
O' a dear daughter or son?"

"Your biggin isna broken, sir,
Nor is your towers won;
But the fairest lady in a' the land
This day for you maun burn."

"O saddle to me the black, the black,
Or saddle to me the brown;
Or saddle to me the swiftest steed
That ever rade frae a town."

Or he was near a mile awa',
She heard his weir-horse sneese,
"Mend up the fire, my fause brother,
It's nae come to my knees."

O, whan he lighted at the yeat,
She heard his bridle ring:
"Mend up the fire, my fause brother
It's far yet frae my chin.

"Mend up the fire to me, brother,
Mend up the fire to me;
For I see him comin' hard and fast,
Will soon men't up for thee.

"O gin my hands had been loose, Willy,
Sae hard as they are boun',
I wadd ha's turn'd me frae the gleed,
And casten out your young son."

"O I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your father and your mother;
And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
Your sister and your brother;

"And I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,
The chief o' a' your kin;
And the last bonfire that I come to,
Mysel' I will cast in."

Glenkindie.

[From Jamieson's Collection.—"The hero of this tale," says Mr Jamieson, "seems to be the celebrated Welsh bard, Glaskirion, or Kirion the Sallow, of whom some notice will be found in Owen's 'Cambrian Biography.' In Chaucer's 'House of Fame,' he is classed with Orpheus, Arion, and Chiron:—

'There herde I play on a harpe,
That sowned both well and sharpe,
Hym Orpheus full craftily:
And on this side fast by
Sate the harper Orion,
And Eacides Chirion,
And the Briton Glaskyrion.'

The Scottish writers, adapting the name to their own meridian, call him Glenkindy, Glenakeenie, &c. The copy here given was taken from the recitation of an old woman, by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, and has been somewhat improved by a fragment communicated by the Rev. William Gray of Lincoln. Still it must be confessed, that the garb of this 'harper gude, that harped to the king,' seems very unworthy of the rank he once deservedly held. For another ballad on this subject, see the 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' edit. 4. vol. iii. p. 43."]

Glenkindie[a] was ance a harper gude,
He harped to the king;
And Glenkindie was ance the best harper
That ever harp'd on a string.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
Or water out o' a stane;
Or milk out o' a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intil his hand,
He harpit and he sang;
And aye as he harpit to the king,
To hand him unthought lang.

"I'll gi'e you a robe, Glenkindie,
A robe o' the royal pa',
Gin ye will harp i' the winter's night
Afore my nobles a'."

And the king but and his nobles a'
Sat birling at the wine;
And he wad ha's but his ae dochter,
To wait on them at dine.†

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He's harpit them a' asleep,
Except it was the young countess,
That love did waakin keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,
And syne he has harpit a gay;
And mony a sich atween hands
I wat the lady gae.‡

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[a] Glenkindie (qu. *Glenkennedy?*) is a beautifull valley, watered by the river Don, in the neighbourhood of Glenbucket, and belongs to the Earl of Fife.—*Jamieson.*

† This stanza is found in the opening of "Brown Robin," which commences thus:—

"The king but and his nobles a'
Sat birling at the wine. [bis]
He would ha's nane but his ae daughter
To wait on them at dine.

"She served them but, she served them ben,
Intill a gown o' green:
But her o'e was ay on Brown Robin,
That stood low under the rain." &c.—Jamieson.

‡ The following stanza occurs in one of the copies of "The Gay Goshawk:"

"O first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave:

Says, "Whan day is dawen, and cocks ha'e crawen,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
It's ye may come to my bower door,
And streek you by my side.

"But look that ye tell na Gib your man,
For naething that ye dee;
For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,
He'll beguile baith you and me."

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand;
He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame to Gib his man,
As fast as he could gang.

"O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,
Gin I a man had slain?"
"O that ye might, my gude master,
Although ye had slain tem."

"Then tak' ye tent now, Gib, my man,
My bidden for to dee;
And, but an ye wauken me in time,
Ye sall be hangit hie.

"Whan day has dawen, and cocks ha'e crawn,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
I'm bidden gang till yon lady's bower,
And streek me by her side."

"Gae hame to your bed, my good master;
Ye've waukit, I fear, o'er lang;
For I'll wauken you in as good time,
As ony cock i' the land."

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he harpit his master asleep,
Syne fast awa' did gang.

And he is till that lady's bower,
As fast as he could rin;
When he cam' till that lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin.

"O wha is this," says that lady,
"That opens nae and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
O, open and lat me in!"

She kent he was nae gentle knicht
That she had latten in;
For neither whan he gaed nor cam',
Kist he her cheek or chin.

He neither kist her whan he cam',
Nor clappit her when he gaed;
And in at her bower window,
The moon shone like the gleed.

"O, ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,
And riven is your sheen,
And reavel'd is your yellow hair
That I saw late yestreen."

"The stockings they are Gib my man's,
They came first to my hand;
And this is Gib my man's shoon;
At my bed feet they stand.
I've reavel'd a' my yellow hair
Coming against the wind."

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he cam' to his master,
As fast as he could gang.

"Won up, won up, my good master;
I fear ye sleep o'er lang;
There's nae a cock in a' the land
But has wappit his wings and crawn."

Glenkindie's tane his harp in hand;
He harpit and he sang,
And he has reach'd the lady's bower,
Afore that e'er he blan.

When he cam' to the lady's bower,
He chappit at the chin; †
"O, wha is that at at my bower door,
That opens na and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true love,
And in I canna win."

"Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,
"That ever sic shame betide;
That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
And then a young knight's bride."

There was nae pity for that lady,
For she lay cald and dead;

And then he pecked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave."—Jamieson.

† "At the *chin*," *sic.*—*Jamieson.*

But a' was for him Gleankindie,
  In bower he must go mad.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water;
  The water out o' a stane;
The milk out o' a maiden's breast,
  That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand;
  Sae sweetly as it rang,
And wae and weary was to hear
  Gleankindie's dowie sang.*

But cauld and dead was that lady,
  Nor heeds for a' his maen;
An' he wad harpit till doomsday,
  She'll never speak again.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand;
  He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame to Gib his man
  As fast as he could gang.

"Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man;
  Till I pay you your fee;
Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man;
  Weel payit sall ye be!"

And he has ta'en him, Gib, his man,
  And he has hang'd him hie;
And he's hangit him o'er his ain yate,
  As high as high could be.

The Murder of Caerlaberoc.

[MODERN BALLAD.—By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. First published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"The tragical event," says the editor of that work, "which preceded, or perhaps gave rise to, the successful insurrection of Robert Bruce, against the tyranny of Edward I., is well known. In the year 1304, Bruce abruptly left the court of England, and held an interview, in the Dominical church of Dumfries, with John, surnamed, from the colour of his hair, the Red Cuming, a powerful chieftain, who had formerly held the regency of Scotland. It is said, by the Scottish historians, that he upbraided Cuming with having betrayed to the English monarch a scheme, formed betwixt them, for asserting the independence of Scotland. The English writers maintain, that Bruce proposed such a plan to Cuming, which he rejected with scorn, as inconsistent with the fealty he had sworn to Edward. The dispute, however it began, soon waxed high betwixt two fierce and independent barons. At length, standing before the high altar of the church, Cuming gave Bruce the lie, and Bruce retaliated by a stroke of his poniard. Full of confusion and remorse, for a homicide committed in a sanctuary, the future monarch of Scotland rushed out of the church, with the bloody poniard in his hand. Kirkpatrick and Lindsay, two barons, who faithfully adhered to him, were waiting at the gate. To their earnest and anxious inquiries into the cause of his emotion, Bruce answered, "I doubt I have slain the Red Cuming."—"Doubtest thou?" exclaimed Kirkpatrick, "I make sure!"† Accordingly, with Lindsay and a few followers, he rushed into the church, and dispatched the wounded Cuming.

A homicide, in such a place, and such an age, could hardly escape embellishment from the fertile genius of the churchmen, whose interest was so closely connected with the inviolability of a divine sanctuary. Accordingly Bowmaker informs us, that the body of the slaughtered baron was watched, during the night, by the Dominicans, with the usual rites of the church. But, at midnight, the whole assistants fell into a dead sleep, with the exception of one aged father, who heard, with terror and surprise, a voice, like that of a wailing infant, exclaim, "How long, O Lord, shall vengeance be deferred?" it was answered, in an awful tone, "Endure with patience, until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time." In the year 1357, fifty-two years after Cuming's death, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaverock, in Dumfries-shire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the regent. In the dead of night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose, and poniarded in

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* This stanza has been altered, to introduce a little variety, and prevent the monotonous tiresomeness of repetition.—*Jamieson.*

† Hence the crest of Kirkpatrick is a hand, grasping a dagger, distilling gouts of blood, proper: motto, "I make sicker."—Scott.

his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly; but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that, after riding all night, he was taken, at break of day, not three miles from the castle, and was afterwards executed by order of King David II.

The story of the murder is thus told by the prior of Lochlevin:—

> That ilk yhere in our kyntryk
> Hope was slayne of Kilpatrik
> Be schyr Jakkis the Lyndesay
> In-til Kariaveroc; and away
> For til have bene with all his mycht
> Thai Lyndysay pressyt all a nycht
> Forth on hors rycht fast rydand.
> Nevythelese yhit thai him fand
> Nocht thre myle fra that ilk place;
> Thare tane and broucht agane he was
> Til Kariaveroc, be thai mere
> Thai frendis war till Kirkpatrik then;
> Thare was he kepyd rycht straytly.
> His wyf* passyd till the king Dawy,
> And prayid him of his realte,
> Of Lanebe that eche mycht servyd be.
> The kyng Dawy than alse fast
> Till Dumfres with his oust he past,
> At Lawrence wa d. Q hat was thare mare?
> This Lyndesay to oeth he gert do thare.
> Wintownis Cronykill, b. viii. c. 44."—Scott.]

"Now, come to me, my little page,
Of wit sae wond'rous sly!
Ne'er under flower o' youthfu' age,
Did mair destruction lie.

"I'll dance and revel wi' the rest,
Within this castle rare;
Yet he shall rue the drearic feast,
Bot and his lady fair.

"For ye maun drug Kirkpatrick's wine,
Wi' juice o' poppy flowers:
Nae mair he'll see the morning shine
Frae proud Caerlaverock's towers.

"For he has twin'd my love and me,
The maid of mickle scorn—
She'll welcome, wi' a tearfu' e'e,
Her widowhood the morn.

"And saddle weel my milk-white steed,
Prepare my harness bright!
Gif I can mak' my rival bleed,
I'll ride awa' this night."

"Now, haste ye, master, to the ha'!
The guests are drinking there;
Kirkpatrick's pride sall be bat sma',
For a' his lady fair."

In came the merry minstrelsy;
Shrill harps wi' tinkling string,
And bag-pipes, lilting melody,
Made proud Caerlaverock ring.

There gallant knights, and ladies bright,
Did move to measures fine,
Like frolic fairies, jump and light,
Wha dance in pale moonshine.

The ladies glided through the ha',
Wi' footing swift and sure—
Kirkpatrick's dame outdid them a',
When she stood on the floor.

And some had tyres of gold sae rare,
And pendants† eight or nine;
And she, wi' bat her gowden hair,
Did a' the rest outshine.

And some, wi' costly diamonds sheen,
Did warriors' hearts assail—
Bat she, wi' her twa sparkling een,
Pierc'd through the thickest mail.

Kirkpatrick led her by the hand,
With gay and courteous air:
No stately castle in the land
Could shew sae bright a pair.

O he was young—and clear the day
Of life to youth appears!
Alas! how soon his setting ray
Was dimm'd wi' show'ring tears!

Fell Lindsay sicken'd at the sight,
And sallow grew his cheek;
He tried wi' smiles to hide his spite,
Bat word he cou'dna speak.

The gorgeous banquet was brought up,
On silver and on gold:
The page chose out a crystal cup,
The sleepy juice to hold.

* That is, Kirkpatrick's wife.

† *Pendants*—Jewels on the forehead.

And whan Kirkpatrick call'd for wine,
This page the drink wou'd bear;
Nor did the knight or dame divine
Sic black deceit was near.

Then every lady sang a sang;
Some gay—some sad and sweet—
Like tunefu' birds the woods amang,
Till a' began to greet.

E'en cruel Lindsay shed a tear,
Forletting malice deep—
As mermaids, wi' their warbles clear,
Can sing the waves to sleep.

And now to bed they all are dight,
Now steek they lika door:
There's nought but stillness o' the night,
Whare was sic din before.

Fell Lindsay puts his harness on,
His steed doth ready stand;
And up the stair-case is he gone,
Wi' poniard in his hand.

The sweat did on his forehead break,
He shook wi' guilty fear;
In air he heard a joyfu' shriek—
Red Cumin's ghaist was near.

Now to the chamber doth he creep—
A lamp, of glimmering ray,
Show'd young Kirkpatrick fast asleep,
In arms of lady gay.

He lay wi' bare unguarded breast,
By sleepy juice beguil'd;
And sometimes sigh'd, by dreams oppreat,
And sometimes sweetly smiled.

Unclosed her mouth o' rosy hue,
Whence issued fragrant air,
That gently, in soft motion, blew
Stray ringlets o' her hair.

"Sleep on, sleep on, ye lovers dear!
The dame may wake to weep—
But that day's sun maun shine fou clear,
That spills this warrior's sleep."

He louted down—her lips he prest—
O! kiss, foreboding woe!
Then struck on young Kirkpatrick's breast
A deep and deadly blow.

Sair, sair, and mickle, did he bleed:
His lady slept till day,
But dream't the Firth * flow'd o'er her head,
In bride-bed as she lay.

The murderer hasted down the stair,
And back'd his coarser fleet:
Then did the thunder 'gin to rair,
Then show'r'd the rain and sleet.

As fire-flaught darted through the rain,
Whare a' was mirk before,
And glinted o'er the raging main,
That shook the sandy shore.

But mirk and mirker grew the night,
And heavier beat the rain;
And quicker Lindsay urged his flight,
Some ha' or beild to gain.

Lang did he ride o'er hill and dale,
Nor mire nor flood he fear'd:
I trow his courage 'gan to fail
When morning light appear'd.

For having hied, the live-lang night,
Through hail and heavy showers,
He fand himsel', at peep o' light,
Hard by Caerlaverock's towers.

The castle bell was ringing out,
The ha' was all astear;
And mony a scriech and waefu' shout
Appall'd the murderer's ear.

Now they ha's bound this traitor strang,
Wi' curses and wi' blows,
And high in air they did him hang,
To feed the carrion crows.

"To sweet Lincluden's † haly cells
Fou dowie I'll repair;
There peace wi' gentle patience dwells,
Nae deadly feuds are there.

"In tears I'll wither lika charm,
Like drops o' baleful yew;
And wail the beauty that cou'd harm
A knight, sae brave and true."

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* Caerlaverock stands near Solway Firth.
† Lincluden Abbey is situated near Dumfries, on the banks of the river Cluden. It was founded

The Fause Lover.

[From Buchan's Collection.—Eight lines of this are to be found in Herd's Collection.]

A FAIR maid sat in her bower door,
Wringing her lily hands;
And by it came a sprightly youth,
Fast tripping o'er the strands.

"Where gang ye, young John," she says,
"Sae early in the day?
It gars me think, by your fast trip,
Your journey's far away."

He turn'd about wi' surly look,
And said, "What's that to thee?
I'm gaen to see a lovely maid,
Mair fairer far than ye."

"Now ha'e ye play'd me this, fause love,
In simmer, 'mid the flowers?
I sall repay ye back again,
In winter, 'mid the showers.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye not turn again?
For as ye look to ither women,
Shall I to ither men."

"Make your choose o' whom you please,
For I my choice will have;
I've chosen a maid mair fair than thee,
I never will deceive."

But she's kilt up her clathing fine,
And after him gaed she;
But aye he said, "Ye'll turn back,
Nae farder gang wi' me."

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye never love me again?
Alas! for loving you sae well,
And you, nae me again."

The first an' town that they came till,
He bought her brooch and ring;
But aye he bade her turn again,
And gang nae farder wi' him.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye never love me again?
Alas! for loving you sae well,
And you, nae me again."

The neist an' town that they came till,
His heart it grew mair fain;
And he was deep in love wi' her,
As she was ower again.

The neist an' town that they came till,
He bought her wedding gown;
And made her lady o' ha's and bowers,
In bonnie Berwick town.

Blancheflour & Jellyflorice

[From Mr Buchan's Collection.]

THERE was a maid richly array'd,
In robes were rare to see;
For seven years and something mair,
She serv'd a gay ladie.

But being fond o' a higher place,
In service she thought lang;
She took her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the band.

And as she walk'd by the shore side,
As blythe's a bird on tree;
Yet still she gaz'd her round about,
To see what she could see.

At last she spied a little castle,
That stood near by the sea;
She spied it far, and drew it near,
To that castle went she.

And when she came to that castle,
She tirled at the pin;
And ready stood a little wee boy,
To let this fair maid in.

---

and filled with Benedictine nuns, in the time of Malcolm IV., by Uthred, father to Roland, lord of Galloway—these were expelled by Archibald the Grim, earl of Douglas.—Vide Pennant.—Sect.

"O who's the owner of this place,
O porter boy tell me?"
"This place belongs unto a queen
O' birth and high degree."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And ga'e him shillings three;
"O porter bear my message well,
Unto the queen frae me."

The porter's gane before the queen,
Fell low down on his knee;
"Win up, win up, my porter boy,
What makes this courtesie?"

"I ha's been porter at your yetts,
My dame, these years full three;
But see a ladie at your yetts,
The fairest my eyes did see."

"Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,
Let her come into me;
And I ll know by her courtesie,
Lord's daughter if she be."

When she came in before the queen,
Fell low down on her knee;
"Service frae you, my dame, the queen,
I pray you grant it me."

"If that service ye now do want,
What station will ye be?
Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,
Or milk the cows to me?"

"No, I can neither card nor spin,
Nor cows I canno' milk;
But sit into a lady's bower,
And sew the seams o' silk."

"What is your name, ye comely dame,
Pray tell this unto me?"
"O Blanchefour, that is my name,
Born in a strange countrie!"

"O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice,
My ain dear son is he;
When other ladies get a gift,
O' that ye shall get three."

It wasna tald into the bower,
Till it went through the ha',
That Jellyflorie and Blanchefloar
Were grown ower great witha'.

When the queen's maids their visits paid,
Upo' the gude Yule day;
When other ladies got horse to ride,
She boud take foot and gae.

The queen she call'd her stable groom,
To come to her right soon,
Says, "Ye'll take out yon wild waith steed,
And bring him to the green.

"Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,
The lightera frae his e'en;
Ere she ride three times roun' the cross,
Her weel days will be done."

Jellyflorice his true love spy'd,
As she rade roun' the cross;
And thrice he kiss'd her lovely lips,
And took her frae her horse.

"Gang to your bower, my lily flower,
For a' my mother's spite;
There's nae other amang her maids,
In whom I take delight.

"Ye are my jewel, and only ane,
Nane's do you injury;
For ere this day-month come and gang,
My wedded wife ye's be!"

James Herries.

[This very singular old ballad is here given in a complete form from Mr Buchan's Collection. Fragments of it are to be found in the Border Minstrelsy and Motherwell's Collection, under the name of the Demon Lover.]

"O are ye my father, or are ye my mother?
Or are ye my brother John?
Or are ye James Herries, my first true love,
Come back to Scotland again?"

"I am not your father, I am not your mother,
Nor am I your brother John;
But I'm James Herries, your first true love,
Come back to Scotland again."

"Awa', awa', ye former lovers,
Had far awa' frae me;
For now I am another man's wife,
Ye'll ne'er see joy o' me."

"Had I kent that ere I came here,
I ne'er had come to thee;
For I might ha'e married the king's daugh-
Sae fain she would had me. [ter,

"I despised the crown o' gold,
The yellow silk also;
And I am come to my true love,
But with me she'll not go."

"My husband he is a carpenter,
Makes his bread on dry land,
And I ha'e born him a young son,—
Wi' you I will not gang."

"You must forsake your dear husband,
Your little young son also,
Wi' me to sail the raging seas,
Where the stormy winds do blow."

"O what ha'e you to keep me wi',
If I should with you go?
If I'd forsake my dear husband,
My little young son also?"

"See ye not yon seven pretty ships,
The eighth brought me to land;
With merchandise and mariners,
And wealth in every hand?"

She turn'd her round upon the shore,
Her love's ships to behold;
Their topmasts and their mainyards
Were cover'd o'er wi' gold.

Then she's gane to her little young son,
And kiss'd him cheek and chin;
Sae has she to her sleeping husband,
And dane the same to him.

"O sleep ye, wake ye, my husband,
I wish ye wake in time;
I wouldna for ten thousand pounds,
This night ye knew my mind."

She's drawn the slippers on her feet,
Were cover'd o'er wi' gold;
Well lined within wi' velvet fine,
To had her frae the cold.

She hadna sailed upon the sea
A league but barely three,
Till she minded on her dear husband,
Her little young son tee.

"O gin I were at land again,
At land where I would be,
The woman ne'er should hear the son
Should gar me sail the sea."

"O hold your tongue, my sprightly flower,
Let a' your mourning be;
I'll show you how the lilies grow
On the banks o' Italy."

She hadna sailed on the sea
A day but barely ane,
Till the thoughts o' grief came in her mind,
And she lang'd for to be hame.

"O gentle death, come out my breath,
I may be dead ere morn;
I may be buried in Scottish ground,
Where I was bred and born."

"O hold your tongue, my lily lessome thing,
Let a' your mourning be;
But for a while we'll stay at Rose Isle,
Then see a far countrie.

"Ye'se ne'er be buried in Scottish ground,
Nor land ye'se nae mair see;
I brought you away to punish you,
For the breaking your vows to me.

"I said ye should see the lilies grow,
On the banks o' Italy;
But I'll let you see the fishes swim,
In the bottom o' the sea."

He reach'd his hand to the topmast,
Made a' the sails gae down;
And in the twinkling o' an e'e,
Baith ship and crew did drown.

The fatal flight o' this wretched maid
Did reach her ain countrie;
Her husband then distracted ran,
And this lament made he:—

"O wae be to the ship, the ship,
And wae be to the sea,
And wae be to the mariners,
Took Jeanie Douglas frae me!

"O bonnie, bonnie was my love,
A pleasure to behold
The very hair o' my love's head,
Was like the threads o' gold.

"O bonnie was her cheek, her cheek,
And bonnie was her chin;
And bonnie was the bride she was,
The day she was made mine!"

Cadyow Castle.

[THIS beautiful ballad is one of SIR WALTER SCOTT's early productions. It appears in the Border Minstrelsy, addressed to the Right Hon. Lady Anne Hamilton.—"The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle," says the author, "the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows, that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed."*

In detailing the death of the regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the regent's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the regent's favourites,† who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass, in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery,‡ which had a window towards the street, spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard, hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging

* They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland.—Scott.

† This was Sir James Ballenden, lord justice-clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—Spottiswoode.—Scott.

‡ This projecting gallery is still shown. The house, to which it was attached, was the property of the archbishop of St Andrews, a natural brother to the duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among many other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.—Scott.

him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house, whence the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricaded, and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse,* which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The regent died the same night of his wound.'—*History of Scotland*, book v.

"Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed, to his kinsmen, to justify his deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man.—*Thuanus*, cap. 46.

"The regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatised, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, 'who,' he observes, 'satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St Andrews of its covering:' but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—*Jebb*, vol. ii. p. 288. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, 'that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it: as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lytle wrong done unto him, as the report goetho, accordinge to the vyle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes.' "—*Murdin's State Papers*, vol. i. p. 197.]

* The gift of lord John Hamilton, commendator of Arbroath.

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.—

Where, with the rock's wood-cover'd side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The draw-bridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial route
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the chief rode on; *
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,
The startling red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunters' quiver'd band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the chieftain's lance has flown;
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *Pryse!* †

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunters' fare?"

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he) ‡
"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior shalt thou see.

"Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee §
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

* The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, earl of Arran, duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.—*Scott.*

† *Pryse*—The note blown at the death of the game.—*Scott.*

‡ Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present marquis of Abercorn.—*Scott.*

§ This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindi-

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"O change accurs'd! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volcanic flame.

"What shrieked phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Esks through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wildered traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheath'd his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed; *

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
As one, some visioned sight that saw,
Whose hands are b'oody, loose his hair?—
—'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle, † and reeling steed,
Sprang the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dashed his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—"'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughtered quarry proudly trod,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Thro' old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph, marched he, ‡
While Knox relaxed his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

"But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

"With hackbut bent, § my secret stand, ‖
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And marked, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spear, ¶
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clashed their broad-swor is in the rear,
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan. **

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ception of the *right of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the college of justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.—*Scott.*

* Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had fail'd him, he drew forth his dagger, and stroke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke (*i. e.* ditch,) by whilk meane he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—*Birrel's Diary*, p. 18.—*Scott.*

† *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.—*Scott.*

‡ Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:

"So having stablisch't all thing in this sort,
To Liddisdail agane he did resort,
Throw Bewcastell, Eskdail, and all the dalis rode he,
And also lay thrie nights in Cannabie,
Whair na prince lay thir hundred yearis before.
Nas thief durst stir, they did him fear so sair;
And, that they suld na mair their thift allege,
Threescore and twelf he brocht of them in pledge,
Syne wardit thame, whilk mand the rest keep order,
Than mycht the reach-hus keep by on the bordour."
Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.—Scott.

§ *Hackbut bent*—Gun cock'd.

‖ The carbine, with which the regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match-lock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.—*Scott.*

¶ Of this noted person, it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.—*Scott.*

** This clan of Lennox Highlanders were ab-

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,*
Obsequious at their regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain. †

"'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh. ‡

"From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his saddened brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel,
To hear her love the loved one tell,
Or he, who breaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer, to my injured eye,
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shrieked in his death-deafen'd ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"Then speed thee, noble Chatelrault!
Spread to the wind thy bannered tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!—
Murray is fallen, and Scotland free."

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
"Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

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tached to the regent Murray. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "in this bataylie the valiancie of an heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering of them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtayning pardon through suyte of the countess of Murray, he recompenced that clemencie by this piece of service now at this bataylie." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that Macfarlane, with his highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better:' and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avaunt-guard and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight."—*Calderwood's MS. apud Keith*, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.—*Scott.*

* The earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.—*Scott.*

† Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation presented to her in Lochlevin castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour: and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove. —*Scott.*

‡ Not only had the regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation, at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—*Spottiswoode*, p. 238. *Buchanan.—Scott.*

But, see! the minstrel vision fails—
The gleamering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance, shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids, who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

Willie's Drowned in Gamery.

[From Buchan's Ballads of the North. Fragments of this are to be found in some song collections, but here we have it complete.—"The unfortunate hero of this ballad," says Mr Buchan, "was a factor to the laird of Kinmundy. As the young woman to whom he was to be united in connubial wedlock resided in Gamery, a small fishing town on the east coast of the Murray Frith, the marriage was to be solemnised in the church of that parish, to which he was on his way, when overtaken by some of the heavy breakers which overflow a part of the road he had to pass, and dash, with impetuous fury, against the lofty and adamantine rocks with which it is skirted. The young damsel, in her fifteenth year, also met with a watery grave, being the wages of her mother's malison. This ballad will remind the reader of the Drowned Lovers, who shared the same fate in the river Clyde."]

"O Willie is fair, and Willie is rare,
And Willie is wond'rous bonnie;
And Willie says he'll marry me,
Gin ever he marry ony."

"O, ye'se get James, or ye'se get George,
Or ye'se get bonnie Johnnie;
Ye'se get the flower o' a' my sons,
Gin ye'll forsake my Willie."

"O, what care I for James or George,
Or yet for bonnie Peter?
I dinna value their love a leek,
An' I getna Willie the writer.

"O, Willie has a bonnie hand,
And dear but it is bonnie;
He has nae mair for a' his land,
What won'd ye do wi' Willie?"

"O, Willie has a bonnie face,
And dear but it is bonnie;
But Willie has nae other grace,
What won'd ye do wi' Willie?

"Willie's fair, and Willie's rare,
And Willie's wond'rous bonnie;
There's nane wi' him that can compare,
I love him best of ony."

On Wednesday, that fatal day,
The people were convening;
Besides all this, threescore and ten,
To gang to the bridestool wi' him.

"Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',
I've forgot something behind me;
I've forgot to get my mother's blessing,
To gae to the bridestool wi' me."

"Your Peggy she's but bare fifteen,
And ye are scarcely twenty;
The water o' Gamery is wide and braid,
My heavy curse gang wi' thee!"

Then they rode on, and further on,
Till they came on to Gamery;
The water o' Gamery is wide and braid,
And wi' the stream gaed Willie.

Then they rode on, and further on,
Till they came to the kirk o' Gamery;
And every one on high horse sat,
But Willie's horse rade toomly.

When they were settled at that place,
The people fell a mourning;
And a council held amo' them a',
But sair, sair wept Kinmundy.

Then out it speaks the bride herself,
Says, "What means a' this mourning?
Where is the man amo' them a',
That should gi'e me fair wedding?"

Then out it speaks his brother John,
Says, "Meg, I'll tell you plainly,
The stream was strong, the clerk rade wrong,
And Willie's drown'd in Gamery."

She put her hand up to her head,
Where were the ribbons many;
She rave them a', let them down fa',
And straightway ran to Gamery.

She sought it up, she sought it down,
Till she was wet and weary;
And in the middle part o' it,
There she got her deary.

Then she strook'd back his yellow hair,
And kiss'd his mou' me comely;
"My mother's heart's be as wae as thine,
We'se baith sleep in the water o' Gamery."

Lord Barnaby.

[The story of this ballad is the same with that of "Little Musgrave and Lord Barnard," in Dr Percy's Reliques, here altered by reciters to the meridian of Angus-shire.]

"I have a tower in Dalleberry,
Which now is dearly dight,
And I will gi'e it to young Musgrave
To lodge wi' me a' night."

"To lodge wi' thee a' night, fair lady,
Wad breed baith sorrow and strife,
For I see by the rings on your fingers,
You're good Lord Barnaby's wife."

"Lord Barnaby's wife although I be,
Yet what is that to thee?
For we'll beguile him for this a' night—
He's on to fair Dundee.

"Come here, come here, my little foot-page,
This gold I will give to thee,
If ye will keep thir secrets close
'Tween young Musgrave and me.

"But here I have a little penknife,
Hangs low down by my gare;
Gin ye winna keep thir secrets close,
Ye'll find it wonder sair."

Then she's ta'en him to her chamber,
And down in her arms lay he:—
The boy coost aff his hose and shoon,
And ran to fair Dundee.

When he cam' to the wan water,
He slack'd his bow and swam;
And when he cam' to growin' grass,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam' to fair Dundee,
Wad neither chap nor ca';
But set his brent bow to his breast,
And merrily jump'd the wa'.

"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
Waken, and come away!"
"What ails, what ails my wee foot-page,
He cries me lang ere day.

"O is my bowers brent, my boy?
Or is my castle won?
Or has the lady that I lo'e best
Brought me a daughter or son?"

"Your ha's are safe, your bowers are safe,
And free frae all alarms;
But, oh! the lady that ye lo'e best
Lies sound in Musgrave's arms."

"Gae saddle to me the black," he cried,
"Gae saddle to me the gray;
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,
To hie me on my way."—

"O lady, I heard a wee horn toot,
And it blew wonder clear;
And ay the turning o' the note,
Was 'Barnaby will be here!'

"I thought I heard a wee horn blaw,
And it blew loud and high;
And ay at ilka turn it said,
'Away, Musgrave, away!'"

"Lie still, my dear; lie still, my dear;
Ye keep me frae the cold;
For it is but my father's shepherds
Driving their flocks to the fold."

Up they lookit, and down they lay,
And they're fa'en sound asleep;
Till up stood good Lord Barnaby,
Just close at their bed feet.

"How do you like my bed, Musgrave?
And how like ye my sheets?
And how like ye my fair lady,
Lies in your arms and sleeps?"

"Weel like I your bed, my lord,
And weel like I your sheets;
But ill like I your fair lady,
Lies in my arms and sleeps."

"You got your wale o' se'en sisters,
And I got mine o' five;
Sae tak' ye mine, and I's tak' thine,
And we nae mair sall strive."

"O, my woman's the best woman
That ever brak' world's bread;
And your woman's the warst woman
That ever drew coat o'er head."

"I ha'e twa swords in se scabbert,
They are baith sharp and clear:
Tak' ye the best, and I the warst,
And we'll end the matter here.

"But up, and arm thee, young Musgrave,
We'll try it han' to han';
It's ne'er be said o' Lord Barnaby,
He struck at a naked man."

The first straik that young Musgrave got,
It was baith deep and sair;
And down he fell at Barnaby's feet,
And a word spak' never mair.

"A grave, a grave!" Lord Barnaby cried,
"A grave to lay them in;
My lady shall lie on the sunny side,
Because of her noble kin."

But oh, how sorry was that good lord,
For a' his angry mood,
When he beheld his ain young son
All welt'ring in his blood!

The Clerk's twa Sons o' Owsenford.

[This affecting and highly poetical ballad is given in Mr Chambers' Collection, chiefly from the recitation of his grandmother, assisted by a fragment in the Border Minstrelsy, called "The Wife of Usher's Well," and Mr Buchan's version of the ballad.]

PART FIRST.

O I WILL sing to you a sang,
Will grieve your heart full sair;
How the Clerk's twa sons o' Owsenford
Have to learn some unco lear.

They hadna been in fair Parish,*
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till the Clerk's twa sons fell deep in love,
Wi' the Mayor's daughters twae.

And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,
The ladies sewed and sang;
There was mair mirth in that chamber,
Than in a' fair Ferrol's land.

But word's gane to the mighty Mayor,
As he sailed on the sea,
That the Clerk's twa sons made licht lemans
O' his fair daughters twae.

"If they ha'e wranged my twa daughters,
Janet and Marjorie,
The morn, ere I taste meat or drink,
His hangit they shall be."

And word's gane to the Clerk himself,
As he was drinking wine,
That his twa sons at fair Parish
Were bound in prison strang.

Then up and spak' the Clerk's ladye,
And she spak' tenderlie:
"O tak' wi' ye a purse o' gowd,
Or even tak' ye three;
And if ye canna get William,
Bring Henry hame to me."

---

* Paris.

O sweetly sang the nightingale,
As she sat on the wand;
But sair, sair mourned Owsenford,
As he gaed in the strand.

When he came to their prison strang,
He rade it round about,
And at a little shot-window,
His sons were looking out.

"O lie ye there, my sons," he said,
"For owsen or for kye?
Or what is it that ye lie for,
Sae sair bound as ye lie?"

"We lie not here for owsen, father;
Nor yet do we for kye;
But it's for a little o' dear-bought love,
Sae sair bound as we lie.

"Oh, borrow us, borrow us,* father," they said,
"For the luve we bear to thee!"
"O never fear, my pretty sons,
Weel borrowed ye sall be."

Then he's gane to the mighty Mayor,
And he spak' courteouslie;
"Will ye grant my twa sons' lives,
Either for gold or fee?
Or will ye be sae gude a man,
As grant them baith to me?"

"I'll no grant ye your twa sons' lives,
Neither for gold nor fee;
Nor will I be sae gude a man,
As gi'e them baith to thee;
But before the morn at twal o'clock,
Ye'll see them hangit hie!"

Ben it came the Mayor's daughters,
Wi' kirtle coat alone;
Their eyes did sparkle like the gold,
As they tripped on the stone.

"Will ye gi'e us our loves, father?
For gold or yet for fee?
Or will ye take our own sweet lives,
And let our true loves be?

He's ta'en a whip into his hand,
And lash'd them wond'rous sair:
"Gae to your bowers, ye vile limmons,
Ye'se never see them mair."

Then out it speaks auld Owsenford;
A sorry man was he:
"Gang to your bowrs, ye lilye flowrs;
For a' this maunna be."

Then out it speaks him Hynde Henry:
"Come here, Janet, to me;
Will ye gi'e me my faith and troth,
And love, as I ga'e thee?"

"Ye sall ha'e your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine."
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

Then out it speaks him gay William,
"Come here, sweet Marjorie;
Will ye gi'e me my faith and troth,
And love, as I ga'e thee?"

"Yes, ye sall ha'e your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine."
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

"O ye'll tak' aff your twa black hats,
Lay them down on a stone,
That nane may ken that ye are clerks,
Till ye are putten doun."†

The bonnie clerks they died that morn;
Their loves died lang ere noon;
And the waefu' Clerk o' Owsenford
To his lady has gane hame.

Part Second.

His lady sat on her castle wa',
Beholding dale and doun;
And there she saw her ain gude lord
Come walking to the toun.

"Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, my ain gude lord,
Ye're welcome hame to me;
But whereaway are my twa sons?
Ye sald ha'e brought them wi' ye."

* Ransom.

† Put to death.

"O they are putten to a deeper lear,
And to a higher scule;
Your ain twa sons will no be hame
Till the hallow days o' Yule."

"O sorrow, sorrow, come mak' my bed;
And dule, come, lay me doun;
For I will neither eat nor drink,
Nor set a fit on groun'!"

The hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,
When in and cam' her ain twa sons,
And their hats made o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheuch;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair enough.

"Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my twa sons are well.

"O eat and drink, my merry-men a',
The better shall ye fare;
For my twa sons they are come hame
To me for evermair."

And she has gane and made their bed,
She's made it aft and fine;
And she's happit them wi' her gay mantil,
Because they were her ain.*

But the young cock crew in the merry Lin-
And the wild fowl chirped for day; [kum,
And the auldest to the younger said,
"Brother, we maun away.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide."

"Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll gae mad ere it be day."

O it's they've ta'en up their mother's mantil,
And they've hung it on a pin:
"O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantil,
Ere ye hap us again."

The Gude Wallace.

[A FRAGMENT of this originally appeared in Johnson's Museum. It is here extended from two copies given by Mr Buchan. The subject of the ballad will be found in the 8th book of Henry the Minstrel's Wallace.]

WALLACE wicht, upon a nicht,
Cam' riding over a linn;
And he is to his leman's bourr,
And tiri'd at the pin.

"O sleep ye, or wake ye, lady?" he cried;
"Ye'll rise and let me in."
"O wha is this at my bourr door,
That knocks and knows my name?"
"My name is William Wallace;
Ye may my errand ken."

"The truth to you I will rehearse—
The secret I'll unfauld;
Into your enemies' hands, this nicht,
I fairly ha'e you sauld."

"If that be true ye tell to me,
Do ye repent it sair?"
"Oh, that I do," she said, "dear Wallace,
And will do evermair!

"The English did surround my house,
And forcit me theretill;
But for your sake, my dear Wallace,
I could barn on a hill."

Then he ga'e her a loving kiss;
The teir drapt frae his e'e;
Says, "Fare ye weel for evermair;
Your face nae mair I'll see."

She dress'd him in her ain clathing,
And frae her house he came;
Which made the Englishmen admire
To see sic a stalwart dame!

---

* Variation in the Border Minstrelsy:—

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantel her about,
Sat down at the bed side.

Now Wallace to the Hielands went,
  Where nae meat nor drink had he;
Said, "Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
  To some toun I maun drie."

He steppit ower the river Tay—
  On the North Inch* steppit he;
And there he saw a weel-faured May,
  Was washing aneath a tree.

"What news, what news, ye weel-faured [May?
  What news ha'e ye to me?
What news, what news, ye weel-faured May,
  What news in the south countrie?"

"O see ye, sir, yon hostler-house
  That stands on yonder plain?
This very day have landit in it
  Full fifteen Englishmen,

"In search of Wallace, our champion,
  Intending he should dee!"
"Then, by my sooth," says Wallace wicht,
  "These Englishmen I'se see.

"If I had but in my pocket
  The worth of a single pennie,
I wad gang to the hostler-house,
  These gentlemen to see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
  And pull'd out half-a-croun,
Says, "Tak' ye that, ye beltit knicht,
  And pay your lawin doun."

As he went frae the weel-faured May,
  A beggar bold met he,
Was cover'd wi' a clouted cloke,
  In his hand a trustie tree.

"What news, what news, ye silly auld [man?
  What news ha'e ye to gie?"
"No news, no news, ye beltit knicht,
  No news ha'e I to thee,
But fifteen lords in the hostler-house
  Waiting Wallace for to see."

"Ye'll lend to me your clouted cloke,
  That kivers ye frae heid to shie;
And I'll go to the hostler-house,
  To ask for some supplie."

Now he's gane to the West-muir wood,
  And pulled a trustie trie;
And then he's on to the hostler gone,
  Asking there for charitie.

Doun the stair the captain comes,
  The puir man for to see:
"If ye be captain as gude as ye look,
  Ye'll give me some supplie."

"Where were ye born, ye cruikit carle?
  Where, and in what countrie?"
"In fair Scotland, sir, was I born,
  Cruikit carle as ye ca' me."

"O I wad give you fifty pounds
  Of gold and white monie;
O I wad give you fifty pounds,
  If Wallace ye would let me see."

"Tell doun your money," quo' the cruikit [carle,
  "Tell doun your money good;
I'm sure I have it in my pouir,
  And never had a better bode."

The money was told upon the table,
  Of silver pounds fiftie:
"Now here I stand!" quo' the gude Wallace,
  And his cloke frae him gar'd flie.

He slew the captain where he stood;
  The rest they did quake and rair:
He slew the rest around the room;
  Syne ask'd if there were ony mair.

"Get up, get up, gudewife," he says,
  "And get me some dinner in haste;
For it soon will be three lang days time,
  Sin' a bit o' meat I did taste!"

The dinner was na well readie,
  Nor yet on the table set,
When other fifteen Englishmen
  Were lichtit at the yett.

"Come out, come out, thou traitor, Wallace
  This is the day ye maun dee!"
"I lippen nae mae little to God," he says,
  "Although I be but ill wordie."

The gudewife had an auld gudeman;
  By gude Wallace he stiffly stude,
Till ten o' the fifteen Englishmen
  Lay before the door in their blude.

* A beautiful plain, or common, lying along the Tay, near Perth.—*Chambers.*

The other five he took alive,
To the greenwood as they ran;
And he has hanged them, bot mercie,
Up hich upon a grain.

Now he is on to the North Inch gone,
Where the May was washing tenderlie.
"Now, by my sooth," said the gude Wallace,
"It's been a sair day's wark to me."

He's put his hand in his pocket,
And pulled out twenty pounds;
Says, "Tak' ye that, ye weel-faured May,
For the gude luck o' your half-croun."

Full five-and-twenty men he slew,
Five hanged upon a grain;
On the morn he sat, wi' his merry-men a',
In Lochmaben toun at dine.

THE GUDE WALLACE.

[This is a modern extension by Mr Jamieson, of a fragment given in Johnson's Museum. The fragment, along with the melody, was taken down by Burns from oral communication, and transmitted to the Museum. The heroic Wallace was doubtless the subject of many ballads and songs which have been lost in the lapse of ages.]

The Wallace wicht, wi' his merry men a',
Frae Striveling is southward gane;
And he's got word that the Earl Percy
Was out wi' sax thousand Englishmen.

His menyie he's left i' the gude green wood,
To rest frae the heat by the greenwood tree;
His menyie he's left wi' the trusty Graham,
And he's gane to scout in the south countrie.

The Wallace out over yon river he lap,
And fast he hied him over yon lee,
Till, at a well washin' her claes,
He was aware of a fair ladie.

And ay as she wush, she sabbit sair,
And her cheeks the saut tear ay did weet:
"What tidins, what tidins, fair ladie?" he said;
"Or what ails thee to gar thee greet?

"Mair meet it were in princely bower,
Wi' noblest fires thy youth should won;
It rewis my heart, a flower sae meek
Misanteris bab should blaw upon!

"Thir cheeks should rosy dimples wear,
Thir een should shine wi' love and glee"—
"Och lang," the lady sich'd and said,
"Has joy been strange in this countrie.

"My father they kill'd, they kill'd my brither,
They herryit our fald, and brent our ha';
Me they've—ochon! my heart will brak!—
My true love to England's reft awa'.

"Yet hope, gin Wallace had thriven, I had,
That I my lemman yet mat see,
Revenge on Cressingham to wrack,
For a' the wrangs he's gart me dree.

"But Piercy, wi' the faune earl Warren,
And Cressingham (ill mat he speed!)
Are dackerin' wi' sax thousand mair,
Frae Coupar to Berwick upon Tweed.

"And down in yon wee cotter house
Now lies full fyfteen English strang,
And they are seekin' the gude Wallace,
Its him to tak', and him to hang."

"There's nought in my purse," quo' gude Wallace,
"Sma' spulyie ha'e they to get frae me;
But I will down to yon wee cotter house,
Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.

"I've but this brand, wi' whilk, God will,
I'll mak' them sic cheer as I dow"—
"Sae God thee speed," said the ladie fair,
"And send us ten thousand sic as you!"

And whan he cam' to yon wee cotter house,
He bade *benedicite* be there;
The gude-wife said, "Ye're welcome, e me bea,
Mair welcome, I wat, nor twa 'r three n air."

The gude-man syne came in frae the hill,
A braw fat gimmer upon his back;
He fariled to see that strange menzie,
Sic cheer and mows at his ingle mak'

"Ye're hamelie fallows, to be sae frem!
I brew'd nae browst for kettrin like ye;
God send the days puir Scotland has seen,
And a bitter browst to you 'twill be!"

"Welcome, auld carl!" said the captain;
"Auld crulkit carl, wi' your fat yow;
It weel will saur wi' the gude brown yill;
And the four spawls o't I wat we's cow."

"The spawls o' it gin ye should cow,
Ill will I thole to brook the wrang,
But gin I had ye in gude Bras Murray,
I'd gar ye sing anither sang.

"There Eddert's glaive and Eddert's goud
Ha's ettled at thirldome in vain;
And sair will England some day rue
The wrangs we've a' frae Eddert ta'en.

"God red our Wallace wicht frae harm,
And send our gude carl Robert here;
For cowart art and lawless rief,
We'll soon our score wi' Eddert clear."

"O whare was ye born, auld crulkit carl?
Your leed saure na o' this countrie"—
"A true Murray Scott I'm born and bred,
And an auld crulkit carl just sic as ye see."

"I'll gi'e fyfteen shillins to thee, crulkit carl,
For a friend to him ye kythe to me,
Gin ye'll tak' me to the wicht Wallace;
For up-sides wi'm I mean to be."

"I'm but an auld crulkit carl, God wot,
Stiff and onfeirie to what I've been;
My glaive lang syne was hung o' the knag,
And three score and five thir haffets ha'e seen.

"But leal my heart beats yet, and warm;
Thoch auld onfeirie and lyart I'm now;
Were wicht Wallace here, wi' nane but mysel',
For a' Eddert's kingdom I wadna be you!"

A rung the Wallace had intill his han',
A berly kent as weil mat be,
That anoe afore redd him frae skaith,
Whan tellin' his beads by the greenwood tree.

He hat the proud captain alang the chaft blade,
That never a bit o' meal he ate mair;
He stickit the laive at the buird whare they sat,
And he left them a' lyin' sprawlin' there.

"Sae God me shield," said the gude Wallace,
"Though hard bested, I've done wi' thae;
Sae God me shield," said the gude Wallace,
"And send me as mony sothroun mae."

Bumbased the gude-man glowr'd a wee,
Syne hent the Wallace by the han';
"Its he! it can be nane but he!"
The gude-wife on her knees had faun.

"Hale be your hearts, ye couthie twa,
I'm he, I'm Wallace, as ye trow;
But faat and mister ha'e done mair,
Nor e'er could thae my head to bow.

"Get up, gude-wife, gin Christ ye luve,
Some meltith fess to me in haste;
For it will soon be three lang days
Sin' I a bit o' meat did taste."

I wat the gude-wife wasna sla;
But hardly on the buird 'twas set,
Till ither fyfteen Englishmen
Were a' lichted about the yett.

"Come out, come out, thou fause Wallace,
For weel we wat that here ye be;
Come out, come out, thou traitor Wallace;
Its o'er late now to flinch or flee.

"The tod is ta'en in his hole, Wallace;
This is the day that thou maun die."
"I lippen na sae little to God," he says,
"Althoch that I be ill wordie."

The gudeman lap to his braid claymore,
That hang on the knag aside the speir;
A lance the wife hent down frae the bauk,
That aft had shane fu' sharp in weir.

His burly brand the Wallace drew,
And out he brakded at the door.
His stalwart back he turn'd to the wa',
And firmly set his foot before.

His trusty-true twa-hannit glaive
Afore him swang he manfullie,
While anger lucken'd his dark brows,
And like a wood-wolf glanst his e'e.

"Art thou that bousteous bellamy,"
Bowden wi' rage, said the captain;
"That fellown traitor, that sae fell
O doughty Englishmen has slain?

"Mat God assoile me, but it glads
My hart this tyde to meet thee sae!
My se brither by the Earn lies dead;
But in thy heart's bluid I'll wrack my wae."

"I weird thee, to let me be were best;
Nocht do I grein thy bluid to spill;
Fierce as thy brither wae, and fell,
Southron, he was thy brither still;

"And laith were I," quoth the gude Wallace,
Lowerin' his glaive in mylder muid,
"To skaith the rueful heart that yearns
But to revenge a brither's bluid.

"Then force na this hand to wirk thy bale,
But tak' my rede, and lat me gang."
"Tyke, by the rude thou 'scapes nat sae!"
And fierce at him the butler sprang.

A thud wi' his keen sword he loot,
To cleave the Wallace to the chin;
But his bonnet, thoch o' the claith without,
Was o' the trusty steel within.

"Ya, wilt thou?" said Wallace, "then tak' thee that!"
And derfly strak a dynt sae dour,
That through the craig and shouther blade
At anes the trenchand weapon share.*

Agast the sothroun stood a stound:
Syne hamphir'd him, pele-mele, ane and a',
And vapourin' wi' burnist swerds, gan shout,
"Revenge, revenge! fy, tak' and sla!"

The auld gude-man had the auld man's grip,
Thoch nae sae fairie as he had been;
Sae steevely he by the Wallace stood,
Were few that to meet his glaive mat grein.

And bauld and bardash the gude-wife
Sae derf couth wield her gude brown spear;
To fecht for her country and gude-man,
Could Scotswoman own a woman's fear?

The first that strak at the gude Wallace,
The auld gude-man shure his craig in twa.
"Weel doon, my fere!" said the Wallace then;
"Wi' thee 'twere a shame to tak' to the wa'."

Syne grippit his brand wi' micht and ire,
And forward throw the prese he flang;
Sic thuds on ilka side he dealt,
That down to the dead the friaks he dang.

Wi' deadly dynts the baldest ten
O' the sothroun, that the starkest stuid,
The wicht Wallace and thir trusty twa
Ha'e laid o' the green dicht in their bluid.

The tither five to the green-wood ran;
On a grain they hav git them but ransoun;
And neist day wi' Wallace' merry men a',
They sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

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* This stroke of the *wight Wallace* is nothing to the following:—"One Sir David de Anand, a right valiant knight, chanced to be wounded by one of the enemies, by reason whereof he was so kindled in wrathful desire to be revenged, that with an axe which he had in his hande, he raughte his adversarie, that had hurt him, suche a blow on the shoulder, that he clove hym togither with his horse, and the axe stayed not till it light upon the verie harde pavement, so as the print of the violente stroke remained to be sene a long tyme after in one of the stones of the same pavement."—Hollinshed's History of Scotland, F. 342, 1.

This sword of the good Sir David seems to have been little inferior to the enchanted *glaive-mor* of Fingal, so famous in the tales of the Highlanders, that would by mere dint of its own innate virtue, cut through any thing that was struck with it, and could not be stopt till it came to the ground. This unlucky propensity in the sword to go farther than was intended, often occasioned sad mistakes and accidents, many of which make the ground-work of tales which are still repeated by the winter's evening fire-side.

Jamieson.

Lord Randal.

[In Johnson's Museum, a fragment of this ballad is given, under the title of "Lord Ronald my Son." This fragment was furnished by Burns to that work, along with the air to which it is sung. Burns says that the air is a favourite one in Ayrshire, and supposes that it is the original of Lochaber. In the Border Minstrelsy, the following more complete version of the ballad is given under the head of "Lord Randal." Scott says, "The hero is more generally termed Lord Ronald; but I willingly follow the authority of an Ettrick Forest copy for calling him Randal; because, though the circumstances are so very different, I think it not impossible, that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison. See The Bruce, book xx. Fordun repeats, and Boece echoes, this story, both of whom charge the murder on Edward III. But it is combated successfully by Lord Hailes, in his Remarks on the History of Scotland. The substitution of some venomous reptile for food, or putting it into liquor, was anciently supposed to be a common mode of administering poison." He adds, "there is a very similar song, which, apparently to excite greater interest in the nursery, the handsome young hunter is exchanged for a little child, poisoned by a false step-mother." The nursery song to which Sir Walter refers runs as follows. It is called "The Croodlin' Doo," (Cooing Pigeon.)

"Oh, whaur ha'e ye been a' the day, my bonnie wee croodlin' doo?"
"Oh, I've been at my grandmother's (step-mothers), mak' my bed mammie, noo!"

"Oh, what gat ye at your grandmother's, my little wee croodlin' doo?"
"I got a bonnie wee fishie, mak' my bed, mammie, noo!"

"Oh whaur did she catch the fishie, my bonnie wee croodlin' doo?"
"She catch'd it in the gutter-hole, mak' my bed, mammie, noo!"

"And what did she do wi' the fish, my little wee croodlin' doo?"
"She boiled it in a brass pan, oh, mak' my bed, mammie, noo."

"And what did ye do wi' the bones o't, my bonnie wee croodlin' doo?"
"I gied them to my little dog, mak' my bed, mammie, noo."

"And what did your little doggie do, my bonnie wee croodlin' doo?"
"He stretched out his head, his feet, and dee'd, and so will I, mammie, noo!"

In Buchan's Ballads of the North a rhyme very similar to the above is given under the name of "Willy Doo." The subject of the ballad seems to be universally popular in one shape or other. In Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, Mr Jamieson gives the commencement of a Suffolk version:

"Where have you been to-day, Billy my son?
Where have you been to-day, my only man?"
"I've been a wooing mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down."

"What have you ate to day, Billy, my son?
What have you ate to-day, my only man?"
"I've ate an eel-pie, mother, make my bed soon;
For I'm sick at the heart, and shall die before noon."

Mr Jamieson also translates, as follows, a German popular ditty, entitled Groszmutter Schlangenkoechin, *i. e.* Grandmother Adder-cook.

"Maria, what room have you been in—Maria, my only child?"
"I've been with my grandmother—alas, lady mother, what pain!"
"What has she given thee to eat—Maria," &c.
"She has given me fried fishes—alas," &c.

"Where did she catch the little fishes—Maria," &c.
"She caught them in the kitchen garden—alas," &c.
"With what did she catch the little fishes—Maria," &c.
"She caught them with rods and little sticks—alas," &c.
"What did she do with the rest of the fishes—Maria," &c.
"She gave it to her little dark-brown dog—alas," &c.
"And what became of the dark-brown dog—Maria," &c.
"It burst into a thousand pieces—alas," &c.
"Maria, where shall I make thy bed—Maria, my only child?"
"In the churchyard shalt thou make my bed—alas, lady mother, what pain!"

"O WHERE ha'e ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha'e been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I din'd wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boil'd in broo'; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"
"O yes! I am poison'd; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

LORD DONALD.

[THE fuller version of "Lord Randal" is given in Mr Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, London, 1827. It was procured in the North. "It would seem," says Mr Kinloch, "that Lord Donald had been poisoned by eating toads prepared as a dish of fishes. Though the frog is in some countries considered a delicacy, the toad has always been viewed as a venomous animal. Might not the Scots proverbial phrase, "To gi'e one frogs instead of fish," as meaning to substitute what is bad or disagreeable, for expected good, be viewed as allied to the idea of the venomous quality of the toad?"

"O WHARE ha'e ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son?
O where ha'e ye been a' day, my jollie young man?"
"I've been awa' courtin'; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What wad ye ha'e for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
What wad ye ha'e for your supper, my jollie young man?"
"I've gotten my supper; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What did ye get for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?
What did ye get for your supper, my jollie young man?"
"A dish of sma' fishes; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"Whare gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
Whare gat ye the fishes, my jollie young man?"
"In my father's black ditches; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What like were your fishes, Lord Donald, my son?
What like were your fishes, my jollie young man?"
"Black backs and spreckl'd bellies; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Donald, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my jollie young man!"
"O yes! I am poison'd; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your father, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your father, my jollie young man?"
"Baith my house and land; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your brither, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your brither, my jollie young man?"
"My horse and the saddle; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your sister, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your sister, my jollie young man?"
"Baith my gold box and rings; mither, mak' my bed sune,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun."

"What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord Donald, my son?
What will ye leave to your true-love, my jollie young man?"
"The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon tree,
And lat her hang there for the poysoning o' me."

Lammikin.

[The ballad generally called "Lammikin" was at one time a popular one throughout Scotland, and a number of different versions of it exist, in which both the names of the hero and the locality celebrated vary. In the versions before us, the hero figures under the different names of "Lammikin," "Lamkin," "Balcanqual," "Lambert Linkin," and "Bold Rankin," while the localities are also changed more or less. "Lammikin" is supposed to be an ironical designation of the blood-thirsty mason. The earliest printed copy of the ballad that can be traced is that in Herd's collection, 1776; a more complete and better copy is given in Jamieson's collection, 1806; another version by Finlay, in 1808; and another by Motherwell in 1827. All these we reprint in the order in which we have specified them, and also add a version derived from oral tradition, which has not before been printed.]

I.

[Herd's copy, with additional verses by Finlay.]

Lammikin was as gude a mason
As ever hewed a stane;
He biggit Lord Weire's castle,
But payment gat he nane.

"Sen ye winna gi'e me my guerdon, lord,
Sen ye winna gi'e me my hire,
This gude castle, sae stately built,
I sall gar rock wi' fire.

"Sen ye winna gi'e me my wages, lord,
Ye sall ha'e cause to rue."
And syne he brewed a black revenge,
And syne he vowed a vow.—

The Lammikin sair wroth, sair wroth,
Returned again to Downe;
But or he gaed, he vow'd and vow'd,
The castle should sweep the ground.—

"O byde at hame, my gude Lord Weire,
I weird ye byde at hame;
Gang na to this day's hunting,
To leave me a' alane.

"Yae night, yae night, I dreamt this bower
O red red blude was fu';
Gin ye gang to this black hunting,
I sall ha'e cause to rue."

"Wha looks to dreams, my winsome dame?
Nae cause ha'e ye to fear;"
And syne he kindly kissed her cheek,
And syne the starting tear.—

Now to the gude green-wood he's gane,
She to her painted bower,
But first she closed the windows and doors
Of the castle, ha', and tower.

They steeked doors, they steeked yetts,
Close to the cheek and chin;*
They steeked them a' but a wee wicket,
And Lammikin crap in.

"Where are the lads o' this castle?"
Says the Lammikin;
"They are a' wi' Lord Weire, hunting,"
The false nourice did sing.

"Where are the lasses o' this castle?"
Says the Lammikin;
"They are a' out at the washing,"
The false nourice did sing.

"But where's the lady o' this house?"
Says the Lammikin;
"She is in her bower sewing,"
The false nourice did sing.

"Is this the bairn o' this house?"
Says the Lammikin;
"The only bairn Lord Weire aughts,"
The false nourice did sing.

Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
While loud false nourice sings;
Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
Till high the red blude springs.

"Still my bairn, nourice,
O still him if ye can."
"He will not still, madam,
For a' his father's lan'."

* *Cheek and chin*,—a proverbial phrase signifying completely.

"O, gentle nourice, still my bairn,
O still him wi' the keys;"
"He will not still, fair lady,
Let me do what I please."

"O still my bairn, kind nourice,
O still him wi' the ring."
"He will not still, my lady,
Let me do any thing."

"O still my bairn, gude nourice,
O still him wi' the knife."
"He will not still, dear mistress mine,
Gin I'd lay down my life."

"Sweet nourice, loud loud cries my bairn,
O still him wi' the bell."
"He will not still, dear lady,
Till ye cum down yourse'."

The first step she stepped,
She stepped on a stane,
The next step she stepped,
She met the Lammikin.

And when she saw the red red blude,
A loud skriech skrieched she,—
"O monster, monster, spare my child,
Who never skaithed thee!

"O spare, if in your bluidy breast
Abides not heart of stane!
O spare, an' ye sall ha'e o' gold
That ye can carry hame!"

"I carena for your gold," he said,
"I carena for your fee,
I ha'e been wranged by your lord,
Black vengeance ye sall drie.

"Here are nae serfs to guard your ha's,
Nae trusty spearmen here;
In yon green wood they sound the horn,
And chace the doe and deer.

"Though merry sounds the gude green-wood
Wi' huntsmen, hounds, and horn,
Your lord sall rue ere sets yon sun
He has done me skaith and scorn."

"O nourice, wanted ye your meat,
Or wanted ye your fee,
Or wanted ye for any thing
A fair lady could gi'e?"

"I wanted for nae meat, ladie,
I wanted for nae fee;
But I wanted for a hantle
A fair lady could gi'e."

Then Lammikin drew his red red sword,
And sharped it on a stane,
And through and through this fair ladie,
The cauld cauld steel is gane.

Nor lang was't after this foul deed,
Till Lord Weire cumin hame,
Thocht he saw his sweet bairn's bluid
Sprinkled on a stane.

"I wish a' may be weel," he says,
"Wi' my ladie at hame;
For the rings upon my fingers
Are bursting in twain."

But mair he look'd, and dule saw he,
On the door at the trance,
Spots o' his dear lady's bluid
Shining like a lance.—

"There's bluid in my nursery,
There's bluid in my ha',
There's bluid in my fair lady's bower,
An' that's warst of a'."

O sweet sweet sang the birdie
Upon the bough sae hie,
But little cared false norice for that,
For it was her gallows tree.

Then out he set, and his braw men
Rode a' the country roun',
Ere lang they fand the Lammikin
Had sheltered near to Downe.

They carried him a' airts o' wind,
And mickle pain had he,
At last before Lord Weire's gate
They hanged him on the tree.

II

[JAMIESON'S version, who received it from Mrs Brown of Falkland.]

It's Lamkin was a mason good,
As ever built wi' stane;
He built lord Wearie's castle,
But payment got he nane.

"O pay me, lord Wearie;
Come, pay me my fee."
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
For I maun gang o'er the sea."

"O pay me now, Lord Wearie;
Come, pay me out o' hand."
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
Unless I sell my land."

"O gin ye winna pay me,
I here sall mak' a vow,
Before that ye come hame again,
Ye sall ha'e cause to rue."

Lord Wearie got a bonnie ship,
To sail the saut sea fiem;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
Ay till he should come hame.

But the nourice was a fause limmer
As e'er hung on a tree;
She laid a plot wi' Lamkin,
When her lord was o'er the sea.

She laid a plot wi' Lamkin,
When the servants were awa';
Loot him in at a little shot window,
And brought him to the ha'.

"O whare's a' the men o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the barnwell thrashing,
'Twill be lang ere they come in."

"And whare's the women o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the far well washing;
'Twill be lang ere they come in."

"And whare's the bairns o' this house,
That ca' me Lamkin?"
"They're at the school reading;
'Twill be night or they come hame."

"O, whare's the lady o' this house,
That ca's me Lamkin?"
"She's up in her bower sewing,
But we soon can bring her down."

Then Lamkin's tane a sharp knife,
That hang down by his gaire,
And he has gi'en the bonnie babe
A deep wound and a sair.

Then Lamkin he rocked,
And the fause nourice sang,
Till frae likne bore o' the cradle
The red blood out sprang.

Then out it spak' the lady
As she stood on the stair,
"What ails my bairn, nourice,
That he's greeting sae sair?

"O still my bairn, nourice;
O still him wi' the pap!"
"He winna still, lady,
For this, nor for that."

"O, still my bairn, nourice;
O, still him wi' the wand!"
"He winna still, lady,
For a' his father's land."

"O, still my bairn, nourice;
O, still him wi' the ball!"
"He winna still, lady,
Till ye come down yourself."

O, the firsten step she steppit,
She steppit on a stane;
But the neisten step she steppit,
She met him, Lamkin.

"O mercy, mercy, Lamkin!
Ha'e mercy upon me!
Though you've ta'en my young son's life,
Ye may let mysel' be."

"O, sa'l I kill her nourice?
Or sall I lat her be?"
"O, kill her, kill her, Lamkin,
For she ne'er was good to me."

"O scour the bason, nourice,
And mak' it fair and clean,
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,
For she's come o' noble kin."

"There need nae bason, Lamkin,
Lat it run through the floor;
What better is the heart's blood
O' the rich than o' the poor."

But ere three months were an end,
Lord Weare came again;
But dowie dowie was his heart
When first he came hame.

"O, wha's blood is this," he says,
"That lies in the chamer?"
"It is your lady's heart's blood;
'Tis as clear as the lamer."

"And wha's blood is this," he says,
"That lies in my ha'?"
"It is your young son's heart's blood;
'Tis the clearest ava."

O, sweetly sang the black-bird
That sat upon the tree;
But mirer grat Lamkin,
When he was condemn'd to die.

And bonnie sang the mavis
Out o' the thorny brake;
But mirer grat the nourice,
When she was tied to the stake.

III.

[FINLAY's copy, who gives it from a manuscript written by an old lady.]

WHEN Balwearie and his train
Gaed to hunt the wild boar,
He gar'd bar up his castle
Behind and before.

And he bade his fair lady
Guard weel her young son,
For wicked Balcanqual
Great mischief had done.

So she closed a' the windows
Without and within,
But forgot the wee wicket,
And Balcanqual crap in.

Then up spak' fause nourice,
"Haste up to the tower,
Somebody knocks at the gate
Bauldly and dowr."

Syne Balcanqual he rocked,
And fause nourice sang,
Till through a' the cradle
The baby's blood sprang.

"O please the bairn, nourice,
And please him wi' the keys."
"He'll no be pleased, madam,
For a' that he sees."

And Balcanqual ay rocked,
While fause nourice sang,
And through a' the cradle
The baby's blood ran.

"Please the bairn, nourice,
And please him wi' the knife."
"He'll no be pleased, madam,
Though I'd gi'e my life."

And Balcanqual still rocked,
And fause nourice sang,
While through a' the cradle
The baby's blood ran.

"Now please the bairn, nourice,
And please him wi' the ball."
"He'll no be pleased, madam,
Till ye come yourse'."—

Down came this fair lady,
Tripping down the stair,
To see her sick bairn,
But returned never mair.—

"Now scour the bason, Jenny,
And scour't very clean,
To haad this lady's blood,
For she's of noble kin."

She's lifted her baby,
And kissed cheek and chin,
And his ance rosy lips,
But nae breath was within.—

"Fare weel, my sweet baby,
Ye've left me alane;
But I see my death coming,
I needna make mane."

They've ta'en this fair lady,
And tied her wi' bands,
And in her sweet heart's blood
They've dipped their hands.

For Balcanqual and nourice
Had vow'd her to slae,
Because their ill deeds
Made Balwearie their fae.

Balwearie and his train
Cam' hame weary at e'en,
Nae voice gied them welcome,
Nae light could be seen.

"Open, dear lady,
My castle to me;"
Nae voice gied an answer,
Nae voice was to gi'e.

IV.

[MOTHERWELL'S version.—"The present copy," says Mr Motherwell, "is given from recitation, and though it could have received additions, and perhaps improvements, from another copy, obtained from a similar source, and of equal authenticity, in his possession, the editor did not like to use the liberty which is liable to much abuse. To some, the present set of the ballad may be valuable, as handing down both name and nickname of the revengeful builder of Prime Castle; for there can be little doubt that the epithet *Linkin*, Mr Lambert acquired from the secrecy and address with which he insinuated himself into that notable strength. Indeed all the names of Lammerlinkin, Lammikin, Lamkin, Lankin, Linkin, Belinkin, can easily be traced out as abbreviations of Lambert Linkin. In the present set of the ballad, Lambert Linkin and Belinkin are used indifferently, as the measure of the verse may require; in the other recited copy, to which reference has been made, it is Lammerlinkin, and Lamkin; and the nobleman for whom he 'built a house,' is stated to be 'Lord Arran.' No allusion, however, is made here to the name of the owner of Prime Castle. Antiquaries, peradventure, may find it as difficult to settle the precise locality of this fortalice, as they have found it to fix the topography of Troy."]

BELINKIN was as gude a mason
As e'er plakt a stane;
He built up Prime Castle,
But payment gat nane.

The lord said to his lady,
When he was going abroad,
"O beware of Belinkin,
For he lies in the wood."

The gates they were bolted
Baith outside and in;
And at the sma' peep of a window
Belinkin crap in.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow,"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"Gude morrow to yourse', sir,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"O whare is your gude lord?"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"He's awa' to New England,
To meet with his king."

"O where is his auld son?"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"He's awa' to buy pearlings
Gin our lady ly in."

"Then she'll never wear them,"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"And that is nae pity,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"O where is your lady?"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"She's in her bouir sleepin',"
Said the fause nurse to him.

"How can we get at her?"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"Stab the babe to the heart
Wi' a silver bo'kin."

"That wud be a pity,"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"Nae pity, nae pity,"
Said the fause nurse to him.

Belinkin he rocked,
And the fause nurse she sang,
Till a' the torres* o' the cradle,
Wi' the red blude down ran.

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* *Torres.*—The projections or knobs at the corners of old-fashioned cradles, and the ornamental balls commonly found surmounting the backs of old chairs. Dr Jamieson does not seem to have had a precise notion of this word. Vide IV. Vol. of his Dictionary, *voce Torr.*

Motherwell.

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the knife;"
"He'll no be still, lady,
Though I lay down my life."

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the kame;"
"He'll no be still, lady,
Till his daddy come hame."

"O still my babe, nurice,
O still him wi' the bell;"
"He'll no be still, lady,
Till ye come down yourself."

"Its how can I come doun
This cauld frosty nicht,
Without e'er a coal
Or a clear candle licht?"

"There's twa smocks in your coffer,
As white as a swan,
Put ane o' them about you,
It will show you licht doun."

She took ane o' them about her,
And came tripping doun;
But as soon as she viewed,
Belinkin was in.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow,"
Said Lambert Linkin;
"Gude morrow to yourself, sir,"
Said the lady to him.

"Oh save my life, Belinkin,
Till my husband come back,
And I'll gi'e ye as much red gold
As ye'll haud in your hat."

"I'll no save your life, lady,
Till your husband come back,
Tho' you wud gi'e me as much red gold
As I could haud in a sack.

"Will I kill her?" quo' Belinkin,
"Will I kill her, or let her be?"
"You may kill her," said the fause nurse,
"She was ne'er gude to me;
And ye'll be laird o' the castle,
And I'll be ladye."

Then he cut aff her head
Frae her lily breast bane,
And he hung't up in the kitchen,
It made a' the ha' shine.

The lord sat in England
A-drinking the wine:
"I wish a' may be weel
Wi' my lady at hame;
For the rings o' my fingers
They're now burst in twain!"

He saddled his horse,
And he cam' riding doun;
But as soon as he viewed,
Belinkin was in,

He hadna weel stepped
Twa steps up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty young son
Lying dead on the floor.

He hadna weel stepped
Other twa up the stair,
Till he saw his pretty lady
Lying dead in despair.

He hanged Belinkin
Out over the gate;
And he burnt the fause nurice
Being under the grate.

V.

[From a MS. in the possession of W. H. Logan, Esq., Edinburgh, derived from oral tradition.]

Sam the lord to the lady—
"Beware of Rankin,
For I'm going to England
To wait on the king."

"No fears, no fears,"
Said the lady, said she,
"For the doors shall be bolted,
And the windows pindee.

"Go bar all the windows
Both outside and in,
Don't leave a window open,
To let bold Rankin in."

She has barred up the windows,
All outside and in,
But she left ane of them open
To let bold Rankin in.

"Oh! where is the master of this house?"
Said bold Rankin,
"He's up in old England,"
Said the false nurse to him.

"Oh! where is the mistress of this house?"
Said bold Rankin,
"She's up in her chamber sleeping,"
Said the false nurse to him.

"Oh! how shall we get her down?"
Said bold Rankin,
"By piercing the baby,"
Said the false nurse to him.

"Go please the baby, nursey oh!
Go please it with a bell;"
"It will not be pleased, madam,
Till ye come down yourself."

"How can I come down stairs,
So late into the night,
Without coal and candle
To show me the light?

"There is a silver bolt lies
On the closet head,
Give it to the baby,
Give it sweet milk and bread."

She rammed the silver bolt
All up the baby's nose,
Till the blood it came trickling down
The baby's fine clothes.

"Go please the baby, nursey,
Go please it with the bell."
It will not; lease, madam,
Till you come down yourself."

"It will neither please with breast-milk,
Nor yet with pap,
But I pray, loving lady,
Come and roll it in your lap."

The first step she stepped,
She stepped on a stane,
And the next step she stepped,
She met bold Rankin.

"Oh! Rankin, oh! Rankin,
Spare me till twelve o'clock,
And I will give you as many guineas,
As you can carry on your back."

"What care I for as many guineas
As seeds into a sack,
When I cannot keep my hands
Off your lily-white neck?"

"Oh! will I kill her, nursey,
Or let her abee?"
"Oh! kill her," said the false nurse,
"She was never good to me."

"Go scour the bason, lady,
Both outside and in,
To hold your mother's heart's blood,
Sprung from a nobler king."*

"To hold my mother's heart's blood,
Would make my heart full woe,
Oh! rather kill me, Rankin,
And let my mother go."

"Go scour the bason, servants,
Both outside and in;
To hold your lady's heart's blood,
Sprung from a nobler king."

"To hold my lady's heart's blood,
Would make my heart full woe,
Oh! rather kill me, Rankin,
And let my lady go."

"Go scour the bason, nursey,
Both outside and in,
To hold your lady's heart's blood,
Sprung from a nobler king."

"To hold my lady's heart's blood,
Would make my heart full glad,
Ram in the knife, bold Rankin,
And gar the blood to shed.

"She's none of my comrades,
She's none of my kin',†
Ram in the knife, bold Rankin,
And gar the bluid rin."

"Oh! will I kill her, nursey,
Or let her abee?"
"Oh! kill her," said the false nurse,
"She was never good to me."

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* Sprung from a noble kin'?

† Equivalent to the Nigger adage, "Hit him hard, him got no friends here."

"I wish my wife and family
May be all well at hame;
For the silver buttons of my coat
They will not stay on."

As Mary was looking
O'er her window so high,
She saw her dear father
Come riding by.

"Oh! father, dear father!
Don't put the blame on me,
It was false nurse and Rankin,
That killed your ladie."

Oh! wasn't that an awful sight,
When he came to the stair,
To see his fairest lady
Lie bleeding there?

The false nurse was burnt
On the mountain hill head,
And Rankin was boiled
In a pot full of lead.

Burning of Auchindoun.

[This fragment, with the following note prefixed to it, was first printed in an Aberdeen newspaper about thirty years ago.—"In 1592 the Mackintoshes, or clan Chattan, having offended Gordon of Huntly and Strathbogie, to whom they were vassals, the latter vowed vengeance, which the former fearing, requested their chief to proceed to Auchindoun Castle, the residence of their offended superior, and sue for peace. On his arrival there, Gordon was unfortunately from home: he was however introduced to his lady, to whom he told on what errand he had come, and pleaded for her intercession; but she told him that she was sure her lord would not be satisfied until the head of the chief of the clan Chattan was fixed on the castle gate. The chief despising her threat, and bowing scornfully low before he should depart, she snatched a sword from the wall, and severed his head from his body. His clan, on hearing of the 'horrid deed,' assembled under his son and successor, and marched to Auchindoun Castle in the dead of night, which they plundered and set on fire. The lady made her escape, but several of the inmates perished in the flames. The ruins of this baronial residence are still to be seen on the banks of the river Fiddach in Banffshire."]

"Turn, Willie Mackintosh,
Turn, turn, I bid you;
If you burn Auchindoun,
Huntly will head you."

"Head me or hang me,
That wiana fley me,
I'll burn Auchindoun,
Ere the life lea' me."

Coming owre Cairn-croome,*
And looking down, man;
I saw Willie Mackintosh
Burn Auchindoun, man.

Light was the mirk hour
At the day dawing,
For Auchindoun was in flames
Ere the cock crawing.

BURNING OF AUCHINDOUN.

[Modern Version.—Alexander Laing.]

"Turn again, my gallant chief,
Turn again, I bid you—
If you burn Auchindoun,
The Gordon will behead you."

"The Gordon may behead me—
I will think of turning
When his haughty lady weeps—
When Auchindoun is burning!"

The shepherd now had left the hill,
The stormy wind was howling;
And on the brow of Cairn-croome,
The cloud of night was scowling;

While on the deep and distant glen,
The Fiddach, wildly wailing
Of foes upon its woody banks—
Of coming woe was telling!

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* A hill near Auchindoun.

Anon was seen along the sky
A beam so bright approaching,
That on the middle hour of night
The day-light seem'd encroaching.

Then faintly on the stormy heath
Was heard the voice of mourning—
And then appeared the bursting flames—
Auchindoun was burning!

The Warlock o' Aikwood.

[MODERN BALLAD.—(See Vignette to the present volume.)—The tradition upon which the present ballad is founded is thus narrated by Sir Walter Scott in the notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.—Sir Michael Scott "was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the king of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider, what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered, that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, 'What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!' When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect; and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences.

"Sir Michael Scott," according to the same high authority, "flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland, upon the death of Alexander III. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the fiends who were thereby invoked.—Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly characterises Michael Scott as 'singulari philosophia, astronomia, ac medicina laude præstans; dicebatur penitissimos magiæ recessus indagasse.' A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil."]

An gloamin, as the sinking sun
Gaed owre the wastlin' brae,
And shed on Aikwood's haunted towers
His bright but fading rays;

Auld Michael sat his leafu' lane
Down by the streamlet's side,
Beneath a spreading hazel bush,
And watched the passing tide.

Wi' mennons wee, that loup'd for joy,
The water seemed a fry,
And cross the stream, frae stane to stane,
The trout gaed glancin' by.

The sportive mankin frae his form
Cam' dancing o'er the lea,
And cooked his lugs, and wagged his tud,
Sune 's Michael caught his o'e.

The paitricks whirring nearer flew,—
But, hark! what is't I hear?
The horse's tramp and trumpet's note
To Aikwood drawing near;

Auld Michael raised his stately form,
And slowly hameward hied,—
Right weel he ken'd what knight and horse
And trumpet did betide.

"Our gracious king, to whom the Lord
Grant aye a happy lot,
This packet to his kineman sends—
The leal Sir Michael Scott.

"And ye maun hie as fast as horse
Will bear you owre the lea,
To Frenchman's land, and to the king
This packet ye maun gi'e.

"An answer frae the Frenchman ye
Maun seek for clean aff hand,
Then hie thee to our sov'reign lord—
Such is the king's command."

So spak' the knight, and Michael bow'd:
"The king's hests I'll obey,
The fleetest steed I shall pre, are,
And start ere break o' day."

Auld Michael to his closet gaed,
But lang he baid na there,
He donn'd a clauck baith auld and queer,
And hunting cap o' hair.

Frae a phial sma', a drap he pour'd,
That sune rose till a flame,
A gruesome low, whar elfins wee
Jigg'd roun' wi' might and main.

The low he tos'd up in the air,
The sky grew black as coal,
Some words he spak' that nae man ken'd,
And thunders 'gan to roll.

The lightnings flash'd, the loud winds blew
Till Aikwood trembling stood,
And tall trees bent their stately forms
Like eels in playfu' mood.

Midst war o' winds and thunder's crash,
The bravest weel might fear;
The warlock wav'd his little wand,
And through the storm did peer.

His count'nance glow'd, for see he comes
Borne on the blast along,
A tall black steed, with eyes of flame,
And thews and sinews strong!

"Now woe betide thee," Michael said,
"If once thou slack'st thy speed,
And bear'st me not by morrow's dawn
To France without remede."

By this the storm had gone to rest,
The moon shone clear and bright,
And sma' white clouds were sailing roun',
Ting'd by the pale orb's light.

The warlock and his steed flew on,
Nought stay'd their headlong way,
The highest peak, the lowest glen,
Were spang'd as 'twere lut play.

They bounded on, and night owls screeched,
As pass'd this fremit pair,
And in their beds the sleepers gran'd
And row'd as in nightmare.

On, on they sped like wintry blast,
And long ere first cock-crow
The sea was cross'd, and Paris tow'rs
Were seen far far below.

The palace porters trembling scan'd
The great black horse with fear;
The courtiers ale confounded look'd,
But 'gan to mock and jeer

At Michael's dress; but soon with voice
That made their dull ears ring,
He names his errand, and demands
An audience of the king.

"What! ye refuse, ye cringing pack,
A messenger so mean?
Then stamp, my steed, and let them feel
We're better than we seem!"

The black horse stamp'd; and lo! the bells
Through all the town did sound,
The steeple towers shook to their base
As heav'd up from the ground.

"What! do ye still my suit refuse?
Then stamp, my steed, once more!"
The courtiers shook for very fear,
And cross'd themselves right sore.

Clash went the hoof, and sounds of woe
Were heard on ev'ry side,
The thunders roll'd, the lightnings glar'd,
And through the air did ride

Unearthly forms, with hoop and ho!
That spewed forth smoke and fire.
"Alack-a-day!" quoth the courtiers all,
"That e'er we rais'd his ire."

The muckle bell in Notre Dame*
Play'd jow, and burst in twain,
And lofty tow'rs and pinnacles
Came tumbling down amain.

The bell-man on a gargoyle's† back
Was shot out owre the Seine,
His boy upon a wooden saint
Went splash into the stream.

The palace shook like saughen bush
When war'd by wastlin winds,
Or like the corn ears in the sheaf,
That harvest reaper binds.

The king frae regal seat was tom'd,
And piteously did roar,
For a vulgar part o' his bodie
Came thud upon the floor.

"Alack-a-day!" his kingship moan'd,
"Wha wrought a' this deray
Maun e'en be mair than mortal man—
O dale's me on the day

"He e'er cam' to our palace yett!"
But Michael now nae langer
Wad wait. "Ye poltroon knaves, tak' tent!
The third stamp shall be stranger."

"Stop! stop!" they cried, "thy mighty pow'r,
Nae mair we can withstand,
A third stamp of thy fell black horse
Wad rain a' our land."

An answer in hot haste was giv'n,
And e'er you could say, whew!
The warlock had bestrode his steed,
And through the air they flew.

And as they pass'd o'er Dover straits,
The horse to speak began,
A pawky beast, and, as he pleas'd,
Was horse, or de'il, or man.

"Come tell to me, O master mine!
What do the auld wives say
In Scotland when the sun gaes down,
Ere to their beds they gae?"

But Michael was ow're slee e'en for
The cunning o' the de'il—
"What's that to thee, Diabolus?
Mount, or my wand thou'lt feel.

"But if indeed thou fain wadst ken
What's by the auld wives said,
Then darn thysel' at e'enin's fa'
Close by some cottage bed;

"And when the sun has left the lift,
And stars begin to peer
Out through the blue, and sounds o' toil
Nae mair fa' on the ear

"Then wilt thou see auld Scotia's dames
Kneel down to ane above,
And name with reverence the name
Of Him that's truth and love.

"A name, Diabolus! more dread
To thee and all thy fry
Than is thy hideous native form
To untaught mortal eye."

By this time they had England cross'd,
And ahe the Cheviots high;
The Pentlands had been left behind,
And Holyrood was nigh.

Here Michael parting frae his steed
Straight to the palace went,
In haste before his sov'reign lord
Himself there to present.

"What ho! Sir Michael, art thou here?
Hast dar'd to disobey
My orders, that ambassador
To France thou'dst haste away?"

"Wilt please my sov'reign to receive
This packet from my hand?
With right good will I have obey'd
My monarch's just command."

Notre Dame, the principal cathedral in Paris, stands upon an island in the middle of the river Seine, which intersects the city.

† *Gargoyle*—A projecting water spout, common to different styles of architecture, and frequently sculptured into the shape of an open-mouthed monster.

The king transfix'd wi' wonder stood,
And scarce believ'd his e'en,
And all aghast the courtiers cow'r'd,
As spell-bound they had been.

Lang ere their senses had return'd
Sir Michael aff had gane,
And sped him back to Alkwood gray
In haste his leafs' lane!

W. G. B.

Black Agnace of Dunbar.

[John Talbot.—Black Agnes of Dunbar was daughter of Thomas earl of Randolph, and wife of Patrick, 9th earl of Dunbar and March. She held the Castle of Dunbar nineteen weeks against the English, and at last compelled lord Montague to raise the siege. This took place in January, 1337—8.]

Some sing o' lords an' some o' knights,
An' some o' mighty men o' war,
But I sing o' a leddy bricht,
The Black Agnace o' Dunnebar.

Lord March rode to the Burgh Muir,
Wi' him his vassals true an' hauld,
An' left his wife an' her bouir-mayis
To bide at hame an' keep the hauld.

Then up and spak' Lord Montagow;
An ill deid may he dee therefore!
"Now buak an' boune, ye merrymen a',
To see this leddy in her bouir."

"O leddy March! O leddy fair!
Do up your yetts an' speak to me,
An' I'll gi'e you mo gold an' pearls,
As ne'er a dame in Christendee."

"Your perlins fine I carena by,
As little care I for your gold;
An' while my lord is gane frae hame,
The yetts fast look'd I mean to hold."

"O leddy bricht! O leddy fair!
Do up your yetts an' speak till me,
An' I'll gi'e you sic cloth o' gold
As ne'er a dame frae Tweed to Dee.

"An' we will ride to London town,
Richt welcome to our English king;
And you sall be Dame Montagow,
For I'll gi'e you a weddin' ring.

"An you sall ha'e baith lords an' knights,
An' little pages twenty-three;
An' hawks, an' hounds, an' horses baith,
As ne'er a dame in Christendee."

"Your rings o' gold I carena by,
Nor care I for your falcons free;
I carena for your horse nor hounds,
Nor for your pages twenty-three.

"But tak' your pages hauld an' young,
An' gi'e ilk ane a sword an' spear,
An' set them on your horses good,
An' mak' them mighty men o' weir.

"An' ye may tak' your lordings brave,
An' deck them wi' your claith o' gold;
For while my ain gude lord's awa',
My yetts fast look'd I mean to hold."

Now he has ta'en his mangonells,
His warwolves an' his swine sae strang,
An' thunder'd at the castle yett,
Wi' sturdy strains fu' loud and lang.

He gard the cross-bow strings to tirl,
The quarrels fast an' thick they flew;
He gard his archers gude to stand
An' stoutly ben' the trusty yew.

The mangonells play'd fast an' free,
Brought down big stanes frae aff the wa';
Black Agnace wi' her napkin fine,
Leuch loud an' dicht the stoor awa'.

Then Montagow he swore an aith,
That he wad tame that leddy's pride,
An' moved his swine again the wa's,
Wi' fifty men ilk ane inside.

Upon the castle wa' she stood,
The yirl o' March's sturdy marrow,
An' leuch an' spak', "Lord Montagow,
I trow thy swine are fain to farrow.'

Then lat she fa' a weighty stane,
Upon the Eng'ish captain's swine;
The English lang may rue the day,
That they sic fifty men did tine!

Then Montagow grew deidly pale,
Wi' trembilin' voice then out spak' he
"Thir Scottish queans are devil's gets,
Sic women did I never see.

"I wat we've bidden here owre lang,
But busk, my merrymen a', an' ride:"
They didna need the bidden twice,
I wat they werena brush to bide.

Now sing wha lists o' lords an' knights,
An' sing wha lists o' men o' war;
But let me sing this leddy bright,
The Black Agnnes o' Dunnebar.

Duncan, a Fragment.

[Modern Ballad by Henry Mackenzie, author of The Man of Feeling.]

"Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride,
Red anger in his eye?"
"I saw him not, nor care," he cried;
"Red anger frights na me.

"For I have stuid wher honour bade,
Though death trod on his heel:
Mean is the crest that stoops to fear;
Nae sic may Duncan feel.

"Hark! hark! or was it but the wind
That through the ha' did sing?
Hark! hark! agen: a warlike shout
The black woods round do ring.

"Tis na for nought," bold Duncan cried,
"Sic shoutings on the wind:"
Syne up he started frae his seat,
A throng o' spears behind.

"Haste, haste, my valiant hearts," he said,
"Anes mare to follow me;
We'll meet yon shouters by the burn;
I guess wha they may be.

"But wha is he that speeds sae fast,
Frae the slaw marching throng?
Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
The sky's blue faes along.

"Some messenger it is, mayhap:"
"Then not of peace, I trow:"
"My master, Duncan, bade me rin,
And say these words to you.

"Restore agen that bluiming rose,
Your rude hand pluck'd awa';
Restore again his Mary fair,
Or you shall rue the fa'."

Three strides the gallant Duncan talk,
And shuik his forward spear:
"Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are na wont to fear.

"He comes na' on a wassal rout,
Of revel, sport, and play;
Our swords gart fame proclaim us men
Lang ere this reesfa' day.

"The rose I pluck'd, of right is mine;
Our hearts together grew
Like twa sweet roses on as stn'k—
Frae hate to love she flew."

Swift as a winged shaft he sped:
Bold Duncan said, in jeer,
"Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are na wont to fear.

"He comes na on a wassel rout,
Of revel, sport, and play;
Our swords gart fame proclaim us men
Lang ere this reesfa' day.

"The rose I pluck'd, of right is mine;
Our hearts together grew
Like twa sweet roses on as stn'k—
Frae hate to love he flew."

He stamp'd his foot upo' the ground,
And thus in wrath did say:
"God strik' my soul if frae this field
We baith in life shall gae."

He wav'd his hand; the pipes they play'd,
The targets clatter'd round,
And now between the meeting faes
Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that rins sae fast?
Her feet nae stap they find:
Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud
Upon the simmer's wind.

Her face, a mantle screen'd afore,
She show'd of lily hue:
Sae frae the gray mist breaks the sun
To drink the morning-dew.

"Alake, my friends! what sight is this?
Oh, stap your rage," she cried:
"Whar love with honey'd lip should be,
Mak' not a breach sae wide.

"Can then my uncle draw his sword,
My husband's breast to bleid?
Or can my sweet lord do to him
Sic foul and ruthless deid?

"Bethink ye, uncle, of the time
My gray-hair'd father died:
Frae whar yoar shrill horn shuik the wood,
He sent for you wi' speed:

"'My brother, gard my barn,' he said:
'She has nae father soon:
Regard her, Donald, as your ain:
I'll ask nae ither boon.'

"Would then my uncle force my love,
Whar love it could na be,
Or wed me to the man I hate?
Was this his care of me?

"Can these brave men, who but of late
Together char'd the deer,
Against their comrades bend their bows,
In bluidy hunting here?"

She spake, while trickling ran the tears
Her blushing cheek alang;
And silence, like a heavy cloud,
O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,
Threescore his years and three;
Yet a' the strength of strongest youth
In sic an eild had he.

Nae pity was there in his breast,
For war alane he lo'd;
His gray een sparkled at the sight
Of plunder, death, and bleid.

"What! shall our hearts of steel," he said,
"Bend to a woman's sang?
Or can her words our honour quit
For sic dishonest wrang?

"For this did a' these warriors come,
To hear an idle tale;
And o'er our death-accustom'd arms
Shall silly tears prevail?"

They gied a shout, their bows they talk,
They clash'd their steely swords
Like the loud waves of Barra's shore;
There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied:
"O uncle! hear my prayer;
Heed na that man of bluidy look;—"
She had nae time for mair;

For in the midst anon there came
A blind, unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae off her Duncan's targe,
And struck her to the heart.

A while she stagger'd, syne she fell,
And Duncan see'd her fa';
Astound he stood, for in his limbs
There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at foes to fling,
Stood fix'd within his hand;
His lips, half open, couldna speak;
His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
With arms in triumph dight,
Seems to the traveller like a man,
* * * *

Memorables Of the Montgomeries.

[Reprinted from a pamphlet published in 4to. at Glasgow, 1770, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, and there said to be printed from the only copy known to remain, which had been preserved above sixty years by the care of Hugh Montgomerie, senior, at Eglesham, long one of the factors of the family of Eglintoun.]

A noble Roman was the root
From which Montgomeries came,
Who brought his legion from the war,
And settled the same

Upon a hill 'twixt Rome and Spain,
  Gomerious* by name;
From which he and his off-spring do
  Their sir-name still retain.

From this into the wars of France
  Their valour did them bring,
That they great instruments might be
  To save the Gallic king:

Here, with great splendor and renown,
  Six centuries they spend:
At length for England they set sail;
  Ambition hath no end.

On British ground they land at length:
  Rodger must general be,
A cousin of the conqueror's,
  And fittest to supplie

The greatest post; into the field
  The army then leads he,
Into a camp, Hastings by name,
  In Sussex, where you'll see

The marks of camps unto this day;
  And where you'll hear it told,
The English king did them attack
  Most like a captain bold.

But soon, alas! he found it vain,
  With Rodger arme to try:
This warry officer prepares,
  His projects to defy.

The strong attacks he then observes,
  Which made him thence to dread,
That England's king might be among
  Those who charged with such speed.

The life-guards straight he ordered,
  Their fury to defend;
Where Harold, England's king, at once
  His crown and life did end.

Whence to the conqueror did come
  The English sceptre great,
And William, England's king declar'd,
  To London came in state.

Earl Rodger† then the greatest man,
  Next to the king was thought;
And nothing that he could desire,
  But it to him was brought.

Montgomery town, Montgomery shire
  And earl of Shresburie,
And Arundale do show this man
  Of grandeur full to be.

Thus did he live all this king's reign
  For works of piety,
He built an abbacie, and then
  Prepar'd himself to die.

At last king William yields to fate;
  And then his second son
Mounts on the throne, which had almost
  The kingdom quite undone:

Some for the eldest son stand up,
  As Rodger's sons did all;
But the usurper keeps the throne,
  Which did begin their fall.

Then Philip into Scotland came,
  Unable to endure,
That they who earldome had possest,
  Of nought should be secure.

The king of Scots well knew the worth
  Of men of noble race,
Who, in no times of ages past,
  Their worth did once deface.

He in the Merse gives Philip lands,
  Which afterwards he soon
With the black Douglass did exchange
  For Eastwood and Poncon,

Where many ages they did live,
  By king and country lov'd;
As men of valour and renown,
  Who were with honour mov'd

To shun no hazard when they could
  To either service do:
Thus did they live, thus did they spend
  Their blood and money too.

* Mons Gomerious.

† Dugdale's Baronage, and History of England

At last earl Douglass did inform,
That to our king's disgrace,
An English earl had deeply swore,
He'd hunt in Cheveychase,

And, maugre all that Scots could do,
Would kill and bear away
The choicest deer of Otterburn,*
And best of harts would slay.

Our king sent his commands unto
Sir Hugh Montgomerie,
And told him Douglass wanted men
Who fight could, but not flee.

The stout Sir Hugh † himself prepares,
The Douglass to support;
And with him took his eldest son:
Then did they all resort

Unto the field, with their brave men,
Where most of them did die;
Of fifteen hundred warlike Scots
Came home but fifty-three.

Douglass was slain; Sir Hugh again
The battle did renew;
He made no stand, with his own hand
The earl Percy he slew.

Sir Hugh was slain, Sir John maintain'd
The honour of the day;
And with him brought the victory,
And Percy's sea away.

He with his ransom built Poncon,
A castle which yet stands;
The king well pleas'd as a reward
Did therefore give him lands;

And some time after gave his niece,
Of Eglintoun the heir,
To Sir Hugh's representative;
Thus joined was this pair.

As with her came a great estate,
So by her did descend
Her royal blood to Lennox‡ house,
Which did in Daraly end,

Who father was to James the sixth,
Of Britain the first king,
Whose royal race unto this day
Doth o'er Great Britain reign.

Since you are come of royal blood,
And kings are sprung from you:
See that with greatest zeal and love
Those virtues ye pursue,

Which to those honours rais'd your house,
And shall without all stain,
In heralds books your ensigns flowr'd,
And counter-flowr'd main.

* See Percy's Reliques, vol. I. p. 18, ed. 1794.
† Histories of Scotland.
‡ Earl of Lennox.

Highland Legend.

[Van Dyk.]

Young Lamond, the pride of Argyleshire,
Was hunting the red red deer,
And he saw a hart in his own Glenfine,
And pierced him with his spear.

The hart flew on with the lightning's speed,
Though the shaft was in his side,
Till he came to a river's sloping bank,
And plunged in the restless tide.

The hunter follow'd with might and main,
To the midst of the wild Glenstrae,
Where the young Macgregor had thrown a lance,
And wounded a hart that day.

The deer o'er each other's path had cross'd,
As they kept on their blood-track'd flight,
Until one sank down on the heather bed,
And died in the hunter's sight.

They met in a proud and angry mood,
Who had never met before;
And a strife arose o'er the fallen prey,
And each drew his broad claymore.

In vain, in vain, did the Gregor's son
On his rival hunter dart,
For Lamond his shining weapon raised
And buried it in his heart.

He fled, pursued by his foeman's clan,
  But he soon outstript them all;
And when he had wander'd long and far,
  He came to an ancient hall.

And he look'd on the face of an aged man,
  And he told him of the fray;
And the old man shelter'd and fed the youth
  Till the close of that fatal day.

But soon he heard from a hundred lips
  That his only child was slain,
That the last hope of a mighty clan
  Would never breathe again.

He had foes around him—his strength was gone,
  And his race was nearly run;
And he wept with a lone and a desolate heart
  O'er the fate of his noble son.

But his word was pass'd to the stranger youth,
  And he led him forth at night,
While the clan of Macgregor dream'd revenge,
  And grasp'd their weapons bright.

He led him forth to broad Lochfine,
  Where a bark was seen to ride,
And he soon was borne o'er the darkling waves,
  Once more to his own burn-side.

"Henceforth," at parting, Macgregor said,
  "Thou must know me for thy foe:
Oh! he well may fear a sire's revenge,
  Who has laid his hopes so low."

The barque shot off, and the old man turn'd,
  With a feeble step, to roam
Through the lonely glens and the misty braes,
  To his sad and childless home.

But evil days o'er the good laird came,
  And he lost that home for aye;
And he left—and he left with a broken heart
  The scenes of his loved Glenstrae.

Young Lamond then sought the wand'ring man,
  And open'd his hall-door wide,
And he tended his wants with filial care
  Till the aged chieftain died.

The Young Johnstone.

["A FRAGMENT of this fine old ballad has been repeatedly published under the title of 'The cruel Knight.' The present edition has been completed from two recited copies. Young Johnstone's reason for being 'sae late a coming in,' has been suppressed, as well as a concluding stanza of inferior merit, in which the catastrophe is described in a manner quite satisfactory, but not very poetical."—*Finlay's Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads.*"]

Young Johnstone and the young col'nel
  Sat drinking at the wine,
"O gin ye wad marry my sister,
  Its I wad marry thine."

"I wadna marry your sister,
  For a' your houses and land,
But I'll keep her for my leman,
  When I come o'er the strand.

"I wadna marry your sister,
  For a' your gowd and fee;
But I'll keep her for my leman,
  When I come o'er the sea."

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,*
  Hang low down by his gair,†
And he rittled it through the young col'nel,‡
  That word he ne'er spak' mair.

But he's awa' to his sister's bower,
  And he's tirled at the pin;
"Whar ha'e ye been, my dear Johnstone,
  Sae late a coming in?

---

* This was a favourite simile with our ancestors, and did not imply, as some suppose, (see particularly a long note in Percy's Reliques, Vol. I. p. 90. last edit.) that they allowed their swords to rust from a noble contempt of appearance, but that it was a Damascus blade.—*Finlay.*

† A gair is a piece of cloth inserted into a garment to widen it. Gair is sometimes used for the whole dress, "Gainest under gore," the most beautiful in dress; a phrase of romance.—*Finlay.*

‡ Thrust it violently. The word occurs again

"I've dreamed a dream this night," she says,
"I wish it may be good,
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young col'nel was dead."—*

"They are seeking me with hawks and hounds,
As I trow well they be;
For I have killed the young col'nel,
And thy own true love was he."

"If ye ha'e killed the young col'nel,
A dule and woe is me;
But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,
An' ha'e nae power to flee."—

And he's awa' to his lover's bower,
He's tirled at the pin;
"Whar ha'e ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late a coming in?

"I've dreamed a dream, this night," she says,
I wish it may be good,
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young col'nel was dead."

"They are seeking me with hawks and hounds,
As I trow well they be,
For I have killed the young col'nel,
And thy ae brother was he."

"If ye ha'e killed the young col'nel,
A dule and woe is me;
But I gi'e na ae much for the young col'nel,
If thy ain body is free.

"Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and take a sleep,
And I will go to my easement,†
And carefully I'll thee keep."

She hadna weel gane up the stair
And entered in her tower,
Till four-and-twenty belted knights
Came riding to the door.

"O did you see a bloody squire,
A bloody squire was he;
O did you see a bloody squire
Come riding o'er the lea?"

"What colour were his hawks?" she cried,
"What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds?"

"Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds."

"Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds:

"But light ye down, now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
An' the steed be good he rides upon,
He's past the bridge of Tyne."

"We thank you for your bread, ladie,
We thank you for your wine;
I wad gi'e thrice three thousand pounds
Your fair bodie was mine."—

"Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and take a sleep,
For there's four-and-twenty belted knights
Just gone out at the gate."

But young Johnstone had a wee penknife,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he rifted it through his dear ladie,
And wounded her ae sair.

"What alleth thee, now dear Johnstone?
What alleth thee at me?
Hast thou not got my father's gold,
Bot and my mother's fee?"

"Now live, now live, my dear ladie,
Now live but half an hour;
And there's no a leech in a' Scotland,
But shall be in thy bower."

---

in Sir Tristrem, but I believe nowhere else; in Sir Tristrem it simply means *cut*.—*Finlay*.

* Though the rhyme of this stanza may now appear licentious, it was not so formerly. *Dead* is to this day pronounced *deed* in Scotland, and *good* guede in Aberdeenshire. It seems indeed anciently to have been so pronounced universally; at least in the romance of Horn Child we read,

'His giftes were nought guede.'—Finlay.

† So the word has been corrupted; it should be *easement*, a loop-hole in a wall.—*Finlay*.

"How can I live, my dear Johnstone?
How can I live for thee?
O do ye na see my red heart's blood
Ran trickling down my knee?

"But go thy way, my dear Johnstone,
And ride along the plain;
And think no more of thy true love,
Than she had never been."

The Dowy Den.

[From Evans's Collection of Old Ballads.]

A lady hearing her lover had fallen in single combat with his rival, calls to her attendant boy:—

"O see you not yon bonnie steed,
That eats beneath the tree?
O tarry not, my little boy,
But bring him fast to me."

The boy ran nimbly to the place,
Where fed the milk-white steed,
And brought him to the lady fair,
Who mounted him with speed.

The whip she plied—the courser flew,
The dust in clouds did rise,
And soon she spied the dowy Den
Where her true lover lies.

But now the panting steed she stop'd,
And on the ground she sprung,
Then hied her to the fatal place,
With trees and bushes hung.

A dreary place, I ween, it was,
And mournful to behold;
Above—the winds did doleful blow,
Below—dark waters roll'd.

All cold and pale the youth was laid
Fast by the rueful flood;
A breathless corse outstretch'd he lay,
And all besmear'd with blood.

"O sight of woe!" she cried and ran
To where her lover lay,
Then, like an aspin, quiv'ring stood,
And gaz'd on the cold clay.

That breast where oft thou, love-sick maid
Hast laid thy languid head,
Doth now present the ghastly wound
Made by the deathful blade.

Those yellow locks, that oft with joy
Thy lily hand hath bound,
Toss'd by the wind, now loosely flow
Neglected on the ground.

How cold and wan at noon that cheek,
Where glow'd at morn the rose!
Those beauteous eyes the sleep of death
Doth now for ever close.

In silent anguish fix'd she stood,
And o'er the body hung,
Then stooping, grasp'd and kiss'd the hand,
And sighing, thus began:

"Nor wealth nor grandeur pow'r could have
My faithful heart to shake;
For thee it beat, O much lov'd boy!
For thee it now doth break.

"Why did thy wrathful rival think
His sword could us disjoin?
Did he not know that love had made
My life but one with thine?

"Then, haughty baron, know it now,
Nor hope I'll be thy bride;
With this dear youth I joy to die,
Contemn thy pomp and pride.

"And thou, my father, come and see
How low thy daughter lies;
From crossing virtuous love, behold
What dire misfortunes rise.

"O hapless youth!—But ah! no more
Her fault'ring tongue could say;
Then softly sunk upon his breast,
And breath'd her soul away.

The Cruel Sister.

[This ballad differs essentially from that which has been published in various collections, under the title of Binnorie. It is compiled from a copy in Mrs Brown's MSS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment, of fourteen verses, transmitted to the editor by J. G. Walker, Esq. the ingenious historian of the Irish bards. Mr Walker, at the same time, favoured the editor with the following note: "I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss Brook, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her account of it was as follows: This song was transcribed, several years ago, from the memory of an old woman, who had no recollection of the concluding verses: probably the beginning may also be lost, as it seems to commence abruptly." The first verse and burden of the fragment run thus:

O sister, sister, reach thy hand!
Hey ho, my Nanny, O;
And you shall be heir of all my land,
While the swan swims bonnie, O.

The first part of this chorus seems to be corrupted from the common burden of *Hey, Nanny, Nanny*, alluding to the song, beginning, "*Sigh no more, ladyes.*" The chorus, retained in this edition, is the most common and popular; but Mrs Brown's copy bears a yet different burden, beginning thus:

There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Edinborough, Edinborough;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Sirring for aye;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
There cam' a knight to be their wooer,
Bonnie St Johnstoun stands upon Tay.

The ballad, being probably very popular, was the subject of a parody, which is to be found in D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*]

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bour;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer;
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing;
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with brooch and knife;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sore envied her sister fair;
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?"
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

She ta'en her by the lilly hand,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And led her down to the river strand;
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
And the eldest came and pushed her in;
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And dashed her bonnie back to the jaw,
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"And ye shall be heir of half my land."
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"And I'll be heir of all your land;"
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"It's twin'd me, and my world's make."
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"And sweet William shall be your love."
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!"
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"And sweet William shall better be my love."
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"Gerr'd me gang maiden evermair."
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Until she cam' to the miller's dam,
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!"
Binnorie, O Binnorie; [swan."
"There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there he found a drowned woman,
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare,
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

You could na see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sighed, and made a heavy moan;
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone,
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alone;
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

"O yonder sits my father, the king,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"And yonder sits my mother, the queen;"
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,"
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
"And by him my William sweet and true."
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"
By the bonnie milldame of Binnorie.

The Queen's Marie.

[From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. —"In the very time of the General Assembly, there comes to public knowledge a haynous murther, committed in the court; yea, not far from the queen's lap; for a French woman, that served in the queen's chamber, had played the whore with the queen's own apothecary.—The woman conceived and bare a childe, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murthered; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe heardc, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was haynous. But yet was not the court purged of whores and whoredoms, which was the fountaine of such enormities; for it was well known that shame hasted marriage betwixt John Sempill, called the Dancer, and Mary Levingston, sirnamed the Lusty. What bruit the Maries, and the rest of the dancers of the court had, the ballads of that age do witnesse, which we, for modestie's sake, omit; but this was the common complaint of all godly and wise men, that, if they thought such a court could long continue, and if they looked for no better life to come, they would have wished their sonnes and daughters

rather to have been brought up with fiddlers and dancers, and to have been exercised with singing upon a floore, and in the rest that thereof followes, than to have been exercised in the company of the godly, and exercised in virtue, which in that court was hated, and filthenesse not only maintained, but also rewarded; witnesse the abbey of Abercorne, the barony of Auchvermuchtie, and divers others, pertaining to the patrimony of the crown, given in heritage to skippers and dancers, and dalliers with dames. This was the beginning of the regiment of Mary, queen of Scots, and these were the fruits that she brought forth of France.—Lord! look on our miseries! and deliver us from the wickednesse of this corrupt court!".—Knox's History of the Reformation, p. 373-4.*

Such seems to be the subject of the following ballad, as narrated by the stern apostle of presbytery. It will readily strike the reader, that the tale has suffered great alterations, as handed down by tradition; the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton, and the queen's apothecary into Henry Darnley. Yet this is less surprising, when we recollect, that one of the heaviest of the queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband, was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants. I have been enabled to publish the following complete edition of the ballad, by copies from various quarters; that principally used was communicated to me, in the most polite manner, by Mr Kirkpatricke Sharpe, of Hoddom, to whom I am indebted for many similar favours.—*Scott's Minstrelsy.*]

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her hair;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breast;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi' gluves upon her hands;
The king thought mair o' Marie Hamilton,
Than the queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the king's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the king's court,
And the king the only man.

She hadna been about the king's court
A month, but barely three,
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durst na be.

The king is to the Abbey gane,
To put the Abbey tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;
But the thing it wadna be.

O she has row'd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea,—
"Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonnie babe,
Ye's get na mair o' me."

Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the ha',
And word is to the noble room,
Amang the ladyes a',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonnie babe's mist and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'n asleep,
When up then started our gude queen,
Just at her bed-feet;
Saying—"Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?
For I am sure I heard it greet."

"O no, O no, my noble queen!
Think no such thing to be;
'Twas but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me."

"Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton:
Get up, and follow me;
For I am going to Edinbergh town,
A rich wedding for to see."

O slowly, slowly, rose she up,
And slowly put she on;
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi' mony a weary groan.

The queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green;
And every town that they cam' to,
They took Marie for the queen.

* A very odd coincidence, in name, crime, and catastrophe, occurred at the court of Czar Peter the Great.—Scott.

"Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi' me!
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your cumpanie."

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down.

"Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,
Why look ye so on me?
O, I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see."

When she gaed up the tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee;
And lang or e'er she cam' down again,
She was condemned to dee.

When she cam to the Netherbow-port,*
She laughed loud laughters three;
But when she cam' to the gallows foot,
The tears blinded her e'e.

"Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
The night she'll ha'e but three;†
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

"O, often have I dress'd my queen,
And put gold upon her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share;

"Often have I dress'd my queen,
And often made her bed;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail over the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
But that I'm coming hame.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog's death I'm to dee.

"For if my father and mother got wit,
And my bold brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude,
This day wad be spilt for me!

"O little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee."

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* The Netherbow-port was the gate which divided the city of Edinburgh from the suburb, called the Canongate. It had towers and a spire, which formed a fine termination to the view from the cross. The gate was pulled down in one of those fits of rage for indiscriminate destruction, with which the magistrates of a corporation are sometimes visited.—*Scott.*

† The queen's Maries were four young ladies of the highest families in Scotland, who were sent to France in her train, and returned with her to Scotland. They are mentioned by Knox, in the quotation introductory to this ballad. Keith gives us their names, p. 55. "The young queen, Mary, embarked at Dunbarton for France, ... and with her went, ..., and four young virgins, all of the name of Mary, viz. Livingston, Fleming, Seaton, and Beatoun." The queen's Maries are mentioned again by the same author, p. 288 and 291, in the note. Neither Mary Livingston, nor Mary Fleming, are mentioned in the ballad; nor are the Mary Hamilton, and Mary Carmichael, of the ballad, mentioned by Keith. But if this corps continued to consist of young virgins, as when originally raised, it could hardly have subsisted without occasional recruits; especially if we trust our old bard, and John Knox.

The queen's Maries are mentioned in many ballads, and the name seems to have passed into a general denomination for female attendants:

Now bear a hand my Maries a',
And buck me brave, and make me dee.
Old Ballad.—Scott

MARY HAMILTON.

[From Motherwell's Collection. As traditionally preserved in the West of Scotland.]

There lives a knight into the north,
And he had daughters three;
The one of them was a barber's wife,
The other a gay ladie;

And the youngest o' them to Scotland is gane
  The queen's Mary to be,
And for a' that they could say or do
  Forbidden she wouldna be.

The prince's bed it was sae saft,
  The spices they were sae fine,
That out of it she could not lye
  While she was scarce fifteen.

She's gane to the garden gay
  To pu' of the Savin tree,
But for a' that she could say or do
  The babie it would not dee.

She's rowed it in her handkerchief,
  She threw it in the sea,
Says,—"Sink ye, swim ye, my bonnie babe,
  For ye'll get nae mair of me."

Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,
  Wi' the gold strings in her hair;
"O where's the little babie," she says,
  "That I heard greet sae sair?"

"O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
  Let all those words go free;
It was mysel' wi' a fit o' the sair colic,
  I was sick just like to dee."

"O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
  Let all those words go free;
O where is the little babie
  That I heard weep by thee?"

"I rowed it in my handkerchief,
  And threw it in the sea;
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
  It would get nae mair o' me."

"O wae be to thee, Mary Hamilton,
  And an ill deid may you dee;
For if you had saved the babie's life,
  It might ha's been an honour to thee.

"Busk ye, busk ye, Mary Hamilton,
  O busk ye to be a bride;
For I am going to Edinburgh town
  Your gay wedding to bide.

"Ye must not put on your robes of black,
  Nor yet your robes of brown;
But you must put on your yellow gold stuffs,
  To shine through Edinburgh town."

"I will not put on my robes of black,
  Nor yet my robes of brown;
But I will put on my yellow gold stuffs,
  To shine through Edinburgh town."

As she went up the Parliament Close,
  A riding on her horse,
There she saw many a Burgess' lady
  Sit greeting at the cross.

"O what means a' this greeting,
  I'm sure its nae for me,
For I'm come this day to Edinburgh town
  Weel wedded for to be."

When she gade up the Parliament stair,
  She gied loud laughters three;
But ere that she had come down again,
  She was condemned to dee.

"O little did my mother think
  The day she prinned my gown,
That I was to come sae far frae hame
  To be hanged in Edinburgh town.

"O what'll my poor father think,
  As he comes through the town,
To see the face of his Molly fair
  Hanging on the gallows pin.

"Here's a health to the mariners
  That plough the raging main;
Let neither my mother nor father ken
  But I'm coming hame again.

"Here's a health to the sailors
  That sail upon the sea;
Let neither my mother nor father ken
  That I came here to dee.

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
  This night she'll ha'e but three;
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
  And Mary Carmichael, and me."

"O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
  Let all those words go free;
This night ere ye be hanged,
  Ye shall gang hame wi' me."

"O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
  Let all those words go free,
Since I have come to Edinburgh town,
  Its hanged I shall be;
For it shall ne'er be said that in your court
  I was condemned to dee."

Andrew Lammie.

[Although the persons who figure in this ballad belong to a very humble class of society, it is not easy for the most fastidious reader to withhold his sympathies from it. It is said to be founded on real circumstances: the daughter of the Miller of Tifty, near Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire, fell in love with the trumpeter of the Laird of Fyvie, and being prevented from marrying him, by her father, who esteemed the match beneath his dignity, died in consequence of a broken heart. Both parties are said to have been remarkable for good looks. Annie's death, according to her grave-stone in Fyvie churchyard, took place in 1631. Andrew, however, did not die, as related in the ballad. There is a tradition in "the Lawland lees of Fyvie," that, some years afterwards, the melancholy fate of Tifty's Annie being mentioned, and the ballad sung in a company in Edinburgh where he was present, he remained silent and motionless, till at length he was discovered by a groan suddenly bursting from him, and several of the buttons flying from his waistcoat. This will remind the reader of King Lear calling to his attendants to unbutton him, and also of a circumstance which occurs in the beautiful ballad of "the Marchioness of Douglas." It would appear that, in Allan Ramsay's day, "Bonnie Andrew Lammie" was a person of traditional celebrity. In the beginning of that poet's third canto of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," a good old free-spoken gummer, as the best evidence of the power of her youthful charms, says—

> "I'se warrant ye have a' heard tell
> O' bonnie Andrew Lammie;
> Stiffly in love wi' me he fell,
> As soon as e'er he saw me—
> That was a day!"—Chambers.]

At Mill o' Tifty lived a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was called bonnie Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That salutes the rosy morning;
With innocence, and graceful mien,
Her beauteous form adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter,
Whose name was Andrew Lammie;
He had the art to gain the heart
Of Mill o' Tiftie's Annie.

Proper he was, both young and gay,
His like was not in Fyvie;
No one was there that could compare
With this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,
Where lived Tiftie's Annie;
His trumpeter rode him before,
Even this same Andrew Lammie,

Her mother call'd her to the door,
"Come here to me, my Annie;
Did your ever see a prettier man,
Than this trumpeter of Fyvie?"

She sighed sore but said no more,
Alas! for bonnie Annie;
She durst not own her heart was won
By the trumpeter of Fyvie.

At night when they went to their beds
All slept full sound but Annie;
Love so oppress her tender breast,
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

"Love comes in at my bed side,
And love lies down beyond me;
Love has possess'd my tender breast,
And love will waste my body.

"The first time I and my love met,
Was in the woods of Fyvie;
His lovely form and speech so sweet,
Soon gain'd the heart of Annie.

"He call'd me mistress, I said, No,
I'm Tiftie's bonnie Annie;
With apples sweet, he did me treat,
And kisses soft and many.

"Its up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie,
I've often gone to meet my love,
My bonnie Andrew Lammie."

But now, alas! her father heard,
That the trumpeter of Fyvie
Had had the art to gain the heart
Of Tiftie's bonnie Annie.

Her father soon a letter wrote,
And sent it on to Fyvie,
To tell his daughter was bewitch'd
By his servant Andrew Lammie.

When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,
O dear! but he was sorry;
The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land
Is bewitched by Andrew Lammie.

Then up the stair his trumpeter
He called soon and shortly;
"Pray tell me soon, What's this you've done,
To Tiftie's bonnie Annie?"

"In wicked art I had no part,
Nor therein am I canny;
True love alone the heart has won,
Of Tiftie's bonnie Annie.

"Woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride,
For it has ruin'd many;
He'll no ha'e't said that she should wed
The trumpeter of Fyvie.

"Where will I find a boy so kind,
That 'll carry a letter canny,
Who will run on to Tiftie's town,
Give it to my love Annie?"

"Here you shall find a boy so kind,
Who 'll carry a letter canny;
Who will run on to Tiftie's town,
And gi'e't to thy love Annie."

"Its Tiftie he has daughters three,
Who all are wond'rous bonnie;
But ye'll ken her o'er a' the lave,
Gi'e that to bonnie Annie."

"Its up and down in Tiftie's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonnie;
There wilt thou come and meet thy love,
Thy bonnie Andrew Lammie.

"When wilt thou come, and I'll attend,
My love I long to see thee?"
"Thou may'st come to the Bridge of Slough,
And there I'll come and meet thee.

"My love, I go to Edinbro',
And for a while must leave thee;"
She sighed sore, and said no more,
"But I wish that I were wi' thee."

"I'll buy to thee a bridal gown,
My love I'll buy it bonnie;"
"But I'll be dead ere ye come back
To see your bonnie Annie."

"If you'll be true and constant too,
As my name's Andrew Lammie;
I shall thee wed when I come back
To see the lands of Fyvie."

"I will be true and constant too,
To thee my Andrew Lammie,
But my bridal bed will ere then be made
In the green church-yard of Fyvie."

"Our time is gone and now comes on,
My dear, that I must leave thee;
If longer here I should appear,
Mill o' Tiftie he would see me."

"I now for ever bid adieu
To thee my Andrew Lammie;
Ere ye come back, I will be laid
In the green church-yard of Fyvie."

He hied him to the head of the house,
To the house top of Fyvie;
He blew his trumpet loud and schill,
'Twas heard at Mill o' Tiftie.

Her father lock'd the door at night,
Laid by the keys fa' canny;
And when he heard the trumpet sound,
Said, "Your cow is lowing, Annie."

"My father dear, I pray forbear,
And reproach no more your Annie;
For I'd rather hear that cow to low,
Than ha's a' the kine in Fyvie.

"I would not for my braw new gown,
And a' your gifts so many,
That it were told in Fyvie's land,
How cruel you are to Annie.

"But if ye strike me I will cry,
And gentlemen will hear me;
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
And he'll come in and see me."

At the same time, the lord came in,
He said, "What ails thee Annie?"
"'Tis all for love now I must die,
For bonnie Andrew Lammie."

"Pray Mill o' Tifty gi'e consent,
And let your daughter marry."
"It will be with some higher match,
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie."

"If she were come of as high a kind,
As she's adorned with beauty;
I would take her unto myself,
And make her mine own lady."

"Its Fyvie's lands are fair and wide,
And they are rich and bonnie;
I would not leave my own true love,
For all the lands of Fyvie."

Her father struck her wond'rous sore,
As also did her mother;
Her sisters always did her scorn;
But woe be to her brother.

Her brother struck her wond'rous sore,
With cruel strokes and many;
He brake her back in the hall door,
For liking Andrew Lammie.

"Alas! my father and mother dear,
Why so cruel to your Annie?
My heart was broken first by love,
My brother has broken my body.

"O mother dear make ye my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie;
Thus will I ly, and thus will die,
For my love Andrew Lammie!

"Ye neighbours hear both far and near,
Ye pity Tiftie's Annie;
Who dies for love of one poor lad,
For bonnie Andrew Lammie.

"No kind of vice e'er stain'd my life,
Nor hurt my virgin honour;
My youthful heart was won by love,
But death will me exoner."

Her mother then she made her bed,
And laid her face to Fyvie;
Her tender heart it soon did break,
And ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

But the word soon went up and down,
Through all the lands of Fyvie;
That she was dead and buried,
Even Tiftie's bonnie Annie.

Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
Said, "Alas! for Tiftie's Annie,
The fairest flower's cut down by love,
That e'er sprung up in Fyvie."

"O woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride,
He might have let them marry:
I should have given them both to live,
Into the lands of Fyvie."

Her father sorely now laments
The loss of his dear Annie,
And wishes he had gi'en consent,
To wed with Andrew Lammie.

Her mother grieves both air and late,
Her sister's cause they scorn'd her;
Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve,
For the cruel usage he'd given her.

But now, alas! it was too late,
For they could not recall her;
Through life, unhappy is their fate,
Because they did controul her.

When Andrew hame from Edinburgh came,
With meikle grief and sorrow;
"My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for her to-morrow.

"Now I will on to Tiftie's den,
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie;
With tears I'll view the bridge of Sleugh,*
Where I parted last with Annie.

"Then will I speed to the church-yard,
To the green church-yard of Fyvie;
With tears I'll water my love's grave,
Till I follow Tiftie's Annie."

Ye parents grave, who children have,
In crushing them be canny;
Lest when too late you do repent,
Remember Tiftie's Annie.

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* In one printed copy, this is "Sleugh," and in a recited copy, it was called "Skew;" which is the right reading, the editor, from his ignorance of the topography of the lands of Fyvie, is unable to say. It is a received superstition in Scotland, that when friends or lovers part at a bridge, they shall never again meet.—*Motherwell.*

Johnie Faa.

[This ballad was first printed in an imperfect state in the Tea Table Miscellany. Mr Finlay in his collection gave a more complete version, which we here follow. In Mr Chambers's Picture of Scotland, we have this account of the circumstances on which the ballad was founded. —"John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern covenanter, and of whom it is recorded by Bishop Burnet, that he never would permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, a man of singular genius, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage and the best fortune of his time. The match, as is probable from the character of the parties, seems to have been one dictated by policy; for Lord Haddington was anxious to connect himself with the older peers, and Lord Cassilis might have some such anxiety to be allied to his father-in-law's good estates; the religion and politics of the parties, moreover, were the same. It is therefore not very likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, her affections were shamefully violated. She had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tyninghame, which is not more than three miles from that town. When several years were spent and gone, and Lady Cassilis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower on the banks of the Doon, four miles from Maybole, then the principal residence of the family, and which is still to be seen in its original state. He was disguised as a gypsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. In the words of the ballad,

"They cast the glaumourye ower her."

But love has a glamourye for the eyes much more powerful than that supposed of old to be practised by wandering gypsies, and which must have been the only magic used on this occasion. The Countess condescended to elope with her lover. Most unfortunately, ere they had proceeded very far, the Earl came home, and, learning the fact, immediately set out in pursuit. Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party, at a ford over the Doon, still called the Gypsies' Steps, a few miles from the castle. He brought them back to Cassilis, and there hanged all the Gypsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon 'the Dule Tree,' a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes upon a mound in front of the castle gate, and which was his gallows-in-ordinary, as the name testifies. As for the Countess, whose indiscretion occasioned all this waste of human life, she was taken by her husband to a window in front of the castle, and there, by a refinement of cruelty, compelled to survey the dreadful scene—to see, one after another, fifteen gallant men put to death, and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her, and who had risked all that men esteem in her behalf. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called 'the Countess's Room.' After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting stair-case, upon which were carved heads representing those of her lover and his band; and she was removed thither and confined for the rest of her life—the Earl in the meantime marrying another wife. One of her daughters, Lady Margaret, was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet. While confined in Maybole Castle, she is said to have wrought a prodigious quantity of tapestry, so as to have completely covered the walls of her prison; but no vestige of it is now to be seen, the house having been repaired, (*otherwise* ruined,) a few years ago, when size-paint had become a more fashionable thing in Maybole than tapestry. The effigies of the gypsies are very minute, being subservient to the decoration of a fine triple window at the top of the stair-case, and stuck upon the tops and bottoms of a series of little pilasters, which adorn that part of the building. The head of Johnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, larger, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features. Some windows in the upper flat of Cassilis Castle are similarly adorned; but regarding them tradition is silent."]

Tas gypsies cam' to our gude lord's yett,
And O but they sang sweetly;
They sang so sweet and so very complete,
That doun cam' our fair lady.

And she cam' tripping down the stair,
And all her maids before her;
As sane as they saw her weel-fa'ured face,
They cuist the glaumourye* ower her.

"O come with me," says Johnie Faa;
"O come with me, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye!"

Then she gied them the gude wheit breid,
And they ga'e her the ginger;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The gowd ring aff her finger.

"Gae tak' frae me this gay mantil,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and à' had sworn,
I'll follow the gipsey laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
Wi' my gude lord beside me;
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

"Come to your bed," says Johnie Faa;
"Come to your bed, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt o' my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

"I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faa;
I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

"I'll mak' a hap to my Johnie Faa;
I'll mak' a hap to my dearie;
And he's gat a' the mah gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord cam' hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
"She's away wi' the gipsy laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and mak' him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie;
And we were a put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

* A species of magical illusion, which the gypsies were formerly believed to exercise.

Chambers.

The Fire of Frendraught.

[This ballad first appeared in a complete shape in Mr Sharp's "North Country Garland." The story on which it is founded is thus narrated by Mr Chambers.—"A mortal feud having arisen betwixt the Laird of Frendraught and the Laird of Rothiemay, both gentlemen of Banffshire, a rencontre took place, at which the retainers of both were present, on the 1st of January, 1630; when Rothiemay was killed, and several persons hurt on both sides. To staunch this bloody quarrel, the Marquis of Huntly, who was chief to both parties, and who had therefore a right to act as arbiter between them, ordered Frendraught to pay fifty thousand merks to Rothiemay's widow. In the ensuing September, Frendraught fell into another quarrel, in the course of which James Leslie, son to Leslie of Pitcaple, was shot through the arm. Soon after the last incident, Frendraught having paid a visit to the Marquis of Huntly at the Bog of Gight, the Laird of Pitcaple came up with thirty armed men to demand atonement for the wound of his son. Huntly acted in this case with great discretion. Without permitting the two lairds to come to a conference, he endeavoured to persuade the complaining party that Frendraught was in reality innocent of his son's wound; and, as Pitcaple went away vowing vengeance, he sent Frendraught home under a strong escort, which was commanded by his son the Viscount Aboyne, and by the young Laird of Rothiemay, son to him whom Frendraught had killed some months before. The party reached Frendraught Castle without being attacked by Pitcaple; when, Aboyne and Rothiemay offering to take leave of Frendraught and his lady, in order to return home, they were earnestly entreated by these individuals to remain a night, and postpone their

return till to-morrow. Being with difficulty prevailed upon, the young Viscount and Rothiemay were well entertained, and after supper went cheerfully to bed. To continue the narrative in the words of Spalding—'The Viscount was laid in an bed in the Old Tower going off the hall, and standing upon a vault, wherein there was ane round hole, devised of old, just under Aboyne's bed. Robert Gordon, his servitor, and English Will, his page, were both laid in the same chamber. The Laird of Rothiemay, with some servants beside him, was laid in another chamber just above Aboyne's chamber; and in another room, above that chamber, were laid George Chalmers of Noth, and George Gordon, another of the Viscount's servants; with them also was laid Captain Rolloch, then in Frendraught's own company. All being thus at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious a manner, yea, and in ane clap, that the noble Viscount, the Laird of Rothiemay, English Will, Colonel Wat, another of Aboyne's servants, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt and tormented to the death, without help or relief; the Laird of Frendraught, his lady, and haill household looking on, without moving or stirring to deliver them from the fury of this fearful fire, as was reported. Robert Gordon, called Sutherland Gordon, being in the Viscount's chamber, escaped this fire with the life. George Chalmers and Captain Rolloch, being in the third room, escaped this fire also, and, as was said, Aboyne might have saved himself also if he would have gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up stairs to Rothiemay's chamber, and wakened him to rise; and as he was awakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried many times, "Help! help! for God's cause!" The Laird and Lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woeful crying, made no help or manner of helping; which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins; syne clasped in each other's arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom. Thus died this noble Viscount of singular expectation, Rothiemay, a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, parents, and hail common people, especially to the noble Marquis, who for his good will got this reward. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the Viscount's own dear lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of men all her life-time, following the love of the turtle-dove.

"'It is reported that upon the morn after this woeful fire, the Lady Frendraught, daughter to the Earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the Marquis, backed in a white plaid, and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner she came weeping and mourning to the Bog, desiring entry to speak with my lord; but this was refused; so she returned back to her own house, the same gate she came, comfortless.'—Spalding's History of the Troubles in Scotland.

"Suspicion formed two theories regarding the cause of the fire of Frendraught. The first was, that the Laird had wilfully set fire to the tower, for the purpose of destroying the young Laird of Rothiemay. The other was, that it originated in the revengeful feelings of the Laird of Pitcaple. In the first theory there is extremely little probability. First, it could not have been premeditated; because the circumstance of Frendraught being accompanied home that day by Aboyne and Rothiemay, was entirely accidental. In the second place, there was no reason for Frendraught being inclined to murder Rothiemay, except that he grudged the payment of the fifty thousand merks to his mother; while there was every reason for his being inclined rather to befriend a youth whom he had already injured by occasioning the death of his father. In the third place, all Frendraught's family papers, with much gold and silver, both in money and plate, were consumed in the fire. And, in the fourth place, it is extremely improbable that any man of his rank should commit so deliberate and so atrocious an act of villainy. On the other hand, it seems by no means improbable that Pitcaple should have caused fire to be set to his enemy's house; a mode of reprisal, which had been practised in the same district of country, as we have already seen, by a gentleman of only the preceding age. Pitcaple's men, moreover, had been heard to declare an intention of attempting some such enterprise against Frendraught; as was proved on the trial of a gentleman of the name of Meldrum, who was apprehended, condemned, and executed for his alleged accession to their conspiracy."

The eighteenth of October,
A dismal tale to hear,
How good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were both burnt in the fire.

When steeds were saddled, and weel bridled,
And ready for to ride,
Then out came she and fause Frendraught,
Inviting them to bide.

Said, "Stay this night until ye sup,
The morn until ye dine;
'Twill be a token of gude greement
'Twixt your good lord and mine."

"We'll turn again," said good Lord John.
But, "No," said Rothiemay;
"My steed's trapann'd; my bridle's broken;
I fear this day I'm fey."*

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men bound for bed,
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay
In one chamber were laid.

They had not long cast off their clothes,
And were but new asleep,
When the weary smoke began to rise,
Likewise the scorching heat.

"O waken, waken, Rothiemay,
O waken, brother dear;
And turn ye to our Saviour;
There is strong treason here!"

When they were dressed in their clothes,
And ready for to boune,
The doors and windows were all secured,
The roof-tree burning down.

He did him to the wire window,
As fast as he could gang;
Says, "Wae to the hands put in the stancheons,
For out we'll never win!"

When he stood at the wire window,
Most doleful to be seen,
He did espy her, Lady Frendraught,
Who stood upon the green.

Cried, "Mercy, mercy! Lady Frendraught!
Will ye not sink with sin?
For first your husband kill'd my father,
And now you burn his son!"

O then out spoke her, Lady Frendraught,
And loudly did she cry,
"It were great pitie for good Lord John,
But none for Rothiemay.
But the keys are casten in the deep drawwell—
Ye cannot get away!"†

The reek it rose, and the flame it flew,
The fire augmented high,
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,
And the bed wherein he lay.

He lookit east, he lookit west,
To see if any help was nigh;
At length his little page he saw,
Who to his lord did loudly cry.

"Oh, loup! oh, loup! my dear master;
Oh, loup! and come to me:
I'll catch you in my armis two;
One foot I will not flee.

"Oh, loup, oh, loup! my dear master,
Though the window's dreigh and high;
I'll catch you in my armis two;
But Rothiemay may lie!"

"The fish shall swim the flood nae mair,
Nor the corn grow through the clay,
Ere the fiercest fire that ever was kindled
Twin me and Rothiemay.‡

"But I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot win to thee;
My heid's fast in the wire-window,
And my feet's burning free me!

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* Predestinated, or ordained to death.

† In corroboration of the truth of this part of the ballad, opposed as it is to probability, Mr Finlay mentions, as a fact of which he was informed by a person residing near Frendraught, that many years ago, when the well of the castle was cleared out, a bunch of keys was found at the bottom.—*Chambers.*

‡ So altered from the original, which ran thus:—

"My eyes are seething in my head,
My flesh roasting also;
My bowels are boiling with my blood;
I'm sinking in the low!"

"Take here the rings frae my white fingers,
That are sae long and small;
And give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in her hall.

"I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot loup to thee;
My earthly part is all consumed,
My spirit but speaks thee!"

Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,
His lady she was seen;
Who thus address'd his servant Gordon,
As he stude on the green.

"O wae be to you, George Gordon
An ill death may you dee!
Sae safe and sound as ye stand there,
And my lord bereaved from me!"

"I bade him loup, I bade him come,
I bade him loup to me;
I'd catch him in my armis two,
A foot I should not flee.

"He threw me the rings from his white fingers,
Which were sae long and small,
To give to you his lady fair,
Where you sit in your hall."

Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,
O bonnie Sophia was her name;
Her waiting maid put on her clothes;
But I wat she tore them off again.

And aft she cried, "Alas! alas!
A sair heart's ill to win;
I wan a sair heart when I married him;
And this day its weel return'd again!"

"The fish shall never swim the flood,
Nor corn grow through the clay,
Nor the fiercest fire that ever was kindled,
Twin me and Rothiemay."—Chambers.

* In the original,—

"Is not that a woeful woe?"—Chambers.

FRENNET HALL.

[This is a modern ballad founded on the same subject as the preceding. It first appeared in Herd's Collection.]

When Frennet Castle's fried walls
Through yellow leaves were seen,
When birds forsook the napless boughs,
And bees the faded green;

Then Lady Frennet, vengefu' dame,
Did wander frae the ha',
To the wide forest's dewie gloom,
Among the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,
Had clumb a lofty tree,
Whase branches to the angry blast
Were soughing mournfullie.

He turn'd his een towards the path
That near the castle lay,
Where good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle through the sky,
When prey beneath is seen:
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.

"O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
Frae this dark wood awa'!
Some visitors of gallant mein
Are hasting to the ha'."

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare,
Until she left the forest's skirts
A long bow-shot and mair.

"O where, O where, my good Lord John,
O tell me where ye ride?
Within my castle-wall this night
I hope ye mean to bide.

"Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
In yonder bower to stay,
Soft ease shall teach you to forget
The hardness of the way."

"Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
How can we here remain?
Full well you know your husband dear
Was by my father slain:

"The thoughts of which with fell revenge,
Within your bosom swell;
Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
Should this black passion quell."

"O fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
That I will you betray,
Or sue requital for a debt
Which nature cannot pay.

"Bear witness, a' ye powers on high!
Ye lights that 'gin to shine!
This night shall prove the sacred cord,
That knits your faith and mine."

The lady sile, with honey'd words,
Enticed thir youths to stay;
But the morning sun ne'er shone upon
Lord John and Rothiemay.

The Gray Brother.

[MODERN Ballad.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.—"The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house, upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman, named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbottle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.

"The scene, with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers, which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"'About the same time he (Peden) came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, "There are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;" he halted a little again, saying, "This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!" Then there was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, that John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the *hallan* (partition of the cottage:) immediately he halted, and said, "There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!" The person went out and he *insisted* (went on) yet he saw him neither come in nor go out.'—The Life and Prophecies of Mr Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway, Part II. § 26."]

THE pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in [heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word, he quiver'd for fear,
And faulter'd in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it on the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

"A being whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up! up! unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights, so drear,
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the holy father spoke,
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land,
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Esk's fair woods, regain;
Thro' woods more fair no stream more sweet
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Aye, even when, on the banks of Till,
Her noblest pour'd their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet!
By Esk's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Imperious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There beauty, led by tamid love,
May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,*
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,†
And haunted Woodhouselee. ‡

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove, §
And Roslin's rocky glen, ‖

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* The barony of Pennycuick, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, as their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, "Free for a Blast." The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuick is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.—*Scott.*

† Auchendinny, situated upon the Esk, below Pennycuick, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq. author of "The Man of Feeling," &c.—*Scott.*

‡ For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see the ballad of "Cadyow Castle." *Scott.*

§ Melville Castle, the seat of the right honourable Lord Melville, to whom it gives the title of viscount, is delightfully situated upon the Esk, near Lasswade.—*Scott.*

‖ The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St Clair; the Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the right honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former lords of Roslin.—*Scott.*

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,*
And classic Hawthornden? †

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruin'd grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the gray with red;

And the convent-bell did vespers tell,
Newbottle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song:

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween he was,
Nor ever rais'd his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the gray brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea,
Or come ye from the shrine of St James the divine,
Or St John of Beverly?"

"I come not from the shrine of St James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father the pope,
Which for ever will cling to me."

"Now, woeful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou may'st be."

"And who art thou, thou gray brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When he, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,
Has no power to pardon me?"

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done here 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that gray brother saye.

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* The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Esks, which is there joined by its sister stream, of the same name.
Scott.

† Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house, of more modern date, is inclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Esks, perforated by winding caves, which in former times formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journied from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured, of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

"Where Jonson sate in Drummond's social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Esks from its source, till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.
Scott.

The Blaeberries.

[Mommas Version of an old Ballad.]

"Will you gae to the Hielands, my jewel, wi' me?
Will ye gae with your true love the mountains to see?
It is healthy, dear lassie, to breathe the sweet air;
An' to pu' the blaeberries in the forest sae fair!"

"Wi' thee to the Hielands, love, I daurna gang;
The mountains are dreary, the journey is lang:
I love this fair valley, an' sweet corn field,
Mair than a' the blaeberries your wild forests yield."

"O! the Hielands are bonnie, when the heather's in bloom;
An' ilk strath, where you wander, smells sweet wi' perfume;
You may gather blaeberries ere summer be gone,
And produce them at table when December comes on."

Then out spake her father, a haughty auld man;—
"Gae seek ye a mistress amang your ain clan;
We lo'e na the proffer, 'mang wild Hieland hills,
O' your walth o' blaeberries, and blue heather bells!

"Come kilt up your plaidie, an' off owre the hill;
The sight o' your Hieland face does me much ill!
I'll marry my daughter, and spare pennies too,
On anither mair gentle an' likely than you."

"My plaidie is broad, and has colours anew;
Gudeman, for your kindness, I'll leave it with you!
The cauld days o' winter are harmless to me,
When I get blinks o' love frae your sweet daughter's e'e.

"My flocks are but scanty, my lodgings but bare;
And you that ha'e plenty, the mair ye can spare:
Ye'll no send your lassie—your darling awa',
A wife to the Hielands, wi' naething ava?"

Then off drew the father wi' her to advise:—
"If ye think o' gaun wi' him you're surely not wise!
He's a rude Hieland fellow, as puir as a craw;
And the likest a cateran that ever I saw.

"But if you determine his mistress to be,
Ye'se get nought that I or your mither can gi'e;
Frae a' our possessions we bar you for aye,
If aff to the Hielands wi' him you'll away."

"Then keep, honoured father, whate'er you possess;
For all you say of him, I love him not less;
I value not riches, though tempting they be,
If the wild Hieland hills are between him and me!"

Awa' she's gane wi' him, in spite o' them a'—
Awa' to a country her een never saw;
Owre broad moss an' mountain, on foot did she gang;
And aye he said, "Lassie, think no' the road lang."

The warm sun was shining, 'twas now afternoon;
The lassie grew weary, and fain wad sit down;
But he said, "Sweetest jewel, step onward wi' me,
Ere aft fa's the gloaming at hame we maun be."

"I'm fit-sair an' weary, my shoes are all rent;
Sae far ha's we travell'd, I'm ready to faint;
And were it not, dearest, for your company,
Amang the lang heather I'd lie down an' dee."

"O! were there an out-house, a barn or a byre,
And we lodged in either, it's a' I desire"—
"Cheer up, my sweet lassie, we'll no tarry here;
Our ain woods an' steading we're now drawing near."

As onward they wander'd they came to a grove,
Where sheep out o' number a-feeding did rove;
And Allan stood musing his hirsels to see,
But to her, his dear lassie, nae joy could they gi'e.

A sprightly young laddie wi' green tartan trews,
And twa' bonnie lassies were buchting his ewes;
They said, "Honoured master, fa' blessed may you be!
Baith you an' your leddy we lang look'd to see."

"Bucht in the ewes, lassies, and gang your way hame;
I've brought ye a mistress—a gentle young dame;
Although amang strangers she's bashfu' an' shy,
Yet in my best chamber this night sall she lie."

'Midst warmest o' welcome, she entered the ha',
And sic a fine mansion she scarce ever saw;
Wi' ale an' gude whisky they drank her health roun',
And they made her a bra' bed o' heather an' down.

He led her neist morn to the hay field near by,
And bade her look round her, far as she could spy —
"These lands and possessions are yours, love, for aye;
And ye winna gang round them in a lang simmer day."

"O Allan! O, Allan! why came ye to me?
Sure, I am unworthy your mistress to be!"
"Look up, winsome lassie, ye needna think shame;
And call me nae Allan, for Sandy's my name!

"O, don't you remember at school long ago,
Your hard-hearted father was ever my foe?
And most of my comrades dealt harshly wi'th me
Yet was I respected and loved by thee.

"Are you then my Sandy, whom I loved dear?
Why heard I not from you for many a year?
O, oft, faithfu' Sandy, wi' thinking on thee!
When others were sleeping, I ne'er closed an e'e."

"Alas! both my parents I lost when a child,
And far from these valleys was I then exiled;
But years came, and plenty was showered upon me;
So I wish, dearest jewel! to share it with thee.

"We loved other dearly, with love let us end,
While in innocent pleasure our days will we spend;
And again to your father together we'll go:
It will ease the old farmer of trouble and woe."

With man and maid-servants, to wait them upon,
Away to the Lowlands again are they gone;
They drove to the window before they wad stand;
While down came the father wi' bonnet in hand.

"Come keep on your bonnet, and don't let it fa';
It sets not the peacock to bow to the craw!"
"Forbear, gentle Sandy, an' dinna taunt me;
My Jean's undeserving your leddy to be."

There's mirth i' the kitchen, delight on the green;
Sae pleased was the mother, tears blinded her e'en;
To make ilk ane happy, nae siller was spared;
An' now the auld farmer's a douce looking laird

Lochaber no more.

[WRITTEN on hearing the following traditional account of one of the many predatory incursions of the Cateran into the low country, during the time, as Ross says in his tale of "Helenore or the Fortunate Shepherdess,"

"When tooming faulds or scouring o' a glen,
Was even deem'd the deed o' pretty men."

A party of these marauders from Lochaber, consisting of some forty or fifty men, having reached, on an autumn afternoon, the summit of a hill immediately above Glenesk, the most northerly parish in Forfarshire—seated themselves to take rest and refreshment, and to wait the fall of night before commencing the work of plunder: being observed by the shepherds from the neighbouring

heights, the alarm was given, and by the evening the most effective men of the glen were in arms, and had met together for the protection of their property. After dark the Cateran descended and gave them battle, and in a short but severe skirmish which ensued five of the inhabitants were killed, and about ten of them taken prisoners, who with the greater part of the cattle and sheep of the parish were driven to the Highlands. The parishioners never heard more of their flocks and herds; but early in the following year the captives were permitted to return home—a ransom of fifteen merks having been paid for each man. It is said that a ballad, giving the above particulars more in detail, was long popular in the glen; but nothing more is now remembered of it, except that each verse ended with the words "Lochaber no more."]

Mountbattock,* how dark is the cloud on thy brow,
How grateful its gloom to the valley below;
For the hand of the reaver has smitten so sore,
The days of our mourning will never be o'er.—
He came in the night—he has taken and slain
The wale of our flocks, and the flower of our men—
The maidens, the widows, and orphans deplore,
And the hollow wind murmurs—Lochaber no more!

The fold now is silent, the shelling is still,
No herd in the valley, no flock on the hill;
No gay singing maiden a-milking the cows,
No blythe whistling shepherd a-bughting the ewes.
The sward of Glenefflock † is shining in red;
The down of the thistle with crimson is dyed;
The bloom of the heather is steeping in gore—
And the wild bee is humming—Lochaber no more!

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* A high mountain on the north of Glenesk.

† The place of combat. The last incursion of the Cateran took place about 1703. Their leader was John Macgregor, better known in the Low Country by the name of the "Red Bull of Badenoch." He was a man of uncommon stature, strength, and daring, and with his gang was long the terror of Strathmore. The place of their attack was Fearn, a parish about ten miles south-west of Glenesk, and contiguous to the Grampians. The assault, as usual, was made by night, and so complete was the work of plunder that scarcely a single "hoof or horn" was left in the parish·

The ploughman raise to yoke his team,
The team was stoun awa';
The maiden raise to milk her kye,
But toom was lika sta'.

In the morning the parishioners assembled in the church-yard, having been called together by the ringing of the kirk bell, and learning from each other the extent of the depredation, they resolved to attempt recovering their property. Having procured arms, and chosen for their captain John Macintosh, farmer of Sedenberry, a bold active young man, they commenced pursuit, and after a chase of ten or twelve miles over high and rugged mountains, the thieves, with the sheep and cattle, were overtaken at a place called the Water of Saughs, where a furious skirmish ensued, in which Macgregor was killed. When their chief fell the Highlanders immediately fled, and from the want of a leader the band was broken up. The people of Fearn got possession again of all their property, but lost one of their men in the combat.

Earl Richard.

[" The locality of this ballad, Barnsdale, will bring to the remembrance of the reader, tales of Robin Hood and Little John, who, according to the testimony of that venerable chronicler, Andrew of Wyntown,

> 'In Yngilwode and Barnysdale,
> There oysed all this tyme thare travalle.'

Whether the ballad is originally the production of an English or a Scotch minstrel admits of question; certain, however, it is, that it has been received into both countries at a pretty early period. Hearne in his preface to Gul. Neubrigiensis Historia, Oxon. 1719, Vol. I. page lxx, mentions, that the Knight and Shepherd's daughter was well known in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In Fletcher's Pilgrim, Act 4, Scene 2, a stanza of the same ballad is quoted. The English version of this ballad is given in the Reliques of English Poetry, Vol. III. There are various copies of it current in Scotland. The present version, obtained from recitation in one of the northern counties, is out of sight the most circumstantial and elaborated that has yet been printed. It possesses no small portion of humour, and appears to be of greater antiquity than the copy published in the Reliques. In one of the recited copies of this ballad, Earl Richard endeavours to shake the lady's conviction of his identity by using the same means as the Gaberlunzie man, who sang:—

> 'I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
> And draw a black clout ovre my e'e,
> A cripple or blind they will ca' me.'

But the eyes of love were too sharp to be deceived by such witty devices, for as the ballad has it, when

> 'He came hirplin' on a stick,
> And leanin' on a tree,'

The lady, with a hasty voice, in the face of all the court, immediately cries out,

> 'Be he cripple, or be he blind,
> The same man is he'
> With my low silver a'e.'

Earl Richard's unbridegroom-like behaviour on his wedding night, and his agreeable discovery on the morrow, will remind the ballad reader of the gentle Sir Gawaine who, when reluctantly turning round to caress his lothly bride, much to his joy and contentment found her transformed into a most lovesome lady."

Motherwell.]

Earl Richard once on a day,
  And all his valiant men so wight;
He did him down to Barnsdale,
  Where all the land is fair and light.

He was aware of a damosel,
  I wot fast on she did her bound,
With towers of gold upon her head,
  As fair a woman as could be found.

He said, "Busk on you, fair ladye,
  The white flowers and the red;
For I would give my bonnie ship,
  To get your maidenhead."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
  And drown you in the sea;
For all this would not mend the miss,
  That ye would do to me."
"The miss is not so great ladye,
  Soon mended it might be.

"I have four-and-twenty mills in Scotland
  Stand on the water Tay;
You'll have them and as much flour
  As they'll grind in a day."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
  And drown you in the sea;
For all that would not mend the miss,
  That ye would do for me."
"The miss is not so great lady,
  Soon mended it will be.

"I have four-and-twenty milk white cows
  All calved in a day;
You'll have them and as much haired grass,
  As they all on can gae."

"I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,
  And drown ye in the sea;
For all that would not mend the miss,
  That ye would do to me."
"The miss is not so great ladye,
  Soon mended it might be.

"I have four-and-twenty milk white steeds,
All foaled in one year;
You'll have them and as much red gold,
As all their backs can bear."

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the mold,
"I would not be your love," said she,
"For that church full of gold."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the mass,
Says, "Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have less."

She turned her right and round about,
And she swore by the moon,
"I would not be your love," says she,
"For all the gold in Rome."

He turned him right and round about,
And he swore by the moon,
Says, "Lady, ye my love shall be,
And gold ye shall have none."

He caught her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
And there has taken his will of her,
Wholly without her leave.

The lady frowned and sadly blushed,
And oh! but she thought shame;
Says, "If you are a knight at all,
You surely will tell me your name."

"In some places they call me Jack,
In other some they call me John;
But when into the queen's court,
Oh then Lithocck it is my name."

"Lithocck! Lithocck!" the lady said,
And oft she spelt it over again;
"Lithocck! it's Latin," the lady said,
"Richard's the English of that name."

The knight he rode, the lady ran,
A live long summer's day;
Till they came to the wan water,
That all men do call Tay.

He set his horse head to the water,
Just through it for to ride;
And the lady was as ready as him,
The waters for to wade.

For he had never been so kind hearted,
As to bid the lady ride;
And she had never been so low hearted,
As for to bid him bide.

But deep into the wan water
There stands a great big stone;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, "Lady fair, will ye loup on?"

She's taken the wand was in her hand,
And struck it on the foam,
And before he got the middle stream,
The lady was on dry land.
"By the help of God and our Lady,
My help lies not in your hand."

"I learned it from my mother dear,
Few is there that has learned better;
When I came to a deep water,
I can swim through like any otter.

"I learned it from my mother dear,
I find I learned it for my weel;
When I came to a deep water,
I can swim through like any eel."

"Turn back, turn back, you lady fair,
You know not what I see;
There is a lady in that castle,
That will burn you and me."
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That lady will I see."

She took a ring from her finger,
And gave't the porter for his fee;
Says, "Tak' you that, my good porter,
And bid the queen speak to me."

And when she came before the queen,
There she fell low down on her knee;
Says, "There is a knight into your court,
This day has robbed me."

"Oh, has he robbed you of your gold,
Or has he robbed you of your fee?"
"He has not robbed me of my gold,
He has not robbed me of my fee;
He has robbed me of my maidenhead,
The fairest flower of my bodie."

"There is no knight in all my court,
That thus has robbed thee;
But you'll have the truth of his right hand,
Or else for your sake he'll dee;

Though it were Earl Richard my own brother,
And oh! forbid that it be;"
Then, sighing, said the lady fair,
"I wot the samen man is he."

The queen called on her merry men,
Even fifty men and three;
Earl Richard used to be the first man,
But now the hindmost was he.

He's taken out one hundred pounds,
And told it in his glove;
Says, "Tak' you that, my lady fair,
And seek another love."

"Oh no, oh no," the lady cried,
"That's what shall never be;
I'll have the truth of your right hand,
The queen it gave to me."

"I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,
When I did drink your wine;
That for a carle's fair daughter,
It does gar me dree all this pine."

"May be I am a carle's daughter,
And may be never nane;
When ye met me in the green wood,
Why did you not let me alane?"

"Will you wear the short clothes,
Or will you wear the side,
Or will you walk to your wedding,
Or will you till it ride?"

"I will not wear the short clothes,
But I will wear the side;
I will not walk to my wedding,
But I to it will ride."

When he was set upon the horse,
The lady him behind;
Then canld and carle were the words,
The twa had them between.

She said, "Good een, ye nettles tall,
Just there where ye grow at the dike,
If the auld carlin my mother was here,
She weel's she would your pates pike.

"How she would stap you in her poke,
I wot at that she wadna fail;
And boil ye in her auld brass pan,
And of ye mak' right gude kail.

"And she would meal you with millering,
That she gathers at the mill;
And mak' you thick as any daigh,
And when the pan was brimful

"Would mess you up in scuttle dishes,
Syne bid us sup till we were fou,
Lay down her head upon a poke,
Then sleep and snore like any sow."

"Away! away! you bad woman,
For all your vile words grieveth me,
When ye heed so little for yourself,
I'm sure ye'll heed far less for me

"I wish I had drunk your water, sister,
When that I did drink of your wine;
Since for a carle's fair daughter,
It aye gars me dree all this pine."

"May be I am a carle's daughter,
And may be never nane;
When ye met me in the good green wood,
Why did you not let me alane?

"Gude e'en, gude e'en, ye heather berries,
As ye're growing on yon hill;
If the auld carle and his bags were here,
I wot he would get meat his fill.

"Late, late, at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty knots;
And in the morn at breakfast time,
I'll carry the keys of an earl's locks.

"Late, late, at night I knit our pokes,
With even four-and-twenty stringe;
And if you look to my white fingers,
They have as many gay gold rings."

"Away! away! ye ill woman,
And sore your vile words grieveth me;
When you heed so little for yourself,
I'm sure ye'll heed far less for me.

"But if you are a carle's daughter,
As I take you to be;
How did you get the gay clothing,
In greenwood ye had on thee?"

"My mother she's a poor woman,
She nursed earl's children three;
And I get them from a foster sister,
For to beguile such sparks as thee."

"But if you be a carle's daughter,
As I believe you be:
How did you learn the good Latin,
In green wood ye spoke to me?"

"My mother she's a mean woman,
She nursed earl's children three;
I learned it from their chapelain,
To beguile such sparks as ye."

When mass was sung, and bells were rung,
And all men boune for bed;
Then Earl Richard and this Ladye,
In ane bed they were laid.

He turned his face to the stock,
And she hers to the stane;
And cauld and dreary was the luve,
That was thir twa between.

Great was the mirth in the kitchen,
Likewise intill the ha';
But in his bed lay Earl Richard,
Wiping the tears awa'.

He wept till he fell fast asleep,
Then slept till licht was come;
Then he did hear the gentlemen
That talked in the room.

Said, "Saw ye ever a fitter match,
Betwixt the ane and ither;
The king o' Scotland's fair dochter,
And the queen of England's brither."

"And is she the king of Scotland's fair dochter?
This day, oh, weel is me!
For seven times has my steed been saddled,
To come to court with thee;
And with this witty lady fair,
How happy must I be!"

Allan-a-Maut.

[Facsimile Bannatyne MS., in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.]

Quhen he wes sung, and cled in grene,
Haifand his air about his ene,
Baith men and wemen did him mene,
Quhen he grew on sen hillis he;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

His fostir fakder fare of the toun,
To visy Allane he maid him boun;
He saw him lyane, allace! in swoun
For falt of help, and lyk to de;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Thay saw his held begin to ryfe;
Syne for ane nureis thay send belyfe,
Quha brocht with hir fyfty-and-fyve
Of men of war full prevely;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Thay russhit fart lyk hellis rukis,
And every ane of yame had hukis;
They cant him shortly in your cinkis,
Syne band him in ane creddill of tre;—
Quhy sowld not Allan honorit be?

Thay brot him invart in the land,
Syne every freynd maid him his band,
Quhill they might owdir gang or stand,
Never ane fute fra him to fle;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

The grittest cowart in this land,
Fra he with Allane enter in band,
Thot he may nowdir gang nor stand,
Zet fourty sall not gar him fle;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Sir Allanis hewmond is ane cop,
With an sage feddir in his top;
Fra hand to hand so dois he hop,
Quhill sum may nowdir speik nor se;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

In sale, quhen ilk man singis his carrell,
Gude Allane lyis in to ane barrell;
Quhen he is thair, he dowtis ne parrell
To cum on him be land or se;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

Zet wes yair nevir sa gay ane gallane,
Fra he meit with our maister Sir Allane,
Bot gif he hald him by ye hallane,
Bak wart on the flure fallis he;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

My maistir Allane grew so stark,
Quhill he maid mony cunning clerk;
Upoun yair faisis he settis his mark,
A blind reid nois beyd ye e;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

My maistir Allane I may mair cure;
He levis no mony in my pure;
At his command I mon debure
Meir ner ye twa pt. of my fe;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

And last, of Allane to conclude;
He is benine, courtas, and gude,
And servis us of our daly fude,
And that with liberalitie;—
Quhy sowld not Allane honorit be?

ALLAN O' MAUT

[From a copy furnished to Mr Jamieson's Collection by the Reverend William Gray of Lincoln.]

Gude Allan o' Maut was ance cad Bear,
And he was cadged frae wa' to wear,
And draggled wi' muck, and syne wi' rain,
Till he dist, and cam' to life again.

He first grew green, syne he grew white,
Syne a' men thocht that he was ripe;
And wi' crookit gullies and hafts o' tree
They've hew'd him down right douchtilie.

Syne they've set Allan up into stooks,
And casten on him mony pleasant looks;
They've tarse'd him up syne on a sled,
Till in the grain-yard they made his bed.

Then men clamb up upon a ladder,
And happit his head frae wind and weather;
They've ta'en him neist up in their arms,
And made his shak-down in the barns.

The hollin souples, that were sae snell,
His back they loundert, mell for mell;
Mell for mell, and baff for baff,
Till his hide flew about his lugs like caff.

Then in cam' Jennie wi' her riddle,
And she gae mony a fike and fiddle;
Set up the doors, loot in the win',
To see what faucity fell frae him.

They stow'd him up intill a sack,
And o'er the horse back brook his neck;
Syne bristled they him upon the hill,
Till he was bane dry for the mill.

They cowpit him then into the hopper,
And brook his banes, gnipper for gnopper;
Syne put the barn untill the gleed,
And leapit the cen out o' his head.

Till in cam' Barmy-breeks, his brither,
Like as gude neiber to sneek wi' naither;
Says, "Allan o' Maut, are ye gaun to dee?
Rise up man, first, and dance wi' me."

They danced about frae hand to hand,
Till they danced o'er the working stand;
Syne in cam' Jennie wi' her dish,
She gae mony a rumble and rush.

And Uskie-bee ne'er bare the bell*
Sae bald as Allan bare himsel';
Nor ever got his pride a fa',
Till earlies pies'd him at the wa'.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

[Given by Mr Jamieson from his own recollection, as he learned it in Morayshire when he was a boy, and before the Poems of Burns were published. The two concluding stanzas are by Mr Jamieson.]

There came three merry men from the east,
And three merry men they be;
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn shall dee.

They've ta'en a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the spring-time it came on at last,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn's sprung up again,
Which did surprise them all.

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* *Bearing the bell* seems here to have a double meaning. *The bell* is the collection of bubbles that float on the surface of *whisky*, as *froth* does on *ale*, &c., when poured out; and to *bear the bell* well, is accounted a good sign in whisky. This sign, however, is very deceitful, as it may be produced without the assistance of *Allan o' Maut*.
Jamieson.

Then the summer heat on him did beat,
  And he grew pale and wan;
John Barleycorn has got a beard
  Like any other man.

They've ta'en a hook, that was full sharp,
  And cut him above the knee;
And they've bound him intill a corn cart,
  Like a thief for the gallow-tree.

They've ta'en twa sticks, that were full stout,
  And sore they beat his bones;
The miller used him worse than that,
  And ground him between two stones.

The brewster-wife we'll not forget;
  She well her tale can tell;
She's ta'en the sap out of his bodie,
  And made of it good ale.

And they have fill'd it in a cap,
  And drank it round and round;
And ay the mair they drank o' it,
  The mair did joy abound.

John Barleycorn is the wightest man
  That ever throve in land;
For he could put a Wallace down
  Wi' the turning of his hand.

He'll gar the huntsman shoot his dog;
  His gold a miser scorn;
He'll gar a maiden dance stark-naked
  Wi' the tooning of a horn.

He'll change a man into a boy,
  A boy into an ass;
He'll change your gold into silver,
  And your silver into brass.

And here we have his very heart-blood,
  See bizzing bright and brown;
And ay we'll biri the tither stoup,
  And ay we'll bend it roun'.

And ye will drink a health to me,
  And I'll drink ane to you;
For he never missed health or wealth
  That wi' Johny's blood is fu'.

Brown Adam.

[From the Border Minstrelsy.]

O WHA wad wish the wind to blaw,
  Or the green leaves fa' therewith?
Or wha wad wish a lealer love
  Than Brown Adam the Smith?

But they ha's banish'd him, Brown Adam,
  Frae father and frae mother;
And they ha's banish'd him, Brown Adam,
  Frae sister and frae brother.

And they ha's banish'd him, Brown Adam,
  The flower o' a' his kin;
And he's bigged a bour in gude greenwood
  Atween his ladye and him.

It fell upon a summer's day,
  Brown Adam he thought lang;
And, for to hunt some venison,
  To greenwood he wald gang.

He has ta'en his bow his arm o'er,
  His bolts and arrows lang;
And he is to the gude greenwood
  As fast as he could gang.

O he's shot up, and he's shot doun,
  The bird upon the brier;
And he sent it hame to his ladye,
  Bade her be of gude cheir.

O he's shot up, and he's shot doun,
  The bird upon the thorn;
And sent it hame to his ladye,
  Said he'd be hame the morn.

When he cam' to his ladye's bour door,
  He stude a little forlye,
And there he heard a fou fause knight
  Tempting his gay ladye.

For he's ta'en out a gay goud ring,
  Had cost him mony a poun';
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
  And this shall be thy own."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said,
"I trew sae does he me;
I wadna gi'e Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."

Out has he ta'en a purse o' gowd,
Was a' fou to the string;
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And a' this shall be thine."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says,
"I wot sae does he me;
I wadna be your light leman,
For mair than ye could gi'e."

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
And flash'd it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
Or through ye this shall gang!"
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"

Then in and starts him, Brown Adam,
Says, "I'm just at your hand."
He's gar'd him leave his bonnie bow,
And gar'd him leave his brand;
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge,—
Four fingers o' his right hand!

Lord Spynie.

[Early in the seventeenth century, when the Lindsays of Kelhell, a branch of the great Angus clan of that name, resided at Kelhell Castle, the family then established, says the tradition on which the following verses are founded, of two brothers and their sister lady Jane, who it is said was very beautiful and highly accomplished. Among her many suitors was young Lord Spynie, a distant relation of her own; but having gained her affections, he seduced and deserted her. Her elder brother, determined on revenging her wrongs, sought every opportunity of meeting the false lord. Sometimes after he met him on the High Street of Edinburgh, and having told him that all the blood in his body could not wash out the stain in his sister's character, he plunged a dagger into his heart, and though the deed was done in open day and in the presence of several persons, he was allowed to escape home. On the following day a party of soldiers were sent to apprehend and bring him to justice, but on hearing of their approach, he removed from Kelhell with a considerable number of adherents, to his castle of Glenmark, a building of some strength, and situated nearly in the centre of the Grampian mountains, where he proposed defending himself. This scheme, however, he abandoned when the military made their appearance, and dismissing his followers, he assumed the dress of a peasant, and fled to the northern isles of Scotland, where it is said he died in obscurity and want. What became of his sister tradition makes no mention. The lands of Kelhell were forfeited in 1716 by the adherence of the Lindsays to the house of Stuart, and are now the property of the Right Honorable Lord Panmure.]

Lord Spynie,* ye may pu' the rose,
An' spare the lily flower,
When ye gae through the garden green
To woo in ladye bower;

And ye may pu' the lightsome thyme,
An' leave the lonesome rue;
For lang and sair will the ladye mourn
That ye gae there to woo!

For ye will look an' talk of luve,
An' kindly, kindly smile,
An' vow by grace, an' a' that's gude,
An' lay the luring wile.

'Tis sair to rob the bonnie bird
That makes you melodie;
'Tis cruel to win a woman's luve,
An' no ha'e luve to gi'e!

I wadna ha'e your wilfu' hand
Though a' the earth were thine;
Ye've broken many a maiden's peace,
Ye've mair than broken mine.

I wadna ha'e your faithless heart,
'Tis no your ain to gi'e;
But gin ye ever think o' heaven,
Oh! ye maun think o' me!

---

* This title has been dormant since the death of George, third lord, in 1672.

Edward, Edward.

[This ballad was published by Dr Percy, from a manuscript which was transmitted to him, from Scotland, by Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes). From the source whence it proceeded, it was in all probability written by Lady Wardlaw.]

"Why does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drap wi' blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"
"O, I ha'e killed my hawk sae gude,
Mother, mother;
O, I ha'e killed my hawk sae gude;
And I ha'e nae mair but he, O."

"Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward;
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."
"O, I ha'e killed my red-roan steed,
Mother, mother;
O, I ha'e killed my red-roan steed,
That was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e gat mair,
Edward, Edward;
Your steed was auld, and ye ha'e gat mair;
Some other dule ye drie, O."
"O I ha'e killed my father dear,
Mother, mother;
O, I ha'e killed my father dear,
Alas! and woe is me, O!"

"And whatten penance will ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mother, mother;
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O."

"And what will ye do wi' your towirs and your
Edward, Edward? [ha',
And what will ye do wi' your towirs and your
That were sae fair to see, O?" [ha',
"I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mother, mother;
I'll let them stand till they doun fa';
For here never mair maun I be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang over the sea, O?"
"The warld's room: let them beg through life,
Mother, mother;
The warld's room: let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O."

"And what will you leave to your ain mother dear,
Edward, Edward? [dear,
And what will you leave to your ain mother dear?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"The curse of hell frae me ye sall beir,
Mother, mother;
The curse of hell frae me ye sall beir;
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

SON DAVIE, SON DAVIE.

[From Motherwell's Collection, where it is said to be given from the recitation of an old woman.]

"What bluid's that on thy coat lap?
Son Davie! son Davie!
What bluid's that on thy coat lap?
And the truth come tell to me, O."

"It is the bluid of my great hawk,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid of my great hawk,
And the truth I ha'e tald to thee, O."

"Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie! son Davie!
Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me, O."

"It is the bluid o' my grey hound,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid o' my grey hound,
And it wudna rin for me, O."

"Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie! son Davie!
Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me, O."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she said,
"I trew sae does he me;
I wadna gi'e Brown Adam's love
For nae fause knight I see."

Out has he ta'en a purse o' gowd,
Was a' fou to the string;
"O grant me love for love, ladye,
And a' this shall be thine."

"I lo'e Brown Adam weel," she says,
"I wot sae does he me;
I wadna be your light leman,
For mair than ye could gi'e."

Then out he drew his lang bright brand,
And flash'd it in her een;
"Now grant me love for love, ladye,
Or through ye this shall gang!"
Then, sighing, says that ladye fair,
"Brown Adam tarries lang!"

Then in and starts him, Brown Adam,
Says, "I'm just at your hand."
He's gar'd him leave his bonnie bow,
And gar'd him leave his brand;
He's gar'd him leave a dearer pledge,—
Four fingers o' his right hand!

Lord Spynie.

[EARLY in the seventeenth century, when the Lindsays of Ecbsell, a branch of the great Angus clan of that name, resided at Ecbsell Castle, the family then consisted, says the tradition on which the following verses are founded, of two brothers and their sister lady Jane, who it is said was very beautiful and highly accomplished. Among her many suitors was young Lord Spynie, a distant relation of her own; but having gained her affections, he seduced and deserted her. Her elder brother, determined on revenging her wrongs, sought every opportunity of meeting the false lord. Sometime after he met him on the High Street of Edinburgh, and having told him that all the blood in his body could not wash out the stain in his sister's character, he plunged a dagger into his heart, and though the deed was done in open day and in the presence of several persons, he was allowed to escape home. On the following day a party of soldiers were sent to apprehend and bring him to justice, but on hearing of their approach, he removed from Ecbsell with a considerable number of adherents, to his castle of Glenmark, a building of some strength, and situated nearly in the centre of the Grampian mountains, where he proposed defending himself. This scheme, however, he abandoned when the military made their appearance, and dismissing his followers, he assumed the dress of a peasant, and fled to the northern isles of Scotland, where it is said he died in obscurity and want. What became of his sister tradition makes no mention. The lands of Ecbsell were forfeited in 1716 by the adherence of the Lindsays to the house of Stewart, and are now the property of the Right Honorable Lord Panmure.]

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An' spare the lily flower,
When ye gae through the garden green
To woo in ladye bower;

And ye may pu' the lightsome thyme,
An' leave the lonesome rue;
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Some other dule ye drie, O."
"O I ha'e killed my father dear,
Mother, mother;
O, I ha'e killed my father dear,
Alas! and woe is me, O!"

"And whatten penance will ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And whatten penance will ye drie for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mother, mother;
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O."

"And what will ye do wi' your toulrs and your [ha',
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your toulrs and your [ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"
"I'll let them stand till they doun fa',
Mother, mother;
I'll let them stand till they doun fa';
For here never mair maun I be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang ower the sea, O?"
"The warld's room: let them beg through life,
Mother, mother;
The warld's room: let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O."

"And what will you leave to your ain mother [dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will you leave to your ain mother dear?
My dear son, now tell me, O."
"The curse of hell frae me ye sall beir,
Mother, mother;
The curse of hell frae me ye sall beir;
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

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"Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Son Davie! son Davie!
Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
And the truth come tell to me, O."

"It is the bluid o' my brother John,
Mother lady! mother lady!
It is the bluid o' my brother John,
And the truth I ha'e tald to thee, O."

"What about did the plea begin?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"It began about the cutting o' a willow wand,
That would never ha'e been a tree, O."

"What death dost thou desire to die?
Son Davie! son Davie!
What death dost thou desire to die?
And the truth come tell to me, O."

"I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
Mother lady! mother lady!
I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,
And ye'll never see mair o' me, O."

"What will't thou leave to thy poor wife?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"Grief and sorrow all her life,
And she'll never get mair frae me, O."

"What will't thou leave to thy auld son?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"The weary warld to wander up and down,
And he'll never get mair o' me, O."

"What will't thou leave to thy mother dear?
Son Davie! son Davie!"
"A fire o' coals to burn her wi' hearty cheer,
And she'll never get mair o' me, O."

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

["THE beautiful air of Cowdenknows is well known and popular. In Ettrick Forest the following words are uniformly adapted to the tune, and seem to be the original ballad. An edition of this pastoral tale, differing considerably from the pre-ent copy, was published by Mr Herd, in 1772. Cowdenknows is situated upon the river Leader, about four miles from Melrose, and is now the property of Dr Hume."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*]

O THE broom, and the bonnie bonnie broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows!
And aye she sweet as the lassie sang,
I' the bought, milking the ewes.

The hills were high on lika side,
An' the bought i' the lirk o' the hill,
And aye, as she sang, her voice is rang,
Out o'er the head o' yon hill.

There was a troop o' gentlemen
Came riding merrille by,
And one of them has rode out of the way,
To the bought to the bonnie may.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonnie lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."
"An' see wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?"

"The night is misty and mirk, fair may,
And I have ridden astray,
And will you be so kind, fair may,
As come out and point my way?"

"Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out of the bought I darna come,
For fear 'at ye do me wrang."

"O winna ye pity me, bonnie lass,
O winna ye pity me?
An' winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree?"

"I wadna pity your poor steed,
Though it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the night,
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

"For I ken you by your weel-busked hat,
And your merrie twinkling e'e,
That ye're the laird o' the Oakland hills,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."

"But I am not the laird o' the Oakland hills,
Ye're far mista'en o' me;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
An' right aft in his companie."

He's ta'en her by the middle jimp,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's lifted her over the fauld dyke,
And speer'd at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streek'd her yellow hair,
"Now, take ye that, my bonnie may,
Of me till you hear mair."

O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
An' soon he's o'erta'en his men;
And ane and a' cried out to him,
"O master, ye've tarry'd long!"

"O I ha'e been east, and I ha'e been west,
An' I ha'e been far o'er the know,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw
Is i' the bought milking the ewes."

She set the cog upon her head,
An' she's gane singing hame—
"O where ha'e ye been, my as daughter?
Ye ha'e na been your lane."

"O nae body was wi' me, father,
O nae body has been wi' me;
The night is misty and mirk, father,
Ye may gang to the door and see.

"But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
And an ill deed may he dee;
He bog the bought at the back o' the know,
And a tod has frighted me.

"There came a tod to the bought-door,
The like I never saw;
And ere he had tane the lamb he did,
I had lourd he had ta'en them a'."

O when fifteen weeks was come and gane,
Fifteen weeks and three,
That lassie began to look thin and pale,
An' to long for his merry twinkling e'e.

It fell on a day, on a hot simmer day,
She was ca'ing out her father's kye,
By came a troop o' gentlemen,
A' merrilie riding bye.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonnie may,
Weel may ye save and see!
Weel I wat, ye be a very bonnie may,
But whae's aught that babe ye are wi'?"

Never a word could that lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame,
An' never a word could the lassie say,
But, "I have a good man at hame."

"Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonnie may,
Sae loud as I hear you lie;
For dinna ye mind that misty night
I was i' the bought wi' thee?

"I kea you by your middle sae jimp,
An' your merry twinkling e'e,
That ye're the bonnie lass i' the Cowdenknowe,
And ye may weel seem for to be."

Then he's leapt off his berry-brown steed,
An' he's set that fair may on—
"Ca' out your kye, gude father, yourse',
For she's never ca' them out again.

"I am the laird of the Oakland hills,
I ha'e thirty plows and three;
An' I ha'e gotten the bonniest lass
That's in a' the south country."

Sir Niel and Mac Van.

[From Buchan's Collection.]

Far in yon Isles beyond Argyle,
Where flocks and herds were plenty,
Liv'd a rich hair, whose sister fair
Was flower ower a' that country.

A knight, Sir Niel, had woo'd her lang,
Intending for to marry;
But when she saw the young Glengyle,
He wan her heart entirely.

Then tidings to her brother came,
Sir Niel had boasted proudly,
In favours of his sister fair,
This made him to swear roudly.

Swearing for all the friendship past,
If ance he saw the morning,
This knight by him should breathe his last,
Or make him rue his scorning.

Down on yon shore where wild waves roar
A challenge he did send him;
Before the sun, these two men met,
Nae seconds to attend them.

"What ails, what ails my dearest friend?
Why want you to destroy me?"
"I want nae flattery from Sir Niel,
Unsheath your sword and try me."

"I will not fight with you, Mac Van,
You never me offended;
And if I aught to you have done,
I'll own my fault, and mend it."

"Does this become so brave a knight?
Does blood sae much surprise you?
And if you do refuse to fight,
I'll like a dog chastise you."

"O, foolish man don't tempt your fate,
Nor don't presume to strike me;
Remember nane in fair Scotland
Can wield the broad-sword like me."

"The sword, you say, can handle well,
And boasteth very boldly;
Your boasting is set off with skill,
Your actions seem but cowardly."

He being mad at this abuse,
A furious stroke he darted,
Into the breast of bold Mac Van,
Who with a groan departed.

"Curse on my skill, what have I done?
Rash man, but you would have it,
To force a friend to take thy life,
Who would lose blood to save it!

"Now, woe is me, for this I die,
And now it cannot be mended;
That happiness that was sae nigh,
By one rash stroke is ended.

"But I'll exile to some foreign isle,
To fly I know not whither;
I darena face my bonnie Ann,
When I ha'e slain her brither."

Then casting round a mournful eye,
To see that nane was nigh him;
There he saw the young Glengyle,
Who like the wind came flying.

"I've come too late to stop the strife,
But since you've been victorious,
Upon your life I'll be reveng'd,
My honour bids me do this."

Then with Glengyle he did enclose,
Not meaning for to harm him;
And thrice with wounds he did him pierce,
Yet he could scarce discern them.

"Yield up your sword to me, Glengyle,
Our quarrel's honour founded;
I could ha'e pierc'd thy dauntless breast,
Three times I have you wounded."

Then saying so, he quit his ground,
Glengyle with this advanced,
And pierc'd the heart of brave Sir Niel
Till the spear behind him glanced.

Then falling down, he cried, "I'm slain,
Adieu to all things earthly!
Farewell, Glengyle, the day's your ain,
But ye ha'e won it basely."

When tidings came to Lady Ann,
Times after times she fainted;
She ran and kiss'd their clay-cold lips,
And thus her case lamented:—

"O thou the guardian of my youth,
My young, my only brother,
Alas! for thy untimely end,
I'll mourn till life is over!

"And thou, my love, why wast thou slain,
All in thy youthful blossom;
Nae mair I'll love that treach'rous man,
That pierc'd thy manly bosom.

"Thou tender-hearted wast and true,
Thy honour's been abused,
A braver man ne'er faced a foe,
Had you been fairly used.

"For you a maid I'll live and die,
Glengyle shall ne'er espouse me;
Till seven years are come and gane,
The dowie black shall clothe me."

Lizie Baillie.

"A BALLAD under this name, and somewhat similar, was printed by Wotherspoon, in the second volume of his Collection: there are, however, some breaches in that one, which are now

happily made up in this one. There is also a difference between them in the manner of detail. The Duncan Graeme mentioned in the ballad is only fictitious, to prevent the real name being known.

"Lizie Baillie was a daughter of the Reverend Mr Baillie's, and lady's maid to the Countess of Saltoun, to whose son, Alexander, master of Saltoun, she bare a child. The young man wished to legitimatise the offspring of his unlawful love, by marrying the mother of his child, but was prevented by Lord and Lady Saltoun, his father and mother, as being below his degree; when he retorted by saying,—'She was a minister's daughter, and he was but a minister's grandson.' He, on the mother's side, having descended from Dr James Sharpe, Archbishop of St Andrews, who was assassinated in 1679. The young nobleman's mother's name was Margaret Sharpe, who married William, second Lord Saltoun, and he was the only issue. After having continued a considerable length of time a bachelor, he married Lady Mary Gordon, daughter of George Earl of Aberdeen, and Lizie Baillie was then forgotten. The late Mr Fraser, minister of Tyrie, was a grandson to Lizie Baillie, and great grandson to Alexander Fraser, third Lord Saltoun."—*Buchan's Ballads of the North.*]

It fell about the Lammas time,
When flowers were fresh and green;
Lizie Baillie to Gartartan went,
To see her sister Jean.

She meant to go unto that place,
To stay a little while;
But mark what fortune her befell,
When she went to the isle.

It fell out upon a day,
Sheep-shearing at an end;
Lizie Baillie she walk'd out,
To see a distant friend.

But going down in a low glen,
She met wi' Duncan Graeme,
Who courted her along the way,
Likewise conveyed her hame.

"My bonnie Lizie Baillie,
I'll row you in my plaidie;
If ye'll gang over the hills wi' me,
And be a Highland ladie."

"I winna gang along wi' you,
Indeed I maun confess;
I can neither milk cow nor ewe,
Nor yet can I speak Erse."

"O never fear, Lizie," he said,
"If ye will gang wi' me;
All that is into my place,
Can speak as gude Scotch as thee.

"But for a time, we now maun part,
I hinna time to tarry;
Next when we twa meet again,
Will be in Castlecary."

When Lizie tarried out her time,
Unto her father's came;
The very first night she arrived,
Wha comes but Duncan Graeme.

Says, "Bonny Lizie Baillie,
A gude deed mat ye dee;
Although to me ye brake your tryst,
Now I am come for thee."

"O stay at hame, her father said,"
Your mither cannot want thee;
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"My bonnie Lizie Baillie,
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O would ye ha'e sae little wit,
As mind what odd folks wad say?"

She wouldna ha'e the Lowlandman,
That wears the coat sae blue;
But she would ha'e the Highlandman,
That wears the plaid and trews.

Out it spake her mother then,
A sorry heart had she;
Says, "Wae be to his Highland face,
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The Laird of Waristoun.

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The Laird of Waristoun.

["John Kincaid, Laird of Waristoun, (an estate situated between the city of Edinburgh and the sea, towards Leith,) was murdered, on the 2nd

of July 1600, by a man named Robert Weir, who was employed to do so by his wife, Jean Livingstone, daughter of the Laird of Dunipace. The unfortunate woman, who thus became implicated in a crime so revolting to humanity, was only twenty-one years of age at the time. It is probable from some circumstances, that her husband was considerably older than herself, and also that their marriage was any thing but one of love. It is only alleged, however, that she was instigated to seek his death by resentment for some bad treatment on his part, and, in particular, for a bite which he had inflicted on her arm. There was something extraordinary in the deliberation with which this wretched woman approached the awful gulf of crime. Having resolved on the means to be employed in the murder, she sent for a quondam servant of her father, Robert Weir, who lived in the neighbouring city. He came to the place of Waristoun, to see her; but, for some unexplained reason, was not admitted. She again sent for him, and he again went. Again he was not admitted. At length, on his being called a third time, he was introduced to her presence. Before this time she had found an accomplice in the nurse of her child. It was then arranged, that Weir should be concealed in a cellar till the dead of night, when he should come forth and proceed to destroy the laird as he lay in his chamber. The bloody tragedy was acted precisely in accordance with this plan. Weir was brought up, at midnight, from the cellar to the hall by the lady herself, and afterwards went forward alone to the laird's bedroom. As he proceeded to his bloody work, she retired to her bed, to wait the intelligence of her husband's murder. When Weir entered the chamber, Waristoun awoke with the noise, and leant inquiringly over the side of the bed. The murderer then leapt upon him; the unhappy man uttered a great cry; Weir gave him several dreadful blows on vital parts, particularly one on the flank vein. But as the laird was still able to cry out, he at length saw fit to take more effective measures: he seized him by the throat with both hands, and, compressing that part with all his force, succeeded, after a few minutes, in depriving him of life. When the lady heard her husband's first death-shout, she leapt out of bed, in an agony of mingled horror and repentance, and descended to the hall; but she made no effort to countermand her mission of destruction. She waited patiently till Weir came down to inform her that all was over.

"Weir made an immediate escape from justice, but Lady Waristoun and the nurse were apprehended before the deed was half a day old. Being caught, as the Scottish law terms it, *red-hand*—that is, while still bearing unequivocal marks of guilt, they were immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be strangled and burnt at a stake. The lady's father, the Laird of Dunipace, was a favourite of King James VI., and he made all the interest he could with his majesty to procure a pardon; but all that he could obtain from the king, was an order that the unhappy lady should be executed by decapitation, and that at such an early hour in the morning as to make the affair as little of a spectacle as possible.

"The space intervening between her sentence and her execution was only thirty-seven hours; yet in that little time, Lady Waristoun contrived to become converted from a blood-stained and unrelenting murderess into a perfect saint on earth. One of the then ministers of Edinburgh has left an account of her conversion, which was lately published, and would be extremely amusing, were it not for the disgust which seizes the mind on beholding such an instance of perverted religion. She went to the scaffold with a demeanour which would have graced a martyr. Her lips were incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. She professed herself confident of everlasting happiness. She even grudged every moment which she spent in this world, as so much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next. The people who came to witness the last scene, instead of having their minds inspired with a salutary horror for her crime, were engrossed with admiration of her saintly behaviour, and greedily gathered up every devout word which fell from her tongue. It would almost appear from the narrative of the clergyman, that her fate was rather a matter of envy than of any other feeling. Her execution took place at four in the morning of the 5th of July, at the Watergate, near Holyroodhouse; and at the same hour her nurse was burnt on the castle-hill. It is some gratification to know, that the actual murderer, Weir, was eventually seized and executed, though not till four years after."—*Chambers.*]

Doun by yon bonnie garden green,
Gae merrily as she gaes!
She has, I wis, twa weel-made feet,
And she tripe upon her taes.

Sae has twa weel-made feet, I trow;
  Far better is her hand;
She is as jimp in the middle sae fine,
  As ony willow wand.

It was at dinner as they sat,
  And when they drank the wine,
How happy were the laird and lady
  Of bonnie Waristoun!

But he has spoken a word in jest;
  Her answer was not good;
And he has thrown a plate at her,
  Made her mouth gush out o' blude.

She wasna frae her chamber door
  A step, but barely three,
When up and at her richt hand
  There stood Man's Enemie!

"Gif ye will do my bidding, lady,
  At my bidding for to be,
I'll learn you a richt skeely wile,
  Avenged for to be.

"At evening, when ye sit and sup,
  And when ye drink the wine,
See that ye fill the glass weel up
  To the Laird o' Waristoun."

The Foul Thief he has kulet the knot;
  She lift his head on hie;
And the fause nourice drew the knot,
  That Waristoun garr'd die.

Then word has gane to Leith, to Leith,
  And up to Edinbro toun,
That the lady she has slain the laird,
  The laird of Waristoun.

And they've ta'en her and the fause nourice,
  And in prison ha'e them boun';
The nourice she was hard of heart,
  But the lady fell in a swoon.

In it came her brother dear;
  A sorry man was he:
"I wad gi'e a' the lands I ha'e,
  Bonnie Jean, to borrow thee.

"O borrow me, brother! borrow me!
  O borrowed sall I never be;
For I garr'd kill my ain gude lord,
  And life is nae pleasure to me."

In it came her mother dear;
  A sorry woman was she:
"I wad gi'e my white money and gowd,
  Bonnie Jean to borrow thee."

"Borrow me, mother! borrow me
  O borrowed sall I never be;
For I garr'd kill my ain gude lord,
  And life's nae pleasure to me."

Then in it came her father dear;
  A sorry man was he:
"Ochon, alas, my bonnie Jean!
  If I had you at hame wi' me!

"Seven daughters I ha'e left at hame,
  As fair as fair can be;
But I would gi'e them a', ane by ane,
  O Jean, to borrow thee."

"O borrow me, father! borrow me!
  Borrowed sall I never be;
I that is worthy o' the death
  It's richt that I suld dee.

"O Warristoun, I was your wife
  These nine years, running ten,
And I never lo'ed ye half sae weel
  As now when ye're lying slain!

"Cause tak' me out at night, at night;
  Let the sun not on me shine:
And on yon heiding hill strike aff
  This dowie heid of mine.

"But first tak' aff my gowd broonde;
  Let only my petticoat be;
And tie my mantle ower my head;
  For my death I daurna see."

Sae they've ta'en her to the heiding hill,
  At morn, afore the sun;
And wi' mournfu' sighs they've ta'en her life,
  For the death o' Waristoun.

The Weary Coble o' Cargill.

["THIS local ballad, which commemorates some real event, is given from the recitation of an old woman, residing in the neighbourhood of Cambus Michael, Perthshire. It possesses the

elements of good poetry, and, had it fallen into the hands of those who make no scruple of interpolating and corrupting the text of oral song, it might have been made, with little trouble, a very interesting and pathetic composition.

"Kercock and Balathy are two small villages on the banks of the Tay; the latter is nearly opposite Stobhall. According to tradition, the ill-fated hero of the ballad had a leman in each of these places, and it was on the occasion of his paying a visit to his Kercock love, that the jealous dame in Balathy Toun, from a revengeful feeling, scuttled the boat in which he was to re-cross the Tay to Stobhall."—*Motherwell.*]

David Drummond's destinie,
Gude man o' appearance o' Cargill;
I wat his blude rins in the flude,
Sae sair against his parents' will.

She was the lass o' Balathy toun,
And he the butler o' Stobhall;
And mony a time she wauked late,
To bore the coble o' Cargill.

His bed was made in Kercock ha',
Of gude clean sheets and of the hay;
He wudna rest as nicht therein,
But on the proud waters he wud gae.

His bed was made in Balathy toun,
Of the clean sheets and of the straw;
But I wat it was far better made,
Into the bottom o' bonnie Tay.

She bored the coble in seven pairts,
I wat her heart might ha'e been sae sair,
For there she got the bonnie lad lost,
Wi' the curly locks and the yellow hair.

He put his foot into the boat,
He little thocht o' ony ill:
But before that he was mid waters,
The weary coble began to fill.

"Woe be to the lass o' Balathy toun,
I wat an ill death may she dee;
For she bored the coble in seven pairts,
And let the waters perish me!

"O help! O help! I can get nane,
Nae help o' man can to me come!"
This was about his dying words,
When he was choaked up to the chin.

"Gae tell my father and my mother,
It was nae body did me this ill;
I was a-going my ain errands,
Lost at the coble o' bonnie Cargill."

She bored the boat in seven pairts,
I wat she bored it wi' gude will;
And there they got the bonnie lad's corpse,
In the kirk shot o' bonnie Cargill.

Oh a' the keys o' bonnie Stobha',
I wat they at his belt did hing;
But a' the keys of bonnie Stobha',
They now ly low into the stream.

A braver page into his age,
Ne'er set a foot upon the plain,
His father to his mother said,
"Oh sae sane as we've wanted him!

"I wat they had mair luve than this,
When they were young and at the scule;
But for his sake she wauked late,
And bored the coble o' bonnie Cargill.

"There's ne'er a clean sark gae on my back,
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;
There's neither coal nor candle licht,
Shall shine in my bower for ever mair.

"At kirk nor market I'se ne'er be at,
Nor yet a blythe blink in my e'e;
There's ne'er a ane shall say to anither,
That's the lassie garr'd the young man dee."

Between the yetts o' bonnie Stobha',
And the Kirkstyle o' bonnie Cargill;
There is mony a man and mother's son,
That was at my luve's burial.

Bonnie Susie Cleland.

[First published by Motherwell.]

There lived a lady in Scotland,
Hey my love and ho my joy;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
Who dearly loved me;
There lived a lady in Scotland,
And she's fa'n in love wi' an Englishman,
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in Dundee.

The father unto the daughter came,
  Hey my love, &c.
The father unto the daughter came,
  Who dearly, &c.
The father unto the daughter came,
  Saying, "Will you forsake that Englishman,"
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in
  Dundee!

"If you will not that Englishman forsake,
  Hey my love, &c.
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
  Who dearly, &c.
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
  O I will burn you at a stake,
And bonnie," &c.

"I will not that Englishman forsake,
  Hey my love, &c.
I will not that Englishman forsake,
  Who dearly, &c.
I will not that Englishman forsake,
  Though you should burn me at a stake,
And bonnie, &c.

"O where will I get a pretty little boy,
  Hey my love, &c.
O where will I get a pretty little boy,
  Who dearly, &c.
O where will I get a pretty little boy,
  Who will carry tidings to my joy,
And bonnie," &c.

"Here am I a pretty little boy,
  Hey my love, &c.
Here am I a pretty little boy,
  Who dearly loves thee;
Here am I a pretty little boy,
  Who will carry tidings to thy joy,
And bonnie," &c.

"Give to him this right hand glove,
  Hey my love, &c.
Give to him this right hand glove,
  Who dearly loved me;
Give to him this right hand glove,
  Tell him to get another love,
For bonnie, &c.

"Give to him this little pen-knife,
  Hey my love, &c.
Give to him this little pen-knife,
  Who dearly, &c.
Give to him this little pen-knife,
  Tell him to get another wife,
For bonnie, &c.

"Give to him this gay gold ring,
  Hey my love, &c.
Give to him this gay gold ring,
  Who dearly loves, &c.
Give to him this gay gold ring,
  Tell him I'm going to my burning,
And bonnie," &c.

Her father he ca'd up the stake,
  Hey my love, &c.
Her father he ca'd up the stake,
  Who dearly, &c.
Her father he ca'd up the stake,
  Her brother he the fire did make,
And bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Dundee.

Baby Lon, or the Bonnie Banks o' Fordie.

[From Motherwell's collection, where it is said to be popular in the southern parishes of Perthshire.]

Tamam were three ladies lived in a bower,
  Eh vow bonnie,
And they went out to pull a flower,
  On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane,
  Eh vow bonnie,
When up started to them a baniaht man,
  On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's ta'en the first sister by her hand,
  Eh vow bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
  On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
  Eh vow bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife,
  On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?"

"It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
  Eh vow bonnie,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife,
  On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

He's killed this may and he's laid her by,
Eh vow bonnie,
For to bear the red rose company,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's taken the second ane by the hand,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie?"

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

He's killed this may and he's laid her by,
Eh vow bonnie,
For to bear the red rose company,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Eh vow bonnie,
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"For I ha's a brother in this wood,
Eh vow bonnie,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

"What's thy brother's name, come tell to me?
Eh vow bonnie."
My brother's name is Baby Lon,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

"O sister, sister, what have I done,
Eh vow bonnie,
O have I done this ill to thee,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie!

"O since I've done this evil deed,
Eh vow bonnie,
Good sall never be seen o' me,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie."

He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's twyned himsel' o' his ain sweet life,
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

Prince Robert.

[From the Border Minstrelsy, where it is given from the recitation of a Lady.]

Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
He has wedded her with a ring;
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,
But he darna bring her hame.

"Your blessing, your blessing, my mother deare!
Your blessing now grant to me!"
"Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,
And you'll get nae blessing frae me."

She has called upon her waiting maid,
To fill a glass of wine;
She has called upon her false steward,
To put rank poison in.

She has put it to her roudes lip,*
And to her roudes chin;
She has put it to her false false mouth,
But the never a drap gaed in.

He has put it to his bonnie mouth,
And to his bonnie chin,
He's put it to his cherry lip,
And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

"O ye ha's poisoned your ae son, mother,
Your ae son and your heir;
O ye ha's poisoned your ae son, mother,
And sons you'll never ha's mair.

"O where will I get a little boy,
That will win hose and shoon,
To run sae fast to Darlinton,
And bid fair Eleanor come?"

---

* *Roudes*—haggard.

Then up and spake a little boy,
That wad win hose and shoon,—
"O I'll away to Darlinton,
And bid fair Eleanor come."

O he has run to Darlinton,
And tirled at the pin;
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sel'
To let the bonnie boy in?

"Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,
She's made it baith gude and fine;
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,
And ye maun eum till her and dine."

It's twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,
The langest that ever were gane;
But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was light,
And she eam' linkin' in.

But when she eam' to Sillertoun town,
And into Sillertoun ha',
The torches were burning, the ladies were mourning,
And they were weeping a'.

"O where is now my wedded lord,
And where now can he be?
O where is now my wedded lord?
For him I canna see."

"Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
"And just gane to be laid in the clay;
Your wedded lord is dead," she says,
"And just gane to be buried the day.

"Ye's get nane o' his gowd, ye's get nane o' his gear,
Ye's get nae thing frae me;
Ye's no get an inch o' his gude braid land,
Though your heart suld burst in three."

"I want nane o' his gowd, I want nane o' his gear,
I want nae land frae thee;
But I'll ha's the rings that's on his finger,
For them he did promise to me."

"Ye's no get the rings that's on his finger,
Ye's no get them frae me;
Ye's no get the rings that's on his finger,
An' your heart suld burst in three."

She's turned her back unto the wa',
And her face unto a rock;
And there, before the mother's face,
Her very heart it broke.

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tother in Mary's quair;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' the tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear.*

EARL ROBERT.

[From Motherwell's collection, where it is said to be given from the recitation of an old woman, a native of Renhill, in Dumbartonshire.]

It's fifty miles to Sittangen's rocks,
As ever was ridden or gane;
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,
But he darna bring her hame.
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife, &c

His mother she call'd to her waiting maid:
"O bring me a pint of wine,
For I dinna weel ken what hour of this day
That my son Earl Robert shall dine."

She's put it to her fause, fause cheek,
But an' her fause, fause chin;
She's put it to her fause, fause lips,
But never a drap went in.

But he's put it to his bonnie cheek,
Aye and his bonnie chin;
He's put it to his red rosy lips,
And the poison went merrily down.

"O where will I get a bonnie boy,
That will win hose and shoon—
That will gang quickly to Sittangen's rock,
And bid my lady come?"

---

* The last two verses are common to many ballads, and are probably derived from some old metrical romance, since we find the idea occur

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It's out then speaks a bonnie boy,
  To Earl Robert was something a kin;
"Many a time heve I run thy errand,
  But this day with the tears I'll rin."

O when he cam' to Sittongen's rocks,
  To the middle of a' the ha',
There were bells a ringing and music playing,
  And ladies dancing a'.

"What news, what news, my bonnie boy,
  What news have ye to me;
Is Earl Robert in very good health,
  And the ladies of your countrie?"

"O Earl Robert is in very good health,
  And as weel as a man can be;
But his mother this night has a drink to be drukan,
  And at it ye must be."

She called to her waiting maid,
  To bring her a riding weed;
And she called to her stable groom,
  To saddle her milkwhite steed.

But when she came to Earl Robert's bouir,
  To the middle of a' the ha',
There were bells a ringing and sheets down hinging,
  And the ladies murning a'.

"I've come for none of his gold," she said,
  "Nor none of his white monie;
Excepting a ring of his smallest finger,
  If that you will grant me?"

"Thou'll no get none of his gold," she said,
  "Nor none of his white monie;
Thou'll no get a ring of his smallest finger,
  Though thy heart should break in thrce."

She set her foot unto a stone,
  Her back unto a tree;
She set her foot unto a stone,
  And her heart it brak in three!

The one was buried in Mary's kirk,
  The other in Mary's quier;
Out of the one there grew a bush,
  From the other a bonnie brier.

And thir twa grew, and thir twa throw,
  Till this twa craps drew near;
So all the world may plainly see
  That they lov'd each other dear.

In the conclusion of the voluminous history of Sir Tristram.—*Scott.*

Saint Allin's Pilgrim.

[The following ballad, which is founded on a Highland tradition, and now given in a revised state, appeared first in the Newcastle Magazine for May, 1827. Its scene, Glenelchaig, in Kintail, Ross-shire, is, with the exception perhaps of Glencoe, the most rugged locality in the West Highlands. The author of the Ballad is Mr James Telfer, Teacher, parish of Castleton, Langholm.]

"Remain with us, thou gentle guest,
  Remain with us, till morning stay;
The daylight's dying in the west,
  And long and lonesome is the way

"My sons to wake the deer are gone
  In far Glen Affric's wild wood glade;
Flora and I are left alone,
  Give us thy company, dear maid.

"Think not that covert guile doth lie
  Disguised in garb of fair goodwill,
The name of hospitality
  Is sacred on the Highland hill.

"Wert thou the daughter of my foe,
  As thou'rt the Saxon stranger's child,
I would not, could not let thee go
  To be benighted in the wild.

"Flora, my darling, cheer prepare,
  And bid the maid our welcome prove,
Old Kenneth of the snowy hair,
  Is young to see his daughter's love."

"Entreat me not, thou good old man,"
  With falt'ring tongue the maid replied,
"I must pursue my wayward plan,—
  I may not, cannot here abide."

"Ah! maiden wayward sure thou art,
  And if thou must, thou must be gone,
Yet was it never Kenneth's part
  To send the helpless forth alone.

"All-blighting Time hath me subdued,
Mine eyes are glazed and dim of ken,
The way is ragged, waste and rude—
Glenelchaig* is a dreary glen.

"Yet Flora will her father aid,
So speaks that bright expressive eye—
Shall we desert the stranger maid,
When other aid none else is nigh!"

"O kind old man," the maiden spoke,
"All human aid I must forego,
My sacred vow must not be broke—
The vow the living must not know.

"Farewell!—entreat not, O! farewell."
So said, she sped away in haste;
Deep, deep the gloom of evening fell,
And heaven and earth were all a waste.

"Abate thy grief, thou white-hair'd man,
And lovely Flora cease to weep;
For Heaven the heart can truly scan,
And doth of love remembrance keep.

"For He who is our trust and might,
And who is with his own alway,
As nigh us is in shades of night,
As in the brightest beams of day.

"His presence shield the maiden's soul!"—
The gloom now dark and darker hung,
With wild continuous fearful howl,
Each glen, each cliff, each cavern rung.

Yet held she on—avaunt, dismay!—
O'er sparry ledge and rolling stone;
Rude, dark, and toilsome was the way,
And all untrod, yet held she on.

Yet held she on, by hill and stream,
Thro' tearing brakes and sinking swamps,
While savage eyes around her gleam,
Like half-extinguished cavern lamps.

She heard the Glomah,† ever dark,
Like waksning thunder deeply moan;
And louder heard the howl and bark,
With scream, and hiss, and shriek, and groan.

She came beneath that fatal rock
Where horror lower'd in tenfold wrath—
A hamlet here,‡—the mountain broke,
And life was overwhelmed in death.

She deem'd she heard the bursting crash,
The agonized and stifled shriek;
Her senses reel, her ear-drums dash,
Her eye-balls strain well nigh to break.

Yet sped she on, her heart beat high,
So loud it did itself alarm;
She crossed at length the Altondye,
Then lighter grew her thoughts of harm.

Still sped she on by rock and bush,
Her tender limbs much grievance found;
She heard the streams of Fahda rush,
And hollow tongues were whispering round.

Kilullin§ met her sight at length—
Corpse candles burnt with livid flame—
Now Heaven assist the maiden's strength,
'Tis much to bear for mortal frame.

As near'd she to the camp of death,
The lights danced in the yawning blast,
And sheeted spectres crossed her path,
All gibbering ghastly as they pass'd.

Yet high resolve could nothing harm,
Sped on the maiden free of scathe;
Night's clammy dews fall thick and warm,
The sulph'ry air was hot to breathe.

She reached at length Saint Ullin's Stone,
Composed in effort thereon sate;
Thou Power that yet hast led her on,
Enstrengthen her the end to wait!

---

* Glenelchaig, in Kintail, Ross-shire, is about 10 miles in length, and inconceivably rugged.

† The Glomah is a water-fall from the mountains on the southern side of Glenelchaig. It is supposed by late tourists to be the highest in Britain.

‡ There is a pass in Glenelchaig nearly blocked up with detached pieces of rock. Here, says tradition, was once a village, and the rock above giving way in the night buried it and all its inhabitants.

§ Kilullin, literally the burying place of Ullan.

She knelt her by the slumbering saint,
Viper and toad around her crawl;
Yet swerv'd she not—her soul grew faint,
In prayer her lips did move—'twas all.

A languor chilled the living stream,
She sank upon the mould of death;
Say did she sleep as those who dream,
Or sleep as those who slept beneath?

Her sleep was not that mortal night
In which the spirit leaves the clay;
'Twas wak'ning to a vision bright
Of light and everlasting day.

'Twas wak'ning in another sphere,
A fairer, purer, holier, higher;
Where all is eye, where all is ear,
Where all is gratified desire.

Burst on her sight that world of bliss,
Where woe and death may never come;
She heard the hymns of Paradise,
Where not a tuneful breeze is dumb.

She saw Life's river flowing wide
With Love and Mercy on the brim,
Compared unto its crystal tide
The splendour of our sun was dim.

And on that tide were floating isles,
With bowers of ever-verdant green,
Where sate beneath th' Eternal's smiles
Those who on earth had faithful been.

She heard the hallelujahs rise
From those who stood before the throne;
She turned aside her mortal eyes
From what they might not look upon.

Her lovely face she strove to hide,
It was, as angel's, mild and fair;
She felt a tear spontaneous glide,
She thought of one she saw not there.

A shining seraph to her came,
In melody his accents moved,—
"Fair virgin of the mortal frame,
Thy steadfast faith is well approved.

"'Twas seen thy soul devoid of stain—
'Twas seen thy earthly passion pure—
Thou deem'dst thy love in battle slain—
'Twas seen what virtue can endure.

"'Twas seen your souls asunder rent
Each to its better being lost;
In pity was a vision sent—
You both are proved, and faith shall boast.

"Cease not to love while life shall last,
And smooth your path shall love divine;
And when your mortal time is past,
This visioned blissful land is thine."—

He ceased,—the maiden raised her eye,
His radiant form she could not mark;
She heard the music fall and die—
The vision pass'd, confused and dark.

She felt her heart give fitful thrill—
She felt the life stream slowly play—
She thought she heard the lark sing shrill—
She thought she saw the breaking day.

She felt impressed a glowing kiss,
She heard the well-known accents move—
She started round—O powers of bliss!
'Tis Allan Samradh—he, her love!

Can fleeting visions sense enslave?
No, these are past, she doth not sleep;
'Tis he for whom she death could brave,—
For whom her eyes in heaven could weep

The sun above the mountains bright
Streamed liquid gold o'er land and sea;
Earth, ocean, sky did float in light,
And Nature raised her hymns of glee.

Our lovers saw not sea nor sun,
They heard not Nature's matin hymn;
Their souls were pour'd from one to one—
Each other's eyes, all else was dim.

The Battle of Luncarty.

[MODERN Ballad, by DAVID VEDDER.—"In the year 969, when the Danes had invaded Scotland, and prevailed in the battle of Luncarty, near Perth, the Scots were worsted and gave way; and in their flight through a narrow pass, were stopped by a countryman and his two sons, who encouraged them to rally and renew the fight; telling them that it was more honourable to die

in the field fighting for their king and country, than to fly and be afterwards killed by the merciless Danes; and upbraided those who would fly like cowards, when all was at stake. The more timorous stood still, and many of the stout men, who fled more by the desertion of their companions than want of courage, joined with the old man and his sons to stop the rest, till there was a good number together.

The countrymen, who were armed with only what their ploughs furnished, leading them on, and returning upon the Danes, made a furious onset, crying aloud, "Help is at hand!" The Danes, believing a fresh army was falling on them, the Scots thereby totally defeated them, and freed their own country from servitude.

The battle being over, the old man, afterwards known by the name of Hay, was brought to the king, who, assembling a parliament at Scone, gave to the said Hay and his sons, as a just reward for their valour, so much land on the river Tay, in the district of Gowrie, as a falcon from a man's hand flew over till it settled; which, being six miles in length, was afterwards called Errol. And the king being willing to promote the said Hay and his sons from the rank of plebeians to the order of nobility, he assigned them a coat-of-arms, which was—argent, three escutcheons, gules—to intimate that the father and two sons had been the three fortunate shields of Scotland." *Scottish Peerage, Art. Hay.*]

The beacon lights are blazing bright,
  The slogan's on the blast;
The clansmen muster rapidly,
  The fiery cross flies fast;

Chiefs hurry from their towers of strength,
  And vassals from their shiels;
For Albyn's strand's polluted by
  An hundred hostile heels.

Oh! vermil cheeks shall pallid grow,
  And sunny eyes shall weep;
But not from fear nor sorrow, but
  From indignation deep;

To see these Scandinavian wolves,
  A wild unhallowed band,
Like demons of destruction come
  To waste our father-land.

The robber hordes are all debarked—
  Their raven-banners wave—
Their swords are out—and fair Strathmore
  Is one promiscuous grave;

The Esk, the Brothock, Lunan, Tay,
  Run ruddy to the sea;
While altar, temple, tower, and town,
  Are levelled with the lea!

The hut, the cottage, and the grange,
  Are blazing up to heaven;
Decrepit old, and babes alike,
  Are to this carnage given;

And beauteous maids and matrons fair
  Leap from the dizzy steep
And perish—pure as snow from heaven
  Upon the ocean deep.

The spoilers move exultingly,
  O'er Gowrie's fertile fields,
Their deadly spears a forest seemed,
  A solid wall their shields;

Like locusts in their mortal flight
  Upon the orient wind,
A paradise before them lay,
  A blighted waste behind.

Bathed in the setting light of heaven,
  Imperial Bertha * shone,
Like some empurpled orient queen
  Upon her emerald throne.

The waving woods, her gorgeous train,
  Seemed paying homage meet;
And Tay, emitting silver sounds,
  Lay crouching at her feet.

"Now, by the sacred mead that flows
  In Odin's palace high—
And by the blessed light that beams
  From Thor's immortal eye,

"If there's a recreant in my host,"
  The giant Swano cries,
"His craven corse shall flesh my hounds—
  His odious memory dies.

"See, mountain, meadow, strath, and stream—
  Behold the glorious prize,
The bright Valhalla of my dreams
  When sleep had sealed mine eyes;

* The classical name of Perth.

There lies the land of my desire—
The home of all my love;
And *there* the Danish diadem
Shall shine all crowns above."

Ten thousand voices burst at once
In one loud chorus swell;
Whilst echo from her mountain caves,
Prolonged the savage yell;

Ten thousand brands on brazen shields
In dire collision clashed—
Ten thousand darts were hurled in air,
Or in the sod were dashed.

But hark! a shout has answered theirs,
Like mountain torrents loud—
A marshalled host comes moving on
Dense as a thunder cloud—

And like that cloud, surcharged with death,
And rolling rapidly:—
That thunder-cloud is Scotland's King,
And Scotland's chivalry.

In fiery haste the Scots advance,
And with the invaders close—
Like tigers of their cubs bereaved,
They spring upon their foes.

And thousands fall no more to rise,
Gashed o'er with many a wound;
And shrieks, and shouts, and groans are blent,
And life-blood stains the ground.

The Scottish monarch marked his track
Along the gory plain;
His beacons in that sea of blood
Were pyramids of slain.

He spurred his foaming charger on
Along the embattled line,
And with his ponderous battle-axe
Clove Sweno to the chine.

Now clan with clan, and son with sire,
And chief with chieftain vied,
To pierce the Danish phalanx through,
And turn the battle's tide.

For vassal, knight, and thane, alike
Their blood ran hot and high;
Death glared from every falchion's edge,
And vengeance from each eye.

What boots it now how well they fought,
For ah! they fought in vain;
Their squadrons reel—their ranks are broke—
They fly before the Dane.

The banner of the silver cross
Lies trampled in the clay,
And for the glorious battle-cry,
'Tis, "Save himself who may."

See how they flee o'er moor and dale,
Like fugitives forlorn;
Where is thine honour, Scotland, now?
'Tis like thy banners—torn.

Yes, there *is* honour—there *is* hope—
For by this blessed light,
Three gallant men have left their teams,
And check'd the shameful flight.

And now they rally, form, and charge,
And gory gaps they hewed;
With tenfold fury in their souls,
The battle was renewed.

'Twas hand to hand, and brand to brand,
And dirk and dagger met—
And flane and flane alternately
In red heart-blood were wet.

On, on, ye glorious peasants three,
The bloody die is cast;
The Danes are routed—See; they fly
Like snow-flakes on the blast.

On, on, ye peasant heroes, on,
And win your deathless meed—
The gory die at length is cast,
And Scotland's soil is freed.

There's mirth and kingly revelry
In Scone's imperial hall;
And squire and knight, and lord and thane,
Grace that high festival;

And royalty, in robes of state,
And beauty's bright display;
But every eye in homage turned
Upon the patriots Hay.

There's mimic warfare on the lawn,
Beneath the royal eye;
There's lances shivered—knights unhorsed—
The flower of chivalry;

And high-born dames, lit up with smiles
Bright as the milky way—
But O! their smiles beamed brightest on
The stalwart peasants Hay.

Then royal Kenneth left his throne,
And laid his crown aside—
"Are you the glorious peasants three
That turned the battle's tide?

"Your patent of nobility
Heaven gave you at your birth,
Alas! a King can only add
The splendours of the earth.

"Such as we have we give. Be lords
Of Errol's fertile fields;
And be your scutcheon blazoned with
Three blood-stained Scottish shields;

"And may your fame, your glory, last
For ever and for aye,
For Scotland, to the end of time,
Shall bless the name of Hay."

Sir Gilbert Hamilton.

[Mosheen Ballad.—Robert White.—Here first printed.]

It fell upon a summer day, beyond the noontide hour,
Amidst all England's chivalry, in Windsor's royal tower,
That stern and high debate arose, for thus the question ran:—
Throughout the bounds of Christendom, who was the bravest man?

Remarked Sir Gilbert Hamilton, a young and dauntless knight,
"I place King Robert Bruce before each other martial wight:
He hath been England's deadliest foe, as Bannockburn can tell;
But in battle shock or listed field, no arm can his excel."—

De Spenser spoke:—"It ill becomes a knight in England born
To throw upon her chivalry such rude contempt and scorn;
But if Sir Gilbert Hamilton be not in jesting mood,
Perhaps, within his veins may run some trace of Scottish blood."—

"My mother was most virtuous, and that my lance shall prove
Upon your helm when next we meet; meantime, there lies my glove."—
And as he spoke his gauntlet rang in centre of the hall:
De Spenser took the hostile pledge before the warriors all.

Oh! eyes were strained, and hearts aroused upon the battle day,
When both the champions mounted came in proud and stern array
Short was the struggle, courses three in dreadful ire were run;
De Spenser grovelled on the dust, his foe the honours won.

But few around the victor came his fair renown to grace;
The man who fell beneath his lance was of a potent race:
And threatening looks and sullen brows he met with every where;
He must away—he must be gone, if he his life would spare.

All armed in mail of burnished steel full gaily rode he forth;
The broad and open way he kept that led him to the north:
Six suns upon his left had set—the seventh was shining bright,
When Scotland's lovely hills and dales lay stretched before his sight.

Through sounding rill and copsewood wild, on, on he held his way,
Until the banks and sweeping stream of Clyde before him lay:
Anon, the hunter's horn and bay of hounds came on his ear,
And from a grove of dark green pines leaped forth a panting deer.

Swift on its track in open view, advanced the mingling foe,
And soon amid the moss and fern they lay its antlers low:
Bold was the foremost horseman's look, majestic was his air,
Most firmly knit his frame and limbs, and sable dark his hair.

He gazed upon the stranger, "Sir knight, why comest thou here,
In coat of mail, with battle sword, to chase the flying deer?"—
"From England's treacherous courtiers I come, my life to save,
And refuge seek from Bruce your king, the bravest of the brave.

"My name is Gilbert Hamilton;—it chanced in Windsor Hall,
That lofty words and strife arose amongst our barons all,
And this the subject:—through each land where Christian banners wave,
Who was in battle's stern turmoil most chivalrous and brave?

"Unfearing to disclose the truth, I testimony bore
To Bruce's fame, and gave him place all other knights before;
De Spenser mocked me bitterly; but down my gage I threw:
We met within the battle lists,—the parasite I slew."—

"Enough, enough, Sir Gilbert; we give thee welcome here;
Look round thee, and where'er thine eye traverses far or near,
These acres broad shall be thine own, whilst thou that sword shalt bring
To aid fair Scotland's cause and mine, for I am Bruce, the king!"

BORDER BALLADS.

Introduction.

[Reprinted from the fifth Edition of Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.]

From the remote period, when the Roman province was contracted by the ramparts of Severus, until the union of the kingdoms, the borders of Scotland formed the stage, upon which were presented the most memorable conflicts of two gallant nations. The inhabitants, at the commencement of this æra, formed the first wave of the torrent, which assaulted, and finally overwhelmed, the barriers of the Roman power in Britain. The subsequent events, in which they were engaged, tended little to diminish their military hardihood, or to reconcile them to a more civilised state of society. We have no occasion to trace the state of the borders during the long and obscure period of Scottish history, which preceded the accession of the Stuart family. To illustrate a few ballads, the earliest of which is hardly coeval with James V., such an inquiry would be equally difficult and vain. If we may trust the Welch bards, in their account of the wars betwixt the Saxons and Danes of Deira and the Cumraig, imagination can hardly from any idea of conflicts more desperate, than were maintained, on the borders, between the ancient British and their Teutonic invaders. Thus, the Gododin describes the waste and devastation of mutual havoc, in colours so glowing, as strongly to recall the words of Tacitus; "*Et ubi solitudinem fecerunt, pacem appellant.*"†

A. D. 570.

At a later period, the Saxon families, who fled from the exterminating sword of the Conqueror, with many of the Normans themselves, whom discontent and intestine feuds had driven into exile, began to rise into eminence upon the Scottish borders. They brought with them arts, both of peace and of war, unknown in Scotland; and, among their descendants, we soon number the most powerful border chiefs. Such, during the reign of the last Alexander, were Patrick, earl of March, and Lord Soulis, renowned in tradition; and such were also the powerful Comyns, who early acquired the principal sway upon the Scottish marches. In the civil wars betwixt Bruce and Baliol, all those powerful chieftains espoused the unsuccessful party. They were forfeited and exiled; and upon their ruins was founded the formidable house of Douglas. The borders, from sea to sea, were now at the devotion of a succession of mighty chiefs, whose exorbitant power threatened to place a new

A. D. 1439.

A. D. 1200.

† In the spirited translation of this poem, by Jones, the following verses are highly descriptive of the exhausted state of the victor army:—

At Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,
With rapid s'angour hurried far:
Each echoing dell the note resounds—
But when returns the sons of war!
Thou, born of stern necessity,
Dull peace! the desert yields to thee,
And owns thy melancholy sway.

dynasty upon the Scottish throne. It is not my intention to trace the dazzling career of this race of heroes, whose exploits were alike formidable to the English and to their sovereign.

The sun of Douglas set in blood. The murders of the sixth earl, and his brother, in the castle of Edinburgh, were followed by that of their successor, poignarded at Stirling by the hand of his prince. His brother, Earl James, appears neither to have possessed the abilities nor the ambition of his ancestors. He drew, indeed, against his prince, the formidable sword of Douglas, but with a timid and hesitating hand. Procrastination ruined his cause; and he was deserted, at Abercorn, by the knight of Cadyow, chief of the Hamiltons, and by his most active adherents, after they had ineffectually exhorted him to commit his fate to the issue of a battle. The border chiefs, who longed for independence, showed little inclination to follow the declining fortunes of Douglas. On the contrary, the most powerful clans engaged and defeated him, at Arkinholme, in Annandale, when, after a short residence in England, he again endeavoured to gain a footing in his native country.† The spoils of Douglas were liberally distributed among his conquerors, and royal grants of his forfeited domains effectually interested them in excluding his return. An attempt on the east borders by "*the Percy and the Douglas, both together*," was equally unsuccessful. The earl, grown old in exile, longed once more to see his native country, and vowed, that, upon Saint Magdalen's day, he would deposit his offering on the high altar at Lochmaben.—Accompanied by the banished earl of Albany, with his usual ill fortune, he entered Scotland.—The borderers assembled to oppose him, and he suffered a final defeat at

A. D. 1453.

A. D. 1455.

A. D. 1457.

A. D. 1483.

† At the battle of Arkinholme, the Earl of Angus, a near kinsman of Douglas, commanded the royal forces; and the difference of their complexion occasioned the saying, "that the *Black Douglas* had put down the *Red*." The Maxwells, the Johnstones, and the Scotts, composed his army. Archibald, Earl of Murray, brother to Douglas, was slain in the action; and Hugh, Earl of Ormond, his second brother, was taken and executed. His captors, Lord Carlisle, and the Baron of Johnstone, were rewarded with a grant of the lands of Pittinane, upon Clyde.—*Godscroft*, vol. i. p. 375.—*Balfour's MS. in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh.*—*Abercrombie's Achievements*, vol. ii. p. 361. *folio Ed.*—The other chiefs were also distinguished by royal favour. By a charter, upon record, dated 26th February, 1513, the king grants to Walter Scott of Kirkurd, ancestor of the house of Buccleuch, the lands of Abingtown, Pharcholm, and Glentonan craig, in Lanarkshire, "*Pro suo fideli servitio nobis impenso et pro quod interfuit in conflictu de Arkinholme in ecclesiam et captivam nostrorum rebellium quondam Archibaldi et Hugonis de Douglas olim comitum Moravia et de Ormond et aliorum rebellium nostrorum in eorum comitivis existen: ibidem captorum et interfectorum.*" Similar grants of land were made to Finnart and Arran, the two branches of the house of Hamilton; to the chiefs of the Battisons; but above all, to the Earl of Angus, who obtained from royal favour a donation of the Lordship of Douglas, and many other lands, now held by Lord Douglas, as his representative. There appears, however, to be some doubt, whether, in this division, the Earl of Angus received more than his natural right. Our historians, indeed, say, that William I. Earl of Douglas, had three sons; 1. James, the 2d. Earl, who died in the field of Otterburn; 2. Archibald the Grim, 3d. Earl; and 3. George, in right of his mother, Earl of Angus. Whether, however, this Archibald was actually the son of William seems very doubtful; and Sir David Dalrymple has strenuously maintained the contrary. Now, if Archibald the Grim intruded into the earldom of Douglas, without being a son of that family, it follows that the house of Angus, being kept out of their just rights for more than a century, were only restored to them after the battle of Arkinholme. Perhaps this may help to account for the eager interest taken by the Earl of Angus against his kinsman.—*Remarks on History of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1773, p. 151.

Burnswark, in Dumfriesshire. The aged earl was taken in the fight, by a son of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, one of his own vassals. A grant of lands had been offered for his person: "Carry me to the king!" said Douglas to Kirkpatrick: "thou art well entitled to profit by my misfortune; for thou wast true to me while I was true to myself." The young man wept bitterly, and offered to fly with the earl into England. But Douglas, weary of exile, refused his proffered liberty, and only requested, that Kirkpatrick would not deliver him to the king, till he had secured his own reward.† Kirkpatrick did more: he stipulated for the personal safety of his old master. His generous intercession prevailed; and the last of the Douglasses was permitted to die, in monastic seclusion, in the abbey of Lindores.

After the fall of the house of Douglas, no one chieftain appears to have enjoyed the same extensive supremacy over the Scottish borders. The various barons, who had partaken of the spoil, combined in resisting a succession of uncontrolled domination. The earl of Angus alone seems to have taken rapid steps in the same course of ambition, which had been pursued by his kinsmen and rivals, the earls of Douglas. Archibald, sixth earl of Angus, called *Bell-the-Cat*, was, at once, warden of the east and middle marches, Lord of Liddisdale, and Jedwood forest, and possessed of the strong castles of Douglas, Hermitage, and Tantallon. Highly esteemed by the ancient nobility, a faction which he headed shook the throne of the feeble James III., whose person they restrained, and whose minions they led to an ignominious death. The king failed not to show his sense of these insults, though unable effectually to avenge them. This hastened his fate: and the field of Bannockburn, once the scene of a more glorious conflict, beheld the combined chieftains of the border counties arrayed against their sovereign, under the banners of his own son. The king was supported by almost all the barons of the north; but the tumultuous ranks of the Highlanders were ill able to endure the steady and rapid charge of the men of Annandale and Liddisdale, who bear spears two ells longer than were used by the rest of their countrymen. The yells with which they accompanied their onset, caused the heart of James to quail within him. He deserted his host, and fled towards Stirling; but, falling from his horse, he was murdered by the pursuers. A. D. 1488.

James IV., a monarch of a vigorous and energetic character, was well aware of the danger which his ancestors had experienced, from the preponderance of one overgrown family. He is supposed to have smiled internally, when the border and highland champions bled and died in the savage sports of chivalry, by which his nuptials were solemnised. Upon the waxing power of Angus he kept a wary eye; and, embracing the occasion of a casual slaughter, he compelled that earl and his son to exchange the lordship of Liddisdale, and the castle of Hermitage, for the castle and lordship of Bothwell. ‡ By this policy,

† A grant of the king, dated 3d. October, 1484, bestowed upon Kirkpatrick, for this acceptable service, the lands of Kirkmichael.

‡ Spens of Kilspindie, a renowned cavalier, had been present in court, when the Earl of Angus was highly praised for strength and valour. "It may be," answered Spens, "if all be good that is upcome," insinuating, that the courage of the earl might not answer the promise of his person. Shortly after, Angus, while hawking near Borthwick, with a single attendant, met Kilspindie. "What reason had ye," said the earl, "for making question of my manhood? thou art a tall fellow, and so am I; and by St. Bride of Douglas, one of us shall pay for it!"—"Since it may be no bett r," answered Kilspindie, "I will defend myself against the best earl in Scotland" With these words they encountered fiercely, till Angus, with one blow, severed the thigh of his antagonist, who died upon the spot. The earl then addressed the attendant of Kilspindie: "Go thy way: tell my gossip, the king, that here was nothing but fair play. I know my gossip will be offended;

he prevented the house of Angus, mighty as it was, from rising to the height, whence the elder branch of their family had been hurled.

Nor did James fail in affording his subjects on the marches marks of his royal justice and protection. The clan of Turnbull having been guilty of unbounded excesses, the king came suddenly to Jedburgh, by a night march, and executed the most rigid justice upon the astonished offenders. Their submission was made with singular solemnity. Two hundred of the tribe met the king, at the water of Eale, holding in their hands the naked swords, with which they had perpetrated their crimes, and having each around his neck the halter which he had well merited. A few were capitally punished, many imprisoned, and the rest dismissed, after they had given hostages for their future peaceable demeanour.—*Holinshed's Chronicle, Leslie.*

A. D. 1510.

The hopes of Scotland, excited by the prudent and spirited conduct of James, were doomed to a sudden and fatal reverse. Why should we recapitulate the painful tale of the defeat and death of a high-spirited prince? Prudence, policy, the prodigies of superstition, and the advice of his most experienced counsellors, were alike unable to subdue in James the blazing zeal of romantic chivalry. The monarch, and the flower of his nobles, precipitately rushed to the fatal field of Flodden, whence they were never to return.

A. D. 1513.

The minority of James V. presents a melancholy scene. Scotland, through all its extent, felt the truth of the adage, "that the country is hapless, whose prince is a child." But the border counties, exposed from their situation to the incursions of the English, deprived of many of their most gallant chiefs, and harassed by the intestine struggles of the survivors, were reduced to a wilderness, inhabited only by the beasts of the field, and by a few more brutal warriors. Lord Home, the chamberlain and favourite of James IV., leagued with the Earl of Angus, who married the widow of his sovereign, held, for a time, the chief sway upon the east border. Albany, the regent of the kingdom, bred in the French court, and more accustomed to wield the pen than the sword, feebly endeavoured to control a lawless nobility, to whom his manners appeared strange, and his person despicable. It was in vain that he inveigled the Lord Home to Edinburgh, where he was tried and executed. This example of justice, or severity, only irritated the kinsmen and followers of the deceased baron: for though, in other respects, not more sanguinary than the rest of a barbarous nation, the borderers never dismissed from their memory a deadly feud, till blood for blood had been exacted to the uttermost drachm.† Of this, the fate of Anthony d'Arcy, Seigneur de la Bastie, affords a melancholy example. This gallant French cavalier was appointed warden of the east marches by Albany, at his first disgraceful retreat to France. Though De la Bastie was an able statesman, and a true son of chivalry, the choice of the regent was nevertheless unhappy. The new warden was a foreigner, placed in the office

A. D. 1516.

but I will get me into Liddisdale, and remain in my castle of the Hermitage till his anger be abated."—*Godscroft*, vol. ii. p. 59. The price of the earl's pardon seems to have been the exchange mentioned in the text. Bothwell is now the residence of Lord Douglas. The sword with which Archibald, *Bell-the-cat*, slew Spens, was, by his descendant, the famous Earl of Morton, presented to Lord Lindsay of the Byres, when about to engage in single combat with Bothwell, at Carberry-hill.—*Godscroft*, vol. ii. p. 175.

† The statute 1594, cap. 231, ascribes the disorders on the border in a great measure to the "counselles, directions, receipt, and partaking, of chieftains principalles of the branches, and housebalders of the saides surnames, and clannes, quhilkis bears quarrrel, and seeks revenge for the least hurting or slaughter of ony ane of their unhappy race, although it were ordour of justice, or in rescuing and following of trew mens geares stollen or reft."

A. D. 1517. of Lord Home, as the delegate of the very man who had brought that baron to the scaffold. A stratagem, contrived by Home of Wedderburn, who burned to avenge the death of his chief, drew De la Bastie towards Langton in the Merse. Here he found himself surrounded by his enemies. In attempting, by the speed of his horse, to gain the castle of Dunbar, the warden plunged into a morass, where he was overtaken, and cruelly butchered. Wedderburn himself cut off his head; and, in savage triumph, knitted it to his saddle-bow by the long flowing hair, which had been admired by the dames of France.—*Pitscottie, Edit.* 1728, p. 120. *Pinkerton's History of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 169.†

The earl of Arran, head of the house of Hamilton, was appointed to succeed De la Bastie in his perilous office. But the Douglasses, the Homes, and the Kerrs, proved too strong for him upon the border. He was routed by these clans, at Kelso, and afterwards in a sharp skirmish, fought betwixt his faction and that of Angus, in the high-street of the metropolis.‡

A. D. 1520.

The return of the regent was followed by the banishment of Angus, and by a desultory warfare with England, carried on with mutual incursions. Two gallant armies, levied by Albany, were dismissed without any exploit worthy notice, while Surrey, at the head of ten thousand cavalry, burned Jedburgh, and laid waste all Tiviotdale. This general pays a splendid tribute to the gallantry of the border chiefs. He terms them, "the boldest men, and the hottest, that ever I saw any nation."§

A. D. 1523.

† This tragedy, or, perhaps, the preceding execution of Lord Home, must have been the subject of a song, the first two lines of which are preserved in the *Cowplayat of Scotland*;

> God sen' the Due hed byddin in France,
> And de la Bate hed never come hame.
> P. 100. Edin. 1801.

‡ The particulars of this encounter are interesting. The Hamiltons were the most numerous party, drawn chiefly from the western counties. Their leaders met in the palace of Archbishop Beaton, and resolved to apprehend Angus, who was come to the city to attend the convention of estates. Gawin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, a near relation of Angus, in vain endeavoured to mediate betwixt the factions. He appealed to Beaton, and invoked his assistance to prevent bloodshed. "On my conscience," answered the archbishop, "I cannot help what is to happen." As he laid his hand upon his breast, at this solemn declaration, the haubark, concealed by his rochet, was heard to clatter: "Ah! my lord!" retorted Douglas, "your conscience sounds hollow." He then expostulated with the secular leaders, and Sir Patrick Hamilton, brother to Arran, was convinced by his remonstrances; but Sir James, the natural son of the earl, upbraided his uncle with reluctance to fight. "False bastard!" answered Sir Patrick, "I will fight to-day where thou darest not be seen." With these words they rushed tumultuously towards the high-street, where Angus, with the prior of Coldinghame, and the redoubted Wedderburn, waited their assault, at the head of four-hundred spearmen, the flower of the east marches, who, having broke down the gate of the Netherbow, had arrived just in time to the earl's assistance. The advantage of the ground, and the disorder of the Hamiltons, soon gave the day to Angus. Sir Patrick Hamilton, and the master of Montgomery, were slain. Arran, and Sir James Hamilton, escaped with difficulty; and with no less difficulty was the military prelate of Glasgow rescued from the ferocious borderers, by the generous interposition of Gawin Douglas. The skirmish was long remembered in Edinburgh, by the name of "Cleanse the Causeway."—*Pinkerton's History*, vol. ii. p. 181.—*Pitscottie, Edit.* 1728, p. 120.—*Life of Gawin Douglas, prefixed to his Virgil.*

§ LETTER FROM THE EARL OF SURREY, TO HENRY VIII. GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE STORM OF JEDBURGH. *Cott. MSS.* Calig. B. III. fol. 29.

"PLEASITH it your grace to be advertised, that upon Fridaye, at x a clok at nyght, I retourned to this towne and all the garnysons to their places assigned, the bushopricke men, my lorde of Westmoreland, and my lorde Dacre, in like-

Disgraced and detested, Albany bade adieu to Scotland for ever. The queen-mother and the earl of Arran for some time swayed the kingdom. But their power was despised on the bor-

wise, every man home with their companys, without loss of any men, thanked be God; saving viii or x slayne, and dyvers hurt, at skyrmyshis and saults of the towne of Gedwurth, and the forterelsis; which towne is soo suerly brent, that no garnysons ner none other shal bee lodged there, unto the tyme it bee newe buylded; the brennyng whereof I comytted to twoo sure men, Sir William Bulmer, and Thomas Tempeste. The towne was much bettir then I went (i. e. ween'd) it had been, for there was twoo tymys moo houses therein then in Berwicke, and well buylded, with many honest and fair houses therein, sufficiente to have lodged M horsemen in garnyson, and six good towres therein; which towne and towres be clenely destroyed, brent, and throwen downe. Undoubtedly there was noo journey made into Scotland, in noo manys day leving, with soo fewe a nombre, that is recownted to be soo high an enterprice as this bothe with theis contremen, and Scottishmen, nor of truthe soo much harte doon. But in th' ende a great mysfortune ded fal, onely by foly, that such ordere, as was commanded by me to be kepte, was not observed, the manner whereof hereaftir shall ensue. Bifore mys entre into Scotland, I appointed sir William Bulmer and sir William Evers to be marshallis of th' army; sir William Bulmer for the vanguard, and sir William Evers for the reregard. In the vanguard I appointed my lorde of Westmoreland, as chief, with all the bushopricke, sir William Bulmer, sir William Evers, my lorde Dacre, with all his company; and with me remayned all the rest of the garnysons, and the Northumberland men. I was of counsaill with the marshallis at th' ordering of our lodgingg, and our campe was soo well envirowned with ordynance, carts, and dikes, that hard it was to entre or issue but at certain places appointed for that purpos, and assigned the mooste commodious place of the said campe for my lord Dacre company, next the water, and next my lord of Westmoreland. And at suche tyme as my lord Dacre came into the falde, I being at the sault of th' abby, which contynued unto twoo houres within nyght, my said lord Dacre wolde in nowise bee contente to ly within the campe, whiche was made right sure, but lodged himself without, wherewith, at my returne, I was not contente, but then it was too late to remove; the next day I sente my said lorde Dacre to a strong hold, called Fernherst, the lord whereof was his mortal enemy; and with hym, sir Arthur Darcy, sir Marmaduke Constable, with viii c of their men, one cortoute, and dyvers other good peces of ordynance for the feld (the said Fernherste stode marvelous strongly, within a grete woode); the said twoo knights with the most part of their men, and Strickland, your grace servaunte, with my Kendall men, went into the woode on fote, with th' ordynance, where the said Kendall men were so handled, that they found hardy men, that went noo foote back for theym; the other two knightes were also soo sharply assayied, that they were enforced to call for moo of their men; and yet could not bring the ordynance to the fortress, unto the tyme my lord Dacre, with part of his horsemen, lighted on fote; and marvelously hardly handled himself, and fynally, with long skirmyshing, and moche difficultie, gat forthe th' ordynance within the howse and threwe down the same. At which skyrmyshe, my said lord Dacre, and his brother, sir Cristofer, sir Arthure, and sir Marmaduke, and many other gentilmen, did marvellously hardly; and found the best resistance that hath been seen with my comying to their parties, and above xxxii Scottis sleyne, and not passing iiij Englishmen, but above ix hurt. Aftir that, my said lord retournyng to the camp, wold in no wise bee lodged in the same, but where he lay the furst nyght. And he being with me at souper, about viij a clok, the horses of his company brak lowse, and sodenly ran out of his feld, in such nombre, that it caused a marvellouse alarome in our feld; and our standing watche being set, the horses cam rennyng along the campe, at whom were shot above one hundred shief of arrowes, and dyvers gonnys, thinking they had been Scots, that wold have saulted the campe; fynally, the horses were so madde, that they ran like wild dere into the feld; above xv c at the least, in dyvere companys, and, in one place, above l felle downe a grete rok, and slewe theymself, and above ij c ran into the towne being on fire, and by the women taken, and carried awaye right evill brent, and many were taken agayne. But, finally, by that I cam estreme by the nombre of theym that I saw goo on foote the next days, I think there is lost above viij c horses, and all with foly for lak of

ders, where Angus, though banished, had many friends. Scott of Buccleuch even appropriated to himself domains belonging to the queen, worth 400 merks yearly; being probably the castle of Newark, and her jointure lands in Ettrick forest.†—This chief, with Kerr of Cessford, was committed to ward, from which they escaped, to join the party of the exiled Angus. Leagued with these and other border chiefs, Angus effected his return to Scotland, where he shortly after acquired possession of the supreme power, and of the person of the youthful king. "The ancient power of the Douglasses," says the accurate historian, whom I have so often referred to, "seemed to have revived; and, after a slumber of near a century, again to threaten destruction to the Scottish monarchy."—*Pinkerton*, vol. ii. p. 277.

A. D. 1525.

In fact, the time now returned, when no one durst strive with a Douglas, or with his follower. For, although Angus used the outward pageant of conducting the king around the country, for punishing thieves and traitors, "yet," says Pitscottie, "none were found greater than were in his own company." The high spirit of the young king was galled by the ignominious restraint under which he found himself; and, in a progress to the border, for repressing the Armstrongs, he probably gave such signs of dissatisfaction, as excited the laird of Buccleuch to attempt his rescue.

This powerful baron was the chief of a hardy clan, inhabiting Ettrick forest, Eskdale, Ewesdale, the higher part of Tivietdale, and a portion of Liddesdale. In this warlike district he easily levied a thousand horse, comprehending a large body of Elliots, Armstrongs, and other broken clans, over whom the laird of Buccleuch exercised an extensive authority; being termed, by Lord Dacre, "chief maintainer of all misguided men on the borders of Scotland."—*Letter to Wolsey*, July 18, 1528. The earl of Angus, with his reluctant ward, had slept at Melrose; and the clans of Home and Kerr, under the Lord Home, and the barons of Cessford and Fairnihirst, had taken their leave of the king, when, in the grey of the morning, Buccleuch and his band of cavalry were discovered, hanging, like a thunder-cloud, upon the neighbouring hill of Haliden.‡ A herald was sent to demand his pur-

A. D. 1526.

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not lying within the camp. I dare not write the wondres that my lord Dacre, and all his company, doo saye they sawe that nyght, vj tyms of spirits end fereful sights. And unyversally all their company saye playnly, the devil was that nyght among theym vi tymys; which mysfortune hath blemyshed the best journey that was made in Scotland many yeres. I assure your grace I found the Scottes, at this tyme, the boldest men, and the hotest, that ever I sawe any nation, and all the journey, upon all parts of th' armye, kepte us with soo contynuall skyrmyshe, that I never saw the like. If they might assemble xl M as good men as I nowe sawe, xv c or ij M, it would bee a hard encountre to mete theym. Pitie it is of my lord Dacres losse of the horses of his company: he brought with hym above iiij M. men, and came and lodged one night in Scotland, in his moost mortal enemy's contre. There is noo herdyer, ner bettir knyght, but often tyme he doth not use the most sure order, which he hath nowe payd derely for. Written at Berwike the xxvij of September.

Your most bownden,
T. SURREY.

† In a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, October 1524, Queen Margaret says, "Sen that the Lard of Bassford and the Lard of Baclw vas put in the castell of Edinbrouh, the Erl of Lennoss hath past hys way vythout lyeyens, and in despyt; and thynkyth to make the brek that he may, and to solyst other lordis to tak hys part; for the said laird of Bavklw vas hys man, and dyd the gretyst ewelys that myght be dwn, and twk part playnly vyth thedlys as is well known."—*Cal. MS. Caig.* B. I.

‡ Near Darnick. By a corruption from Skirmish field, the spot is still called the Skinnersfield. Two lines of an old ballad on the subject are still preserved:—

"There were sick belts and blows,
The Mattous burn ran blood."

pose, and to charge him to retire. To the first point he answered, that he came to show his clan to the king, according to the custom of the borders; to the second, that he knew the king's mind better than Angus.—When this haughty answer was reported to the earl, "Sir," said he to the king, "yonder is Buccleuch, with the thieves of Annandale and Liddesdale, to bar your grace's passage. I vow to God they shall either fight or flee. Your grace shall tarry on this hillock with my brother George; and I will either clear your road of yonder banditti, or die in the attempt." The earl, with these words, alighted, and hastened to the charge; while the earl of Lennox (at whose instigation Buccleuch made the attempt,) remained with the king, an inactive spectator. Buccleuch and his followers likewise dismounted, and received the assailants with a dreadful shout, and a shower of lances. The encounter was fierce and obstinate; but the Homes and Kerrs, returning at the noise of battle, bore down and dispersed the left wing of Buccleuch's little army. The hired banditti fled on all sides; but the chief himself, surrounded by his clan, fought desperately in the retreat. The laird of Cessford, chief of the Roxburgh Kerrs, pursued the chase fiercely; till, at the bottom of a steep path, Elliot of Stobs, a follower of Buccleuch, turned, and slew him with a stroke of his lance. When Cessford fell, the pursuit ceased. But his death, with those of Buccleuch's friends, who fell in the action, to the number of eighty, occasioned a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which cost much blood upon the marches.†—See *Pitscottie*, *Leslie*, and *Godscroft*.

† Buccleuch contrived to escape forfeiture, a doom pronounced against those nobles, who assisted the earl of Lennox in a subsequent attempt to deliver the king, by force of arms. "The laird of Bukcleugh has a respecte, and is not forfeited; and will get his pece, and was in Lethquo, both Sondaye, Mondaye, and Tewisday last, which is grete displeasure to the Carres."—*Letter from Sir C. Dacre to Lord Dacre*, 2d *December*, 1526

Stratagem at length effected what force had been unable to accomplish; and the king, emancipated from the iron tutelage of Angus, made the first use of his authority, by banishing from the kingdom his late lieutenant, and the whole race of Douglas. This command was not enforced without difficulty; for the power of Angus was strongly rooted in the east border, where he possessed the castle of Tantallon, and the hearts of the Homes and Kerrs. The former, whose strength was proverbial,‡ defied a royal army; and the latter, at the Pass of Pease, baffled the earl of Argyle's attempts to enter the Merse, as lieutenant of his sovereign. On this occasion, the borderers regarded with wonder and contempt the barbarous array and rude equipage of their northern countrymen. Godscroft has preserved the beginning of a scoffing rhyme, made upon this occasion:— A. D. 1528.

The Earl of Argyle is bound to ride
From the border of Edgebucklin brae;§
And all his habergeons him beside,
Each man upon a sonk of straw.

They made their vow that they would slay—
* * * * *

Godscroft, v. ii. p. 104. Ed. 1743.

The pertinacious opposition of Angus to his doom irritated to the extreme the fiery temper of James, and he swore, in his wrath, that a Douglas should never serve him; an oath which he kept in circumstances, under which the spirit of chivalry, which he worshipped,‖ should have taught him other feelings.

‡ "To ding down Tantallon, and make a bridge to the Bass," was an adage expressive of impossibility. The shattered ruins of this celebrated fortress still overhang a tremendous rock on the coast of East Lothian.

§ Edgebucklin, near Musselburgh.

‖ I allude to the affecting story of Douglas of Kilspindie, uncle to the earl of Angus. This gentleman had been placed by Angus about the king's person, who, when a boy, loved him much

While these transactions, by which the fate of Scotland was influenced, were passing upon the eastern border, the Lord Maxwell seems to have exercised a most uncontrolled domination in Dumfries-shire. Even the power of the earl of Angus was exerted in vain against the banditti of Liddesdale, protected and bucklered by this mighty chief. Repeated complaints are made by the English residents, of the devastation occasioned by the depredations of the Elliots, Scots, and Armstrongs, connived at and encouraged by Maxwell, Buccleuch, and Fairnihirst. At a convention of border commissioners, it was agreed that the king of England, in case the excesses of the Liddesdale freebooters were not duly redressed, should be at liberty to issue letters of reprisal to his injured subjects, granting "power to invade the said inhabitants of Liddesdale, to their slaughters, burning, heirships, robbing, reiding, despoiling, and destruction, and so to continue the same at his grace's pleasure," till the attempts of the inhabitants were fully atoned for. This impolite expedient, by which the Scottish prince, unable to execute justice on his turbulent subjects, committed to a rival sovereign the Power of unlimited chastisement, was a principal cause of the savage state of the borders. For the inhabitants, finding that the sword of revenge was substituted for that of justice, were loosened from their attachment to Scotland, and boldly threatened to carry on their depredations, in spite of the efforts of both kingdoms.

James V., however, was not backward in using more honourable expedients to quell the banditti on the borders. The imprisonment of their chiefs, and a noted expedition, in which many of the principal thieves were executed (see introduction to the ballad, called *Johnie Armstrong*,) produced such good effects, that, according to an ancient picturesque history, "thereafter there was great peace and rest a long time, where through the king had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick forest, in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the king so good count of them, as they had gone in the bounds of Fife." *Pitscottie*, p. 153. A. D. 1529.

A breach with England interrupted the tranquillity of the borders. The earl of Northumberland, a formidable name to Scotland, ravaged the middle marches, and burned Branxholm, the abode of Buccleuch, the hereditary enemy of the English name. Buccleuch, with the barons of Cessford and Fairnihirst, retaliated by a raid into England, where they acquired much spoil. A. D. 1532. On the east march, Fowbery was destroyed by the Scots, and Dunglass castle by D'Arcy, and the banished Angus. A. D. 1533.

on account of his singular activity of body, and was wont to call him his *Graysteil*, after a champion of chivalry, in the romance of *Sir Eger and Sir Grime*. He shared, however, the fate of his chief, and, for many years, served in France. Weary at length of exile, the aged warrior, recollecting the king's personal attachment to him, resolved to throw himself on his clemency. As James returned from hunting in the park at Stirling, he saw a person at a distance, and, turning to his nobles, exclaimed, "Yonder is my *Graysteil*, Archibald of Kilspindie!" As he approached, Douglas threw himself on his knees, and implored permission to lead an obscure life in his native land. But the name of Douglas was an amulet, which steeled the king's heart against the influence of compassion and juvenile recollection. He passed the suppliant without an answer and rode briskly up the steep hill towards the castle. Kilspindie, though loaded with a hauberk under his clothes, kept pace with the horse, in vain endeavouring to catch a glance from the implacable monarch. He sat down at the gate, weary and exhausted, and asked for a draught of water. Even this was refused by the royal attendants. The king afterwards blamed their discourtesy: but Kilspindie was obliged to return to France, where he died of a broken heart; the same disease which afterwards brought to the grave his unrelenting sovereign. Even the stern Henry VIII. blamed his nephew's conduct, quoting the generous saying, "A king's face should give grace."—*Godscroft*, vol. ii. p. 107.

A short peace was quickly followed by another war which proved fatal to Scotland, and to her king. In the battle of Haddenrig, the English, and the exiled Douglasses, were defeated by the lords Huntly and Home; but this was a transient gleam of success. Kelso was burned, and the borders ravaged, by the duke of Norfolk; and finally, the rout of Solway moss, in which ten thousand men, the flower of the Scottish army, were dispersed and defeated by a band of five hundred English cavalry, or rather by their own dissensions, broke the proud heart of James; a death more painful a hundred-fold than was met by his father in the field of Flodden.

A. D. 1542.

When the strength of the Scottish army had sunk, without wounds, and without renown, the principal chiefs were led captive into England.—Among these was the lord Maxwell, who was compelled, by the menaces of Henry, to swear allegiance to the English monarch. There is still in existence the spirited instrument of vindication, by which he renounces his connection with England, and the honours and estates which had been proffered him, as the price of treason to his infant sovereign. From various bonds of manrent, it appears that all the western marches were swayed by this powerful chieftain. With Maxwell, and the other captives, returned to Scotland the banished earl of Angus, and his brother, Sir George Douglas, after a banishment of fifteen years. This powerful family regained at least a part of their influence upon the borders; and, grateful to the kingdom which had afforded them protection during their exile, became chiefs of the English faction in Scotland, whose object it was to urge a contract of marriage betwixt the young queen and the heir apparent of England. The impetuosity of Henry, the ancient hatred betwixt the nations, and the wavering temper of the governor, Arran, prevented the success of the measure. The wrath of the disappointed monarch discharged itself in a wide-wasting and furious invasion of the east marches, conducted by the earl of Hertford. Seton, Home, and Buccleuch, hanging on the mountains of Lammermoor, saw, with ineffectual regret, the fertile plains of Merse and Lothian, and the metropolis itself, reduced to a smoking desert. Hertford had scarcely retreated with the main army, when Evers and Latoun laid waste the whole vale of Tiviot, with a ferocity of devastation hitherto unheard of.† The same "lion mode of wooing," being pursued during the minority of Edward VI., totally alienated the affection even of those Scots who were most attached to the English interest. The earl of Angus, in particular, united himself to the governor, and gave the English a sharp defeat at Ancram moor, a particular account of which action is subjoined to the ballad, entitled, "*The Eve of St John.*" Even the fatal defeat at Pinkey, which at once renewed the carnage of Flodden, and the disgrace of Solway, served to prejudice the cause of the victors. The borders saw, with dread and detestation, the ruinous fortress of Roxburgh once more receive an English garrison, and the widow of Lord Home driven from his baronial castle, to make room for the "*Southern Reivers.*" Many of the barons made a reluctant submission to Somerset; but those of the higher part of the marches remained among their mountains, meditating revenge. A similar incursion was made on the west borders by Lord Wharton,

A. D. 1545.

A. D. 1547.

† In Hayne's State Papers, from p. 43 to p. 64, is an account of these destructive forays. One list of the places burned and destroyed enumerates—

Monasteries and Freehouses,	7
Castles, towers, and piles,	16
Market towns,	5
Villages,	243
Mylnes,	13
Spytells and hospitals,	3

See also official accounts of those expeditions, in *Dalyell's Fragments.*

who, with five thousand men, ravaged and overrun Annandale, Nithsdale, and Galloway, compelling the inhabitants to receive the yoke of England.†

The arrival of French auxiliaries, and of French gold, rendered vain the splendid success of the English. One by one, the fortresses which they occupied were recovered by force, or by stratagem; and the vindictive cruelty of the Scottish borderers made dreadful retaliation for the injuries they had sustained. An idea may be conceived of this horrible warfare, from

† Patten gives us a list of those east border chiefs who did homage to the duke of Somerset, on the 24th of September, 1547; namely, the lairds of Cessforth, Fernyherst, Grenehead, Hunthill, Hundely, Makerstone, Bymerside, Bounjedworth, Ormeston, Mellestaines, Warmessy, Synton, Egerston, Merton, Mowe, Rydell, Beamerside. Of gentlemen, he enumerates George Tromboul, Jhon Haliburton, Robert Car, Robert Car of Greyden, Adam Kirton, Andrew Mether, Saunders Purvose of Erleston, Mark Car of Littledean, George Car of Faldenside, Alexander Mackdowal, Charles Rutherford, Thomas Car of the Yere, Jhon Car of Meynthorn (Nenthorn), Walter Holiburton, Richard Hangansyde, Andrew Car, James Douglas of Cavers, James Car of Mersington, George Hoppringle, William Ormeston of Emerden, John Grymslowe.—*Patten, in Dalyell's Fragments*, p. 87.

On the west border, the following barons and clans submitted and gave pledges to Lord Wharton, that they would serve the king of England, with the number of followers annexed to their names:—

ANNERDALE.

Laird of Kirkmaighel,	222
—— Ross,	165
—— Hempsfield,	163
—— Home Ends,	162
—— Wamfrey,	102
—— Dunwoddy,	44
—— Newby and Gratney,	122
—— Tinnel, (Tinwald),	102
Patrick Murray,	203
Christie Urwin, (Irving), of Covenshawe,	102
Cuthbert Urwen of Robbgill,	34
Urwens of Sennersack,	40
Wat Urwen,	20
Jeffrey Urwen,	93
T. Johnston of Crackburn,	64
James Johnston of Coites,	162
Johnstons of Oragryland,	37
Johnstons of Driesdell,	46
Johnstons of Mallinshaw,	65
Gawen Johnston,	31
Will Johnston, the laird's brother,	110
Robin Johnston of Lochmaben,	67
Laird of Gillesbie,	30
Moffits,	24
Bells of Tostints,	142
Bells of Tindills,	222
Sir John Lawson,	22
Town of Annan,	33
Rooms of Tordephe,	22

NITHSDALE.

Mr. Maxwell and more,	1000
Laird of Closeburn,	403
—— Lag,	202
Cranfield,	27
Mr. Ed. Creighton,	10
Laird of Cowhill,	91
Maxwells of Brackenside, and vicar of Carlaverick,	310

ANNERDALE AND GALWAY.

Lord Carlisle,	101

ANNERDALE AND OLIDSDALE.

Laird of Appiegirth,	242

LIDDESDALE AND DERATHAELE LAND.

Armstrongs,	200
Elwoods, (Elliots),	74
Nixons,	22

GALLOWAY.

Laird of Dawbaylie,	41
Orcherton,	111
Carlisle,	206
Loughenwar,	45
Tutor of Bombie,	140
Abbot of Newabbey,	141
Town of Dumfries,	201
Town of Kircubrie,	36

TIVIDALE.

Laird of Drumlire,	364
Carathers,	71
Trumbells,	12

EKSDALE

Battisons and Thomsons,	166

Total, 7066 men under English assurance.

Nicolson, from Bell's MS. Introduction to History of Cumberland, p. 65.

the memoirs of Beauge, a French officer, serving in Scotland.

The castle of Fairnihirst, situated about three miles above Jedburgh, had been taken and garrisoned by the English. The commander and his followers are accused of such excesses of lust and cruelty, "as would," says Beauge, "have made to tremble the most savage Moor in Africa." A band of Frenchmen, with the laird of Fairnihirst, and his borderers, assaulted this fortress. The English archers showered their arrows down the steep ascent leading to the castle, and from the outer wall by which it was surrounded. A vigorous escalade, however, gained the base court, and the sharp fire of the French arquebusiers drove the bowmen into the square keep, or dungeon, of the fortress. Here the English defended themselves, till a breach in the wall was made by mining. Through this hole the commandant crept forth; and, surrendering himself to De la Mothe-rouge, implored protection from the vengeance of the borderers. But a Scottish marchman, eyeing in the captive the ravisher of his wife, approached him ere the French officer could guess his intention, and, at one blow, carried his head four paces from the trunk. Above a hundred Scots rushed to wash their hands in the blood of their oppressor, bandied about the severed head, and expressed their joy in such shouts, as if they had stormed the city of London. The prisoners, who fell into their merciless hands, were put to death, after their eyes had been torn out; the victors contending who should display the greatest address in severing their legs and arms, before inflicting a mortal wound. When their own prisoners were slain, the Scottish, with an unextinguishable thirst for blood, purchased those of the French; parting willingly with their very arms, in exchange for an English captive. "I myself," says Beauge, with military sans-froid, "I myself sold them a prisoner for a small horse. They laid him down upon the ground, galloped over him with their lances in rest, and wounded him as they passed. When slain, they cut his body in pieces, and bore the mangled gobbets, in triumph, on the points of their spears. I cannot greatly praise the Scottish for this practice. But the truth is, that the English tyrannised over the borders in a most barbarous manner; and I think it was but fair to repay them, according to the proverb, in their own coin."—*Campagnes de Beauge.*

A. D. 1549.

A peace, in 1551, put an end to this war; the most destructive which, for a length of time, had ravaged Scotland. Some attention was paid by the governor and queen-mother, to the administration of justice on the border; and the chieftains, who had distinguished themselves during the late troubles, received the honour of knighthood. †

At this time, also, the DebateableLand, a trac of country, situated betwixt the Esk and Sarke, claimed by both kingdoms, was divided by royal commissioners, appointed by the two crowns.—By their award, this land of contention was separated by a line, drawn from east to west, betwixt the rivers. The upper half was adjudged to Scotland, and the more eastern part to England. Yet the Debateable Land continued long after to be the residence of the thieves and banditti, to whom its dubious state had afforded a desirable refuge.‡

A. D. 1552.

In 1557, a new war broke out, in which rencounters on the borders were, as usual, numer-

† These were the lairds of Buccleuch, Cessford, and Fairnihirst, Littleden, Grenehed, and Coldingknows. Buccleuch, whose gallant exploits we have noticed, did not long enjoy his new honours. He was murdered, in the streets of Edinburgh, by his hereditary enemies, the Kerrs, anno 1552.

‡ The jest of James VI. is well known, who, when a favourite cow had found her way from London, back to her native country of Fife, observed, "that nothing surprised him so much as her passing uninterrupted through the Debateable Land!"

ous, and with varied success. In some of these, the too famous Bothwell is said to have given proof of his courage, which was at other times very questionable.† About this time the Scottish borderers seem to have acquired some ascendency over their southern neighbours.—*Strype*, vol. iii. p. 437.—In 1559, peace was again restored.

The flame of reformation, long stifled in Scotland, now burst forth, with the violence of a volcanic eruption. The siege of Leith was commenced, by the combined forces of the Congregation and of England. The borderers cared little about speculative points of religion; but they showed themselves much interested in the treasures which passed through their country, for payment of the English forces at Edinburgh. Much alarm was excited, lest the marchers should intercept these weighty Protestant arguments; and it was, probably, by voluntarily imparting a share in them to Lord Home, that he became a sudden convert to the new faith.‡

Upon the arrival of the ill-fated Mary in her native country, she found the borders in a state of great disorder. The exertions of her natural brother (afterwards the famous regent Murray) were necessary to restore some degree of tranquillity. He marched to Jedburgh, executed twenty or thirty of the transgressors, burned many houses, and brought a number of prisoners to Edinburgh. The chieftains of the principal clans were also obliged to grant pledges for their future obedience. A noted convention (for the particulars of which, see *Border Laws*, p. 84,) adopted various regulations, which were attended with great advantage to the marches.§

The unhappy match betwixt Henry Darnley and his sovereign led to new dissensions on the borders. The Homes, Kerrs, and other east marchers, hastened to support the queen, against Murray, Chatelherault, and other nobles, whom her marriage had offended. For the same purpose, the Johnstones, Jardines, and clans of Annandale, entered into bonds of confederacy. But Liddesdale was under the influence of England; in so much, that Randolph, the English minister, proposed to hire a band of *Stropping Elliots*, to find Home business at home, in looking after his corn and cattle.—*Keith*, p. 265. *App.* 153.

This storm was hardly overblown, when Bothwell received the commission of lieutenant upon the borders; but, as void of parts as of principle, he could not even recover to the queen's allegiance his own domains in Liddesdale.—*Keith*, *App.* 165. The queen herself advanced to the borders, to remedy this evil, and to hold courts at Jedburgh. Bothwell was already in Liddesdale, where he had been severely wounded, in an attempt to seize John Elliot, of the Parks, a desperate freebooter; and happy had it been for Mary, had the dagger of the moss-trooper struck more home. Bothwell, being transported

† He was lord of Liddesdale, and keeper of the Hermitage castle. But he had little effective power over that country, and was twice defeated by the Armstrongs, its lawless inhabitants.—*Border History*, p. 564. Yet the unfortunate Mary, in her famous Apology, says, "that in the weiris against Ingland, he gaif proof of his valyentes, courage, and gude conduct;" and praises him especially for subjugating "the rebellious subjectis inhabiting the cuntreis lying owrest the marches of Ingland."—*Keith*, p. 388. He appears actually to have defeated Sir Henry Percy, in a skirmish, called the Raid of Haltwellswire.

‡ This nobleman had, shortly before, threatened to spoil the English east march; "but," says the duke of Norfolk, "we have provided such sauce for him, that I think he will not deal in such matter; but, if he do fire but one hay-goff, he shall not go to Home again without torch-light, and, peradventure, may find a lanthorn at his own house."

§ The commissioners on the English side were, the elder Lord Scroope of Bolton, Sir John Foster, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Dr. Rookby. On the Scottish side appeared, Sir John Maxwell of Terreagles, and Sir John Bellenden.

to his castle of Hermitage, the queen, upon hearing the tidings, hastened thither. A dangerous morass, still called the *Queen's Mire*,† is pointed out by tradition as the spot where the lovely Mary, and her white palfrey, were in danger of perishing. The distance betwixt Hermitage and Jedburgh, by the way of Hawick, is nearly twenty-four English miles. The queen went and returned the same day. Whether she visited a wounded subject, or a lover in danger, has been warmly disputed in our latter days.

To the death of Henry Darnley, it is said, some of the border lords were privy. But the subsequent marriage betwixt the queen and Bothwell, alienated from her the affections of the chieftains of the marches, most of whom aided the association of the insurgent barons. A few gentlemen of the Merse, however, joined the army which Mary brought to Carberry-hill. But no one was willing to fight for the detested Bothwell, nor did Bothwell himself show any inclination to put his person in jeopardy. The result to Mary was a rigorous captivity in Lochleven castle; and the name of Bothwell scarcely again pollutes the page of Scottish history.

The distress of a beautiful and afflicted princess softened the hearts of her subjects; and, when she escaped from her severe captivity, the most powerful barons in Scotland crowded around her standard. Among these were many of the west border men, under the lords Maxwell and Herries.‡ But the defeat at Langside was a death-blow to her interest in Scotland.

Not long afterwards occurred that period of general confusion on the borders, when the insurrection of the Catholic earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland took place upon the borders of England. Their tumultuary forces were soon dispersed, and the earls themselves, with their principal followers, sought refuge upon the Scottish marches. Northumberland was betrayed into the hands of the regent; but Westmoreland, with his followers, took refuge in the castle of Farnihirst, where he was protected by its powerful owner. The regent himself came to Jedburgh, to obtain possession of these important pledges; but as he marched towards the castle of Farnihirst, his men shrunk from him by degrees, till he was left with a small body of his own personal dependants, inadequate to the task for which he had undertaken the expedition. Westmoreland afterwards escaped to Flanders by sea. Robert Constable, a spy sent by Sir Ralph Sadler into Scotland, gives a lively account of the state of the borders at this time.§

† The *Queen's Mire* is still a pass of danger, exhibiting in many places the bones of the horses which have been entangled in it. For what reason the queen chose to enter Liddesdale by the circuitous route of Hawick, does not appear. There are two other passes from Jedburgh to Hermitage castle; the one by the *Note of the Gate*, the other over the mountain called Winburgh. Either of these, but especially the latter, is several miles shorter than that by Hawick and the Queen's Mire. But, by the circuitous way of Hawick, the queen could traverse the districts of more friendly clans, than by going directly into the disorderly province of Liddesdale.

‡ The followers of these barons are said to have stolen the horses of their friends, while they were engaged in the battle.

§ He was guided by one Pyle of Millbeuch, (upon Oxnam water,) and gives the following account of his conversation with him on the state of the country, and the power of his master, the baron of Farnihirst:—"By the way as we rode, I tould my cote that the lord of Farneherst, his master, had taken such an enterprise in hand as not a subject in England durst do the like, to kepe any mann openly as he did the earle of Westmorland, against the will of the chief in auctheritie. He said that his master cared not so much for the regent as the regent cared for him, for he was well able to raise iij thousand men within his own rule, beside that his first wief, by whom he bed goodly children, was daughter to the lord Grange, captaine of Edenborowe castell, and provost of Edenborowe. This wief that he married lately is sister to the lord of Buccleweghe, a man of greater power then his master; also my lord Hume, and almost all

The death of the regent Murray, in 1569, excited the party of Mary to hope and to exertion. It seems, that the design of Bothwellhaugh, who slew him, was well known upon the borders; for, the very day on which the slaughter happened, Buccleuch and Fairnihirst, with their clans, broke into England, and spread devastation along the frontiers, with unusual ferocity. It is probable they well knew that the controlling hand of the regent was that day palsied by death. Buchanan exclaims loudly against this breach of truce with Elizabeth, charging queen Mary's party with having "houndit furth proude and uncircumspecte young men, to hery, burne, and slay, and tak prisoners, in her realme, and use all misordour and cruelitie, not only usit in weir, but detestabil to all barbar and wild Tartaris, in slaying of prisoneris, and contrair to all humanitie and justice, keeping na promeis to miserabil captives resavit anis to thair mercy."—*Admonitioun to the trew Lordis, Striveling*, 1571. He numbers, among these insurgents, highlanders as well as borderers, Buccleuch and Fairnihirst, the Johnstons and Armstrongs, the Grants, and the clan Chattan. Besides these powerful clans, Mary numbered among her adherents the Maxwells, and almost all the west border leaders, excepting Drumlanrig, and Jardine of Applegirth. On the eastern border, the faction of the infant king was more powerful; for, although deserted by lord Home, the greater part of his clan, under the influence of Wedderburn, remained attached to that party. The laird of Cessford wished them well, and the earl of Angus naturally followed the steps of his uncle Morton. A sharp and bloody invasion of the middle march, under the command of the earl of Sussex, avenged with interest the raids of Buccleuch and Fairnihirst. The domains of these chiefs were laid waste, their castles burned and destroyed. The narrow vales of Beaumont and Kale, belonging to Buccleuch, were treated with peculiar severity; and the forays of Hertford were equalled by that of Sussex. In vain did the chiefs request assistance from the government to defend their fortresses. Through the predominating interest of Elizabeth in the Scottish councils, this was refused to all but Home, whose castle, nevertheless, again received an English garrison; while

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the gentlemen in Tevydale, the Marsh, and Lowdyan, were knitt together in such friendship that they are agreed all to take one part; and that the lord Grange was offended with the lord Hume and the lord Farneherst, because they toke not the earle of Northumberland from my lord regent at Gedworthe, and sent plane word to the lord Farneherst, that if the lord regent came any more to seeke him in Tevydale, he should lose all his bulles, both the duke, the lord Herris, the secretary, and others, he should sett them all at libertye that would come with all their power, with good will, to take his part; and by as much as I har sines, the Tevydale meun pretends to do the anoyances that they can to England, so sone as this storme is past, and meanes not to answer to any day of truce."

Another passage presents a lively picture of the inside of the outlaw's cabin—"I left Farneherst, and went to my cotes house, where I found many gests of dyvers factions, some outlawes of Ingland, some of Scotland, some neighbors therabout, at cards; some for ale, some for plake and hardhedds; and after that I had diligently learned and enquired that there was none of any surname that had me in deadly fude, nor none that knew me, I sat downe, and plaid for harhedds emongs them, where I hard, *vox populi*, that the lord regent would not, for his own honor, nor for thonor of his countery, deliver the earles, if he had them bothe, unlest it were to have there quene delivered to him, and if he wold agre to make that change, the borderers wold stert up in his contrary, and reave both the quene and the lords from him, for the like shame was never done in Scotland; and that he durst better eate his owne lugga then come again to seke Farneherst; if he did, he should be fought with ere he came over Sowtrey edge. Hector of Tharlowes hedd was wished to have been ea'en among us at supper."—Sadler's *State Papers, Edin.* 1809, vol. ii. pp. 384, 386.

Buccleuch and Fairnihirst complained bitterly that those, who had instigated their invasion, durst not even come so far as Lauder, to show countenance to their defence against the English. The bickerings, which followed, distracted the whole kingdom. One celebrated exploit may be selected, as an illustration of the border fashion of war.

The earl of Lennox, who had succeeded Murray in the regency, held a parliament at Stirling, in 1571. The young king was exhibited to the great council of his nation. He had been tutored to repeat a set speech, composed for the occasion; but observing that the roof of the building was a little decayed, he interrupted his recitation, and exclaimed, with childish levity, "that there was a hole in the parliament,"—words which, in these days, were held to presage the deadly breach shortly to be made in that body, by the death of him in whose name it was convoked.

Amid the most undisturbed security of confidence, the lords, who composed this parliament, were roused at day-break by the shouts of their enemies in the heart of the town. *God and the Queen!* resounded from every quarter, and, in a few minutes, the regent, with the astonished nobles of his party, were prisoners to a band of two hundred border cavalry, led by Scott of Buccleuch, and to the Lord Claud Hamilton, at the head of three hundred infantry. These enterprising chiefs, by a rapid and well-concerted manœuvre, had reached Stirling in a night march from Edinburgh, and, without so much as being bayed at by a watch-dog, had seized the principal street of the town. The fortunate obstinacy of Morton saved his party. Stubborn and undaunted, he defended his house till the assailants set it in flames, and then yielded wth reluctance to his kinsman, Buccleuch. But the time which he had gained effectually served his cause. The borderers had dispersed to plunder the stables of the nobility; the infantry thronged tumultuously together on the main street, when the earl of Mar, issuing from the castle, placed one or two small pieces of ordnance in his own half-built house,† which commands the market place. Hardly had the artillery begun to scour the street, when the assailants, surprised in their turn, fled with precipitation. Their alarm was increased by the townsmen thronging to arms. Those who had been so lately triumphant, were now, in many instances, asking the protection of their own prisoners. In all probability, not a man would have escaped death, or captivity, but for the characteristic rapacity of Buccleuch's marauders, who, having seized and carried off all the horses in the town, left the victors no means of following the chase. The regent was slain by an officer, named Caulder, in order to prevent his being rescued. Spens of Ormiston, to whom he had surrendered, lost his life in a generous attempt to protect him.‡ Hardly does our history pre-

† This building still remains in the unfinished state which it then presented.

‡ Birrel says, that "the regent was shot by an unhappy fellow, while sitting on horseback behind the laird of Buccleuch."—The following curious account of the whole transaction, is extracted from a journal of principal events in the years 1570, 1571, 1572, and part of 1573, kept by Richard Bannatyne, amanuensis to John Knox. "The fourt of September, they of Edinburgh, horsemen and futmen (and, as was reported, the most part of Clidisdaill, that pertenit to the Hamiltons), come to Striveling, the number of iii or iiii c men, on hors bak, guydit be ane George Bell, their hacbutteris being all horsed, enterit in Striveling, be fyve houris in the morning (whair thair was never one to mak watche), crying this slogrne, 'God and the queen! ane Hamiltoune! think on the bishop of St. Androis, all is owres;' and so a certaine come to everie grit manis ludgane, and apprehendit the lordis Mortoun and Glencarne, but Mortounis hous they set on fyre, wha randerit him to the loird of Balcleuch. Wormestoun being appointed to the regentes hous, desyred him to cum furth, which he had no will to doe, yet, be perswasione of Garleys and otheris, with him, tho't it best to come in will, nor to byde

sent another enterprise, so well planned, so happily commenced, and so strangely disconcerted. To the licence of the marchmen the failure was attributed; but the same cause ensured a safe retreat.—*Spottiswoode, Godscroft, Robertson, Melville.*

The wily earl of Morton, who, after the short intervening regency of Mar, succeeded to the supreme authority, contrived, by force or artifice, to render the party of the king every where superior. Even on the middle borders, he had the address to engage in his cause the powerful, though savage and licentious, clans of Rutherford and Turnbull, as well as the citizens of Jedburgh. He was thus enabled to counterpoise his powerful opponents, Buccleuch and Farnihirst, in their own country; and, after an unsuccessful attempt to surprise Jedburgh, even these warm adherents of Mary relinquished her cause in despair.

While Morton swayed the state, his attachment to Elizabeth, and the humiliation which many of the border chiefs had undergone, contributed to maintain good order on the marches, till James VI. himself assumed the reins of government.—The intervening skirmish of the Reidswire, (see the ballad under that title) was but a sudden explosion of the rivalry and suppressed hatred of the borderers of both kingdoms. In truth, the stern rule of Morton, and of his delegates, men unconnected with the borders by birth, maintained in that country more strict discipline than had ever been there exercised. Perhaps this hastened his fall.

The unpopularity of Morton, acquired partly by the strict administration of justice, and partly by avarice and severity, forced him from the regency. In 1578, he retired, apparently, from state affairs, to his castle of Dalkeith; which the populace, emphatically expressing their awe and dread of his person, termed the *Lion's Den.* But Morton could not live in retirement; and, early in the same year, the aged lion again rushed from his cavern. By a mixture of policy and violence, he possessed himself of the fortress of Stirling, and of the person of James. His nephew, Angus, hastened to his assistance. Against him appeared his follower Cessford, with many of the Homes, and the citizens of Edinburgh. Alluding to the restraint of the king's person, they bore his effigy on their banners, with a rude rhyme, demanding liberty or

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the extremitie, becaus they supposed there was no resistance, and swa the regent come furth, and was randered to Wormistoune, under promeis to save his lyfe. Captane Crawfurde, being in the town, gat sum men out of the castell, and uther gentlemen being in the town, come as they my't best to the geat, chased them out of the town The regent was shot by ane Captain Cader, who confessed that he did it at commande of George Bell, wha was comandit so to doe be the lord Huntlie and Claud Hamilton. Some sayis, that Wormestoun was schot by the same schot that slew the regent, but alwayis he was slane, notwithstanding the regent cryed to save him, but it cuid not be, the furie was so grit of the persewaris, who following so fast, the lord of Mortone said to Balcleuch, 'I sall save you as you savit me,' and so he was tane Garleys, and sindrie otheris, war slane at the port, in the persute of thame. Thair war ten or twelve gentlemen slane of the king's folk, and als mony of theiris, or mea, as was said, and a dozen or xvi tane. Twa especiall servantis of the lord Argyle's were slane also. This Cader, that schot the regent, was once turned bak off the toune, and was send again (as is said), be the lord Huntlie, to cause Wormistoun retire; but, before he come agane, he was dispatched, and had gottin deidis woundis.

The regent being schot (as said is), was brought to the castel, whar he callit for ane phisitione, one for his soule, ane uther for his bodie. But all hope of life was past, for he was schot in his entreallis; and swa, after sumthin is spokin to the lordis, which I know not, he departed in the feare of God, and made a blessed end, whilk the rest of the lordis, that tho't thame to his hiert, and lytie reguardit him, shall not mak so blised an end, unles they mend their maneirs."

This curious manuscript has been lately published, under the inspection of John Graham Dalyell, Esq.

death.—*Birrel's Diary, ad annum*, 1578. The earl of Morton marched against his foes as far as Falkirk, and a desperate action must have ensued, but for the persuasion of Bowes, the English ambassador. The only blood, then spilt, was in a duel betwixt Tait, a follower of Cessford, and Johnstone, a west border man, attending upon Angus. They fought with lances, and on horseback, according to the fashion of the borders.—The former was unhorsed and slain, the latter desperately wounded. —*Godscroft*, vol. ii. p. 261. The prudence of the late regent appears to have abandoned him, when he was decoyed into a treaty upon this occasion. It was not long before Morton, the veteran warrior, and the crafty statesman, was forced to bend his neck to an engine of death,† the use of which he himself had introduced into Scotland.

Released from the thraldom of Morton, the king, with more than youthful levity, threw his supreme power into the hands of Lennox and Arran. The religion of the first, and the infamous character of the second favourite, excited the hatred of the commons, while their exclusive and engrossing power awakened the jealousy of the other nobles. James, doomed to be the sport of contending factions, was seized at Stirling by the nobles, confederated in what was termed the Raid of Ruthven. But the conspirators soon suffered their prize to escape, and were rewarded for their enterprize by exile or death.

In 1585, an affray took place at a border meeting, in which lord Russel, the earl of Bedford's eldest son, chanced to be slain. Queen Elizabeth imputed the guilt of this slaughter to Thomas Ker of Fairnihirst, instigated by Arran. Upon the imperious demand of the English ambassador, both were committed to prison; but the minion, Arran, was soon restored to liberty and favour; while Fairnihirst, the dread of the English borderers, and the gallant defender of queen Mary, died in his confinement, of a broken heart.—*Spottiswoode*, p. 341.

The tyranny of Arran becoming daily more insupportable, the exiled lords, joined by Maxwell, Home, Bothwell, and other border chieftains, seized the town of Stirling, which was pillaged by their disorderly followers, invested the castle, which surrendered at discretion, and drove the favourite from the king's council.‡

The king, perceiving the earl of Bothwell among the armed barons, to whom he surrendered his person, addressed him in these prophetic words:—"Francis, Francis, what moved thee to come in arms against thy prince, who never wronged thee? I wish thee a more quiet spirit, else I foresee thy destruction."—*Spottiswoode*, p. 343.

In fact, the extraordinary enterprises of this nobleman disturbed the next ten years of James's reign. Francis Stuart, son to a bastard of James V., had been invested with the titles and estates belonging to his maternal uncle, James Hepburn, earl of Bothwell, upon the forfeiture of that infamous man; and consequently became lord of Liddesdale, and of the castle of Hermitage.—This acquisition of power upon the borders, where he could easily levy followers willing to undertake the most desperate enterprize, joined to the man's native daring and violent spirit, rendered Bothwell the most turbulent insurgent that ever disturbed the tranquillity of a kingdom. During the king's absence in Denmark, Bothwell, swayed by the superstition of his age, had tampered with certain soothsayers and witches, by whose pretended art he hoped to foretell, or perhaps to achieve, the

† A rude sort of guillotine, called the *maiden*. The implement is now in possession of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

‡ The associated nobles seem to have owed their success chiefly to the border spearmen; for, though they had a band of mercenaries, who used fire-arms, yet they were such bad masters of their craft, their captain was heard to observe, "that those, who knew his soldiers as well as he did, would hardly chuse to march *before them*."—*Godscroft*, v. ii. p. 263.

death of his monarch. In one of the courts of inquisition, which James delighted to hold upon the professors of the occult sciences, some of his cousin's proceedings were brought to light, for which he was put in ward in the castle of Edinburgh. Burning with revenge, he broke from his confinement, and lurked for some time upon the borders, where he hoped for the countenance of his son-in-law, Buccleuch. Undeterred by the absence of that chief, who, in obedience to the royal command, had prudently retired to France, Bothwell attempted the desperate enterprise of seizing the person of the king, while residing in his metropolis. At the dead of the night, followed by a band of borderers, he occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, and began to burst open the doors of the royal apartments. The nobility, distrustful of each other, and ignorant of the extent of the conspiracy, only endeavoured to make good the defence of their separate lodgings; but darkness and confusion prevented the assailants from profiting by their disunion. Melville, who was present, gives a lively picture of the scene of disorder, transiently illuminated by the glare of passing torches; while the report of fire-arms, the clatter of armour, the din of hammers thundering on the gates, mingled wildly with the way-cry of the borderers, who shouted incessantly, "Justice! Justice! A Bothwell! A Bothwell!" The citizens of Edinburgh at length began to assemble for the defence of their sovereign; and Bothwell was compelled to retreat, which he did without considerable loss.—*Melville*, p. 356. A similar attempt on the person of James, while residing at Falkland, also miscarried; but the credit which Bothwell obtained on the borders, by these bold and desperate enterprises, was incredible. "All Tivlotdale," says Spottiswoode, "ran after him;" so that he finally obtained his object; and, at Edinburgh, in 1593, he stood before James, an unexpected apparition, with his naked sword in his hand. "Strike!" said James, with royal dignity—"Strike, and end thy work! I will not survive my dishonour." But Bothwell, with unexpected moderation, only stipulated for remission of his forfeiture, and did not even insist on remaining at court, whence his party was shortly expelled, by the return of the lord Home, and his other enemies. Incensed at this reverse, Bothwell levied a body of four hundred cavalry, and attacked the king's guard in broad day, upon the Borough Moor near Edinburgh.—The ready succour of the citizens saved James from falling once more into the hands of his turbulent subject.† On a subsequent day, Bothwell met the laird of Cessford, riding near Edinburgh, with whom he fought a single combat, which lasted for two hours.‡ But his credit was now fallen; he retreated to England, whence he was driven by Elizabeth, and then wandered to Spain and Italy, where he subsisted, in indigence and obscurity, on the bread which he earned by apostatizing to the faith of Rome. So fell this agitator of domestic broils, whose name passed into a proverb, denoting a powerful and turbulent demagogue.§

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† Spottiswoode says, the king awaited this charge with firmness; but Birrel avers, that he fled upon the gallop. The same author, instead of the firm deportment of James, when seized by Bothwell, describes "the king's majestie as flying down the back stair, with his breeches in his hand, in great fear."—*Birrell, apud Dalyell*, p. 20. Such is the difference betwixt the narrative of the courtly archbishop, and that of the presbyterian burgess of Edinburgh.

‡ This rencounter took place at Humble, in East Lothian. Bothwell was attended by a servant, called Gibson, and Cessford by one of the Rutherfords, who was hurt in the cheek. The combatants parted from pure fatigue; for the defensive armour of the times was so completely impenetrable, that the wearer seldom sustained much damage by actual wounds.

§ Sir Walter Raleigh, in writing of Essex, then in prison, says, "Let the queen hold *Bothwell* while she hath him."—*Murdin*, vol. ii. p. 812. It appears from *Crichton's Memoirs*, that Bothwell's grandson, though so nearly related

While these scenes were passing in the metropolis, the borders were furiously agitated by civil discord. The families of Cessford and Fairnihirst disputed their right to the wardenry of the middle marches, and to the provostry of Jedburgh; and William Kerr of Ancram, a follower of the latter, was murdered by the young chief of Cessford, at the instigation of his mother. *Spottiswoode*, p. 383. But this was trifling, compared to the civil war waged on the western frontier, between the Johnstons and Maxwells, of which there is a minute account in the introduction to the ballad entitled "*Maxwell's Good-night*." Prefixed to that termed "*Kinmont Willie*," the reader will find an account of the last warden raids performed upon the border.

My sketch of border history now draws to a close. The accession of James to the English crown converted the extremity into the centre of his kingdom.

The east marches of Scotland were, at this momentous period, in a state of comparative civilization. The rich soil of Berwickshire soon invited the inhabitants to the arts of agriculture. —Even in the days of Lesley, the nobles and barons of the Merse differed in manners from the other borderers, administered justice with regularity, and abstained from plunder and depredation. *De Moribus Scotorum*, p. 7. But on the middle and western marches, the inhabitants were unrestrained moss-troopers and cattle-drivers, knowing no measure of law, says Camden, but the length of their swords. The sterility of the mountainous country, which they inhabited, offered little encouragement to industry; and, for the long series of centuries which we have hastily reviewed, the hands of rapine were never there folded in inactivity, nor the sword of violence returned to the scabbard. Various proclamations were in vain issued, for interdicting the use of horses and arms upon the west border of England and Scotland.† The evil was found to require the radical cure of extirpation. Buccleuch collected under his banners the most desperate of the border warriors, of whom he formed a legion, for the service of the states of Holland, who had as much reason to rejoice on their arrival upon the continent, as Britain to congratulate herself upon their departure. It may be presumed, that few of this corps ever returned to their native country. The clan of Graeme, a hardy and ferocious set of freebooters, inhabiting chiefly the Debateable Land, by a very summary exertion of authority, was transported to Ireland, and their return prohibited under pain of death. Against other offenders, measures, equally arbitrary, were without hesitation pursued. Numbers of border riders were executed, without even the formality of a trial, and it is even said, that in mockery of justice, assizes were held upon them after they had suffered. For these acts of tyranny, see *Johnston*, p. 374, 414, 39, 93. The memory of Dunbar's legal proceedings at Jedburgh, are preserved in the proverbial phrase, *Jeddart Justice*, which signifies, trial after execution.‡ By

to the royal family, actually rode a private in the Scottish horse guards, in the reign of Charles II. —*Edinburgh*, 1731, p. 42.

† "Proclamation shall be made, that all inhabiting with Tynedale and Riddesdale, in Northumberland, Bewcastledale, Willgavey, the north part of Gileland, Esk, and Leven, in Cumberland; east and west Tividale, Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, and Annerdale, in Scotland (saving noblemen and gentlemen unsuspected of felony and theft, and not being of broken clans, and their household servants, dwelling within those several places before recited,) shall put away all armour and weapons, as well offensive as defensive, as jacks, spears, lances, swords, daggers, and steel-caps, hack-buts, pistols, plate sleeves, and such like, and shall not keep any horse, gelding, or mare, above the value of fifty shillings sterling, or thirty pounds Scots, upon the like pain of imprisonment."—*Proceedings of the Border Commissioners*, 1605—*Introduction to History of Cumberland*, p. 127.

‡ A similar proverb in England of the same interpretation is *Lydford Law*, derived from

this rigour, though sternly and unconscientiously exercised, the border marauders were, in the course of years, either reclaimed or exterminated; though nearly a century elapsed ere their manners were altogether assimilated to those of their countrymen.†

In these hasty sketches of border history, I have endeavoured to select such incidents, as may introduce to the reader the character of the marchmen, more briefly and better than a formal essay upon their manners. If I have been successful in the attempt, he is already acquainted with the mixture of courage and rapacity by which they were distinguished; and has reviewed some of the scenes in which they acted a principal part. It is, therefore, only necessary to notice, more minutely, some of their peculiar customs and modes of life.

Their morality was of a singular kind. The rapine by which they subsisted, they accounted lawful and honourable. Ever liable to lose their whole substance, by an incursion of the English on a sudden breach of truce, they cared little to waste their time in cultivating crops, to be reaped by their foes. Their cattle was, therefore, their chief property; and these were nightly exposed to the southern borderers, as rapacious and active as themselves. Hence robbery assumed the appearance of fair reprisal. The fatal privilege of pursuing the marauders into their own country, for recovery of stolen goods, led to continual skirmishes. The warden also, himself frequently the chieftain of a border horde, when redress was not instantly granted by the opposite officer, for depredations sustained by his district, was entitled to retaliate upon England by a warden raid. In such cases, the moss-troopers, who crowded to his standard, found themselves pursuing their craft under legal authority, and became the favourites and followers of the military magistrate, whose ordinary duty it was to check and suppress them. Equally unable and unwilling to make nice distinctions, they were not to be convinced, that what was to-day fair booty, was to-morrow a subject of theft. National animosity usually gave an additional stimulus to their rapacity; although it must be owned that their depredations extended also to the more cultivated parts of their own country ‡

Lydford, a corporation in Devonshire, where it seems the same irregular administration of justice prevailed. A burlesque copy of verses on this town begins,

> I oft have heard of Lydford Law,
> How in the morn they hang and draw,
> And sit in judgment after
>
> *See Westcott's History of Devonshire.*

† See the acts 18 Chas. II. ch. 3. and 20 Chas. II. ch. 2. against the border moss-troopers, to which we may add the following curious extracts from *Mercurius Politicus*, a newspaper published during the usurpation.

"*Thursday, November* 11, 1652.

Edinburgh.—The Scots and moss-troopers have again revived their old custom of robbing and murthering the English, whether soldiers or other, upon all opportunities, within these three weeks. We have had notice of several robberies and murders committed by them. Among the rest, a lieutenant, and one other of col. Overton's regiment, returning from England, were robbed not far from Dunbarr. A lieutenant, lately master of the customs at Kirkcudbright, was killed about twenty miles from this place; and four foot soldiers of colonel Overton's were killed, going to their quarters, by some mossers, who, after they had given them quarter, tied their hands behind them, and threw them down a steep hill, or rock, as it was related by a Scotchman, who was with them, but escaped."

Ibidem—"*October* 13, 1653.—The Parliament, October 12, past an act, declaring, any person that shall discover any felon, or felons (commonly called, or known by the name of moss-troopers), residing upon the borders of England and Scotland, shall have a reward of ten pounds upon their conviction."

‡ The armorial bearings, adopted by many of the border tribes, show how little they were

Satchells, who lived when the old border ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were still in some force, endeavours to draw a very nice distinction betwixt a freebooter and a thief; and thus sings he of the Armstrongs:—

On that border was the Armstrongs, able men;
Somewhat unruly, and very ill to tame.
I would have none think that I call them thieves,
For, if I did, it would be arrant lies.
— — — —
Near a border frontier, in the time of war,
There's ne'er a man but he's a freebooter.
— — — — —
Because to all men it may appear,
The freebooter he is a volunteer;
In the muster-rolls he has no desire to stay;
He lives by purchase, he gets no pay.
— — — — —
It's most clear, a freebooter doth live in hazard's train;
A freebooter's a cavalier that ventures life for gain:
But, since king James the VI. to England went,
There has been no cause of grief;
And he that hath transgress'd since then,
Is no *Freebooter*, but a *Thief*.

History of the Name of Scott.

The inhabitants of the inland counties did not understand these subtle distinctions. Sir David Lindsay, in the curious drama, published by Mr Pinkerton, introduces, as one of his *dramatis personæ*, *Common Thift*, a borderer, who is supposed to come to Fife to steal the earl of Rothes' best hackney, and lord Lindsay's brown jennet. *Oppression*, also (another personage there introduced), seems to be connected with the borders; for, finding himself in danger, he exclaims,—

War God that I were sound and haill,
Now lift it into Liddesdail;
The Mers sowld fynd me baff and caill,
What rack of breid?
War I thair lyftit with my lyfe,
The devill sowld styk me with a knyfe,
An' ever I cam agane in Fyfe,
Till I were deid—

Pinkerton's Scottish Poems, vol. ii. p. 180.

Again, when *Common Thift* is brought to condign punishment, he remembers his border friends in his dying speech:—

The widdefow wardanis tulk my gair,
And left me nowthir horse nor meir,
Nor erdly guid that me belangit;
Now, walloway! I mon be hangit.
— — — — —
Adew! my bruthir Annan thieves,
That holpit me in my mischievis;
Adew! Grossars, Niksonis, and Bells,
Oft have we fairne owrthrouch the falls:
Adew! Robsons, Howis, and Pylis,
That in our craft hes mony wilis:
Littlis, Trumbells, and Armestranges;
Adew! all theeves, that me belangis;
Bailcowes, Erewynis, and Elwandis,
Speedy of fleicht, and sleicht of handis
The Scotts of Eisdale, and the Gramis,
I half na time to tell your namis.

Ib. p. 186.

When *Common Thift* is executed (which is performed upon the stage), *Falsed* (Falsehood), who is also brought forth for punishment, pronounces over him the following eulogy:—

Wass me for thee, gude Common Thift!
Was never man made more honest chift,
His living for to win:

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ashamed of their trade of rapine. Like *Falstaff*, they were "Gentlemen of the night, minions of the moon," under whose countenance they committed their depredations.—Hence, the emblematic moons and stars so frequently charged in the arms of border families. Their mottoes also bear an allusion to their profession.—"*Reparabit cornua Phœbe*," *i. e.* "We'll have moon-light again," is that of the family of Harden. "Ye shall want, ere I want," that of Cranstoun. "Watch well," of Haliburton, &c.

Thair wee not, in all Liddesdall,
That ky mair craftely could stell,
Whar thou hingis on that pin!
Ib. p. 194.

Sir Richard Maitland, incensed at the boldness and impunity of the thieves of Liddesdale in his time, has attacked them with keen iambicks.

The borderers had, in fact, little reason to regard the inland Scots as their fellow-subjects, or to respect the power of the crown. They were frequently resigned, by express compact, to the bloody retaliation of the English, without experiencing any assistance from their prince, and his more immediate subjects. If they behold him, it was more frequently in the character of an avenging judge, than of a protecting sovereign. They were in truth, during the time of peace, a kind of outcasts, against whom the united powers of England and Scotland were often employed. Hence, the men of the borders had little attachment to the monarchs, whom they termed, in derision, the kings of Fife and Lothian; provinces which they were not legally entitled to inhabit,† and which, therefore, they pillaged with as little remorse as if they had belonged to a foreign country. This strange, precarious, and adventurous mode of life, led by the borderers, was not without its pleasures, and seems, in all probability, hardly so disagreeable to us, as the monotony of regulated society must have been to those who had been long accustomed to a state of rapine. Well has it been remarked, by the eloquent Burke, that the shifting tides of fear and hope, the flight and pursuit, the peril and escape, alternate famine and feast, of the savage and the robber, after a time render all course of slow, steady, progressive, unvaried occupation, and the prospect only of a limited mediocrity, at the end of long labour, to the last degree tame, languid, and insipid. The interesting nature of their exploits may be conceived from the account of Camden.

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotchman himself, and bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders, in the night, in troops, through unfrequented bye-ways, and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark at those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists and darkness, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head.—And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes, when, by the help of blood-hounds following them exactly upon the tract, they may chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries (notwithstanding the severity of their natures) to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion."—*Camden's Britannia.* The reader is requested to compare this curious account, given by Lesley, with the ballad called *Hobbie Noble.*‡

† By an act 1587, c. 96, borderers are expelled from the inland counties, unless they can find security for their quiet deportment.

‡ The following tradition is also illustrative of Lesley's account. Veitch of Dawyk, a man of great strength and bravery, who flourished in the 16th century, is said by tradition to have been upon bad terms with a neighbouring proprietor, Tweedie of Drummelzier. By some accident a flock of Dawyk's sheep had strayed

The inroads of the marchers, when stimulated only by the desire of plunder, were never marked with cruelty, and seldom even with bloodshed, unless in the case of opposition. They held, that property was common to all who stood in want of it; but they abhorred and avoided the crime of unnecessary homicide.—*Lesley*, p. 63. This was, perhaps, partly owing to the habits of intimacy betwixt the borderers of both kingdoms, notwithstanding their mutual hostility and reciprocal depredations. A natural intercourse took place between the English and Scottish marchers, at border meetings, and during the short intervals of peace. They met frequently at parties of the chace and football; and it required many and strict regulations, on both sides, to prevent them from forming intermarriages, and from cultivating too close a degree of intimacy.—*Scottish Acts*, 1587, c. 105; *Wharton's Regulations, 6th Edward VI.* The custom, also, of paying black-mail, or protection rent, introduced a connection betwixt the countries; for a Scottish borderer, taking black-mail from an English inhabitant, was not only himself bound to abstain from injuring such person, but also to maintain his quarrel, and recover his property, if carried off by others. Hence, an union rose betwixt the parties, founded upon mutual interest, which counteracted, in many instances, the effects of national prejudice. The similarity of their manners may be inferred from that of their language. In an old mystery, imprinted at London, 1654, a mendicant borderer is introduced, soliciting alms of a citizen and his wife. To a question of the latter he replies, "Savyng your honour, good maistress, I was born in Redesdale, in Northomberlande, and come of a wight riding sirname, call'd the Robsons: gude honeste men, and true, savyng a little shiftynge for theyr livyng; God help them, silly pure men." The wife answers, "What doest thou here, in this countrie? me thinke thou art a Scot by thy tongue." *Beggar.*—"Trowe me never mair then, good deam, I had rather be hanged in a withie of a cow-taile, for thei are ever fare and faure."—*Appendix to Johnson's Sad Shepherd*, 1783, p. 188. From the wife's observation, as well as from the dialect of the beggar, we may infer, that there was little difference between the Northumbrian and the border Scottish; a circumstance interesting in itself, and decisive of the occasional friendly intercourse among the marchmen. From all these combining circumstances arose the lenity of the borderers in their incursions, and the equivocal moderation which they sometimes observed towards each other in open war.†

over into Drummelzier's grounds, at the time when *Dickie of the Den*, a Liddesdale outlaw, was making his rounds in Tweeddale. Seeing this flock of sheep, he drove them off without ceremony. Next morning, Veitch, perceiving his loss, summoned his servants and retainers, laid a blood-hound upon the traces of the robber, by whom they were guided for many miles, till, on the banks of Liddel, the dog staid upon a very large hay-stack. The pursuers were a good deal surprised at the obstinate pause of the blood-hound, till Dawyk pulled down some of the hay, and discovered a large excavation, containing the robbers and their spoil. He instantly flew upon Dickie, and was about to poniard him, when the marauder, with the address noticed by Lesley, protested that he would never have touched a *cloot* (hoof) of them, had he not taken them for Drummelzier's property. This dexterous appeal to Veitch's passions saved the life of the freebooter.

† This practice of the marchmen was observed and reprobated by Patten. "Anoother manner have they (*the English borderers*) amoong them, of wearyng handkerchers roll'd about their armes, and lettres broider'd (*embroidered*) upon their cappes: they said themselves, the use thearof was that ech of them might knowe his fellowe, and thearbye the sooner assemble, or in nede to ayd one another, and such lyke respectes; howbeit, thear wear of the army amoong us (sum suspicious men perchance) that thought thei used them for collusion, and rather bycause thei might be knowen to the enemie, as the enemies are knowen to them (for thei have their markes too,) and soin conflict either ech to spare

This humanity and moderation was, on certain occasions, entirely laid aside by the borderers. In the case of deadly feud, either against an Englishman, or against any neighbouring tribe, the whole force of the offended clan was bent to avenge the death of any of their number. Their vengeance not only vented itself upon the homicide and his family, but upon all his kindred, on his whole tribe; and on every one, in fine, whose death or ruin could affect him with regret.—*Lesley*, p. 63; *Border Laws, passim*; *Scottish Acts*, 1594, c. 231. The reader will find, in the following collection, many allusions to this infernal custom, which always overcame the marcher's general reluctance to shed human blood, and rendered him remorselessly savage.

For fidelity to their word, *Lesley* ascribes high praise to the inhabitants of the Scottish frontier. Robert Constable (himself a traitorous spy) describes the outlaws, who were his guides into Scotland, as men who would not hesitate to steal, yet would betray no man, that trusted in them, for all the gold in Scotland or France. "They are my guides," said he; "and outlaws who might gain their pardon by surrendering me, yet I am secure of their fidelity, and have often proved it." Indeed, when an instance happened of breach of faith, the injured person, at the first border meeting, rode through the field, displaying a glove (the pledge of faith) upon the point of his lance, and proclaiming the perfidy of the person who had broken his word. So great was the indignation of the

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cother, or gently eche to take cother. Indede, men have been mooved the rather to thinke so, byeaus sum of their crosses (*the English red cross*) were so narrowe, and so singly set on, that a puffe of wynde might blowe them from their breastes, and that thei wear found right often talking with the Skottish prikkers within less than their gad's (*speare*) length asunder; and when thei perceived thei had been espied, thei have be un one to run at anoother, but so apparently periasent (*in parley*) as the lookers on resembled their chasyng lyke the running at hase in an uplondish toun, whear the match is made for a quart of good ale, or like the play in Robin Cooken scole (*a fencing school*,) whear, byeaus the panies mey lerne, thei strike fewe stroke but by assent and appointment. I hard sum men say, it did mooch augment their suspicion that wey, byeaus at the battall they sawe three prikkers so badly demean them, more intending the taking of prisoners, than the surety of victorye; for while cother men fought, thei fell to their prey, that as thear wear but fewe of them but brought home his prisoner, so wear thear many that had six or seven."—*Patten's Account of Somerset's Expedition, apud Dalyell's Fragments*, p. 76.

It is singular that, about this very period, the same circumstances are severely animadverted upon by the strenuous Scotchman, who wrote the *Complaynt of Scotland*, as well as by the English author above quoted: "There is nothing that is occasione of your adhering to the opinion of Ingland contrair your natife cuntre, bot the grit familiarite that Inglis men and Scottes hes had on baith the boirdours, ilk ane witht utheris, in merchandeis, in selling and buying hors and nolt, and scheip, outfang, and infang, ilk ane amang utheris, the whilk familiarite is express contrar the lauis and consuetudis bayth of Ingland and Scotland. In auld tymis it was determit in the artiklis of the pace, be the twa wardanis of the boirdours of Ingland and Scotland, that there sluld be na familiarite betwix Scottis men and Inglis men, nor marriage to be contrakit betwix them, nor conventions on holydais at gammis and playe, nor merchandrie to be maid amang them, nor Scottis men till enter on Inglis grond, witht out the king of Ingland's save conduct, nor Inglis men til enter on Scottis grond, witht out the King of Scotland's save conduct, bowbeit that ther war sure pace betwix the twa realmes. Bot thir sevyn yeir bygane, thai statutis and artiklis of the pace are adnulit, for ther hes been as grit familiaritie, and conventions, and makyng of merchandreis, on the boirdours, this lang tyme betwix Inglis men and Scottis men, baythi in pace and weir, as Scottismen usis amang theme selfis witht in the rea me of Scotland: and sic familiarite has bene the cause that the kyng of Ingland gat intelligence witht divers gentilmen of Scotland."—*Complaynt of Scotland, Edin.* 1801, p. 164.

assembly against the perjured criminal, that he was often slain by his own clan, to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on them. In the same spirit of confidence, it was not unusual to behold the victors, after an engagement, dismiss their prisoners upon parole, who never failed either to transmit the stipulated ransom, or to surrender themselves to bondage, if unable to do so. But the virtues of a barbarous people, being founded not upon moral principle, but upon the dreams of superstition, or the capricious dictates of ancient custom, can seldom be uniformly relied on. We must not, therefore, be surprised to find these very men, so true to their word in general, using, upon other occasions, various resources of cunning and chicane, against which the border laws were in vain directed.

The immediate rulers of the borders were the chiefs of the different clans, who exercised over their respective septs a dominion partly patriarchal, and partly feudal. The latter bond of adherence was, however, the more slender; for, in the acts regulating the borders, we find repeated mention of "Clannes having captaines and chieftaines, whom on they depend, oft-times against the willes of their landeslordes."—*Stat.* 1587, c. 95, *and the Roll thereto annexed.* Of course, these laws looked less to the feudal superior, than to the chieftain of the name, for the restraint of the disorderly tribes; and it is repeatedly enacted, that the head of the clan should be first called upon to deliver those of his sept, who should commit any trespass, and that, on his failure to do so, he should be liable to the injured party in full redress. *Ibidem*, and *Stat.* 1574, c. 231. By the same statutes, the chieftains and landlords, presiding over border clans, were obliged to find caution, and to grant hostages, that they would subject themselves to the due course of law. Such clans, as had no chieftain of sufficient note to enter bail for their quiet conduct, became broken men, outlawed to both nations.

From these enactments, the power of the border chieftains may be conceived; for it had been hard and useless to have punished them for the trespasses of their tribes, unless they possessed over them unlimited authority. The abode of these petty princes by no means corresponded to the extent of their power. We do not find, on the Scottish borders, the splendid and extensive baronial castles which graced and defended the opposite frontier. The gothic grandeur of Alnwick, of Raby, and of Naworth, marks the wealthier and more secure state of the English nobles. The Scottish chieftain, however extensive his domains, derived no advantage, save from such parts as he could himself cultivate or occupy. Payment of rent was hardly known on the borders, till after the union.† All that the landlord could gain, from those residing upon his estate, was their personal service in battle, their assistance in labouring the land retained in his natural possession, some petty quit rents, of a nature resembling the feudal casualties, and perhaps a share in the spoil which they acquired by rapine.‡ This, with his herds of cattle and

† Stowe, in detailing the happy consequences of the union of the crowns, observes, "that the northerne borders became as safe, and peaceable, as any part of the entire kingdome, so as in the fourthe year of the king's reigne, as well gentlemen and others, inhabiting the places adiacente, finding the auncient waste ground to be very good and fruitefull, began to contende in lawe about their bounds, challenging them, that for their hereditarie right, which formerly they disavowed, only to avoyde charge of common defence."

‡ "As for the humours of the people (*i. e.* of Tiviotdale), they were both strong and warlike, as being inured to war, and daily incursions, and the most part of the heritors of the country gave out all their lands to their tenants, for military attendance, upon rentals, and reserved only some few manses for their own sustenance, which were laboured by their tenants, besides their service. They paid an entry, a heraulds, and a small rental-duty; for there were no rents raised here that were considerable, till king James went into England; yea, all along the border."—*Account of Roxburghshire, by Sir William Scott of Harden, and Kerr of Sunlawe, apud Macfarlane's MSS.*

of sheep, and with the *black-mail*, which he exacted from his neighbours, constituted the revenue of the chieftain; and, from funds so precarious, he could rarely spare sums to expend in strengthening or decorating his habitation. Another reason is found in the Scottish mode of warfare. It was early discovered, that the English surpass their neighbours in the arts of assaulting or defending fortified places. The policy of the Scottish, therefore, deterred them from erecting upon the borders buildings of such extent and strength, as, being once taken by the foe, would have been capable of receiving a permanent garrison.† To themselves, the woods and hills of their country were pointed out by the great Bruce, as their safest bulwarks; and the maxim of the Douglasses, that "it was better to hear the lark sing, than the mouse cheep," was adopted by every border chief. For these combined reasons, the residence of the chieftain was commonly a large square battlemented ‡ tower, called a *keep*, or *peel*; placed on a precipice, or on the banks of a torrent, and, if the ground would permit, surrounded by a moat. In short, the situation of a border house, surrounded by woods, and rendered almost inaccessible by torrents, by rocks, or by morasses, sufficiently indicated the pursuits and apprehensions of its inhabitants."—"*Locus horroris et vastæ solitudinis, aptus ad prædam, habilis ad rapinam, habitatoribus suis lapis erat offensionis et petra scandali, utpote qui stipendiis suis minime contenti, totum de alieno, parum de suo, possidebant—totius provinciæ spolium.*" No wonder, therefore, that James V., on approaching the castle of Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, is said to have exclaimed, "that he who built it must have been a knave in his heart." An outer wall, with some slight fortifications, served as a protection for the castle at night. The walls of these fortresses were of an immense thickness, and they could easily be defended against any small force; more especially, as, the rooms being vaulted, each story formed a separate lodgement, capable of being held out for a considerable time. On such occasions, the usual mode adopted by the assailants, was to expel the defenders, by setting fire to wet straw in the lower apartments. But the border chieftains seldom chose to abide in person a siege of this nature; and I have not observed a single instance of a distinguished baron made prisoner in his own house.§ *Patten's Expedition*, p. 35. The common people resided in paltry huts, about the safety of which they were little anxious, as they contained nothing of value. On the approach of a superior force, they unthatched them, to prevent their being burned, and then abandoned them to the foe.—*Stowe's Chronicle*,

† The royal castles of Roxburgh, Hermitage, Lochmaben, &c., form a class of exceptions to this rule, being extensive and well fortified. Perhaps we ought also to except the baronial castle of Home. Yet, in 1455, the following petty garrisons were thought sufficient for the protection of the border; two hundred spearmen, and as many archers, upon the east and middle marches; and one hundred spears, with a like number of bowmen, upon the western marches. But then the same statute provides, "That they are neare hand the bordoure, are ordained to have gud hothehaldes, and abulsied men as effeiris: and to be reddie at their principal place, and to pass, with the wardanes, quhen and quhair they sall be charged."—*Acts of James II.*, cap. 56, *Of garrisons to be laid upon the borders*.—Hence Buchanan has justly described, as an attribute of the Scottish nation,

"*Nec fœcis nec murris patriam, sed Martis turri.*"

‡ I have observed a difference in architecture betwixt the English and Scottish towers. The latter usually have upon the top a projecting battlement, with interstices, anciently called *machicoulis*, betwixt the parapet and the wall, through which stones or darts might be hurled upon the assailants. This kind of fortification is less common on the south border.

§ I ought to except the famous Dand Ker, who was made prisoner in his castle of Fairnihirst after defending it bravely against lord Dacres, 24th September, 1523.

p. 685. Their only treasures were, a fleet and active horse, with the ornaments which their rapine had procured for the females of their family, of whose gay appearance the borderers were vain.

Some rude monuments occur upon the borders, the memorial of ancient valour. Such is the cross at Milholm, on the banks of the Liddel, said to have been erected in memory of the chief of the Armstrongs, murdered treacherously by lord Soulis, while feasting in Hermitage castle. Such also, a rude stone, now broken, and very much defaced, placed upon a mount on the lands of Haugh-head, near the junction of the Kale and Teviot. The inscription records the defence made by Hobbie Hall, a man of great strength and courage, against an attempt of the powerful family of Ker, to possess themselves of his small estate.†

The same simplicity marked their dress and arms. Patten observes, that in battle the laird could not be distinguished from the serf: all wearing the same coat-armour, called a jack, and the baron being only distinguished by his sleeves of mail and his head-piece. The borderers, in general, acted as light cavalry, riding horses of a small size, but astonishingly nimble, and trained to move, by short bounds, through the morasses with which Scotland abounds. Their offensive weapons were a lance of uncommon length; a sword, either two-handed, or of the modern light size; sometimes a species of battle-axe, called a Jedburgh-staff; and, latterly, dags, or pistols. Although so much accustomed to act on horseback, that they held it even mean to appear otherwise, the marchmen occasionally acted as infantry; nor were they inferior to the rest of Scotland in forming that impenetrable phalanx of spears, whereof it is said, by an English historian, that "sooner shall a bare finger pierce through the skin of an angry hedge-hog, than any one encounter the brunt of their pikes." At the battle of Melrose, for example, Buccleuch's army fought upon foot. But the habits of the borderers fitted them particularly to distinguish themselves as light cavalry; and hence the name of *prickers and hobylers*, so frequently applied to them. At the blaze of their beacon fires, they were wont to assemble ten thousand horsemen in the course of a single day. Thus rapid in their warlike preparations, they were alike ready for attack and defence. Each individual carried his own provisions, consisting of a small bag of oatmeal, and trusted to plunder, or the chace, for eking out his precarious meal. Beauge remarks, that nothing surprised the Scottish cavalry so much as to see their French auxiliaries encumbered with baggage-waggons, and attended by commissaries. Before joining battle, it seems to have been the Scottish practice to set fire to the litter of their camp, while, under cover of the smoke, the *hobylers*, or border cavalry, executed their manœuvres.—There is a curious account of the battle of Mitton, fought in the year 1319, in a valuable MS. *Chronicle of England*, in the collection of the marquis of Douglas, from which this stratagem seems to have decided the engagement. "In meyn time, while the wer thus lastyd, the kynge went agane into Skotlonde, that hitte was wonder for to wette, and bysechd the towne of Barwick; but the Skottes went over the water of Sold, that was iii myle from the hoste,

† The rude strains of the inscription little correspond with the gallantry of a

—— village Hampden, who, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.

It is in these words·

Here Hobbie Hall boldly maintained his right,
'Gainst reif, plain force, armed wi' swlese might.
Full thirty ploughs, harnes'd in all their gear,
Could not his valiant noble heart make fear!
But wi' his sword he cut the foremoot's soam
In two, and drove baith ploughs and ploughmen home.
1640.

Soam means the iron links which fasten a yoke of oxen to the plough.

and prively they stole away by nyghte, and come into England, and robbed and destroyed all that they myght, and spared no manner thing til that they come to Yorke. And, whan the Englischemen, that were left at home, herd this tiding, all tho that myght well travell, so well monkys and priestis, and freres, and chanoons, and seculars, come and met with the Skottes at Mytone of Swale, the xii day of October. Allas, for sorrow for the Englischemen! housbondmen, that could nothing in wer, ther were quelled and drenchyd in an arm of the see. And hyr chyftaines, sir William Milton, erech-bishop of Yorke, and the abbot of Selby, with her stedes, fled and come into Yorke; and that was her owne folye that they had that mischaunce; for the passyd the water of Swale, and the Skottes set on fiir three stalkes of hey, and the smoke thereof was so huge, that the Englischemen might not see the Scottis; and whan the Englischemen were gon over the water, tho came the Skottes, with hir wyng, in maner of a sheld, and come toward the Englischemen in ordour. And the Englischemen fled for unnethe they had any use of armes, for the kyng had hem al almost lost att the sege of Barwick. And the Scotsmen *hobylers* went betwene the brigge and the Englischemen, and when the gret hoste them met, the Englischemen fled between the *hobylers* and the gret hoste; and the Englischemen wer ther quelled, and he that myght wend over the water were saved, but many were drowned. Alas! for there were slayn many men of religion, and seculars, and pristis, and clerks, and with much sorwe the erschbischope scaped from the Skottes; and, therefore, the Skottes called that battel the *White Battell*."

For smaller predatory expeditions, the borderers had signals, and places of rendezvous, peculiar to each tribe. If the party set forward before all the members had joined, a mark, cut in the turf, or on the bark of a tree, pointed out to the stragglers the direction which the main body had pursued.† Their warlike convocations were, also, frequently disguised, under pretence of meetings for the purpose of sport. The game of foot-ball, in particular, which was anciently, and still continues to be, a favourite border sport, was the means of collecting together large bodies of moss-troopers, previous to any military exploit. When Sir Robert Carey was warden of the east marches, the knowledge that there was a great match at foot-ball at Kelso, to be frequented by the principal Scottish riders, was sufficient to excite his vigilance and his apprehension.‡ Previous also to the murder of Sir John Carmichael (see Notes on the *Raid of the Reidswire*,) it appeared at the trial of the perpetrators, that they had assisted at a grand foot-ball meeting, where the crime was concerted.

Upon the religion of the borderers there can very little be said. We have already noticed, that they remained attached to the Roman Catholic faith rather longer than the rest of Scotland. This probably arose from a total indifference upon the subject; for we no where find in their character the respect for the church, which is a marked feature of that religion. In 1556, Lord Dacre complains heavily to cardinal Wolsey, that, having taken a notorious freebooter, called Dyk Irwen, the brother and friends of the outlaw had, in retaliation, seized a man of some property, and a relation of Lord Dacre, called Jeffrey Middleton, as he returned from a pilgrimage to St Ninian's, in Galloway; and that, notwithstanding the sanctity of his character as a *true pilgrim*, and the Scottish

† In the parish of Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones, surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the *Tryst*, or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken. See *Statistical Account of the Parish of Linton.*

‡ See Appendix.

monarch's safe conduct, they continued to detain him in their fastnesses, until he should redeem the said arrant thief, Dyk Irwen. The abbeys, which were planted upon the border, neither seem to have been much respected by the English, nor by the Scottish barons. They were repeatedly burned by the former, in the course of the border wars, and by the latter they seem to have been regarded chiefly as the means of endowing a needy relation, or the subject of occasional plunder. Thus, Andrew Home of Fastcastle, about 1456, attempted to procure a perpetual feu of certain possessions belonging to the abbey of Coldinghame; and being baffled, by the king bestowing that opulent benefice upon the royal chapel at Stirling, the Humes and Hepburns started into rebellion; asserting, that the priory should be conferred upon some younger son of their families, according to ancient custom. After the fatal battle of Flodden, one of the Kers testified his contempt for clerical immunities and privileges, by expelling from his house the abbot of Kelso. These bickerings betwixt the clergy and the barons were usually excited by disputes about their temporal interest. It was common for the churchmen to grant lands in feu to the neighbouring gentlemen, who, becoming their vassals, were bound to assist and protect them.† But, as the possessions and revenues of the benefices became thus intermixed with those of the laity, any attempts rigidly to enforce the claims of the church were usually attended by the most scandalous disputes. A petty warfare was carried on for years, betwixt James, abbot of Dryburgh, and the family of Halliburton of Mertoun, or Newmains, who held some lands from that abbey. These possessions were, under various pretexts, seized and laid waste by both parties; and some bloodshed took place in the contest, betwixt the lay vassals and their spiritual superior. The matter was, at length, thought of sufficient importance to be terminated by a reference to his majesty; whose decree arbitral, dated at Stirling, the 5th of May, 1535, proceeds thus: "Whereas we, having been advised and knowing the said gentlemen, the Halliburtons, to be leal and true honest men, long servants unto the saide abbeye, for the saide landis, stout men at armes, and goode borderers against Ingland; and doe therefore decree and ordain, that they sall be repossess'd, and bruik and enjoy the landis and steedings they had of the said abbeye, paying the use and wonts: and that they sall be goode servants to the said venerabil father, like as they and their predecessours were to the said venerabil father, and his predecessours, and he a good master to them."‡ It is unnecessary to detain the reader with other instances of the discord, which prevailed anciently upon the borders, betwixt the spiritual shepherd and his untractable flock.

The reformation was late of finding its way into the border wilds; for, while the religious

† These vassals resembled, in some degree, the Vidames in France, and the Vogten, or Visedomen, of the German abbeys; but the system was never carried regularly into effect in Britain, and this circumstance facilitated the dissolution of the religious houses.

‡ This decree was followed by a marriage betwixt the abbot's daughter, Elizabeth Stewart, and Walter Halliburton, one of the family of Newmains. But even this alliance did not secure peace between the venerable father and his vassals. The offspring of the marriage was an only daughter, named Elizabeth Halliburton. As this young lady was her father's heir, the Halliburtons resolved that she should marry one of her cousins, to keep her property in the clan. But as this did not suit the views of the abbot, he carried off by force the intended bride, and married her, at Stirling, to Alexander Erskine, a brother of the laird of Balgony, a relation and follower of his own. From this marriage sprung the Erskines of Shielfield. This exploit of the abbot revived the feud betwixt him and the Halliburtons, which only ended with the dissolution of the abbey.—*MS. History of Halliburton Family, penes editorem.*

and civil dissensions were at the height in 1588, Drury writes to Cecil,—"Our trusty neighbours of Teviotdale are holden occupied only to attend to the pleasure and calling of their own heads, to make some diversion in this matter." The influence of the reformed preachers, among the borders, seems also to have been but small; for, upon all occasions of dispute with the kirk, James VI. was wont to call in their assistance. —*Calderwood*, p. 129.

We learn from a curious passage in the life of Richard Cameron, a fanatical preacher during the time of what is called the "persecution," that some of the borderers retained to a late period their indifference about religious matters. After having been licensed at Haughhead, in Teviotdale, he was, according to his biographer, sent first to preach in Annandale. "He said, 'How can I go there? I know what sort of people they are.' 'But,' Mr. Welch said, 'go your way, Ritchie, and set the fire of hell to their tails.'" He went; and, the first day, he preached upon that text, *How shall I put thee among the children, &c.* In the application, he said, 'Put you among the children! the offspring of thieves and robbers! we have all heard of Annandale thieves.' Some of them got a merciful cast that day, and told afterwards, that it was the first field-meeting they ever attended, and that they went out of mere curiosity, to see a minister preach in a tent, and people sit on the ground."—*Life of Richard Cameron.*†

Cleland, an enthusiastic Cameronian, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment levied after the revolution from among that wild and fanatical sect, claims to the wandering preachers of his tribe the merit of converting the borderers. He introduces a cavalier haranguing the Highlanders, and ironically thus guarding them against the fanatic divines:

"If their doctrine there get rooting,
Then, farewell theft, the best of booting.
And this ye see is very clear,
Dayly experience makes it appear;
For instance, lately on the borders,
Where there was nought but theft and murders,
Rapine, cheating, and resetting,
Slight of hand, and fortunes getting,
Their designation, as ye ken,
Was all along the *Tacking Men.*
Now, rebels more prevails with words,
Than drawgoons does with guns and swords,
So that their lare preaching now
Makes the rush-bush keep the cow;
Better than Scots or English kings
Could do by kilting them with strings.
Yea, those that were the greatest rogues,
Follows them over hills and bogues,
Crying for mercy and for preaching,
For they'll now hear no others teaching."

Cleland's Poems, 1697, p. 30.

The poet of the Whigs might exaggerate the success of their teachers; yet it must be owned, that the doctrine of insubordination, joined to their vagrant and lawless habits, was calculated strongly to conciliate their border hearers.

But, though the church, in the border counties, attracted little veneration, no part of Scotland teemed with superstitious fears and observances more than they did. "The Dalesmen,"‡ says Lesley, "never count their beads with such

† This man was chaplain in the family of Sir Walter Scott of Harden, who attended the meetings of the indulged presbyterians; but Cameron, considering this conduct as a compromise with the foul fiend Episcopacy, was dismissed from the family. He was slain in a skirmish at Airdsmoss, bequeathing his name to the sect of fanatics still called Cameronians.

‡ An epithet bestowed upon the borderers, from the names of the various districts; as Teviotdale, Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Annandale, &c. Hence, an old ballad distinguishes the north as the country,

"Where every river gives name to a dale."

Ex-al-tation of Ale.

earnestness as when they set out upon a predatory expedition." Penances, the composition betwixt guilt and conscience, were also frequent upon the borders. Of this we have a record in many bequests to the church, and in some more lasting monuments, such as the Tower of Repentance, in Dumfries-shire, and, according to vulgar tradition, the church of Linton,† in Roxburghshire. Instances exist of leagues, or treaties of peace betwixt two hostile clans, by which the heads of each became bound to make the four pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite clan, who had fallen in the feud. These were superstitions, flowing immediately from the nature of the Catholic religion: but there was, upon the border, no lack of others of a more general nature. Such was the universal belief in spells, of which some traces may yet remain in the wild parts of the country. These were common in the time of the learned bishop Nicolson, who derives them from the time of the Pagan Danes. "This conceit was the more heightened, by reflecting upon the natural superstition of our borderers at this day, who were much better acquainted with and do more firmly believe, their old legendary stories, of fairies and witches, than the articles of their creed. And to convince me, yet farther, that they are not utter strangers to the black art of their forefathers, I met with a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who showed me a book of spells, and magical receipts, taken, two or three days before, in the pocket of one of our moss-troopers; wherein, among many other conjuring feats, was prescribed a certain remedy for an ague, by applying a few barbarous characters to the body of the party distempered. These, methought, were very near a-kin to Wormius's *Rem Runar*, which, he says, differed wholly in figure and shape from the common *runæ*. For, though he tells us that these *Rem Runar* were so called, *Eo quod molestias, dolores, morbosque hisce infligere, inimicis solliti sunt magi*; yet his great friend, Arng. Jonas, more to our purpose, says that—*His etiam uti sunt ad benefaciendum, juvandum, medicandum tam animi quam corporis morbis; atque ad ipsos cacodæmones pellendos et fugandos.* I shall not trouble you with a draught of this spell, because I have not yet had an opportunity of learning whether it may not be an ordinary one, and to be met with, among others of the same nature, in Paracelsus, or Cornelius Agrippa."—*Letter from Bishop Nicolson to Mr. Walker; vide Camden's Britannia, Cumberland.* Even in the editor's younger days, he can remember the currency of certain spells for curing sprains, burns, or dislocations, to which popular credulity ascribed unfailing efficacy.‡ Charms, however, against spiritual enemies, were yet more common than those intended to cure corporal complaints. This is not surprising, as a fantastic remedy well suited an imaginary disease.

There were, upon the borders, many consecrated wells, for resorting to which the people's credulity is severely censured by a worthy phy-

† This small church is founded upon a little hill of sand, in which no stone of the size of an egg is said to have been found, although the neighbouring soil is sharp and gravelly. Tradition accounts for this, by informing us, that the foundresses were two sisters, upon whose account much blood had been spilt in that spot; and that the penance imposed on the fair causers of the slaughter, was an order from the pope to sift the sand of the hill, upon which their church was to be erected. This story may, perhaps, have some foundation; for, in the church-yard was discovered a single grave, containing no fewer than fifty skulls, most of which bore the marks of having been cleft by violence.

‡ Among these may be reckoned the supposed influence of Irish earth, in curing the poison of adders, or other venomous reptiles.—This virtue is extended by popular credulity to the natives, and even to the animals, of Hibernia. A gentleman, bitten by some reptile, so as to occasion a great swelling, seriously assured the editor, that he ascribed his cure to putting the affected finger into the mouth of an Irish mare!

sician of the seventeenth century, who himself believed in a shower of living herrings having fallen near Dumfries. "Many run superstitiously to other wells, and there obtain, as they imagine, health and advantage; and there they offer bread and cheese, or money, by throwing them into the well." In another part of the MS. occurs the following passage: "In the bounds of the lands of Eccles, belonging to a 'yneage of the name of Maitland, there is a loch called the Dowloch, of old resorted to with much superstition, as medicinal both for men and beasts, and that with such ceremonies, as are *shrewdly* suspected to have been begun with witchcraft, and increased afterward by magical directions: For, burying of a cloth, or somewhat that did relate to the bodies of men and women, and a shackle, or teather, belonging to cow or horse, and these being cast into the loch, if they did float, it was taken for a good omen of recovery, and a part of the water carried to the patient, though to remote places, without saluting or speaking to any they met by the way; but, if they did sink, the recovery of the party was hopeless. This custom was of late much curbed and restrained; but since the discovery of many medicinal fountains near to the place, the vulgar, holding that it may be as medicinal as these are, at this time begin to re-assume their former practice."—*Account of Presbytery of Penpont, in Macfarlane's MSS.*

The idea, that the spirits of the deceased return to haunt the place, where on earth they have suffered, or have rejoiced, is, as Dr. Johnson has observed, common to the popular creed of all nations. The just and noble sentiment, implanted in our bosoms by the Deity, teaches us that we shall not slumber for ever, as the beasts that perish.—Human vanity, or credulity, chequers, with its own inferior and base colours, the noble prospect, which is alike held out to us by philosophy and by religion. We feel, according to the ardent expression of the poet, that we shall not wholly die; but from hence we vainly and weakly argue, that the same scenes, the same passions, shall delight and actuate the disembodied spirit, which affected it while in its tenement of clay. Hence the popular belief, that the soul haunts the spot where the murdered body is interred; that its appearances are directed to bring down vengeance on its murderers; or that, having left its terrestrial form in a distant clime, it glides before its former friends, a pale spectre, to warn them of its decease. Such tales, the foundation of which is an argument from our present feelings to those of the spiritual world, form the broad and universal basis of the popular superstition regarding departed spirits; against which, reason has striven in vain, and universal experience has offered a disregarded testimony. These legends are peculiarly acceptable to barbarous tribes; and, on the borders, they were received with most unbounded faith. It is true, that these supernatural adversaries were no longer opposed by the sword and battle-axe, as among the unconverted Scandinavians. Prayers, spells, and exorcisms, particularly in the Greek and Hebrew languages, were the weapons of the borderers, or rather of their priests and cunning men, against their aerial enemy.† The belief

† One of the most noted apparitions is supposed to haunt Spedlin's castle near Lochmaben, the ancient baronial residence of the Jardines of Applegirth. It is said, that, in exercise of his territorial jurisdiction, one of the ancient lairds had imprisoned, in the *Massy More*, or dungeon of the castle, a person named Porteous. Being called suddenly to Edinburgh, the laird discovered, as he entered the West Port, that he had brought along with him the key of the dungeon. Struck with the utmost horror, he sent back his servant to relieve the prisoner; but it was too late. The wretched being was found lying upon the steps descending from the door of the vault starved to death. In the agonies of hunger, he had gnawed the flesh from one of his arms. That his spectre should haunt the castle, was a natural consequence of such a tragedy. Indeed its visits became so frequent, that a clergyman of eminence was employed to

in ghosts, which has been well termed the last lingering phantom of superstition, still maintains its ground upon the borders.

It is unnecessary to mention the superstitious belief in witchcraft, which gave rise to so much cruelty and persecution during the seventeenth century. There were several executions upon the borders for this imaginary crime, which was usually tried not by the ordinary judges, but by a set of country gentlemen, acting under commission from the privy council.†

Besides these grand articles of superstitious belief, the creed of the borderers admitted the existence of sundry classes of subordinate spirits, to whom were assigned peculiar employments. The chief of those were the Fairies, concerning whom the reader will find a long dissertation in Volume Second of the Minstrelsy [reprinted in the present work, as an Introduction to the Fairy Ballads.] The Brownie formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. He was meagre, shaggy, and wild in his appearance. Thus Cleland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

> "Faunes, or *Brownies*, if ye will,
> Or satyres come from Atlas Hill."

In the day time, he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and, in the night, sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself. His name is probably derived from the *Portuni*, whom Gervase of Tilbury describes thus: "*Ecce enim in Anglia dæmones quosdam habent, dæmones, inquam, nocte diverim, an secretis et ignotæ generationis effigies, quos Galli Neptunos, Angli Portunos nominant. Istis insitum est quod simplicitatem fortunatorum colonorum amplectuntur, et cum nocturnas propter domesticas operas agunt vigilias, subito clausis januis ad ignem calefiunt, et ranunculos ex sinu projectos, prunis impositos concedunt, senili vultu, facie corrugata, statura pusilli, dimidium pollicis non habentes. Pannicullis consertis induuntur, et si quid gestandum in domo fuerit, aut onerosi operis agendum, ad operandum se jungunt, citius humana facilitate exper-*

exorcise it. After a contest of twenty-four hours, the man of art prevailed so far as to confine the goblin to the *Massy More* of the castle, where its shrieks and cries are still heard. A part, at least, of the spell, depends upon the preservation of the ancient black-lettered bible, employed by the exorcist. It was some years ago thought necessary to have this bible re-bound; but, as soon as it was removed from the castle, the spectre commenced his nocturnal orgies, with ten-fold noise; and it is verily believed that he would have burst from his confinement, had not the sacred volume been speedily replaced.

A Mass John Scott, minister of Peebles, is reported to have been the last renowned exorciser, and to have lost his life in a contest with an obstinate spirit. This was owing to the conceited rashness of a young clergyman, who commenced the ceremony of laying the ghost before the arrival of Mass John. It is the nature, it seems, of spirits disembodied, as well as embodied, to increase in strength and presumption, in proportion to the advantages which they may gain over the opponent. The young clergyman losing courage, the horrors of the scene were increased to such a degree, that, as Mass John approached the house in which it passed, he beheld the slates and tiles flying from the roof, as it dispersed with a whirlwind. At his entry, he perceived all the wax-tapers (the most essential instruments of conjuration) extinguished, except one, which already burned blue in the socket. The arrival of the experienced sage changed the scene: he brought the spirit to reason, but unfortunately, while addressing a word of advice or censure to his rash brother, he permitted the ghost to obtain the *last word*; a circumstance which, in all colloquies of this nature, is strictly to be guarded against. This fatal oversight occasioned his falling into a lingering disorder, of which he never recovered.

† I have seen, *penes* Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, the record of the trial of a witch, who was burned at Ducova. She was tried in the manner above mentioned.

dimit. Id illic institum est, ut obsequi possint et obsuc non possint."—Otia Imp. p. 980. In every respect, saving only the feeding upon frogs, which was probably an attribute of the Gallic spirits alone, the above description corresponds with that of the Scottish Brownie. But the latter, although, like Milton's lubbar fiend, he loves to stretch himself by the fire,† does not drudge from the hope of recompense. On the contrary, so delicate is his attachment, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.‡ We learn from Olaus Magnus, that spirits, somewhat similar in their operations to the Brownie, were supposed to haunt the Swedish mines. The passage, in the translation of 1658, runs thus: "This is collected in briefe, that in northerne kingdomes, there are great armies of devils, that have their services, which they perform with the inhabitants of these countries: but they are most frequently in rocks and mines, where they break, cleave, and make them hollow: which also thrust in pitchers and buckets, and carefully fit wheels and screws, whereby they are drawn upwards; and they shew themselves to the labourers, when they list, like phantasms and ghosts." It seems no improbable conjecture, that the Brownie is a legitimate descendant of the *Lar Familiaris* of the ancients.

A being, totally distinct from those hitherto mentioned, is the Bogle, or Goblin; a freakish spirit, who delights rather to perplex and frighten mankind, than either to serve, or seriously to hurt them. This is the *Esprit Follet* of the French; and *Puck*, or *Robin Goodfellow*, though enlisted by Shakespeare among the fairy band of *Oberon*, properly belongs to this class of phantoms. *Shellycoat*, a spirit who resides in the waters, and has given his name to many a rock and stone upon the Scottish coast, belongs

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† —— how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn the cream-bowl, duly set;
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end:
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength:
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matiin rings.

L'Allegro.

When the menials in a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonished them,—"Gang a' to your beds, sirs, and dinna put out the wee *grieshoch* (embers.)"

‡ It is told of a Brownie, who haunted a border family, now extinct, that the lady having fallen unexpectedly in labour, and the servant, who was ordered to ride to Jedburgh for the *sage femme*, showing no great alertness in setting out, the familiar spirit slipt on the great-coat of the lingering domestic, rode to the town on the laird's best horse, and returned with the midwife *en croupe*. During the short space of his absence, the Tweed, which they must necessarily ford, rose to a dangerous height. Brownie, who transported his charge with all the rapidity of the ghostly lover of *Lenore*, was not to be stopped by this obstacle. He plunged in with the terrified old lady, and landed her in safety where her services were wanted. Having put the horse into the stable (where it was afterwards found in a woeful plight), he proceeded to the room of the servant, whose duty he had discharged; and, finding him just in the act of drawing on his boots, he administered to him a most merciless drubbing with his own horse-whip. Such an important service excited the gratitude of the laird; who, understanding that Brownie had been heard to express a wish to have a green coat, ordered a vestment of that colour to be made and left in his haunts. Brownie took away the green coat, but was never seen more. We may suppose, that, tired of his domestic drudgery, he went in his new livery to join the fairies.

The last Brownie, known in Ettrick forest, resided in Bodsbeck, a wild and solitary spot, where he exercised his functions undisturbed, till the scrupulous devotion of an old lady induced her to *hire him away*, as it was termed, by placing in his haunt a porringer of milk and a piece of money. After receiving this hint to depart, he was heard the whole night to howl and cry, "Farewell to bonny Bodsbeck!" which he was compelled to abandon for ever.

also to the class of bogles.† When he appeared, he seemed to be decked with marine productions, and, in particular, with shells, whose clattering announced his approach. From this circumstance he derived his name. He may, perhaps, be identified with the goblin of the northern English, which, in the towns and cities, Durham and Newcastle for example, had the name of *Barguest*;‡ but, in the country villages, was more frequently termed *Brag*. He usually ended his mischievous frolics with a horse-laugh.

Shellycoat must not be confounded with *Kelpy*, a water spirit also, but of a much more powerful and malignant nature. His attributes have been the subject of a poem in Lowland Scottish, by the learned Dr Jamieson of Edinburgh, [given in the present collection.] Of *Kelpy*, therefore, it is unnecessary to say anything at present.

Of all these classes of spirits it may be, in general, observed, that their attachment was supposed to be local, and not personal. They haunted the rock, the stream, the ruined castle, without regard to the persons or families to whom the property belonged. Hence they differed entirely from that species of spirits, to whom, in the Highlands, is ascribed the guardianship, or superintendence of a particular clan, or family of distinction; and who, perhaps yet more than the Brownie, resemble the classic household gods. Thus, in a MS. history of Moray, we are informed, that the family of Gurlinbeg is haunted by a spirit, called *Garlin Bodacher*; that of the baron of Kinchardin, by *Lamhdearg*,§ or Red-hand, a spectre, one of whose hands is as red as blood; that of Tullochgorm, by *May Moulach*, a female figure, whose left hand and arm were covered with hair, who is also mentioned in *Aubrey's Miscellanies*, pp. 211, 212, as a familiar attendant upon the clan Grant. These superstitions were so ingrafted in the popular creed, that the clerical synods and presbyteries were wont to take cognizance of them.‖

Various other superstitions, regarding magicians, spells, prophecies, &c., will claim our attention in the progress of this work. For the

† One of his pranks is thus narrated: Two men, in a very dark night, approaching the banks of the Ettrick, heard a doleful voice from its waves repeatedly exclaim:—"Lost! Lost!" They followed the sound, which seemed to be the voice of a drowning person, and, to their infinite astonishment, they found that it ascended the river. Still they continued, during a long and tempestuous night, to follow the cry of the malicious sprite; and arriving, before morning's dawn, at the very sources of the river, the voice was now heard descending the opposite side of the mountain in which they arise. The fatigued and deluded travellers now relinquished the pursuit; and had no sooner done so, than they heard Shellycoat applauding, in loud bursts of laughter, his successful roguery. The spirit was supposed particularly to haunt the old house of Gorinberry, situated on the river Hermitage, in Liddesdale.

‡ This is a sort of spirit peculiar to those towns. He has made his appearance in this very year (1809) in that of York, if the vulgar may be credited. His name is derived by Grose, from his appearing near bars or stiles, but seems rather to come from the German Bahr-Geist, or spirit of the Bier.

§ The following notice of Lamhdearg occurs in another account of Strathspey, *apud* Macfarlane's MSS.:—"There is much talke of a spirit called *Ly-erg*, who frequents the Glenmore. He appears with a red-hand, in the habit of a souldier, and challenges men to fight with him; as lately as 1669, he fought with three brothers, one after another, who immediately died thereafter."

‖ There is current, in some parts of Germany, a fanciful superstition concerning the *Stille Volke*, or silent people. These they suppose to be attached to houses of eminence, and to consist of a number, corresponding to that of the mortal family, each person of which has thus his representative amongst these domestic spirits. When the lady of the family has a child, the queen of the silent people is delivered in the same moment. They endeavour to give warning when danger approaches the family, assist in warding it off, and are sometimes seen to weep and wring their hands before inevitable calamity.

present, therefore, taking the advice of an old Scottish rhymer, let us

"Leave bogles, brownies, gyre carlinges, and ghaists." †

Flyting of Polwart and Montgomery.

The domestic economy of the borderers next engages our attention. That the revenue of the chieftain should be expanded in rude hospitality was the natural result of his situation. His wealth consisted chiefly in herds of cattle, which were consumed by the kinsmen, vassals, and followers, who aided him to acquire and to protect them.‡ We learn from Lesley, that the borderers were temperate in their use of intoxicating liquors, and we are therefore left to conjecture how they occupied the time, when winter, or when accident, confined them to their habitations. The little learning, which existed in the middle ages, glimmered a dim and dying flame in the religious houses; and even in

† So generally were these tales of *diablerie* believed, that one William Lithgow, a *bon vivant*, who appears to have been a native, or occasional inhabitant, of Melrose, is celebrated by the pot-companion who composed his elegy, because

He was good company at jests,
And wanton when he came to feists.
He scorn'd the converse of great beasts,
O'er a sheep's head:
HE LAUGH'D AT STORIES ABOUT GHAISTS:
But Mirie's dead!

Watson's Scottish Poems, Edin. 1706.

‡ We may form some idea of the style of life maintained by the border warriors, from the anecdotes, handed down by tradition, concerning Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished towards the middle of the sixteenth century. This ancient laird was a renowned freebooter, and used to ride with a numerous band of followers. The spoil, which they carried off from England, or from their neighbours, was concealed in a deep and impervious glen, on the brink of which the old tower of Harden was situated. From thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs, a hint to the riders, that they must shift for their next meal. Upon one occasion, when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly, *to drive out Harden's cow.* "*Harden's cow!*" echoed the affronted chief—"Is it come to that pass? by my faith, they shall sune say Harden's *kye*," (cows.) Accordingly, he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day with "*a bow of kye, and a bassen'd* (brindled) *bull.*" On his return with this gallant prey, he passed a very large haystack. It occurred to the provident laird, that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but as no means of transporting it occurred, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial: "By my soul, had ye but four feet, ye should not stand lang there." In short, as Froissart says of a similar class of feudal robbers, nothing came amiss to them, that was not *too heavy, or too hot.* The same mode of house-keeping characterized most border families on both sides. A MS. quoted in *History of Cumberland*, p. 466, concerning the Grames of Netherby, and others of that clan, runs thus: "They were all stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves; both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time, upon a raid of the English into Scotland." A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), "*Ride, Rudy* (Rowland,) *hough's i' the pot;*" that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more. To such men might with justice be applied the poet's description of the Cretan warrior, translated by my friend, Dr Leyden:

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
With these I till, with these I sow;
With these I reap my harvest field,
The only wealth the gods bestow.
With these I plant the purple vine,
With these I press the luscious wine.

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
They make me lord of all below;
For he who dreads the lance to wield,
Before my shaggy shield must bow.
His lands, his vineyards, must resign,
And all that towards have is mine.

Hybrias (ap. Athenæum.)

the sixteenth century, when its beams became more widely diffused, they were far from penetrating the recesses of the border mountains. The tales of tradition, the song, with the pipe or harp of the minstrel, were probably the sole resources against *ennui*, during the short intervals of repose from military adventure.

This brings us to the more immediate subject of the present publication.

Lesley, who dedicates to the description of border manners a chapter, which we have already often quoted, notices particularly the taste of the marchmen for music and ballad poetry. "*Placent admodum sibi sua musica, et rythmicis suis cantionibus, quæ de majorum suorum gestis, aut ingeniosis prædandi procendive stratagematis ipsi confingunt.*"—Lesleus, *in capitulo de morbis eorum, qui Scotiæ limites Angliam versus incolunt.* The more rude and wild the state of society, the more general and violent is the impulse received from poetry and music. The muse, whose effusions are the amusement of a very small part of a polished nation, records, in the lays of inspiration, the history, the laws, the very religion, of savages.—Where the pen and the press are wanting, the flow of numbers impresses upon the memory of posterity the deeds and sentiments of their forefathers. Verse is naturally connected with music; and, among a rude people, the union is seldom broken. By this natural alliance, the lays, "steeped in the stream of harmony," are more easily retained by the reciter, and produce upon his audience a more impressive effect. Hence, there has hardly been found to exist a nation so brutishly rude, as not to listen with enthusiasm to the songs of their bards, recounting the exploits of their forefathers, recording their laws and moral precepts, or hymning the praises of their deities. But, where the feelings are frequently stretched to the highest pitch, by the vicissitudes of a life of danger and military adventure, this predisposition of a savage people, to admire their own rude poetry and music, is heightened, and its tone becomes peculiarly determined. It is not the peaceful Hindu at his loom, it is not the timid Esquimaux in his canoe, whom we must expect to glow at the war-song of Tyrtæus. The music and the poetry of each country must keep pace with their usual tone of mind, as well as with the state of society.

The morality of their compositions is determined by the same circumstances. Those themes are necessarily chosen by the bard, which regard the favourite exploits of the hearers; and he celebrates only those virtues which from infancy he has been taught to admire. Hence, as remarked by Lesley, the music and songs of the borders were of a military nature, and celebrated the valour and success of their predatory expeditions. Razing, like Shakespeare's pirate, the eighth commandment from the decalogue, the minstrels praised their chieftains for the very exploits, against which the laws of the country denounced a capital doom.—An outlawed freebooter was to them a more interesting person than the King of Scotland exerting his power to punish his depredations; and, when the characters are contrasted, the latter is always represented as a ruthless and sanguinary tyrant.—Spenser's description of the bards of Ireland applies, in some degree, to our ancient border poets. "There is, among the Irish, a certain kinde of people called bardes, which are to them instead of poets; whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men, in their poems or rhymes; the which are had in such high regard or esteem amongst them, that none dare displease them, for feare of running into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men; for their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings, by certain other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive, for the same, great rewards and reputation amongst them." Spenser, having bestowed due praise upon the poets, who sung the praises of the good and virtuous, informs us, that the

bards, on the contrary, "seldom use to chuse unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems; but whomsoever they finde to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience, and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhythmes; him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow." —*Eudoxus.* "I marvail what kind of speeches they can find, or what faces they can put on, to praise such bad persons, as live so lawlessly and licentiously upon stealths and spoyles, as most of them do; or how they can think that any good mind will applaud or approve the same." In answer to this question, *Irenæus*, after remarking the giddy and restless disposition of the ill-educated youth of Ireland, which made them prompt to receive evil counsel, adds, that such a person, "if he shall find any to praise him, and to give him any encouragement, as those bards and rhythmers do, for little reward, or share of a stolen cow,† then waxeth he most insolent, and half-mad, with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of a most notorious thief, and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his life-time of spoils and robberies, one of their bardes, in his praise, will say, "that he was none of the idle milk-sops that was brought up by their fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms, and valiant enterprises; that he never did eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in his cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him; but, where he came, he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentations to their lovers; that his music was not the harp, nor lays of love, but the cries of people, and clashing of armour; and finally, that he died, not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death. Do not you think, Eudoxus, that many of these praises might be applied to men of best deserts? Yet are they all yielded to a most notable traitor, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of."—*State of Ireland.* The same concurrence of circumstances, so well pointed out by Spenser, as dictating the topics of the Irish bards, tuned the border harps to the praise of an outlawed Armstrong, or Murray.

For similar reasons, flowing from the state of society, the reader must not expect to find, in the border ballads, refined sentiment, and, far less, elegant expression; although the style of such compositions has, in modern hands, been found highly susceptible of both. But passages might be pointed out, in which the rude minstrel has melted in natural pathos, or risen into rude energy. Even where these graces are totally wanting, the interest of the stories themselves, and the curious picture of manners which they frequently present, authorise them to claim some respect from the public

† The reward of the Welsh bards, and perhaps of those upon the border, was very similar. It was enacted by Howel Dha, that if the king's bard played before a body of warriors, upon a predatory excursion, he should receive, in recompence, the best cow which the party carried off. —*Leges Wallicæ*, l. 1. cap. 19.

The Battle of Otterbourne.

THE SCOTTISH EDITION.

["THE following edition of the Battle of Otterbourne," says Sir Walter Scott, "being essentially different from that which is published in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i., and being obviously of Scottish composition, claims a place in the present collection, [Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.] The particulars of that noted action are related by Froissart, with the highest encomium upon the valour of the combatants on each side. James, earl of Douglas, with his brother, the earl of Murray, in 1337 invaded Northumberland, at the head of 3000 men; while the earls of Fife and Strathern, sons to the king of Scotland, ravaged the western borders of England, with a still more numerous army. Douglas penetrated as far as Newcastle, where the renowned Hotspur lay in garrison. In a skirmish before the walls, Percy's lance, with the pennon, or guidon, attached to it, was taken by Douglas, as most authors affirm, in a personal encounter betwixt the two heroes. The earl shook the pennon aloft, and swore he would carry it as his spoil into Scotland, and plant it upon his castle of Dalkeith. 'That,' answered Percy, 'shalt thou never!'—Accordingly, having collected the forces of the marches, to a number equal, or (according to the Scottish historians) much superior, to the army of Douglas, Hotspur made a night attack upon the Scottish camp, at Otterbourne, about thirty-two miles from Newcastle. An action took place, fought by moon-light, with uncommon gallantry and desperation. At length, Douglas, armed with an iron mace, which few but he could wield, rushed into the thickest of the English battalions, followed only by his chaplain, and two squires of his body.† Before his followers could come up, their brave leader was stretched on the ground, with three mortal wounds: his squires lay dead by his side; the priest alone, armed with a lance, was protecting his master from farther injury. 'I die like my forefathers,' said the expiring hero, 'in a field of battle, and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard,‡ and avenge my fall! it is an old prophecy, that a dead man shall gain a field,§ and I hope it will be accomplished this night.'—*Godscroft.*—With these words he expired; and the fight was renewed with double obstinacy around his body. When morning appeared, however, victory began to incline to the Scottish side. Ralph Percy, brother to Hotspur, was made prisoner by the earl Marischal, and shortly after, Harry Percy‖ himself was taken by lord Montgomery. The number of captives, according to Wintoun, nearly equalled that of the victors. Upon this the English retired, and left the Scots masters of the dear-bought honours of the field. But the bishop of Durham approaching, at the head of a body of fresh forces, not only checked the pursuit of the victors, but made prisoners of some of the stragglers, who had urged the chase too far. The battle was not, however, renewed, as the bishop of Durham did not venture to attempt the rescue of Percy. The field was fought 15th August, 1388.—*Fordun, Froissart, Hollinshed, Godscroft.*

"The ground on which this memorable engagement took place, is now [edition of the Minstrelsy, 1812,] the property of John Davidson, Esq. of Newcastle, and still retains the name of Battle Cross. A cross, erroneously termed *Percy's Cross*, has been erected upon the spot where the gallant earl of Douglas is supposed to have fallen. The castle of Otterbourne, which was besieged by Douglas, with its demesne lands, is now [*edit. ut supra*] the property of James Ellis, Esq. who is also proprietor of a neighbouring eminence called Fawdoun-hill, on which may yet be discerned the vestiges of the Scottish camp, agreeing with the description of the ballad, 'They lighted high on Otterbourne.' Earl's Meadows, containing a fine spring called Percy's well, are a part of the same gentleman's grounds, and probably derive their name from the battle. The camp on Fawdoun-hill is a mile distant from Battle Crofts,

† Their names were Robert Hart and Simon Glendinning. The chaplain was Richard Lundie, afterwards archdean of Aberdeen. — Godscroft. Hart, according to Wintoun, was a knight. That historian says, no one knew how Douglas fell.

‡ The banner of Douglas, upon this memorable occasion, was borne by his natural son, Archibald Douglas, ancestor of the family of Cavers, hereditary sheriffs of Teviotdale, amongst whose archives this glorious relique is still preserved. The earl, at his onset, is said to have charged his son to defend it to the last drop of his blood.

§ This prophecy occurs in the ballad as an ominous dream.

‖ Hotspur, for his ransom, built the castle of Penoon, in Ayrshire, belonging to the family of Montgomery, now earls of Eglinteun.

but it must be remembered that the various changes of position and of fortune during so long and fierce an engagement between two considerable armies, must have extended the conflict over all the vicinity.

"The ballad, published in the *Reliques*, is avowedly an English production; and the author, with a natural partiality, leans to the side of his countrymen; yet that ballad, or some one similar, modified probably by national prejudice, must have been current in Scotland during the reign of James VI.: for Godscroft, in treating of this battle, mentions its having been the subject of popular song, and proceeds thus: 'But that which is commonly sung of the *Hunting of Cheviot*, seemeth indeed poetical, and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereon there is no mention, either in the Scottish or English Chronicle. Neither are the songs that are made of them, both one, for the *Scots Song made of Otterbourne*, telleth the time, about Lammas; and also the occasion, to take preys out of England; also the dividing the armies betwixt the earls of Fife and Douglas, and their several journies, almost as in the authentic history. It beginneth thus:

> 'It fell about the Lammas tide,
> When yeomen win their hay,
> The doughty Douglas 'gan to ride,
> In England to take a prey.'
> GODSCROFT, ed. Edin. 1743. vol. i. p. 195.

I cannot venture to assert, that the stanzas, here published, belong to the ballad alluded to by Godscroft; but they come much nearer to his description than the copy published in the first edition, which represented Douglas as falling by the poniard of a faithless page. Yet we learn from the same author, that the story of the assassination was not without foundation in tradition.—'There are that say, that he (Douglas) was not slain by the enemy, but by one of his own men, a groom of his chamber, whom he had struck the day before with a truncheon, in ordering of the battle, because he saw him make somewhat slowly to. And they name this man John Bickerton of Luffness, who left a part of his armour behind unfastened, and when he was in the greatest conflict, this servant of his came behind his back, and slew him thereat.'—*Godscroft, ut supra.*—'But this narration,' adds the historian, 'is not so probable.'† Indeed it seems to have no foundation, but the common desire of assigning some remote and extraordinary cause for the death of a great man. The following ballad is also inaccurate in many other particulars, and is much shorter, and more indistinct, than that printed in the *Reliques*, although many verses are almost the same. Hotspur, for instance, is called *Earl Percy*, a title he never enjoyed. Neither was Douglas buried on the field of battle, but in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still shown.

"This song was first published from Mr Herd's *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*, Edin. 1774, 2 vols. octavo; but two recited copies have fortunately been obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out, and completed in a manner much more correspondent to the true history.

"I cannot dismiss the subject of the battle of Otterbourne, without stating (with all the deference due to the father of this species of literature) some doubts which have occurred to an ingenious correspondent, and an excellent antiquary, concerning the remarks on the names subjoined to the ballads of Chevy Chase and Otterbourne in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

"'John de Lovele, sheriff of Northumberland, 34th Hen. VII.,' is evidently a mistake, as Henry VII. did not reign quite twenty-four years; but the person meant was probably John de Lavale, knight, of Delavale castle, who was sheriff, 34th Henry VIII. There seems little doubt that the person called in the ballad "the gentil Lovel," sir Raff the rich Rugbe, was probably sir Ralph Neville of Raby castle, son of the first earl of Westmoreland, and cousin german to Hotspur. In the more modern edition of the ballad, he is expressly called sir Ralph Rabby, *i. e.* of Raby.

"With respect to the march of Douglas, as described in the ballad, it appears that he entered Northumberland from the westward. Redesdale, Rothely-crags, and Green Leighton, are a few miles eastward of Otterbourne. Otterscope-hill lies south-west from Green Leighton.

> "The erle Jamys was an boy,
> For to ordane his company;
> And on his lays for to pas,
> That reches he of his arnyng was:
> The erle of Mwrrayys bassenet,
> That sayd, at that tyme was ferryhete."
> Book VIII. Chap. 7.

The circumstance of Douglas' omitting to put on his helmet occurs in the ballad.

† Winton assigns another cause for Douglas being carelessly armed:

"The celebrated Hotspur, son of the first earl of Northumberland, was, in 1335, governor of Berwick, and warden of the east marches; in which last capacity it was his duty to repel the invasion of Douglas.

"Sir Henry Fitzhugh, mentioned in the ballad, was one of the earl of Northumberland's commanders at the battle of Homeldown.

"As to the local situation of Otterbourne, it is thirty statute miles from Newcastle, though Buchanan has diminished the distance to eight miles only.

"The account given of Sir John of Agurstone seems also liable to some doubt. This personage is there supposed to have been one of the Hagerstones of Hagerston, a Northumbrian family, who, according to the fate of war, were sometimes subjects of Scotland. I cannot, however, think, that at this period, while the English were in possession both of Berwick and Roxburgh, with the intermediate fortresses of Wark, Cornhill, and Norham, the Scots possessed any part of Northumberland, much less a manor which lay within that strong chain of castles. I should presume the person alluded to rather to have been one of the Rutherfords, barons of Edgerstane, or Edgerston, a warlike family, which has long flourished on the Scottish borders, and who were, at this very period, retainers of the house of Douglas. The same notes contain an account of the other Scottish warriors of distinction, who were present at the battle. These were, the earls of Monteith, Buchan, and Huntly; the barons of Maxwell and Johnston; Swinton of that ilk, an ancient family, which about that period produced several distinguished warriors; Sir David (or rather, as the learned editior well remarks, Sir Walter) Scott of Buccleuch, Stewart of Garlies, and Murray of Cockpool.

> Regibus et legibus Scotici constantes,
> Vos clypeis et g a lis pro patria pugnantes,
> Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria,
> In cantu et his o ia, perpes est memoria!"]

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Grames,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.†

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bamborough shire;
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

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† *The Gordons, Grames, Lindesays, Jardines.*—The illustrious family of Gordon was originally settled upon the lands of Gordon and Huntly, in the shire of Berwick, and are, therefore, of border extraction. The steps by which they removed from thence to the shires of Aberdeen and Inverness, are worthy notice. In 1300, Adam de Gordon was warden of the marches.—*Rymer*, vol. ii. p. 870. He obtained, from Robert the Bruce, a grant of the forfeited estate of David de Strathbolgie, Earl of Athol; but no possession followed, the earl having returned to his allegiance.—John de Gordon, his great-grandson, obtained, from Robert II., a new charter of the lands of Strathbolgie, which had been once more and finally forfeited, by David, Earl of Athol, slain in the battle of Kilblane. This grant is dated 13th July, 1376. John de Gordon, who was destined to transfer, from the borders of England to those of the Highlands, a powerful and martial race, was himself a redoubted warrior, and many of his exploits occur in the annals of that turbulent period. In 1371-2, the English borderers invaded and plundered the lands of Gordon, on the Scottish east march. Sir John of Gordon retaliated, by an incursion on Northumberland, where he collected much spoil. But, as he returned with his booty, he was attacked at unawares, by Sir John Lilburne, a Northumbrian, who, with a superior force, lay near Carham in ambush, to intercept him. Gordon harangued and cheered his followers, charged the English gallantly, and, after having himself been five times in great peril, gained a complete victory; slaying many southerns, and taking their leader and his brother captive. According to the prior of Lochlevin, he was desperately wounded; but

> "There rays a wells grete renowne,
> And greely peryyd was gad Gordown."

Shortly after this exploit, Sir John of Gordon encountered and routed Sir Thomas Musgrave, a renowned English marchman, whom he made prisoner. The lord of Johnstone had, about the same time, gained a great advantage on the west border; and hence, says Wyntoun,

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

He and the Lord of Gordowne
Had a soveraine gud renown,
Of ony that war of thare degre,
For fall thai war of gret bounte.

Upon another occasion, John of Gordon is said to have partially succeeded in the surprisal of the town of Berwick, although the superiority of the garrison obliged him to relinquish his enterprise.

The ballad is accurate, in introducing this warrior, with his clan, into the host of Douglas at Otterbourne. Perhaps, as he was in possession of his extensive northern domains, he brought to the field the northern broad-swords, as well as the lances of his eastern borderers. With his gallant leader, he lost his life in the deadly conflict. The English ballad commemorates his valour and prudence;

"The Erle of Huntly, cawte and kene."

But the title is a premature designation. The earldom of Huntly was first conferred on Alexander Seaton, who married the grand-daughter of the hero of Otterbourne, and assumed his title from Huntly, in the north. Besides his eldest son Adam, who carried on the line of the family, Sir John de Gordon left two sons, known in tradition by the familiar names of *Jock* and *Tam*. The former was the ancestor of the Gordons of Pitlurg; the latter of those of Lesmoir, and of Craig-Gordon. This last family is now represented by James Gordon, Esq. of Craig, being the eleventh, in direct descent, from Sir John de Gordon.

The clan of Graeme, always numerous and powerful upon the border, were of Scottish origin, and deduce the descent of their chieftain, Graeme of Netherby, from John *with the bright sword*, a son of Malice Graeme, Earl of Menteith, who flourished in the fourteenth century. Latterly, they *became Englishmen*, as the phrase went, and settled upon the Debateable Land, whence they were transported to Ireland, by James VI., with the exception of a very few respectable families; "because," said his majesty in a proclamation, "they do all (but especially the Graemes) confess themselves to be no meet persons to live in these countries; and also to the intent their lands may be inhabited by others, of good and honest conversation." But, in the reign of Henry IV., the Graemes of the border still adhered to the Scottish allegiance, as appears from the tower of Graeme in Annandale, Graeme's Walls in Tweeddale, and other castles within Scotland, to which they have given their name. The reader is, however, at liberty to suppose, that the Graemes of the Lennox and Menteith, always ready to shed their blood in the cause of their country, on this occasion joined Douglas.

The chief of this ancient family, at the date of the battle of Otterbourne, was David Lindissay, lord of Glenesk, afterwards created earl of Crawford. He was, after the manner of the times, a most accomplished knight. He survived the battle of Otterbourne, and the succeeding carnage of Homildon. In May, 1390, he went to England, to seek adventures of chivalry; and justed, upon London Bridge, against the lord of Wells, an English knight, with so much skill and success, as to excite among the spectators a suspicion that he was tied to his saddle; which he removed, by riding up to the royal chair, vaulting out of his saddle, and resuming his seat without assistance, although loaded with complete armour. In 1392, Lindsay was nearly slain in a strange manner. A band of Catterans, or wild Highlanders, had broken down from the Grampian Hills, and were engaged in plundering the county of Angus. Walter Ogilvy, the sheriff, with Sir Patrick Gray, marched against them, and were joined by Sir David Lindsay. Their whole retinue did not exceed sixty men, and the Highlanders were above three hundred. Nevertheless, trusting to the superiority of arms and discipline, the knights rushed on the invaders, at Glenlune, in the Stormont. The issue was unfortunate. Ogilvy, his brother, and many of his kindred, were overpowered and slain. Lindsay, armed at all points, made great slaughter among the naked Catterans; but, as he pinned one of them to the earth with his lance, the dying mountaineer writhed upwards, and, collecting his force, fetched a blow with his broad-sword, which cut

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane of us shall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiously.

But O how pale his lady look'd
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you flesh and fell; †
But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend ‡ my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My trowth I plight to thee."

They fighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They fighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass; §
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had no men yestreen,
To dight my men and me.

"But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

through the knight's stirrup-leather and steel-boot, and nearly severed his leg. The Highlander expired, and Lindsay was with difficulty borne out of the field by his followers.—*Wyntown.* Lindsay is also noted for a retort, made to the famous Hotspur. At a march-meeting, at Haldane-Stank, he happened to observe, that Percy was sheathed in complete armour. "It is for fear of the English horsemen," said Percy, in explanation: for he was already meditating the insurrection immortalised by Shakespeare. "Ah! Sir Harry," answered Lindsay, "I have seen you more sorely bestad by Scottish footmen than by English horse."—*Wyntown.* Such was the leader of the "*Lindsays light and grey.*"

According to Froissart, there were three Lindsays in the battle of Otterbourne, whom he calls Sir William, Sir James, and Sir Alexander. A "strange chance of war," which befel Sir James Lindsay, is recorded in *Froissart's Chronicle*, translated by Bourchier, Lord Berners, vol. i. chap. 146.

The Jardines were a clan of hardy west-border men. Their chief was Jardine of Applegirth. Their refusal to ride with Douglas was, probably, the result of one of those perpetual feuds, which usually rent to pieces a Scottish army.

† *Fell.*—Hide. Douglas insinuates, that Percy was rescued by his soldiers.

‡ *Fend.*—Support.

§ Froissart describes a Scottish host, of the same period, as consisting of "IIII. M. men of armes, knightis, and squires, mounted on good horses; and other X. M. men of warre armed, after their gyse, right hardy and fiers, mounted on lytle hackneys, the whiche were never tied, nor kept at hard meat, but lette go to pasture in the fieldis and bushes."—*Chronykle of Froissart*, translated by Lord Berners, Chap. xvii.

He belted on his good braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fa' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good bread sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said—"Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

"O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken,
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swakked swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the bluds ran down between.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!" he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"Whom to shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,†
That grows upon yon lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a briar;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde;
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

The Outlaw Murray.

[From Scott's Minstrelsy.—"This ballad," says Sir Walter, "appears to have been composed about the reign of James V. It commemorates a transaction, supposed to have taken place betwixt a Scottish monarch, and an ancestor of the ancient family of Murray of Philiphaugh, in Selkirkshire. The editor is unable to ascertain the historical foundation of the tale; nor is it probable that any light can be thrown upon the subject, without an accurate examination of the family charter chest. It is certain, that, during the civil wars betwixt Bruce and Baliol, the family of Philiphaugh existed, and was powerful; for their ancestor, Archibald de Moravia, subscribes the oath of fealty to Edward I. A. D. 1296. It is, therefore, not unlikely, that, residing in a wild and frontier country, they may have, at one period or other, during these commotions, refused allegiance to the feeble monarch of the day, and thus extorted from him some grant of territory or jurisdiction. It is also certain, that, by a charter from James IV.,

† *Braken*—Fern.

dated November 30, 1509, John Murray of Philiphaugh is vested with the dignity of heritable sheriff of Ettrick Forest, an office held by his descendants till the final abolition of such jurisdictions by 28th George II., cap. 23. But it seems difficult to believe, that the circumstances mentioned in the ballad could occur under the reign of so vigorous a monarch as James IV. It is true, that the *Dramatis Personæ* introduced seem to refer to the end of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth century; but from this it can only be argued, that the author himself lived soon after that period. It may, therefore, be supposed (unless further evidence can be produced, tending to invalidate the conclusion,) that the bard, willing to pay his court to the family, has connected the grant of the sheriffship by James IV., with some further dispute betwixt the Murrays of Philiphaugh and their sovereign, occurring, either while they were engaged upon the side of Baliol, or in the subsequent reigns of David II. and Robert II. and III., when the English possessed great part of the Scottish frontier, and the rest was in so lawless a state as hardly to acknowledge any superior. At the same time, this reasoning is not absolutely conclusive. James IV. had particular reasons for desiring that Ettrick Forest, which actually formed part of the jointure lands of Margaret, his queen, should be kept in a state of tranquillity.—*Rymer*, vol. XIII. p. 66. In order to accomplish this object, it was natural for him, according to the policy of his predecessors, to invest one great family with the power of keeping order among the rest. It is even probable, that the Philiphaugh family may have had claims upon part of the lordship of Ettrick Forest, which lay intermingled with their own extensive possessions; and, in the course of arranging, not indeed the feudal superiority, but the property, of these lands, a dispute may have arisen, of sufficient importance to be the groundwork of a ballad.—It is farther probable, that the Murrays, like other border clans, were in a very lawless state, and held their lands merely by occupancy, without any feudal right. Indeed, the lands of the various proprietors in Ettrick Forest (being a royal demesne) were held by the possessors, not in property, but as the kindly tenants, or rentallers, of the crown; and it is only about 150 years since they obtained charters, striking the feu-duty of each proprietor, at the rate of the quit-rent which he formerly paid. The state of possession naturally led to a confusion of rights and claims. The kings of Scotland were often reduced to the humiliating necessity of compromising such matters with their rebellious subjects, and James himself even entered into a sort of league with Johnie Faa, the king of the gypsies.—Perhaps, therefore, the tradition handed down in this song, may have had more foundation than it would at present be proper positively to assert.

The merit of this beautiful old tale, it is thought, will be fully acknowledged. It has been, for ages, a popular song in Selkirkshire. The scene is, by the common people, supposed to have been the castle of Newark upon Yarrow. This is highly improbable, because Newark was always a royal fortress. Indeed, the late excellent antiquarian, Mr Plummer, sheriff depute of Selkirkshire, has assured the editor, that he remembered the *insignia* of the unicorns, &c., so often mentioned in the ballad, in existence upon the old tower at Hangingshaw, the seat of the Philiphaugh family; although, upon first perusing a copy of the ballad, he was inclined to subscribe to the popular opinion. The tower of Hangingshaw has been demolished for many years. It stood in a romantic and solitary situation, on the classical banks of the Yarrow. When the mountains around Hangingshaw were covered with the wild copse which constituted a Scottish forest, a more secure stronghold for an outlawed baron can hardly be imagined.

The tradition of Ettrick Forest bears, that the Outlaw was a man of prodigious strength, possessing a batton or club, with which he laid *lee* (*i. e.* waste) the country for many miles round; and that he was at length slain by Buccleuch, or some of his clan, at a little mount, covered with fir-trees, adjoining to Newark castle, and said to have been a part of the garden. A varying tradition bears the place of his death to have been near to the house of the duke of Buccleuch's game-keeper, beneath the castle; and that the fatal arrow was shot by Scott of Haining, from the ruins of a cottage on the opposite side of the Yarrow. There were extant, within these twenty years, some verses of a song on his death. The feud betwixt the Outlaw and the Scotts may serve to explain the asperity with which the chieftain of that clan is handled in the ballad.

In publishing the following ballad, the copy principally resorted to is one, apparently of considerable antiquity, which was found among the papers of the late Mrs Cockburn of Edinburgh,

a lady whose memory will be long honoured by all who knew her. Another copy, much more imperfect, is to be found in Glenriddel's MSS. The names are in this last miserably mangled, as is always the case when ballads are taken down from the recitation of persons living at a distance from the scenes in which they are laid. Mr Plummer also gave the editor a few additional verses, not contained in either copy, which are thrown into what seemed their proper place. There is yet another copy, in Mr Herd's MSS., which has been occasionally made use of. Two verses are restored in the present edition, from the recitation of Mr Mungo Park, whose toils, during his patient and intrepid travels in Africa, have not eradicated from his recollection the legendary lore of his native country.

The arms of the Philiphaugh family are said by tradition to allude to their outlawed state. They are indeed those of a huntsman, and are blazoned thus: Argent, a hunting horn sable, stringed and garnished gules, on a chief azure, three stars of the first. Crest, a Demi Forester, winding his horn, proper. Motto, *Hinc usque superna vexabor.*]

Ettricke Foreste is a fair foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie trie;
There's hart and hynd, and dae and roe,
And of a' wilde beastes grete plentie.

There's a fair castelle, bigged wi' lyme and stane;
O! gin it stands not pleasauntlie!
In the forefront o' that castelle fair,
Twa unicorns are bra' to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
And the grene hollin abune their brie.†

There an Outlaw keepis five hundred men;
He keepis a royalle companie!
His merryemen are a' in ae liverye clad,
O' the Linkome grene saye gaye to see;
He and his ladye in purple clad,
O! gin they lived not royallie!

Word is gane to our nobil king,
In Edinburgh, where that he lay,
That there was an Outlaw in Ettricke Foreste,
Counted him nought, nor a' his courtrie gay.

"I make a vowe," then the gude king said,
"Unto the man that dair bought me,
I'se either be king of Ettricke Foreste,
Or king of Scotlonde that Outlaw sall be!"

† Brow.

Then spak the lord, hight Hamilton,‡
And to the nobil king said he,
"My sovereign prince, sam counsell take,
First at your nobilis, syne at me.

"I redd ye, sand yon braw Outlaw till,
And see gif your man cum will he:
Desyre him cum and be your man,
And hald of you yon Foreste frie.

"Gif he refuse to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he!
Or else, we'll throw his castell down,
And make a widowe o' his gay ladye."

The king then call'd a gentleman, [was he)§
James Boyde, (the earl of Arran his brother
When James he cam before the king,
He kneelit befor him on his kne.

"Welcoum, James Boyd!" said our nobil king;
"A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun hye to Ettricke Foreste,
To yon Outlaw, where bydeth he;

"Ask him of whom he haldis his landis,
Or man, wha may his master be,
And desyre him cum, and be my man,
And hald of me yon Foreste frie.

"To Edinburgh to cum and gang,
His safe warrant I sall gie;
And gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he.

"Thou may'st vow I'll cast his castell down,
And mak a widowe o' his gay ladye;
I'll hang his merryemen, payr by payr,
In ony frith where I may them see."

‡ This is, in most copies, the *earl* hight Hamilton, which must be a mistake of the reciters, as the family did not enjoy that title till 1503.

§ Thomas Boyd, earl of Arran, was forfeited, with his father and uncle, in 1469, for an attempt on the person of James III. He had a son, James, who was restored, and in favour with James IV. about 1482. If this be the person here meant, we should read, "The Earl of Arran his sae was he." Glenriddel's copy reads, "a highland laird I'm sure was he." Reciters sometimes call the messenger the laird of skene.

James Boyd tuik his leave o' the nobil king,
  To Ettricke Foreste fair cam he;
Down Birkendale Brae when that he cam †
  He saw the fair Foreste wi' his e'e.

Baith dae and rae, and hart and hinde,
  And of a' wilde beastis great plentie;
He heard the bows that hauldly ring,
  And arrows whidderan' hym near bi.

Of that fair castell he got a sight;
  The like he neir saw wi' his e'e!
On the fore front o' that castell fair,
  Twa unicorns were gaye to see;
The picture of a knight, and lady bright,
  And the grene hollin abune their brie.

Thereat he spyed five hundred men,
  Shuting with bows on Newark Lee;
They were a' in ae livery clad,
  O' the Lincome grene sae gaye to see

His men were a' clad in the grene,
  The knight was armed capapie,
With a bended bow, on a milk-white steed;
  And I wot they ranked right bonnilie.

Therby Boyd kend he was master man,
  And serv'd him in his ain degree.
"God mot thee save, braw Outlaw Murray!
  Thy ladye, and all thy chyvairie!"
"Marry, thou's wellcum, gentleman,
  Some king's messenger thou seems to be."

"The king of Scotlonde sent me here,
  And, gude Outlaw, I am sent to thee;
I wad wot of whom ye hald your landis,
  Or man, wha may thy master be?"

"Thir landis are MINE!" the Outlaw said;
  "I ken nae king in Christentie;
Frae Soudron ‡ I this Foreste wan,
  Whan the king nor his knightis were not to see."

"He desyres you'l cum to Edinburgh,
  And hauld of him this Foreste frie;
And, gif ye refuse to do this,
  He'll conquess baith thy landis and thee.
He hath vow'd to cast thy castell down,
  And mak a widowe o' thy gaye ladye;

"He'll hang thy merryemen, payr by payr,
  In ony frith where he may them finde."
"Aye, by my troth!" the Outlaw said,
  "Than wald I thinke me far behinde.

"Ere the king my fair countrie get,
  This land that's nativest to me!
Mony o' his noblis sall be cauld,
  Their ladyes sall be right wearie."

Then spak his ladye, fair of face,
  She seyd, "Without consent of me,
That an Outlaw suld cum befor a king;
  I am right rad § of treasonrie.
Bid him ie gude to his lordis at hame,
  For Edinburgh my lord sall neyir see."

James Boyd tuik his leave o' the Outlaw kene,
  To Edinburgh boun is he;
When James he cam before the king,
  He kneilt lowlie on his kne.

"Welcum, James Boyd!" seyd our nobil king;
  "What Foreste is Ettricke Foreste frie?"
"Ettricke Foreste is the feirest foreste
  That evir man saw wi' his e'e.

"There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynde,
  And of a' wild beastis grete plentie;
There's a pretty castell of lyme and stane,
  O gif it standis not pleasauntlie!

"There's in the forefront o' that castell,
  Twa unicorns, sae bra' to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
  Wi' the grene hollin abune their brie.

"There the Outlaw keepis five hundred men,
  He keepis a royalle cumpanie!
His merryemen in ae livery clad,
  O' the Linkome grene sae gaye to see:
He and his ladye in purple clad;
  O! gin they live not royallie!

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† Birkendale Brae, now commonly called *Birkendailly*, is a steep descent on the south side of Minch-moor, which separates Tweeddale from Ettrick Forest; and from the top of which you have the first view of the woods of Hangingshaw, the castle of Newark, and the romantic dale of Yarrow.

‡ Southern, or English.

§ Afraid.

"He says, you Foreste is his awin;
He wan it frae the Southronis;
Sae as he wan it, sae will he keep it,
Contrair all kingis in Christentie."

"Gar warn me Perthshire, and Angus baith;
Fife up and downe, and Louthians three,
And graith my horse!" said our nobil king,
"For to Ettricke Foreste his will I me."

Then word is gane the Outlaw till,
In Ettricke Foreste, where dwelleth he,
That the king was cuming to his countrie,
To conquess baith his landis and he.

"I mak a vow," the Outlaw said,
"I mak a vow, and that trulle,
Were there but three men to tak my pairt,
Yon king's cuming full deir sald be!"

Then messengers he called forth,
And bade them hie them speedilye—
"Ane of ye gae to Halliday,
The laird of the Corehead † is he.

"He certain is my sister's son;
Bid him cum quick and succour me!
The king cums on for Ettricke Foreste,
And landless men we a' will be."

"What news? What news?" said Halliday,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"
"Not as ye wad; seeking your aide;
The king's his mortal enemie."

"Aye, by my troth!" said Halliday,
"Even for that it repenteth me;
For gif he loss fair Ettricke Foreste,
He'll tak fair Moffatdale frae me.

"I'll meet him wi' five hundred men,
And surely mair, if mae may be;
And before he gets the Foreste fair,
We a' will die on Newark Lee!"

The Outlaw call'd a messenger,
And bid him hie him speedilye,
To Andrew Murray of Cockpool—‡
"That man's a deir cousin to me;
Desyre him cum, and mak me ayd,
With a' the power that he may be."

"It stands me hard," Andrew Murray said,
"Judge gif it stand na hard wi' me;
To enter against a king wi' crown,
And set my landis in jeopardie!
Yet, if I cum not on the day,
Surely at night he sall me see."

To Sir James Murray of Traquair,§
A message cam right speedilye—
"What news? What news?" James Murray said,
"Man, frae thy master unto me?"

"What neids I tell? for weell ye ken,
The king's his mortal enemie;
And now he is coming to Ettricke Foreste,
And landless men ye a' will be."

"And, by my trothe," James Murray said,
"Wi' that Outlaw will I live and die;
The king has gifted my landis lang syne—
It cannot be nae warse wi' me."

† This is a place at the head of Moffat-water, possessed of old by the family of Halliday.

‡ This family were ancestors of the Murrays, earls of Annandale; but the name of the representative, in the time of James IV. was William, not Andrew. Glenriddel's MS. reads, "the country-keeper."

§ Before the barony of Traquair became the property of the Stewarts, it belonged to a family of Murrays, afterwards Murrays of Black-barony, and ancestors of lord Elibank. The old castle was situated on the Tweed. The lands of Traquair were forfeited by Willielmus de Moravia, previous to 1464; for, in that year, a charter, proceeding upon his forfeiture, was granted by the crown "Willielmo Douglas de Cluny." Sir James was, perhaps, the heir of William Murray. It would farther seem, that the grant in 1464 was not made effectual by Douglas; for, another charter from the crown, dated the 3d February, 1478, conveys the estate of Traquair to James Stewart, earl of Buchan, son to the black knight of Lorne, and maternal uncle to James III., from whom is descended the present earl of Traquair. The first royal grant not being followed by possession, it is very possible that the Murrays may have continued to occupy Traquair long after the date of that charter. Hence, Sir James might have reason to say, as in the ballad, "The king has gifted my lands lang syne."

The king was cuming through Caddon Ford,*
And full five thousand men was he;
They saw the derke foreste them before,
They thought it awsome for to see.

Then speak' the lord, hight Hamilton,
And to the nobil king said he,
"My sovereign liege, sum council tak',
First at your nobilis, syne at me.

"Desyre him mete thee at Permanscore,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
Five eries sall gang yourse' befor,
Gude cause that you sald honour'd be.

"And, gif he refuses to do that,
We'll conquess baith his landis and he;
There sall nevir a Murray, after him,
Hald land in Ettricke Foreste frie."

Then speak' the kene laird of Buckscleuth,
A stalworthye man, and sterne was he—
"For a king to gang an outlaw till,
Is beneath his state and his dignitie.

"The man that wons yon foreste intill,
He lives by reif and felonie!
Wherfore, brayd on, my sovereign liege!
Wi' fire and sword we'll follow thee;
Or, gif your courtrie lords fa' back,
Our borderers sall the onset gi'e."

Then out and spak' the nobil king,
And round him cast a wilie e'e—
"Now had thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speik of reif nor felonie:
For, had everye honeste man his awin kye,
A right pure clan thy name wad be!"

The king then call'd a gentleman,
Royal banner-bearer there was he;
James Hop Pringle of Torsonse, by name; †
He cam' and kneelit upon his knee.

"Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse!
A message ye maun gang for me;
Ye maun gae to yon Outlaw Murray,
Sasely where bauldly bideth he.

"Bid him mete me at Permanscore,
And bring four in his cumpanie;
Five eries sall cum wi' mysel',
Gude reason I sald honour'd be.

"And, gif he refuses to do that,
Bid him luke for nae good o' me!
There sall nevir a Murray, after him,
Have land in Ettricke Foreste frie."

James cam' before the Outlaw kene,
And serv'd him in his ain degree—
"Welcum, James Pringle of Torsonse!
What message frae the king to me?"

"He bids ye mete him at Permanscore,‡
And bring four in your cumpanie;
Five eries sall gang himsel' befor,
Nae mair in number will he be.

"And, gif you refuse to do that,
(I freely here upgive wi' thee)
He'll cast yon bonnie castle down,
And make a widowe o' that gay layde.

"He'll loose yon bluidhound borderers,
Wi' fire and sword to follow thee;
There will nevir a Murray, after thysel',
Have land in Ettricke Foreste frie."

"It stands me hard," the Outlaw said;
"Judge gif it stands na hard wi' me;
Wha reck not losing of mysel',
But a' my offspring after me.

"My merryemen's lives, my widowe's teire—
There lies the pang that pinches me;
When I am straught in bluddie eard,
Yon castell will be right dreirie.

"Auld Halliday, young Halliday,
Ye sall be twa to gang wi' me;
Andrew Murray, and Sir James Murray,
We'll be nae mae in cumpanie."

* A ford on the Tweed, at the mouth of the Caddon Burn, near Yair.—*Scott.*

† The honourable name of Pringle, or Hoppringle, is of great antiquity in Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire. The old tower of Torsonse is situated upon the banks of the Gala. I believe the Pringles of Torsonse are now represented by Sir John Pringle of Stitchell. There are three other ancient and distinguished families of this name; those of Whitebank, Clifton, and Torwoodlee.—*Scott.*

‡ Permanscore is a very remarkable hollow on the top of a high ridge of hills, dividing the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, a little to the eastward of Minch-moor. It is the outermost point of the lands of Broadmeadows.—*Scott.*

When that they cam' before the king,
They fell befor him on their knee—
"Grant mercie, mercie, nobil king!
E'en for his sake that dyed on trie."

"Sicken like mercie sall ye have;
On gallows ye sall hangit be!"
"Over God's forbode," quo' the Outlaw then,
"I hope your grace will bettir be!
Else, ere you come to Edinburgh port,
I trow thin guarded sall ye be:

"Thir landis of Ettricke Foreste fair,
I wan them from the enemie;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Oentrair a' kingis in Christentie."

All the nobilis the king about,
Said pitie it were to see him dee—
"Yet grannt me mercie, sovereign prince!
Extend your favour unto me!

"I'll give thee the keys of my castell,
Wi' the blessing o' my gaye ladye,
Gin thou'lt make me sheriffe of this foreste,
And a' my offspring after me."

"Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,
Wi' the blessing of thy gaye ladye?
I'se make thee sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the trie;
If you be not traitour to the king,
Forfaulted sall thou nevir be."

"But, prince, what sall cum o' my men?
When I gae back, traitour they'll ca' me;
I had rather lose my life and land,
Ere my merryemen rebuked me."

"Will your merryemen amend their lives?
And a' their pardons I grant thee—
Now, name thy landis where'er they lie,
And here I render them to thee."

"Fair Philiphaugh" is mine by right,
And Lewinshope still mine shall be;
Newark, Foulshiells, and Tinnies baith,
My bow and arrow purchased me.

"And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lee and Hangingshaw;
I have mony steads in the foreste shaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw."

The keys o' the castell he gave the king,
Wi' the blessing o' his fair ladye;
He was made sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the trie;
And if he was na traitour to the king,
Forfaulted he sald nevir be.

Wha ever heard, in ony times,
Sicken an outlaw in his degree,
Sic favour get befor a king,
As did the outlaw Murray of the foreste frie?

Johnie Armstrang.

["THE Armstrongs appear to have been at an early period in possession of great part of Liddesdale, and of the Debateable Land. Their immediate neighbourhood to England rendered them the most lawless of the border depredators; and, as much of the country possessed by them was claimed by both kingdoms, the inhabitants, protected from justice by the one nation, in opposition to the other, securely preyed upon both. The chief was Armstrong of Mangertoun; but, at a later period, they are declared a broken clan, *i. e.* one which had no lawful head, to become surety for their good behaviour. The rapacity of this clan, and of their allies, the Elliots, occasioned the popular saying, 'Elliots and Armstrongs ride thieves all.' But to what border family of note, in former days, would not such an adage have been equally applicable? All along the river Liddel may still be discovered the ruins of towers, possessed by this numerous clan. They did not, however, entirely trust to those fastnesses; but, when attacked by a superior force, abandoned entirely their dwellings, and retired into morasses, accessible by paths known to themselves alone. One of their most noted places of refuge was the Tarras Moss, a desolate and horrible marsh, through which a small river takes its course. Upon its banks

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* In this and the following verse, the ceremony of feudal investiture is supposed to be gone through, by the outlaw resigning his possessions into the hands of the king, and receiving them back to be held of him as superior. The lands of Philiphaugh are still possessed by the outlaw's representative. Hangingshaw and Lewinshope were sold of late years. Newark, Foulshiels, and Tinnies, have long belonged to the family of Buccleuch.—*Scott.*

are found some dry spots, which were occupied by these outlaws, and their families, in cases of emergency. The stream runs furiously among huge rocks, which has occasioned a popular saying—

> Was ne'er ane drown'd in Tarras, nor yet in doubt,
> For e'er the head can win down, the harns (brains) are out.

The moras itself is so deep, that, according to an old historian, two spears tied together would not reach the bottom.

"Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie, the hero of the following ballad, is a noted personage, both in history and tradition. He was, it would seem from the ballad, a brother of the laird of Mangertoun, chief of the name. His place of residence (now a roofless tower) was at the Hallows, a few miles from Langholm, where its ruins still serve to adorn a scene, which, in natural beauty, has few equals in Scotland. At the head of a desperate band of free-booters, this Armstrong is said to have spread the terror of his name almost as far as Newcastle, and to have levied *black mail*, or *protection and forbearance money*, for many miles round. James V., of whom it was long remembered by his grateful people that he made the 'rush-bush keep the cow,' about 1529, undertook an expedition through the border counties, to suppress the turbulent spirit of the marchmen. But, before setting out upon his journey, he took the precaution of imprisoning the different border chieftains, who were the chief protectors of the marauders. The earl of Bothwell was forfeited, and confined in Edinburgh castle. The lords of Home and Maxwell, the lairds of Buccleuch, Fairnihirst, and Johnston, with many others, were also committed to ward. Cockburn of Henderland, and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, were publicly executed.—*Lesley*, p. 430. The king then marched rapidly forward, at the head of a flying army of ten thousand men, through Ettrick forest and Ewesdale. The evil genius of our Johnnie Armstrong, or, as others say, the private advice of some courtiers, prompted him to present himself before James, at the head of thirty-six horse, arrayed in all the pomp of border chivalry. Pitscottie uses nearly the words of the ballad in describing the splendour of his equipment, and his high expectations of favour from the king. 'But James, looking upon him sternly, said to his attendants, What wants that knave that a king should have? and ordered him and his followers to instant execution.'—'But John Armstrong,' continues this minute historian, 'made great offers to the king. That he should sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scotchman: Secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said very proudly, "It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face: but," said he, "had I known this, I should have lived upon the border in despite of king Harry and you both; for I know king Harry would *down-weigh my best horse with gold*, to know that I were condemned to die this day."'—*Pitscottie's History*, p. 145. Johnnie, with all his retinue, was accordingly hanged upon growing trees, at a place called Carlenrig chapel, above ten miles above Hawick, on the high road to Langholm. The country people believe, that, to manifest the injustice of the execution, the trees withered away. Armstrong and his followers were buried in a deserted church-yard, where their graves are still shown. As this border hero was a person of great note in his way, he is frequently alluded to by the writers of the time. Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in the curious play published by Mr Pinkerton, from the Bannatyne MS., introduces a pardoner, or knavish dealer in reliques, who produces, among his holy rarities—

> '—— The cordis, baith grit and lang,
> Quhilk hangit Johnie Armistrang,
> Of gude hemp, soft and sound.
> Gude haly pepill, I stand ford,
> Wha'evir beis hangit in this cord,
> Neidis never to be drowned!'
> *Pinkerton's Scottish Poems*, vol. II. p. 69.

In The Complaynt of Scotland, John Armistrangis' dance, mentioned as a popular tune, has probably some reference to our hero. The common people of the high parts of Tiviotdale, Liddesdale, and the country adjacent, hold the memory of Johnnie Armstrong in very high respect. They affirm also, that one of his attendants broke through the king's guard, and carried to Gilnockie Tower the news of the bloody catastrophe.

"This song was first published by Allan Ramsay, in his Evergreen, who says, he copied it from the mouth of a gentleman, called Armstrong,

who was in the sixth generation from this John. The reciter assured him, that this was the genuine old ballad, the common one false."—*Scott's Minstrelsy.*]

Some speikis of lords, some speikis of lairds,
And sick lyke men of hie degrie;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Sum tyme called laird of Gilnockie.

The king he wrytes a luving letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnnie Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene;
They were a gallant cumpanie—
"We'll ride and meit our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie."

"Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie;
We'll welcum here our royal king;
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!"

They ran their horse on the Langholme howm,
And brak their spears wi' meickle main;
The ladies lukit frae their loft windows—
"God bring our men weel back agen!"

When Johnnie cam' before the king,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The king he movit his bonnet to him;
He ween'd he was a king as well as he.

"May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnnie Armstrang,
And subject of your's, my liege," said he.

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee—
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steids,
Were a' foaled in ae year to me.

"I'll gi'e thee a' these milk-white steids,
That prance and nicker at a speir;
And ae mickle gude English gilt,
As four o' their braid backs dow bear."

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee—
Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
That gang through a' the yeir to me.

"These four-and-twenty mills complete,
Sall gang for thee through a' the yeir;
And ae mickle of gude reid wheit,
As a' their happers dow to bear."

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a great gift I'll gi'e to thee—
Bauld four-and-twenty sister's sons,
Sall for thee fecht, though a' should flee!"

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a brave gift I'll gi'e to thee—
All between heir and Newcastle town
Sall pay their yeirly rent to thee."

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon may'st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee."

"Ye lied, ye lied, now, king," he says,
"Although a king and prince ye be!
For I've lived naething in my life,
I weel dare say, but honesty—

"Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deir;
But England suld have found me meal and mault,
Gif I had lived this hundred yeir!

"Scho suld have found me meal and mault,
And beef and mutton in a plentie;
But nevir a Scots wyfe could have said,
That e'er I shaithed her a pure flee.

"To seik het water beneith cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit folie—
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me!

"But had I kenn'd ere I cam' frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me!
I wad have keepit the border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee.

"Wist England's king that I was ta'en,
O gin a blythe man he wad be!
For anes I slew his sister's son,
And on his breist bane brak a trie."

John wore a girdle about his middle,
Imbroidered ower wi' burning gold,
Bespangled wi' the same metal;
Maist beautiful was to behold—

There hang nine targets at Johnnie's hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
"What wants that knave that a king suld have,
But the sword of honour and the crown!

"O whar got thou these targets, Johnnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?"
"I gat them in the field fechting,
Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.

"Had I my horse, and harness gude,
And riding as I wont to be,
It suld have been tauld this hundred yeir,
The meeting of my king and me!

"God be with thee, Kirsty, my brother!
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
Lang may'st thou live on the border syde,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!

"And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But and thou live this hundred yeir,
Thy father's better thou'lt nevir be.

"Farewell! my bonnie Gilnock hall,
Where on Eek side thou standest stout!
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,
I wad ha'e gilt thee round about."

John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men dee—
Because they saved their country deir
Free Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld
While Johnie lived on the border syde,
Nane of them durst cum neir his hauld.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

[This is what Ramsay calls the "common" ballad of Johnnie Armstrong. (See close of introduction to previous ballad.) Motherwell says that he never heard the above set of Johnnie Armstrong sung or recited among the common people, but that he had often heard the present one. In old broadsides, the title of this ballad runs thus: "Johnnie Armstrong's last good-night, showing how John Armstrong with his eight-score men fought a bloody battle with the Scotch king at Edenborough." In English collections, there is another ballad wherein a *Sir* John Armstrong figures as the hero. This latter is entitled, "A pleasant Ballad, showing how two valiant knights, Sir John Armstrong and Sir Michael Musgrave, fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the Lady Dacres in the North, and of the great strife that happened between them for her, and how they wrought the death of one hundred men."]

Is there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can show himself before our king,
Scotland is so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call,
He has no lands or rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eight-score men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
He look'd as blythe as a bird in a tree,
I was never before a king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord we will go most gallantly,
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden lace three.

And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver lace five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

But when Johnny went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and fall fast it did rain,
Now fare thee well, thou Giltnock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now Johnny he is to Edenborough gone,
With his eightscore men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eightscore men so gallant to see,
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eightscore men and me;
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
And subject of your's, my liege, said he.

Away with thee, thou false traitor,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Johnny look'd over his left shoulder,
And to his merry men thus said he,
I have ask'd grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you and me.

Then John pull'd out his good broad sword,
That was made of the mettle so free,
Had not the king moved his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to flee,
It shall never be said we were hang'd like dogs,
We will fight it out most manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard;
There were none left alive but one, two, or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,
They rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, Fight on, my merry men all,
I am little wounded but am not slain,
I will lay me down and bleed a-while,
Then I'll rise and fight again.

Then they fought on like mad men all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain,
For they were resolved before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
'Till most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,
With his bonnie grissel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
The lady spied him presently,
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy master and his company?

My news is bad, lady, he said,
Which I do bring, as you may see;
My master Johnny Armstrong is slain,
And all his gallant company.

Yet thou art welcome home, my bonnie grissel,
Full oft hast thou been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy sides shall be spurr'd no more, I say.

O then bespoke his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee,
If ever I live to be a man,
My father's death revenge'd shall be.

ARMSTRONG'S GOODNIGHT.

[THE following verses are said to have been composed by one of the ARMSTRONGS, executed for the murder of Sir John Carmichael of Edrom, warden of the middle marches. The tune is popular in Scotland; but whether these are the original words, will admit of a doubt.
Scott's Minstrelsy.]

THIS night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine,
But wishes me away.

What I have done through lack of wit,
I never, never can recall;
I hope ye're a' my friends as yet;
Goodnight and joy be with you all!

The Lochmaben Harper.

[THIS ballad (which, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, seems to be the most modern in which the harp, as a border instrument of music, is found to occur) was first published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—The castle of Lochmaben was formerly a noble building, situated upon a peninsula, projecting into one of the four lakes which are in the neighbourhood of the royal burgh, and is said to have been the residence of Robert Bruce, while lord of Annandale. Accordingly it was always held to be a royal fortress, the keeping of which, according to the custom of the times, was granted to some powerful lord, with an allotment of lands and fishings, for the defence and maintenance of the place. There is extant a grant, dated 16th March, 1511, to Robert Lauder of the Bass, of the office of captain and keeper of Lochmaben castle, for seven years, with many perquisites. Among others, the "land, stolen frae the king," is bestowed on the captain, as his proper lands. What shall we say of a country, where the very ground was the subject of theft? An extraordinary and anomalous class of landed proprietors dwell in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben. These are the inhabitants of four small villages, near the ancient castle, called the Four Towns of Lochmaben. They themselves are termed the King's Rentallers, or kindly tenants; under which denomination each of them has a right, of an allodial nature, to a small piece of ground. It is said, that these people are the descendants of Robert Bruce's menials, to whom he assigned, in reward of their faithful service, these portions of land burdened only with the payment of certain quit-rents, and grassume, or fines, upon the entry of a new tenant. The right of the rentallers is, in essence, a right of property, but, in form, only a right of lease; of which they appeal for the foundation to the rent-rolls of the lord of the castle and manor. This possession, by rental, or by simple entry upon the rent-roll, was anciently a common, and peculiarly sacred, species of property, granted by a chief to his faithful followers; the connection of landlord and tenant being esteemed of a nature too formal to be necessary, where there was honour on the one side, and gratitude upon the other. But, in the case of subjects granting a right of this kind, it was held to expire with the life of the granter, unless his heir chose to renew it; and also upon the death of the rentaller himself, unless especially granted to his heirs, by which term only his first heir was understood. Hence, in modern days, the *kindly tenants* have entirely disappeared from the land. Fortunately for the inhabitants of the Four Towns of Lochmaben, the maxim, that the king can never die, prevents their right of property from reverting to the crown. The Viscount of Stormonth, as royal keeper of the castle, did, indeed, about the beginning of last century, make an attempt to remove the rentallers from their possessions, or at least to procure judgment, finding them obliged to take out feudal investitures, and subject themselves to the casualties thereto annexed. But the rentallers united in their common defence: and, having stated their immemorial possession, together with some favourable clauses in certain old acts of parliament, enacting, that the king's *poor kindly tenants* of Lochmaben should not be hurt, they finally prevailed in an action before the Court of Session. From the peculiar state of their right of property, it follows, that there is no occasion for feudal investitures, or the formal entry of an heir; and, of course, when they choose to convey their lands, it is done by a simple deed of conveyance, without charter or sasine.

The kindly tenants of Lochmaben live (or at

least till lately) much sequestered from their neighbours, marry among themselves, and are distinguished from each other by *soubriquets*, according to the ancient border custom, repeatedly noticed. You meet among their writings, with such names as John Out-bye, Will In-bye, White-fish, Red-fish, &c. They are tenaciously obstinate in defence of their privileges of commonty, &c. which are numerous. Their lands are, in general, neatly inclosed, and well cultivated, and they form a contented and industrious little community.

Many of these particulars are extracted from the MSS. of Mr Syme, writer to the signet. Those who are desirous of more information, may consult Craig de Feudis, Lib. II. dig. 9. sec. 24. It is hoped the reader will excuse this digression, though somewhat professional; especially as there can be little doubt that this diminutive republic must soon share the fate of mightier states; for, in consequence of the increase of commerce, lands possessed under this singular tenure, being now often brought to sale, and purchased by the neighbouring proprietors, will, in process of time, be included in their investitures, and the right of rentallage be entirely forgotten.—*Scott.*]

O HEARD ye na o' the silly blind Harper,
How lang he lived in Lochmaben town?
And how he wad gang to fair England,
To steal the Lord Warden's Wanton Brown!

But first he gaed to his gude wyfe,
Wi' a' the haste that he could thole—
"This wark," quo' he, "will ne'er gae weel,
Without a mare that has a foal."

Quo' she—"Thou hast a gude gray mare,
That can baith lance o'er laigh and hie;
See set thee on the gray mare's back,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me."

So he is up to England gane,
And even as fast as he may drie;
And whan he cam' to Carlisle gate,
O wha was there but the warden, he?

"Come into my hall, thou silly blind harper,
And of thy harping let me hear!"
"O by my sooth," quo' the silly blind harper,
"I wad rather ha'e stabling for my mare."

The warden look'd ower his left shoulder,
And said unto his stable groom—
"Gae take the silly blind harper's mare,
And tie her bedde my Wanton Brown."

Then aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till a' the lordlings footed the floor;
But an' the music was sae sweet,
The groom had nae mind o' the stable door

And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till a' the nobles were fast asleep;
Then quickly he took aff his shoon,
And saftly down the stair did creep.

Syne to the stable door he hied,
Wi' tread as light as light could be;
And when he opened and gaed in,
There he fand thirty steeds and three.

He took a cowt-halter frae his hose,
And o' his purpose he didna fail;
He slipt it ower the Wanton's nose,
And tied it to his gray mare's tail.

He turned them loose at the castle gate,
Ower muir and moss and lika dale;
And she ne'er let the Wanton bait,
But kept him a-galloping hame to her foal.

The mare she was right swift o' foot,
She didna fail to find the way;
For she was at Lochmaben gate,
A lang three hours before the day.

When she cam' to the harper's door,
There she gave mony a nicker and sneer—
"Rise up," quo' the wife, "thou lazy lass;
Let in thy master and his mare."

Then up she rose, put on her clothes,
And keekit through at the lock-hole—
"O! by my sooth," then cried the lass,
"Our mare has gotten a braw brown foal!"

"Come, hand thy tongue, thou silly wench!
The morn's but glancing in your e'e."—
"I'll wad my hail fee against a groat,
He's bigger than e'er our foal will be."

Now all this while in merry Carlisle,
The harper harped to his and law;
And the fiend dought they do but listen him to
Until that the day began to daw.

But on the morn, at fair day-light,
When they had ended a' their cheer,
Behold the Wanton Brown was gane,
And eke the poor blind Harper's mare!

"Allace! allace!" quoth the cunning auld Harper,
And ever allace that I cam' here;
In Scotland I lost a braw cowt foal,
In England they've stown my gude gray mare!"

"Come! cease thy allacing, thou silly blind Harper,
And again of thy harping let us hear;
And weel payd sall thy cowt-foal be,
And thou sall have a far better mare."

Then aye he harped, and aye he carped;
Sae sweet were the harpings he let them hear!
He was paid for the foal he had never lost,
And three times ower for the gude gray mare.

James Telfer of the Fair Dodhead.

[From the Border Minstrelsy.—"There is another ballad," says Sir Walter, "under the same title as the following, in which nearly the same incidents are narrated, with little difference, except that the honour of rescuing the cattle is attributed to the Liddesdale Elliots, headed by a chief, there called Martin Elliot of the Preakin Tower, whose son, Simon, is said to have fallen in the action. It is very possible, that both the Tivioidale Scotts, and the Elliots, were engaged in the affair, and that each claimed the honour of the victory."—Sir Walter presumes, that the Willie Scott, here mentioned, must have been a natural son of the laird of Buccleuch.]

It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
When our border steeds get corn and hay,
The captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,
And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up in Hardhaughswire;*
The second guide that we met wi',
It was high down in Borthwick water.†

"What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?
"Nae tidings, nae tidings, I ha'e to thee;
But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,‡
Mony a cow's cauf I'll let thee see."

And whan they cam' to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clam the peel;
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
And raneshackled the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,§
The tear aye rowing in his e'e;
He pled wi' the captain to ha'e his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The captain turned him round and lough;
Said—"Man, there's naething in thy house,
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
That hardly now wad fell a mouse!"

The sun wasna up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming‖ of a new-fa'n snaw,
Jamie Telfer has run ten myles a-foot,
Between the Dodhead and the Stob's Ha'.¶

And whan he cam' to the fair tower yate,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,
Till out bespak' auld Gibby Elliot—
"Whae's this that brings the fraye to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's naething left at the fair Dodhead,
But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."

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* Hardhaughswire is the pass from Liddesdale to the head of Tiviotdale.—*Scott.*

† Borthwick water is a stream, which falls into the Tiviot three miles above Hawick.—*Scott.*

‡ The Dodhead, in Selkirkshire, near Singlee, where there are still the vestiges of an old tower. *Scott.*

§ There is still a family of Telfers, residing near Langholm, who pretend to derive their descent from the Telfers of the Dodhead.—*Scott.*

‖ *Gryming*—Sprinkling.

¶ Stobs Hall, upon Slitterick. Jamie Telfer made his first application here, because he seems to have paid the proprietor of that castle *black-mail*, or protection money.—*Scott.*

"Gar seek your succour at Branksome Ha',*
For succour ye'se get nane frae me!
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black mail,
For, man! ye ne'er paid money to me."

Jamie has turned him round about,
I wat the tear blinded his e'e—
"I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!

"My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!"

He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could drie,
Till he cam' to the Coultart Cleugh,†
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespak' him auld Jock Grieve—
"Whae's this that brings the fraye to me?"
"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be.

"There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
And sax poor ca's stand in the sta',
A' routing load for their mammie."

"Alack a wae!" quo' auld Jock Grieve,
Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of a' the three."

Then he has ta'en out a bonnie black,
Was right weel fed wi' corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak' the fray.

And whan he cam' to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud and cried weel hie,
Till out and spak' him William's Wat—
"O whae's this brings the fraye to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be!
The captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear;
For God's sake rise and succour me!"

"Alas for wae!" quo' William's Wat,
"Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
I never cam' by the fair Dodhead,
That ever I fand thy basket bare."

He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himsel' upon a freckled gray,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer,
To Branksome Ha' to tak' the fray.

And whan they cam' to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak' him auld Buccleuch,
Said—"Whae's this brings the fraye to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be!
There's nought left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three."

"Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,
And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie!

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,‡
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!

"Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,‡
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
Warn Gandilands, and Allanbaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

"Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,§
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye cam down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry."

---

* The ancient family seat of the lairds of Buccleuch, near Hawick.—*Scott.*

† The Coultart Cleugh is nearly opposite to Carlisrig, on the road between Hawick and Mosspaul.—*Scott.*

‡ The water, in the mountainous districts of Scotland, is often used to express the banks of the river, which are the only inhabitable parts of the country. *To raise the water*, therefore, was to alarm those who lived along its side. *Scott.*

‡ The estates, mentioned in this verse, belonged to families of the name of Scott, residing upon the waters of Borthwick and Tiviot, near the castle of their chief.—*Scott.*

§ The pursuers seem to have taken the road

The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
  Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
  Was—"Rise for Branksome readilie!"

The gear was driven the Frostylee up, *
  Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
Whan Willie has looked his men before,
  And saw the kye right fast driving.

"Whae drives thir kye?" can Willie say,
  "To mak' an outspeckle † o' me?"
"It's I, the captain o' Bewcastle, Willie;
  I winna layne my name for thee."

"O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back,
  Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or, by the faith of my body," quo' Willie Scott,
  "I'se ware my dame's cauf's skin on thee!"

"I winna let the kye gae back,
  Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
  In spite of every Scot that's here."

"Set on them, lads!" quo' Willie than;
  "Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
  Mony a toom saddle there sall be!"

Then till't they gaed, wi' heart and hand;
  The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
  And mony a comely cheek was pale!

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
  And thro' the knapscap ‡ the sword has gane;
And Harden grat for very rage, §
  Whan Willie on the grund lay slane.

But he's tane aff his gude steel cap,
  And thrice he's wav'd it in the air—
The Dinlay ‖ snaw was ne'er mair white,
  Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

"Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat can cry;
  "Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Tiviotside again,
  Or Willie's death revenged sall be."

O mony a horse ran masterless,
  The splintered lances flew on hie;
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
  The Scots had gotten the victory.

John o' Brigham there was slane, ¶
  And John o' Barlow, as I hear say;
And thirty mae o' the captain's men,
  Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

---

through the hills of Liddesdale, in order to collect forces, and intercept the foraysers at the passage of the Liddel, on their return to Bewcastle. The Ritterford and Kershope-ford, aftermentioned, are noted fords on the river Liddel.

* The Frostylee is a brook, which joins the Tiviot, near Mosspaul.—*Scott.*

† *Outspeckle*—Laughing-stock.

‡ *Knapscap*—Headpiece.

§ Of this border laird, commonly called *Auld Wat of Harden*, tradition has preserved many anecdotes. He was married to Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the Flower of Yarrow. By their marriage-contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse meat, and man's meat, at his tower of Dryhope, for a year and a day; but five barons pledge themselves, that at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove, without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary-public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. The original is still in the charter-room of the present Mr Scott of Harden. By the Flower of Yarrow the laird of Harden had six sons; five of whom survived him, and founded the families of Harden (now extinct,) Highchesters (now representing Harden,) Reaburn, Wool, and Synton. The sixth son was slain at a fray, in a hunting-match, by the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers flew to arms, but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower, hurried to Edinburgh, stated the crime, and obtained a gift of the lands of the offenders from the crown. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and showed them the charter. "To horse, lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession! the lands of Gilmanscleuch are well worth a dead son." The property thus obtained continued in the family till the beginning of last century, when it was sold, by John Scott of Harden, to Ann, duchess of Buccleuch. A beautiful ballad, founded on this tradition, occurs in the Forest Minstrel, a collection of legendary poetry, by Mr James Hogg.—*Scott.*

‖ *The Dinlay*—is a mountain in Liddesdale.

¶ Perhaps one of the ancient family of Brougham, in Cumberland. The editor has used

The captain was run thro' the thick of the thigh,
And broken was his right leg bane;
If he had lived this hundred year,
He had never been loved by woman again.

"Hae back thy kye!" the captain said,
"Dear kye, I trow, to some they be:
For gin I suld live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me."

Then word is gane to the captain's bride,
Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

"I wad lourd * have had a winding-sheet,
And helped to put it ower his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the *border Scot*,
Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!"

There was a wild gallant amang us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs, †
Cried—"On for his house in Stanegirthside, ‡
If ony man will ride with us!"

When they cam' to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;
They loosed out a' the captains kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wyfe ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the captain's kin—
"Whae dar loose out the captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?"

"It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye!
I winna layne my name frae thee!
And I will loose out the captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he."

Whan they cam' to the Fair Dodhead,
They were a welcum sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith wi' goud, and white monie;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was mony a weeping e'e.

---

some freedom with the original in the subsequent verse. The account of the captain's disaster (*teste laeva vulnerata*) is rather too naive for literal publication.—*Scott.*

* *Lourd*—Rather.

† *Wudspurs*—Hotspur, or Madspur.

‡ A house belonging to the Foresters, situated on the English side of the Liddel.

An article in the list of attempts upon England, fouled by the commissioners at Berwick, in the year 1587, may relate to the subject of the foregoing ballad.

October, 1583.

Thomas Musgrave, deputy of Bewcastle, and the tenants, against Walter Scott, laird of Buckluth, and his complices; for 200 kine and oxen, 300 gait and sheep. —*Introduction to the History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, p. 31.—*Scott.*

The Raid of the Reidswire.

[From the Border Minstrelsy, where it is published from a copy in the Bannatyne MS. in the hand-writing of the Hon. Mr Carmichael, advocate. It first appeared inaccurately in *Allan Ramsay's Evergreen*.—"The skirmish of the Reidswire," says Sir Walter, "happened upon the 7th of June, 1575, at one of the meetings, held by the wardens of the marches, for arrangements necessary upon the border. Sir John Carmichael, ancestor of the present earl of Hyndford, was the Scottish warden, and Sir John Forster held that office on the English middle march. In the course of the day, which was employed, as usual, in redressing wrongs, a bill, or indictment, at the instance of a Scottish complainer, was found (*i. e.* found a true bill) against one Farnstain, a notorious English freebooter. Forster alleged that he had fled from justice: Carmichael, considering this as a pretext to avoid making compensation for the felony, bade him 'play fair!' to which the haughty English warden retorted, by some injurious expressions respecting Carmichael's family, and gave other open signs of resentment. His retinue, chiefly men of Redesdale and Tynedale, the most ferocious of the English borderers, glad of any pretext for a quarrel, discharged a flight of arrows among the Scots. A warm conflict ensued, in which, Carmichael being beat down and made prisoner, success seemed at first to incline to the English side, till the Tynedale men, throwing themselves too greedily upon the plunder, fell into disorder; and a body of Jedburgh citizens arriving at that instant, the skirmish terminated in a complete

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victory on the part of the Scots, who took prisoners the English warden, James Ogle, Cuthbert Collingwood, Francis Russell, son to the earl of Bedford, and son-in-law to Forster, some of the Fenwicks, and several other border chiefs. They were sent to the earl of Morton, then regent, who detained them at Dalkeith for some days, till the heat of their resentment was abated; which prudent precaution prevented a war betwixt the two kingdoms. He then dismissed them with great expressions of regard; and, to satisfy queen Elizabeth,* sent up Carmichael to York, whence he was soon after honourably dismissed. The field of battle, called the Reidswire, is a part of the Carter Mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh.—See, for these particulars, *Godscroft*, *Spottiswoode*, and *Johnstone's History*.

"The modern spelling of the word Reidswire is adopted, to prevent the mistake in pronunciation which might be occasioned by the use of the Scottish *gu* for *w*. The MS. reads *Reidequair*. *Swair*, or *Swire*, signifies the descent of a hill; and the epithet *Red* is derived from the colour of the heath, or, perhaps, from the Reid-water, which rises at no great distance."]

THE seventh of July, the saith to say,
At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
Our wardens they affixed the day,
And, as they promised, so they met.
Alas! that day I'll ne'er forgett!
Was sure ane fear'd, and then ane faine—
They came theare justice for to gett,
Will never green † to come again.

Carmichael was our warden then, ‡
He caused the country to convene;
And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man, §
Brought in that sirname well beseen: ‖

* Her ambassador at Edinburgh refused to lie in a bed of state which had been provided for him, till this "*odious fact*" had been inquired into.—*Murdin's State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 282.—*Scott*.

† *Green*—Long.

‡ Sir John Carmichael was a favourite of the regent Morton, by whom he was appointed warden of the middle marches, in preference to the border chieftains. With the like policy, the regent married Archibald Carmichael, the warden's brother, to the heiress of Edrom, in the Merse, much contrary to the inclination of the lady and her friends. In like manner, he compelled another heiress, Jane Sleigh, of Cumlege, to marry Archibald, brother to Auchinleck of Auchinleck, one of his dependants. By such arbitrary practices, Morton meant to strengthen his authority on the borders; instead of which, he hastened his fall, by giving disgust to his kinsman, the earl of Angus, and his other friends, who had been established in the country for ages.—*Godscroft*, vol. ii. pp. 238, 246. Sir John Carmichael, the warden, was murdered 16th June, 1600, by a party of borderers, at a place called Raeshnowe, near Lochmaben, whither he was going to hold a court of justice. Two of the ringleaders in the slaughter, Thomas Armstrong, called *Ringan's Tam*, and Adam Scott, called the *Pocket*, were tried at Edinburgh, at the instance of Carmichael of Edrom. They were condemned to have their right hands struck off, thereafter to be hanged, and their bodies gibbetted on the Borough Moor; which sentence was executed 14th November, 1601. "This *Pocket*, (saith Birrel in his *Diary*,) was "ane of the maist notairie thieffes that ever raid;" he calls his name *Steill*, which appears, from the record, to be a mistake. Four years afterwards, an Armstrong, called *Sandy of Rowanburn*, and several others of that tribe, were executed for this and other excesses.—*Books of Adjournal of these dates*.—*Scott*.

§ The chief who led out the sirname of Scott upon this occasion, was (saith Satchells) Walter Scott of Ancrum, a natural son of Walter of Buccleuch. The laird of Buccleuch was then a minor. The ballad seems to have been popular in Satchells' days, for he quotes it literally. He must, however, have been mistaken in this particular; for the family of Scott of Ancrum, in all our books of genealogy, deduce their descent from the Scotts of Balwearie, in Fife, whom they represent. The first of this family, settled in Roxburghshire, is stated in *Douglas' Baronage* to have been Patrick Scott, who purchased the lands of Ancrum in the reign of James VI. He therefore could not be the *Laird's Wat* of the ballad; indeed, from the list of border families in 1597, Kerr appears to have been proprietor of Ancrum at the date of the ballad. It is plainly written in the MS. the *Laird's Wat*, i. e. the Laird's son Wat; notwithstanding which, it has always hitherto been printed the *Laird Wat*. If Douglas be accurate in his genealogy, the person meant must be the young laird of Buccleuch, afterwards distinguished for his surprise of Carlisle Castle.—See *Kinmont Willie*. I am the more

The Armestranges, that aye ha'e been *
A hardie house, but not a hail,
The Elliots' honours to maintaine,
Brought down the lave o' Liddesdale.

Then Tividale came to wi' speid;
The sheriffe brought the Douglas down,†
Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need, ‡
Baith Rewle water, and Hawick town.
Beanjeddart bauldly made him boun,
Wi' a' the Trumbills, stronge and stout;
The Rutherfoords, with grit renown, §
Convoyed the town of Jedbrugh out.

Of other clans I cannot tell,
Because our warning was not wide.—
Be this our folks ha'e ta'en the fell,
And planted down pallionss ‖ there to bide.
We looked down the other side,
And saw come breasting owre the brae,
Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde, ¶
Full fifteen hundred men and mae.

It grieved him sair that day, I trow,
Wi' Sir George Hearoune of Schipgyde-
Because we were not men enow, [house: **
They counted us not worth a house.
Sir George was gentle, meek and douse,
But *he* was hail and het as fire;
And yet, for all his cracking crouse, ††
He rewd the raid o' the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain;
For either must ye fight or flee,
Or else no answer make again,
But play the beast, and let them be.
It was na wonder he was hie,
Had Tindaill, Reedsdaill, at his hand, ‡‡
Wi' Cukdaill, Gladsdaill on the lee,
And Heberime, and Northumberland.

---

confirmed in this opinion, because Kerr of Ancrum was at this time a fugitive, for slaying one of the Rutherfords, and the tower of Ancrum given in keeping to the Turnbulls, his hereditary enemies. His mother, however, a daughter of Home of Wedderburn, contrived to turn out the Turnbulls, and possess herself of the place by surprise.—*Godscroft*, vol. ii. p. 250.—*Scott.*

‖ *Well beseen*—Well appointed. The word occurs in Morte Arthur: "And when Sir Percival saw this, he hied them thither, and found the ship covered with silke, more blacker than any beare; and therein was a gentlewoman, of great beautie, and she was richly *beseene*, that none might be better."—*Scott.*

This clan are here mentioned as not being hail, or whole, because they were outlawed or broken men. Indeed, many of them had become Englishmen, as the phrase then went. Accordingly, we find, from Paton, that forty of them, under the laird of Mangertoun, joined Somerset upon his expedition into Scotland.—*Paton in Dalyell's Fragments*, p. 1. There was an old alliance betwixt the Elliots and Armstrongs, here alluded to. For the enterprises of the Armstrongs, against their native country, when under English assurance, see *Murdin's State Papers*, vol. i. p. 43. From which it appears, that, by command of Sir Ralph Evers, this clan ravaged almost the whole west border of Scotland.—*Scott.*

† Douglas of Cavers, hereditary sheriff of Teviotdale, descended from Black Archibald, who carried the standard of his father, the earl of Douglas, at the battle of Otterbourne.—*See the Ballad of that name.—Scott.*

‡ Cranstoun of that ilk, ancestor to lord Cranstoun; and Gladstain of Gladstains.—*Scott.*

§ These were ancient and powerful border clans, residing chiefly upon the river Jed. Hence, they naturally convoyed the town of Jedburgh out. Although notorious freebooters, they were specially patronised by Morton, who, by their means, endeavoured to counterpoise the power of Buccleuch and Fernihurst, during the civil wars attached to the queen's faction.

The following fragment of an old ballad is quoted in a letter from an aged gentleman of this name, residing at New-York, to a friend in Scotland:

"Bauld Rutherford, he was fow stout,
Wi' a' his sins sons him round about;
He led the town o' Jedburgh out,
All bravely fought that day."

‖ *Pallionss*—Tents.

¶ This gentleman is called, erroneously, in some copies of this ballad, *Sir George*. He was warden of the mid-marches of England.—*Scott.*

** Sir George Heron of Chipchase-house, whose character is contrasted with that of the English warden.—*Scott.*

†† *Cracking crouse*—Talking big.

‡‡ These are districts, or dales, on the English border. Heberime seems to be an error in the MS. for Hebburn upon the Till.—*Scott.*

Yett was our meeting meek enough,
Begun wi' merriment and mowes,
And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
The clark sat down to call the rowes. *
And some for kyne, and some for ewes,
Called in of Dandrie, Hob, and Jock—
We saw, come marching ower the knows,
Five hundred Fennicks in a flock.†

With jack and speir, and bows all bent,
And warlike weapons at their will:
Although we were na well content,
Yet, by my trouth, we feared no ill.
Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,
And some to cards and dice them sped;
Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,
And he was fugitive and fled.

Carmichael bade them speik out plainlie,
And cloke no cause for ill nor good;
The other, answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blood:
He raise, and raxed ‡ him where he stood,
And bade him match him with his marrows;
Then Tindaill heard them reason rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows.

Then was there nought but bow and speir,
And every man pulled out a brand,
"A Schaftan and a Fenwick' thare:
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
What should they cry? the king's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

Up rose the laird to red the cumber,
Which would not be for all his boast;—
What could we doe with sic a number?
Fyve thousand men into a host,
Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,
And very narrowlie had mischlefed him,
And there we had our warden lost,
Wer't not the grit God he raiseved him.

Another throw the brefks him bair,
Whill flatlies to the ground he fell:
Then thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomack it struck a knell.

Yet up he raise the treuth to tell ye,
And laid about him dints full dour;
His horsemen they raid stardily,
And stude about him in the stoure.

Then raise the Slogan with ane shout—§
"Fy, Tindaill, to it! Jedbrugh's here!"
I trow he was not half sae stout,
But anis his stomach was asteir.

---

* *Rowes*—Rolls.

† The Fenwicks; a powerful and numerous Northumberland clan.—*Scott.*

‡ *Raxed him*—Stretched himself up.

§ The gathering word, peculiar to a certain name, or set of people, was termed *slogan* or *slughorn*, and was always repeated at an onset, as well as on many other occasions, as appears from the following passage of an old author, whom this custom seems to have offended—for he con plains,

"That whereas always, both in al tounes of war, and in al campes of armies, quietnes and stilnes without noia is principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why.) Yet, our northern prikkers, the borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie, (as thought me) and not unlyke (to be playn) unto a masterless hounde houyling in a hie wey, when he hath lost him he wayted upon, sum hoopying, sum whistelyng, and most with crying, a *Bernwyke!* a *Bernwyke!* a *Fennwyke!* a *Fennwyke!* a *Bulmer!* a *Bulmer!* or so otherwise as they captein's names wear, never linnde those troubious and daungerous noyses all the night long. They sayd they did it to fynd out their captein and fellowes; but if the soldiours of our oother countries and sheres had used the same manner, in that case we should have oftymes had the state of our campe more lyke the outrage of a dissolute huntyng, than the quiet of a wel ordred army.' —*Patten's Account of Somerset's Expedition*, p. 76.—*Apud Dalyell's Fragments.*

Honest Patten proceeds, with great prolixity, to prove, that this was a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance; and, like Fluellen, declares, "that such idle pribble prabbles were contrary to all the good customs and disciplines of war." Nevertheless, the custom of crying the *slogan*, or *ensenzie*, is often alluded to in all our ancient histories and poems. It was usually the name of the clan, or place of rendezvous, or leader. In 1335, the English, led by Thomas of Rosslyne, and William Moubray, assaulted Aberdeen. The former was mortally wounded in the onset; and, as his followers were pressing forward, shouting *Rosslyne! Rosslyne!* "Cry *Moubray*," said the expiring chieftain;

With gun and gaunze,* bow and spier,
Men might see mony a cracked crown!
But up amang the merchant geir,
They were as busy as we were down.

The swallow tail frae tackles flew, †
Five hundreth slain ‡ into a flight,
But we had pestelets anow,
And shot among them as we might.
With help of God the game gaed right,
Frae time the foremost of them fell;
Then ower the know without goodnight,
They ran with mony a shout and yell.

But after they had turned backs,
Yet Tindaill men they turned again;
And had not been the merchant packs, §
There had been mae of Scotland slain.
But, Jesu! if the folks were fain
To put the bussing on their thies;
And so they fled, wi' a' their main,
Down ower the brae, like clogged bees.

Sir Francis Russel ta'en was there, ‖
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
Proud Wallinton was wounded sair, ¶
Albeit he be a Fenwick fierce.
But if ye wald a souldier search,
Among them a' were ta'en that night,
Was nane ane wordis to put in verse,
As Collingwood, that courteous knight. **

Young Henry Schafton, †† he is hurt;
A souldier shot him wi' a bow:
Scotland has cause to mak' great start,
For laiming of the laird of Mow. ‡‡
The Laird's Wat did weel, indeed;
His friends stood stoutlie by himsel',
With little Gladstain, gude in need,
For Gretein kend na gude be ill. §§

The Sheriffe wanted not gude will,
Howbeit he might not fight so fast;
Beanjeddart, Hundlie, and Hunthill, ‖‖
Three, on they laid weel at the last.

"*Rosslyne* is gone!" The Highland clans had also their appropriate slogans. The Macdonalds cried *Frick*, (heather;) the Macphersons, *Creig-Ulah*; the Grants *Creig-Elachie*; and the Macfarlanes *Loch Sloy*.—*Scott*.

* *Gaunze*—Engine of war.

† The Scots, on this occasion, seem to have had chiefly fire-arms; the English retaining still their partiality for their ancient weapon, the long-bow. It also appears, by a letter from the Duke of Norfolk to Cecil, that the English borderers were unskilful in fire-arms, or, as he says, "our countrymen be not so commyng with shots as I woulde wishe."—see *Murdin's State Papers*, vol. i. p. 319.—*Scott*.

‡ *Slain*—Arrows; hitherto absurdly printed *slain*.

§ The ballad-maker here ascribes the victory to the real cause; for the English borderers, dispersing to plunder the merchandise, gave the opposite party time to recover from their surprise. It seems to have been usual for travelling merchants to attend border meetings, although one would have thought the kind of company, usually assembled there, might have deterred them.—*Scott*.

‖ This gentleman was son to the earl of Bedford. He was afterwards killed in a fray of a similar nature, at a border-meeting between the same Sir John Forster (father-in-law to Russell), and Thomas Kerr of Fairalhurst, A. D. 1585.—*Scott*.

¶ Fenwick of Wallington, a powerful Northumbrian chief.—*Scott*.

** Sir Cuthbert Collingwood. Besides these gentlemen, James Ogle, and many other Northumbrians of note, were made prisoners. Sir George Heron, of Chipchase and Ford, was slain, to the great regret of both parties, being a man highly esteemed by the Scots as well as the English. When the prisoners were brought to Morton, at Dalkeith, and, among other presents, received from him some Scottish falcons, one of his train observed, that the English were nobly treated, since they got live *hawks* for dead *herons*.—*Godscroft*.—*Scott*.

†† The name of this gentleman does not appear in the MS. in the Advocates' Library, but is restored from a copy in single sheet, printed early in the last century.—*Scott*.

‡‡ An ancient family on the borders. The lands of Mowe are situated upon the river Bowmont, in Roxburghshire. The family is now represented by William Molle, Esq. of Mains, who has restored the ancient spelling of the name The laird of Mowe, here mentioned, was the only gentleman of note killed in the skirmish on the Scottish side.—*Scott*.

§§ Graden, a family of Kerrs.

‖‖ Douglas of Beanjeddart, an ancient branch

Except the horsemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
None stoutlier stood out for their laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddlesdail.

But little harness had we there;
But auld Badrule had on a jack, *
And did right weel, I you declare,
With all his Trumbills at his back.
Gude Edderstane was not to lack, †
Nor Kirktoun, Newton, noble men! ‡

Thirs all the specials I of speake,
By others that I could not ken.

Who did invent that day of play,
We need not fear to find him soon;
For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
Made us this noisome afternoon.
Not that I speak precisale out,
That he supposed it would be perril;
But pride, and breaking out of fruid,
Garr'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel.

---

of the house of Cavers, possessing property near the junction of the Jed and Teviot.

Hundlie.—Rutherford of Hundlie, or Hundalee, situated on the Jed above Jedburgh.

Hunthill.—The old tower of Hunthill was situated about a mile above Jedburgh. It was the patrimony of an ancient family of Rutherfords. I suppose the person, here meant, to be the same who is renowned in tradition by the name of the *Cock of Hunthill*. His sons were executed for march-treason, or border-theft, along with the lairds of Corbet, Greenhead, and Overton, A. D. 1596.—*Johnston's History*, p. 129.—*Scott.*

* Sir Andrew Turnbull of Bedrule, upon Rule Water. This old laird was so notorious a thief, that the principal gentlemen of the clans of Hume and Kerr refused to sign a bond of alliance, to which he, with the Turnbulls and Rutherfords, was a party; alleging that their proposed allies had stolen Hume of Wedderburn's cattle. The authority of Morton, however, compelled them to digest the affront. The debate (and a curious one it is) may be seen at length in *Godscroft*, vol. i. p. 281. The Rutherfords became more lawless after having been deprived of the countenance of the court, for slaying the nephew of Forman, archbishop of St Andrews, who had attempted to carry off the heiress of Rutherford. This lady was afterwards married to James Stuart of Traquair, son to James, earl of Buchan, according to a papal bull, dated 9th November, 1504. By this lady a great estate in Tiviotdale fell to the family of Traquair, which was sold by James, earl of Traquair, lord-high-treasurer of Scotland, in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties to which he was reduced, by his loyal exertions in favour of Charles I.—*Scott.*

† An ancient family of Rutherfords; I believe, indeed, the most ancient now extant. The family is represented by John Rutherford, Esq. of Edgerstane. His seat is about three miles distant from the field of battle.—*Scott.*

‡ The parish of Kirktoun belonged, I believe, about this time, to a branch of the Cavers family; but Kirkton of Stewartfield is mentioned in the list of border clans in 1597.

Newton.—This is probably Grinyslaw of Little Newton, mentioned in the said roll of border clans.—*Scott.*

Kinmont Willie.

[In the year 1596, William Armstrong of Kinmont, a noted border trooper, was taken prisoner by the warden of the western marches of England, and lodged in Carlisle castle. This was in defiance of a truce which then existed between the wardens of the borders. The lord of Buccleugh, who had the charge of Liddesdale, after in vain demanding that Kinmont Willie should be set at liberty, gallantly took the castle of Carlisle by surprise one night with a body of 200 men, and effected the prisoner's delivery. The consequences of the enterprise are thus mentioned by Spottiswood:—"This fell out the 13th of April, 1596. The queen of England, having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little. One of her chief castles surprised, a prisoner taken forth of the hands of the warden, and carried away, so far within England, she esteemed a great affront. The lieger, Mr Bowes, in a frequent convention kept at Edinburgh, the 22d of May, did, as he was charged, in a long oration, aggravate the heinousness of the fact, concluding that peace could not longer continue betwixt the two realms, unless Buccleuch were delivered in England, to be punished at the queen's pleasure. Buccleuch compearing, and charged with the fact, made answer—'That he went not into England with intention to assault any of the queen's houses, or to do

wrong to any of her subjects, but only to relieve a subject of Scotland unlawfully taken, and more unlawfully detained; that, in the time of a general assurance, in a day of truce, he was taken prisoner against all order, neither did he attempt his relief till redress was refused; and that he had carried the business in such a moderate manner, as no hostility was committed, nor the least wrong offered to any within the castle; yet was he content, according to the ancient treaties observed betwixt the two realms, when as mutual injuries were alleged, to be tried by the commissioners that it should please their majesties to appoint, and submit himself to that which they should decern.'—The convention, esteeming the answer reasonable, did acquaint the ambassador therewith, and offered to send commissioners to the borders, with all diligence, to treat with such as the queen should be pleased to appoint for her part."

"This affair of Kinmont Willie," says Sir Walter Scott, "was not the only occasion upon which the undaunted keeper of Liddesdale gave offence to the haughty Elizabeth. For, even before this business was settled, certain of the English borderers having invaded Liddesdale, and wasted the country, the laird of Buccleuch retaliated the injury by a *raid* into England, in which he not only brought off much spoil, but apprehended thirty-six of the Tynedale thieves, all of whom he put to death. How highly the queen of England's resentment blazed on this occasion, may be judged from the preface to her letter to Bowes, then her ambassador in Scotland. 'I wonder how base-minded that king thinks me, that, with patience, I can digest this dishonourable . . . . . Let him know, therefore, that I will have satisfaction, or else . . . . . .' These broken words of ire are inserted betwixt the subscription and the address of the letter. Indeed, so deadly was the resentment of the English, on account of the affronts put upon them by this formidable chieftain, that there seems at one time to have been a plan formed (not, as was alleged, without Elizabeth's privity,) to assassinate Buccleuch. The matter was at length arranged by the commissioners of both nations in Berwick, by whom it was agreed that delinquents should be delivered up on both sides, and that the chiefs themselves should enter into ward in the opposite countries till these were given up, and pledges granted for the future maintenance of the quiet of the borders. Buccleuch, and Sir Robert Ker of Cessford (ancestor of the duke of Roxburgh,) appear to have struggled hard against complying with this regulation; so much so, that it required all James's authority to bring to order these two powerful chiefs. When at length they appeared, for the purpose of delivering themselves up to be warded at Berwick, an incident took place, which nearly occasioned a revival of the deadly feud which formerly subsisted between the Scots and the Kers. Buccleuch had chosen, for his guardian, during his residence in England, Sir William Selby, master of the ordnance at Berwick, and accordingly gave himself into his hands. Sir Robert Ker was about to do the same, when a pistol was discharged by one of his retinue, and the cry of treason was raised. Had not the earl of Home been present, with a party of Merse men, to preserve order, a dreadful tumult would probably have ensued. As it was, the English commissioners returned in dismay to Berwick, much disposed to wreak their displeasure on Buccleuch; and he, on his side, mortally offended with Cessford, by whose means, as he conceived, he had been placed in circumstances of so much danger. Sir Robert Ker, however, appeased all parties, by delivering himself up to ward in England; on which occasion, he magnanimously chose for his guardian Sir Robert Carey, deputy-warden of the east marches, notwithstanding various causes of animosity which existed betwixt them. The hospitality of Carey equalled the generous confidence of Cessford, and a firm friendship was the consequence. Buccleuch appears to have remained in England from October, 1597, till February, 1598. According to ancient family tradition, Buccleuch was presented to Elizabeth, who, with her usual rough and peremptory address, demanded of him, 'how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous.' 'What is it,' answered the undaunted chieftain, 'What is it that a man dares not do?' Elizabeth, struck with the reply, turned to a lord in waiting; 'With ten thousand such men,' said she, 'our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe.' Luckily, perhaps, for the murtheress of queen Mary, James's talents did not lie that way.

"The articles, settled by the commissioners at Berwick, were highly favourable to the peace of the border. By article sixth, all wardens and keepers are discharged from seeking reparation of injuries, in the ancient hostile mode of riding, or causing to ride, in warlike manner against the opposite march; and that under the highest

penalty, unless authorized by a warrant under the hand of their sovereign. The mention of the word *keeper*, alludes obviously to the above-mentioned reprisals, made by Buccleuch, in the capacity of keeper of Liddesdale.

"This ballad is preserved, by tradition, on the west borders, but much mangled by reciters: so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular, the *Eden* has been substituted for the *Esks*, the latter name being inconsistent with geography."]

O HAVE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?
How they ha' ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Hairibee to hang him up?*

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his cumpanie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.†

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroop's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch!"

"Now hand thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
Before ye cross my castle yate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie:
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroop," he said,
"I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
But I paid my lawing before I gaed."

* Hairibee is the place of execution at Carlisle.—*Scott.*

† The Liddel rack is a ford on the Liddel.—*Scott.*

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
That Lord Scroop has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroop I'll be!

"O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Tho' it were builded of marble stone.

"I would set that castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood!
There's nevir a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!"

He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot call'd,
The laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,‡
And gleaves of green, and feathers blue.

‡ *Splent on spauld*—Armour on shoulder.

There were five and five before them a',
  Wi' hunting horns and bugles bright;
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
  Like warden's men, arrayed for fight:

And five and five, like a mason gang,
  That carried the ladders lang and hie;
And five and five, like broken men;
  And so they reached the Woodhouselee.*

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
  When to the English side we held,
The first o' men that we met wi',
  Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
  Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
"We go to hunt an English stag,
  Has trespassed on the Scots countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
  Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"
"We go to catch a rank reiver,
  Has broken faith wi' the Bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
  Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"
"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
  That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."

"Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?"
  Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
  And the never a word o' lear had he.

"Why trespass ye on the English side?
  Row-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;
The never a word had Dickie to say,
  Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
  And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
  But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,
  The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird garr'd leave our steeds,
  For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
  The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
  When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
  Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himself
  To mount the first, before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
  He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our land,
  Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!—

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
  "Let's waken Lord Scroop, right merrilie!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
  "O wha dare meddle wi' me?"

Then speedilie to work we gaed,
  And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole thro' a sheet of lead,
  And so we wan to the castle ha'.

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* Woodhouselee; a house on the border, belonging to Buccleuch.

The Salkeldes, or Sakeldes, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing, among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into the possession of the Howards, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw, called Jock Grame of the Peartree, upon Mr Salkelde, sheriff of Cumberland; who is probably the person alluded to in the ballad, as the fact is stated to have happened late in Elizabeth's time. The brother of this free-booter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution, when Jock of the Peartree came riding past the gate of Corby castle. A child of the sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, "Master, will you ride?" The boy willingly consenting, Grame took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and would never part with him, till he had his brother safe from the gallows. There is no historical ground for supposing, either that Salkelde, or any one else, lost his life in the raid of Carlisle.

In the list of Border clans, 1597, Will of Kinmouth, with Kyrstie Armestrange, and John Skynbank, are mentioned as leaders of a band of Armstrongs called Sandies Barnes, inhabiting the Debateable Land.—*Scott.*

* The name of a border tune.

They thought King James and a' his men
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

Wi' coulters, and wi' fore-hammers,
We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam' to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam' to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fallows that spier for me."

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
"Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroop I take farewell.

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried—
"I'll pay you for my lodging maill,
When first we meet on the border side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's airns played clang!

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
"I've pricked a horse out oure the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!"

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Bucceleuch has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them thro' the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro' the water they had gane

"He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water,
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

Dick o' the Cow.

["This ballad, and Jock o' the Side, which immediately follows it, were first published, 1784, in the Hawick Museum, a provincial miscellany, to which they were communicated by John Elliot, Esq. of Reidheugh, a gentleman well skilled in the antiquities of the western border, and to whose friendly assistance the editor is indebted for many valuable communications. These ballads are connected with each other, and appear to have been composed by the same author. The actors seem to have flourished while Thomas lord Scroope, of Bolton, was warden of the west marches of England, and governor of Carlisle castle; which offices he acquired upon the death of his father, about 1590, and retained till the union of the crowns. Dick of the Cow, from the privileged insolence which he assumes, seems to have been lord Scroope's jester. In the preliminary dissertation, the reader will find the border custom of assuming *nommes de guerre* particularly noticed. It is exemplified in the following ballad, where one Armstrong is called the Laird's Jock (*i. e.* the laird's son Jock), another Fair Johnie, a third Billie Willie (brother Willie), &c. The Laird's Jock, son to the laird of Mangerton, appears, as one of the men of name in Liddesdale, in the list of border clans, 1597. Dick of the Cow is erroneously supposed to have been the same with one Ricardus Coldall, de Plumpton, a knight and celebrated warrior, who died in 1463, as appears from his epitaph in the church of Penrith. —Nicholson's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, vol. ii. p. 408. This ballad is very

popular in Liddesdale; and the reciter always adds, at the conclusion, that poor Dickie's cautious removal to Burgh under Stanemore did not save him from the clutches of the Armstrongs; for that, having fallen into their power several years after this exploit, he was put to an inhuman death. The ballad was well known in England so early as 1596. An allusion to it likewise occurs in Parrot's Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcocks; London, 1613.

Owenas wondreth since he came to Wales,
What the description of this tale should be,
That were had seen but mountains, hills, and dales,
Yet would he boast, and stand on pedigree,
From Rice ap Richard, sprang from Dick a Cow,
Be cod, was right gud gentleman, look ye now!

Border Minstrelsy.]

Now Liddesdale has layen lang in,
There is na ryding there at a';
The horses are a' grown sae lither fat,
They downa stir out o' the sta'.

Fair Johnie Armstrang to Willie did say—
"Billy, a riding we will gae;
England and us have been lang at feid;
Ablins we'll light on some bootie."

Then they are come on to Hutton Ha';
They rade that proper place about;
But the laird he was the wiser man,
For he had left nae gear without.

For he had left nae gear to steal,
Except sax sheep upon a lee:
Quo' Johnie—"I'd rather in England die,
Ere thir sax sheep gae to Liddesdale wi' me.

"But how ca' they the man we last met,
Billie, as we cam owre the know?"
"That same he is an innocent fule,
And men they call him Dick o' the Cow."

"That fule has three as good kye o' his ain,
As there are in a' Cumberland, billie," quo' he:
"Betide me life, betide me death,
These kye shall go to Liddesdale wi' me."

Then they have come on to the pure fule's house,
And they ha'e broken his wa's sae wide;
They have loosed out Dick o' the Cow's three kye,
And ta'en three co'ursts frae his wife's bed.

Then on the morn when the day was light,
The shouts and crise rose loud and hie:
"O hand thy tongue, my wife," he says,
"And o' thy crying let me be!

"O, hand thy tongue, my wife," he says,
"And o' thy crying let me be;
And ay where thou hast lost ae cow,
In gude saith I shall bring thee three."

Now Dickie's gane to the gude lord Scroope,
And I wat a dreirie fule was he;
"Now hand thy tongue, my fule," he says,
"For I may not stand to jest wi' thee."

"Shame fa' your jesting, my lord!" quo' Dickie,
"For nae sic jesting gees wi' me;
Liddesdale's been in my house last night,
And they ha'e awa' my three kye frae me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,
To be your pair fule and your leal,
Unless you gi'e me leave, my lord
To gae to Liddesdale and steal."

"I gi'e thee leave, my fule!" he says;
"Thou speakest against my honour and me,
Unless thou gi'e me thy trowth and thy hand,
Thou'lt steal frae nane but whae sta' frae thee."

"There is my trowth, and my right hand!
My head shall hang on Hairibee;
I'll ne'er cross Carlisle sands again,
If I steal frae a man but whae sta' frae me."

Dickie's ta'en leave o' lord and master;
I wat a merry fule was he!
He's bought a bridle and a pair o' new spurs,
And packed them up in his breek thie.

Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn house,*
E'en as fast as he might drie;
Then Dickie's come on to Pudding-burn,
Where there were thirty Armstrangs and three.

* This was a house of strength, held by the Armstrongs. The ruins at present form a sheep-fold, on the farm of Reidsmoss, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch.—*Scott.*

"O what's this come o' me now?" quo' Dickie;
"What mickle wae is this?" quo' he;
"For here is but an innocent fule,
And there are thirty Armstrangs and three!"

Yet he has come up to the fair ha' board,
Sae well he's become his courtesie;
"Weil may ye be, my gude Laird's Jock!
But the de'il bless a' your companie.

"I'm come to 'plain o' your man, fair Johnie Armstrang,
And syne o' his billie Willie," quo' he!
"How they've been in my house last night,
And they ha'e ta'en my three kye frae me."

"Ha!" quo' fair Johnie Armstrang, "we will him hang."
"Na," quo' Willie, "we'll him alse."
Then up and spak' another young Armstrang,
"We'll gae him his batts,* and let him gae."

But up and spak' the gude Laird's Jock,
The best falla in a' the cumpanie:
"Sit down thy ways a little while, Dickie, [ye."
And a piece o' thy ain cow's hough I'll gi'e

But Dickie's heart it grew sae grit,
That the ne'er a bit o't he dought to eat—
Then he was aware of an auld peat-house,
Where a' the night he thought for to sleep.

Then Dickie was aware of an auld peat-house,
Where a' the night he thought for to lye—
And a' the prayers the pure fule prayed
Were, "I wish I had amends for my gude three kye!"

It was then the use of Pudding-burn house,
And the house of Mangerton, all hail,
Them that cam' na at the first ca',
Gat nae mair meat till the neist meal.

The lads, that hungry and weary were,
Abune the door-head they threw the key;
Dickie he took gude notice o' that,
Saye—"There will be a bootie for me."

Then Dickie has in to the stable gane,
Where there stood thirty horses and three;
He has tied them a wi' St Mary's knot,
A' these horses but barely three.

He has tied them a' wi' St Mary's knot,†
A' these horses but barely three;
He's loupen on ane, ta'en another in hand,
And away as fast as he can hie.

But on the morn, when the day grew light,
The shouts and cries raise loud and hie—
"Ah! whae has done this?" quo' the gude Laird's Jock,
"Tell me the truth and the verity!"

"Whae has done this deed?" quo' the gude Laird's Jock;
"See that to me ye dinna lie!"
"Dickie has been in the stable last night,
And has ta'en my brother's horse and mine frae me."

"Ye wad ne'er be tald," quo' the gude Laird's
Have ye not found my tales fu' leil? [Jock;
Ye ne'er wad out o' England bide,
Till crooked, and blind, and a' would steal."

"But lend me thy bay," fair Johnie can say:
"There's nae horse loose in the stable save he;
And I'll either fetch Dick o' the Cow again,
Or the day is come that he shall die."

"To lend thee my bay!" the Laird's Jock can say,
"He's baith worth gowd and gude monie;
Dick o' the Cow has awa' twa horse;
I wish na thou may make him three."

He has ta'en the laird's jack on his back,
A twa-handed sword to hang by his thie;
He has ta'en a steil cap on his head,
And gallopped on to follow Dickie.

Dickie was na a mile frae aff the town,
I wat a mile but barely three,

* *Gi'e him his batts*—Dismiss him with a beating.

† Hamstringing a horse is termed, in the border dialect, tying him with St Mary's knot. Dickie used this cruel expedient to prevent a pursuit. It appears from the narration, that the horses, left unhurt, belonged to fair Johnie Armstrang, his brother Willie, and the Laird's Jock, of which Dickie carried off two, and left that of the Laird's Jock, probably out of gratitude for the protection he had afforded him on his arrival.—*Scott.*

When he was o'erta'en by fair Johnie Armstrang,
Hand for hand, on Cannobie lee.*

"Abide, abide, thou traitour thief!
The day is come that thou maun die."
Then Dickie look't owre his left shoulder,
Said—"Johnie, hast thou nae mae in cumpanie?

"There is a preacher in our chapell,
And a' the live lang day teaches he:
When day is gane and night is come,
There's ne'er ae word I mark but three.

"The first and second is—Faith and Conscience;
The third—Ne'er let a traitour free:
But, Johnie, what faith and conscience was thine,
When thou took awa' my three kye frae me?

"And when thou had ta'en awa' my three kye,
Thou thought in thy heart thou wast not well sped,
Till thou sent thy billie Willie over the know,
To tak' thrie coverlets off my wife's bed!"

Then Johnie let a speir fa' leigh by his thie,
Thought weel to ha'e slain the innocent, I trow;
But the powers above were mair than he,
For he ran but the pure fule's jerkin through.

Together they ran, or ever they blan;
This was Dickie the fule and he!
Dickie could na win at him wi' the blade o' the sword,
But fell'd him wi' the plummet under the e'e.

Thus Dickie has fall'd fair Johnie Armstrang,
The prettiest man in the south country—
"Gramercy!" then can Dickie say,
"I had but twa horse, thou hast made me thrie!"

He's ta'en the steil jack aff Johnie's back,
The twa-handed sword that hang low by his thie;
He's ta'en the steil cap aff his head—
"Johnie, I'll tell my master I met wi' thee."

* A rising-ground on Cannobie, on the borders of Liddesdale.—*Scott.*

When Johnie wakened out o' his dream,
I wat a dreirie man was he:
"And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, than
The shame and dule is left wi' me.

"And is thou gane? Now, Dickie, than
The de'il gae in thy cumpanie!
For if I should live these hundred years,
I ne'er shall fight wi' a fule after thee."—

Then Dickie's come hame to the gude Lord Scroope,
E'en as fast as he might hie;
"Now, Dickie, I'll neither eat nor drink,
Till hie hanged thou shalt be."

"The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
This was na the promise ye made to me!
For I'd ne'er gane to Liddesdale to steal,
Had I not got my leave frae thee."

"But what garr'd thee steal the Laird's Jock's horse?
And, kimmer, what garr'd ye steal him?" quo' he;
For lang thou mightst in Cumberland dwelt,
Ere the Laird's Jock had stown frae thee."†

† The commendation of the Laird's Jock's honesty seems but indifferently founded; for, in July 1586, a bill was fouled against him, Dick of Dryup, and others, by the deputy of Newcastle, at a warden-meeting, for 400 head of cattle taken in open foyray from the Dryike in Newcastle: and in September 1587, another complaint appears at the instance of one Andrew Rutledge of the Nook, against the Laird's Jock, and his accomplices, for 50 kine and oxen, besides furniture, to the amount of 100 merks sterling. See Bell's MSS., as quoted in the History of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In Sir Richard Maitland's poem against the thieves of Liddesdale, he thus commemorates the Laird's Jock:

They spullye pair men of thair pakis,
They leif them nocht on bed nor bakis;
Baith hen and cok,
With reil and rok,
The Lairdis Jock
All with him takis.

Those, who plundered Dick, had been bred up under an expert teacher.

Tradition reports, that the Laird's Jock sus-

"Indeed I wat ye lied, my lord!
And e'en sae loud as I hear ye lie!
I wan the horse frae fair Johnie Armstrang,
Hand to hand, on Cannobie lee.

"There is the jack was on his back;
This twa-handed sword hang laigh by his thie,
And there's the steil cap was on his head;
I brought a' these tokens to let thee see."

"If that be true thou to me tells,
(And I think thou dares na tell a lie,)
I'll gi'e thee fifteen punds for the horse,
Well tald on thy cloak lap shall be.

"I'll gi'e thee ane o' my best milk kye,
To maintain thy wife and children thrie;
And that may be as gude, I think,
As ony twa o' thine wad be."

"The shame speed the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
"Trow ye aye to make a fule o' me?
I'll either ha'e twenty punds for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Mortan fair wi' me."

He's gi'en him twenty punds for the gude horse,
A' in goud and gude monie;
He's gi'en him ane o' his best milk kye,
To maintain his wife and children thrie.

Then Dickie's come down thro' Carlisle toun,
E'en as fast as he could drie;
The first o' men that he met wi',
Was my lord's brother, bailiff Glozenburrie.

"Weil be ye met, my gude Ralph Scroope!"
"Welcome, my brother's fule!" quo' he:
"Where didst thou get fair Johnie Armstrang's horse?"
"Where did I get him? but steal him," quo' he.

"But wilt thou sell me the bonnie horse?
And, billie, wilt thou sell him to me?" quo' he:
"Ay; if thou'lt tell me the monie on my cloak lap;
For there's never ae penny I'll trust thee."

"I'll gi'e thee ten punds for the gude horse,
Well tald on thy cloak lap they shall be;
And I'll gi'e thee ane o' the best milk kye,
To maintain thy wife and children thrie."

"The shame speid the liars, my lord!" quo' Dickie;
Trow ye aye to mak' a fule o' me!
I'll either ha'e twenty punds for the gude horse,
Or he's gae to Mortan fair wi' me."

He's gi'en him twenty punds for the gude horse,
Baith in goud and gude monie;
He's gi'en him ane o' his best milk kye,
To maintain his wife and children thrie.

Then Dickie lap a loup fu' hie,
And I wat a loud laugh laughed he—
"I wish the neck o' the third horse were broken,
If ony of the twa were better than he!"

Then Dickie's come hame to his wife again;
Judge ye how the poor fule had sped!
He has gi'en her twa score English punds,
For the thrie auld coverlets ta'en aff her bed.

"And tak' thee these twa as gude kye,
I trow, as a' thy thrie might be;
And yet here is a white-footed nagie,
I trow he'll carry baith thee and me.

"But I may nae langer in Cumberland bide;
The Armstrangs they would hang me hie."
So Dickie's ta'en leave at lord and master,
And at Burgh under Stanmuir there dwelis he.

---

vived to extreme old age, when he died in the following extraordinary manner. A challenge had been given by an Englishman, named Forster, to any Scottish borderer, to fight him at a place called Kershope-foot, exactly upon the borders. The Laird's Jock's only son accepted the defiance, and was armed by his father with his own two-handed sword. The old champion himself, though bed ridden, insisted upon being present at the battle. He was borne to the place appointed, wrapped, it is said, in blankets, and placed upon a very high stone to witness the conflict. In the duel his son fell, treacherously slain, as the Scotch tradition affirms. The old man gave a loud yell of terror and despair when he saw his son slain and his noble weapon won by an Englishman, and died as they bore him home. A venerable border poet (though of these later days) has composed a poem on this romantic incident. The stone on which the Laird's Jock sat to behold the duel, was in existence till wantonly destroyed a year or two since. It was always called "The Laird's Jock's Stone."—*Scott.*

Jock o' the Side.

["THIS subject of this ballad," says Sir Walter Scott," being a common event in these troublesome and disorderly times, became a favourite theme of the ballad-makers. Jock o' the Side seems to have been nephew to the laird of Mangertoun, cousin to the Laird's Jock, one of his deliverers, and probably brother to Chrystie of the Syde, mentioned in the list of border clans, 1597. Like the Laird's Jock, he also is commemorated by Sir Richard Maitland.—See the Introduction.

He is well kend, Johne of the Syde,
A greater thief did never ryde;
He never tyrie,
For to brek byrie,
Our meir and myrie
Our gude ane guide.

Jock o' the Side appears to have assisted the earl of Westmoreland in his escape after his unfortunate insurrection with the earl of Northumberland, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth. "The two rebellious rebels went into Liddesdale in Scotland, yesternight, where Martin Ellwood (Elliot) and others, that have given pledges to the regent of Scotland, did raise their forces against them; being conducted by black Ormeston, an outlaw of Scotland, that was a principal murtherer of the king of Scots, where the fight was offered, and both parties alighted from their horses; and, in the end, Ellwood said to Ormeston, he would be sorry to enter deadly feud with him by bloodshed; but he would charge him and the rest before the regent for keeping of the rebels; and if he did not put them out of the country, the next day, he would doe his worst again them; whereupon, the two earls were driven to leave Liddesdale, and to fly to one of the Armstrongs, a Scot upon the bataible (debateable land) on the borders between Liddesdale and England. The same day the Liddesdale men stole the horses of the countess of Northumberland, and of her two women, and ten others of their company; so as, the earls being gone, the lady of Northumberland was left there on foot, at John of the Side's house, a cottage not to be compared to many a dog-kennel in England. At their departing from her, they went not above fifty horse, and the earl of Westmoreland, to be the more unknown, changed his coat of plate and sword with John of the Side, and departed like a Scottish borderer."—Advertisements from Hexham, 23d December, 1569, in the Cabala, p. 160.

The land-serjeant, mentioned in this ballad, and also that of Hobbie Noble, was an officer under the warden, to whom was committed the apprehending of delinquents, and the care of the public peace."]

Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better ha'e staid at hame;
For Michael o' Winfield he is dead,
And Jock o' the Side is prisoner ta'en.

For Mangerton house Lady Downie has gane,
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee;
And down the water wi' speed she rine,
While tears in spaits fa' fast frae her e'e.

Then up and spoke our gude auld lord—
"What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?"
"Bad news, bad news, my Lord Mangerton;
Michael is killed, and they ha'e ta'en my son Johnie."

"Ne'er fear, sister Downie," quo' Mangerton;
"I have yokes of oxen, eighty and three;
My barns, my byres, and my faulds a' weil fill'd,
I'll part wi' them a' ere Johnie shall die.

"Three men I'll send to set him free,
A' harneist wi' the best o' steil;
The English louns may hear, and drie
The weight o' their braid-swords to feel.

"The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,
O Hobbie Noble, thou ane maun be!
Thy coat is blue, thou hast been true,
Since England banish'd thee to me."

Now Hobbie was an English man,
In Newcastle dale was bred and born;
But his mindeeds they were sae great,
They banish'd him ne'er to return.

Lord Mangerton them orders gave,
"Your horses the wrang way maun be shod;
Like gentlemen ye mauna seim,
But look like corn-caugers ga'en the road.

"Your armour gude ye maana shaw,
Nor yet appear like men o' weir;
As country lads be a' array'd,
Wi' branks and breeham on each mare."

Sae now their horses are the wrang way shod,
And Hobbie has mounted his grey sae fine;
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,
And on they rode for the water of Tyne.

At the Cholerford they all light down, [moon,
And there, wi' the help of the light o' the
A tree they cut, wi' fifteen nogs on each side,
To climb up the wa' of Newcastle toun.

But when they came to Newcastle toun,
And were alighted at the wa',
They find their tree three ells ower laigh,
They find their stick baith short and sma'.

Then up and spak' the Laird's ain Jock;
"There's naething for't; the gates we maun [force."
But when they cam' the gate untill,
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang;
Wi' fute or hand he ne'er play'd pa!
His life and his keys at anes they ha's ta'en,
And cast the body ahind the wa'.

Now sune they reach Newcastle jail,
And to the prisoner thus they call;
"Sleeps thou, wakes thou, Jock o' the Side,
Or art thou weary of thy thrall?"

Jock answers thus, wi' dulefu' tone;
"Aft, aft, I wake—I seldom sleep:
But whae's this kens my name sae well,
And thus to mese* my waes does seik?"

Then out and spak' the gude Laird's Jock,
"Now fear ye na, my billie," quo' he;
"For here are the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,
And Hobbie Noble, come to set thee free."

"Now hand thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock,
For ever, alas! this canna be;
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day that I maun die.

"Full fifteen stane o' Spanish iron,
They ha's laid a' right sair on me;
Wi' locks and keys I am fast bound
Into this dungeon dark and dreirie."

"Fear ye na' that," quo' the Laird's Jock
"A faint heart ne'er won a fair ladie;
Work thou within, we'll work without,
And I'll be sworn we'll set thee free."

The first strong door that they cam' at,
They loosed it without a key;
The next chain'd door that they cam' at,
They garr'd it a' to flinders flee.

The prisoner now upon his back,
The Laird's Jock has gotten up fa' hie;
And down the stairs, him, airns and a'
Wi' nae sma' speid and joy, brings he.

"Now, Jock, my man," quo' Hobbie Noble,
"Some o' his weight ye may lay on me.
"I wat weil no!" quo' the Laird's ain Jock,
"I count him lighter than a flee."

Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,
The prisoner's set on horseback hie;
And now wi' speid they've ta'en the gate,
While ilk ane jokes fa' wantonlie:

"O Jock! sae winsomely's ye ride,
Wi' baith your feet upon ae side;
Sae weel ye're harnlest, and sae trig,
In troth ye sit like ony bride!"

The night, tho' wat, they did na mind,
But hied them on fa' merrilie,
Until they cam' to Cholerford brae,*
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

But when they cam' to Cholerford,
There they met with an auld man;
Says—"Honest man, will the water ride?
Tell us in haste, if that ye can."

"I wat weel no," quo' the gude auld man;
"I ha's lived here thretty years and thrie,
And I ne'er yet saw the Tyne sae big,
Nor running anes sae like a sea."

* *Mese*—Soothe.

* *Cholerford brae*—A ford upon the Tyne, above Hexham.

Then out and spoke the Laird's saft Wat,
The greatest coward in the cumpanie;
"Now halt, now halt! we need na try't;
The day is come we a' maun die!"

'Puir faint-hearted thief!" cried the Laird's ain Jock,
"There'l nae man die but him that's fie;*
I'll guide ye a' right safely thro';
Lift ye the pris'ner on ahint me."

Wi' that the water they ha'e ta'en,
By ane's and twa's they a' swam thro';
"Here are we a' safe," quo' the Laird's Jock,
"And, puir faint Wat, what think ye now?"

They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
A' English lads baith stout and true.

But when the land-serjeant the water saw,
"It winna ride, my lads," says he;
Then cried aloud—"The prisoner take,
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me."

"I wat weil no," quo' the Laird's Jock;
"I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be,
My gude bay mare—for I am sure,
She has bought them a' right dear frae thee."

Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E'en as fast as they could them hie;
The prisoner is brought to's ain fire-side,
And there o's airns they mak' him free.

"Now, Jock, my billie," quo' a' the three,
"The day is com'd thou was to die;
But thou's as weil at thy ain ingle side,
Now sitting, I think, 'twixt thee and me."

Hobbie Noble.

["We have seen," says Sir Walter," the hero of this ballad act a distinguished part in the deliverance of Jock o' the Side, and are now to learn the ungrateful return which the Armstrongs made him for his faithful services.† Halbert, or Hobbie Noble, appears to have been one of those numerous English outlaws, who, being forced to fly their own country, had established themselves on the Scottish borders. As Hobbie continued his depredations upon the English, they bribed some of his hosts, the Armstrongs, to decoy him into England, under pretence of a predatory expedition. He was there delivered, by his treacherous companions, into the hands of the officers of justice, by whom he was conducted to Carlisle, and executed next morning. The laird of Mangerton, with whom Hobbie was in high favour, is said to have taken a severe revenge upon the traitors who betrayed him. The principal contriver of the scheme, called here Sim o' the Maynes, fled into England from the resentment of his chief; but experienced there the common fate of a traitor, being himself executed at Carlisle, about two months after Hobbie's death. Such is, at least, the tradition of Liddesdale. Sim o' the Maynes appears among the Armstrongs of Whitauch, in Liddesdale, in the list of clans so often alluded to.

Kershope-burn, where Hobbie met his trea-

* *Fie*—Predestined.

† The original editor of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry has noticed the perfidy of this clan in another instance; the delivery of the banished earl of Northumberland into the hands of the Scottish regent, by Hector of Harelaw, an Armstrong, with whom he had taken refuge.—Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 223.—This Hector of Harelaw seems to have been an Englishman, or under English assurance; for he is one of those against whom bills were exhibited by the Scottish commissioners, to the lord-bishop of Carlisle.—Introduction to the History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, p. 81. In the list of borderers, 1597, Hector of Harelaw, with the Griefs and Cuts of Harelaw, also figures as an inhabitant of the Debateable Land. It would appear, from a spirited invective in the Maitland MS. against the regent, and those who delivered up the unfortunate earl to Elizabeth, that Hector had been guilty of this treachery, to redeem the pledge which had been exacted from him for his peaceable demeanour. The poet says, that the perfidy of Morton and Lochlevin was worse than even that of—

— the traitour Rekie of Harelaw,
That says he sould him to redeem his pledge;
Your deed is war, as all the world does know—
You nothing can but covatice alledge.

Pinkerton's Maitland Poems, vol. i. p. 290.

Rekie is the contraction of Hector among the vulgar.

These little memoranda may serve still further to illustrate the beautiful ballads, upon that subject, published in the Reliques.

cherous companions, falls into the Liddel, from the English side, at a place called Turnersholm, where, according to tradition, tourneys and games of chivalry were often solemnised. The Mains was anciently a border-keep, near Castletoun, on the north side of the Liddel, but is now totally demolished.

Askerton is an old castle, now ruinous, situated in the wilds of Cumberland, about seventeen miles north-east of Carlisle, amidst that mountainous and desolate tract of country bordering upon Liddesdale, emphatically termed the Waste of Bewcastle. Consconthart Green, and Roderiehaugh, and the Foulboghiel, are the names of places in the same wilds, through which the Scottish plunderers generally made their raids upon England; as appears from the following passage in a letter from William, lord Dacre, to cardinal Wolsey, 18th July, 1523; Appendix to Pinkerton's Scotland, v. 12, No. xix. "Like it also your grace, seeing the disordour within Scotlaund, and that all the myaguyded men, borderers of the same, inhabiting within Eskdale, Ewsdale, Walghopedale, Liddesdale, and a part of Tividale, foranempt Bewcastelidale, and a part of the middle marches of this the king's bordours, entres not this west and middle marches, to do any attemptate to the king our said soveraine's subjects: but thaye come thorow Bewcastelidale, and retornes, for the most part, the same waye agayne."

Willeva and Speir Edom are small districts in Bewcastledale, through which also the Hartleburn takes its course.

Of the castle of Mangertoune, so often mentioned in these ballads, there are very few vestiges. It was situated on the banks of the Liddel, below Casteltoun. In the wall of a neighbouring mill, which has been entirely built from the ruins of the tower, there is a remarkable stone, bearing the arms of the lairds of Mangertoun, and a long broad-sword, with the figures 1583; probably the date of building, or repairing, the castle. On each side of the shield are the letters S. A. and E. E., standing probably for Simon Armstrong, and Elizabeth Elliot. Such is the only memorial of the laird of Mangertoun, except those rude ballads, which the editor now offers to the public.]

Fout fa' the breast first treason bred in!
That Liddesdale may safely say:
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.

And we were a' stout-hearted men,
As England she might often say;
But now we may turn our backs and flee,
Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an English man,
And born into Bewcastle dale;
But his misdeeds they were so great,
They banish'd him to Liddesdale.

At Kershope foot the tryst was set,
Kershope of the lilye lee;
And there was traitor Sim o' the Mains,
And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair
Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steil;
And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,
And there, brave Hobbie, he rale him weel.

Then Hobbie is down the water gane,
E'en as fast as he could hie; [hearts,
Tho' a' should ha'e bursten and broken their
Frae that riding tryst he wad na be.

"Weel be ye met, my feres * five!
And now, what is your will wi' me?"
Then they cried a', wi' ae consent,
"Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

"Wilt thou with us into England ride,
And thy safe warrand we will be?
If we get a horse, worth a hundred pound,
Upon his back thou sune sall be."

"I dare nôt by day into England ride;
The land-serjeant has me at feid:
And I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

"And Anton Shiel he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts o' his sheep;
The great earl of Whitfield † loves me not,
For nae geer frae me he e'er could keep.

"But will ye stay till the day gae down,
Untill the night come o'er the grund,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa,
That may in Liddesdale be found?

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* *Feres*—Companions.

† *Earl of Whitfield*—The editor does not know who is here meant. It should perhaps be Ralph Whitfield.—*Scott.*

"Though the night be black as pick and tar,
I'll guide ye o'er yon hill sae hie
And bring ye a' in safety back,
If ye'll be true, and follow me."

He has guided them o'er moss and muir,
O'er hill and hope, and mony a down;
Until they came to the Foulboghiel,
And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.

But word is gane to the land-serjeant,
In Asterton where that he lay—
"The deer, that ye ha'e hunted sae lang,
Is seen into the Waste this day."

"Then Hobbie Noble is that deer!
I wat he carries the style fu' hie;
Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,*
And set ourselves at little lee.

"Gar warn the bows of Hartlie burn;
See they sharp their arrows on the wa'·
Warn Willeva and Speir Edom,
And see the morn they meet me a'

"Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
And see it be by break o' day;
And we will on to Conscouthart-green,
For there, I think, we'll get our prey."

Then Hobbie Noble has dreimit a dream,
In the Foulboghiel, where that he lay;
He dreimit his horse was aneith him shot,
And he himself got hard away.

The cooks could craw, the day could daw,
And I wot sae even fell down the rain;
Had Hobbie na wakened at that time,
In the Foulboghiel he had been ta'en or slain.

"Awake, awake, my fires five!
I true here makes a fu' ill day;
Yet the worst cloak o' this company,
I hope, shall cross the Waste this day."

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear
But, ever alas! it was na sae:
They were beset by cruel men and keen,
That away brave Hobbie might na gae.

"Yet follow me, my fires five,
And see ye keip of me guid ray;
And the worst cloak o' this company
Even yet may cross the Waste this day."

But the land-serjeant's men came Hobbie before,
The traitor Sim came Hobbie behin',
So had Noble been wight as Wallace was,
Away, alas! he might na win.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword;
But he did mair than a laddie's deed;
For that sword had cleared Conscouthart green,
Had it not broke o'er Jerswigham's head.

Then they ha'e ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,
Wi's ain bowstring they band him sae;
But his gentle heart was ne'er sae mair,
As when his ain five bound him on the brae.

They ha'e ta'en him on for west Carlisle;
They asked him, if he kend the way?
Tho' much he thought, yet little he said;
He knew the gate as weel as they.

They ha'e ta'en him up the Ricker-gate;†
The wives they cast their windows wide;
And every wife to another can say,
"That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side!"

* "The russet bloodhound, wont, near Annand's stream,
To trace the sly thief with avenging foot,
Close as an evil conscience still at hand."

Our ancient statutes inform us, that the bloodhound, or sluith-hound (so called from its quality of tracing the slot, or track, of men and animals), was early used in the pursuit and detection of marauders. *Nullus perturbet, aut impediat canem tracentem, aut homines tracantes cum ipso, ad sequendum latrones.*—Regiam Majestatem, lib. 4tus, cap. 29. And, so late as 1615, there was an order from the king's commissioners of the northern counties, that a certain number of slough-hounds should be maintained in every district of Cumberland, bordering upon Scotland. They were of great value, being sometimes sold for a hundred crowns.—Exposition of Blean's Atlas, voce Nithsdale. The breed of this sagacious animal, which could trace the human footstep with the most unerring accuracy, is now nearly extinct.—*Scott.*

† A street in Carlisle.

"Fy on ye, women! why ca' ye me man?
For it's nae man that I'm used like;
I am but like a forfoughen * hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke." †

They ha'e had him up thro' Carlisle town,
And set him by the chimney fire;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
And that was little his desire.

They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,
And after that a can of beer;
And they a' cried, with one consent,
"Eat, brave Noble, and make gude cheir!

"Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,
"And to-morrow in Carlisle thou's na die."
"How can I confess them," Hobbie says,
"When I never saw them with my e'e?"

Then Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,
By the day that he was gotten and born,
He never had ony thing o' my lord's,
That either eat him grass or corn.

"Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see:
I wad ha'e betrayed nae lad alive,
For a' the gowd o' Christentie.

"And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale!
Baith the bie land and the law;
Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains!
For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.

"Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his fau't,
Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maut."

Rookhope Ryde.

[This is a bishoprick border song, composed in 1569, taken down from the chanting of George Collingwood the elder, late of Boltsburn, in the neighbourhood of Ryhope, who was interred at Stanhope, the 16th December, 1785.

Rookhope is the name of a valley about five miles in length; at the termination of which, Rookhope-burn empties itself into the river Wear: the dale lies in the north part of the parish of Stanhope, in Weardale. Rookhope-head is the top of the vale. The ballad derives some additional interest, from the date of the event being so precisely ascertained to be the 6th December, 1572, when the Tynedale robbers, taking advantage of the public confusion occasioned by the rebellion of Westmoreland and Northumberland, and which particularly affected the bishoprick of Durham, determined to make this foray into Weardale. The late eminent antiquary, Joseph Ritson, took down this ballad from the mouth of the reciter, and printed it as part of an intended collection of border ballads, which was never published. His nephew, Mr Frank, was so good as to favour me with the copy from which it is here given. To the illustration of Mr Ritson, I have been enabled to add those of my friend Mr Surtees.—*Scott.*]

Rookhope stands in a pleasant place,
If the false thieves wad let it be,
But away they steal our goods apace,
And ever an ill death may they dee!

And so is the man of Thiriwall and Willie-haver, ‡
And all their companies thereabout,
That is minded to do mischief,
And at their stealing stands not out.

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* *Forfoughen*—Quite fatigued.

† *Syke*—Ditch.

‡ Thiriwall, or Thirlitwall, is said by Fordun, the Scottish historian, to be a name given to the Picts' or Roman wall, from its having been thirled, or perforated, in ancient times, by the Scots and Picts. Wyntown also, who most probably copied Fordun, calls it Thiriwall. Thiriwall-castle, though in a very ruinous condition, is still standing by the site of this famous wall, upon the river Tippal. It gave name to the ancient family, De Thiriwall. Willie-haver, or Willeva, is a small district or township in the parish of Lanercost, near Bewcastledale, in Cumberland, mentioned in the preceding ballad of Hobbie Noble;

"Gar wara the bows of Hartlie-burn,
See they sharp their arrows on the wa';
Wara Willeva, and Spear Edom,
And see the mora they meet me a'."

Scott.

But yet we will not slander them all,
For there is of them good enough;
It is a sore consumed tree
That on it bears not one fresh bough.

Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,
That men dare not drive their goods to the fell,
But limmer thieves drives them away,
That fears neither heaven nor hell.

Lord, send us peace into the realm,
That every man may live on his own!
I trust to God, if it be his will,
That Weardale men may never be overthrown.

For great troubles they've had in hand,
With borderers pricking hither and thither,
But the greatest fray that e'er they had,
Was with the men of Thirlwall and Willie-haver.

They gather'd together so royally,
The stoutest men and the best in gear;
And he that rade not on a horse,
I wat he rade on a well-fed mear.

So in the morning, before they came out,
So weel I wot they broke their fast;
In the forenoon they came unto a bye fell,
Where some of them did eat their last.*

When they had eaten aye and done,
They say'd, some captains here needs must be:
Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,
And "Symon Fell," and Martin Ridley.

Then o'er the moss, where as they came,
With many a brank and whew,
One of them could to another say,
"I think this day we are men enew.

"For Weardale-men have a journey ta'en,
They are so far out o'er yon fell,
That some of them's with the two earls,†
And others fast in Bernard castell.

"There we shall get gear enough,
For there is nane but women at hame;
The sorrowful fand that they can make,
Is loudly cries ‡ as they were slain."

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
And there they thought tal a' had their prey,
But they were spy'd coming over the Dry-rig,
Soon upon Saint Nicholas' day.§

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
They ran the forest but a mile;
They gather'd together in four hours
Six hundred sheep within a while.

And horses I trow they gat,
But either ane or twa,
And they gat them all but ane
That belanged to great Rowley.

That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,
With that he raised a mighty cry;
The cry it came down Rookhope-burn,
And spread through Weardale hastely.

Then word came to the bailif's house
At the East-gate, where he did dwell;‖

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* This would be about eleven o'clock, the usual dinner-hour in that period.—*Scott.*

† The two earls were Thomas Percy, earl of Northumberland, and Charles Nevil, earl of Westmoreland, who, on the 15th of November, 1569, at the head of their tenantry and others, took arms for the purpose of liberating Mary, queen of Scots, and restoring the old religion. They besieged Bernard-castle, which was, for eleven days, stoutly defended by Sir George Bowes, who, afterward, being appointed the queen's marshal, hanged the poor constables and peasantry by dozens in a day, to the amount of 800. The earl of Northumberland, betrayed by the Scots, with whom he had taken refuge, was beheaded at York, on the 22d of August, 1572; and the earl of Westmoreland, deprived of the ancient and noble patrimony of the Nevils, and reduced to beggary, escaped over sea, into Flanders, and died in misery and disgrace, being the last of his family. See two ballads on this subject, in Percy's Collection, (i. 271, 281), and consider whether they be genuine.—*Ritson.*—*Scott.*

‡ This is still the phraseology of Westmoreland, a *poorly* man, a *sulty* day, and the like.—*Scott.*

§ The 6th of December.

‖ Now a straggling village so called; originally, it would seem, the *gate*-house, or ranger's lodge, at the east entrance of Stanhope-park. At some

He was walk'd out to the Smale-burns,
Which stands above the Hanging-well. *

His wife was wae when she heard tell,
So well she wist her husband wanted gear;
She gar'd saddle him his horse in haste,
And neither forget sword, jack, † nor spear.

The bailif got wit before his gear came,
That such news was in the land,
He was sore troubled in his heart,
That on no earth that he could stand.

His brother was hurt three days before,
With limmer thieves that did him prick
Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon,
What ferly was't that he lay sick?

But yet the bailif shrinked nought,
But fast after them he did hye,
And so did all his neighbours near,
That went to bear him company.

But when the bailif was gathered,
And all his company,
They were number'd to never a man
But forty under fifty.

The thieves was numbered a hundred men,
I wat they were not of the worst;
That could be choosed out of Thirlwall and Willie-haver
I trow they were the very first. ‡

But all that was in Rookhope-head,
And all that was I' Nuketon-cleugh,
Where Weardale-men o'ertook the thieves,
And there they gave them fighting enough.

So sore they made them fain to flee,
As many was a' out of hand,
And, for tal have been at home again,
They would have been in iron bands.

And for the space of long seven years
As sore they mighten a' had their lives,
But there was never one of them
That ever thought to have seen their wives.

About the time the fray began,
I trow it lasted but an hour,
Till many a man lay weaponless,
And was sore wounded in that stour.

Also before that hour was done,
Four of the thieves were slain,
Besides all those that wounded were,
And eleven prisoners there was ta'en.

George Carrick, and his brother Edie,
Them two, I wot, they were both slain;
Harry Corbyl, and Lennie Carrick,
Bore them company in their pain.

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distance from this place is West-gate, so called for a similar reason.—*Ritson.*

"The mention of the bailif's house at the East-gate is (were such a proof wanting) strongly indicative of the authenticity of the ballad. The family of Emerson of East-gath, a fief, if I may so call it, held under the bishop, long exercised the office of bailiff of Wolsingham, the chief town and borough of Weardale, and of Forster, &c., under successive prelates; and the present bishop's gamekeeper and ranger within Weardale, may be said to claim his office by maternal descent, being Emerson Musshamp (another ancient name) and, though somewhat shorn of his beams, the lineal heir of the old bailiffs of Weardale.

"Rob. Emerson Parearius de Stanhopp 13 Aug. 7 Rob. Nevill Epi.

"Cuthb. Emerson de Eastgat sub Forestar. Parci de Stanhopp 1 Wolsey.

"Lease of the East-gate to Mr George Emerson for 20 years, 10*l.* p. ann. 4. Ed. C. Bp. Tunstall.

"Rob. Emerson de Eastgat. sede vacante p. depriv. Tunstall parcar. Dne Regine.

"Geo. et Ric. Emerson Ballivi de Wolsingham p. patens. 12 Sept. 1616, sicut Geo. Rolli vel Rollands Emerson olim tenuere."—*Surtees.—Scott.*

* A place in the neighbourhood of East-gate, known at present, as well as the Dry-rig, or Smale-burns; being the property of Mr Robert Richardson, by inheritance, since before 1583.—*Ritson.—Scott.*

† A jacket, or short coat, plated or instiched with small pieces of iron, and usually worn by the peasantry of the border in their journeys from place to place, as well as in their occasional skirmishes with the moss-troopers, who were most probably equipped with the same sort of harness.—*Ritson.—Scott.*

‡ The reciter, from his advanced age, could not recollect the original line thus imperfectly supplied.—*Ritson.—Scott.*

One of our Weardale-men was slain,
Rowland Emerson his name hight;
I trust to God his soul is well,
Because he fought unto the right.

But thus they say'd, We'll not depart
While we have one:—Speed back again!
And when they came amongst the dead men,
There they found George Carrick slain.

And when they found George Carrick slain,
I wot it went well near their heart;
Lord let them never make a better end,
That comes to play them sicken a part.

I trust to God, no more they shall,
Except it be one for a great chance;
For God will punish all those
With a great heavy pestilence.

Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,
They never think to be o'erthrown;
Three banners against Wear-dale men they bare,
As if the world had been all their own.

Thir Weardale-men, they have good hearts,
They are as stiff as any tree;
For, if they'd every one been slain,
Never a foot back man would flee.

And such a storm amongst them fall,
As I think you never heard the like;
For he that bears his head so high,
He oft-times falls into the dyke.

And now I do entreat you all,
As many as are present here,
To pray for the singer of this song,
For he sings to make blithe your cheer.

Archie of Ca'field.

[Ca'field, or Cal'field, is a place in Wauchopdale, belonging of old to the Armstrongs. In the account betwixt the English and Scottish marches, Jock and Geordie of Ca'field, there called Calfhill, are repeatedly marked as delinquents.—*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. i. *Introduction*, p. 33. "Mettled John Hall, from the laigh Tiviotdale," is perhaps John Hall of Newbigging, mentioned in the list of border clans, as one of the chief men of name residing on the middle marches in 1597.—*Scott.*]

As I was a walking mine alane,
It was by the dawning of the day,
I heard twa brithers make their mane,
And I listened weel to what they did say.

The youngest to the elder said,
"Blythe and merrie how can we be?
There were three brithren of us born,
And ane of us is condemned to die."

"An' ye wad be merrie, an' ye wad be sad,
What the better wad billie Archie be?
Unless I had thirty men to myself,
And a' to ride in my cumpanie.

"Ten to hald the horses' heads,
And other ten the watch to be,
And ten to break up the strong prison,
Where billy Archie * he does lie."

Then up and spak' him mettled John Hall,
(The luve of Teviotdale aye was he)
"An' I had eleven men to myself,
It's aye the twalt man I wad be."

Then up bespak' him coarse Ca'field,
(I wot and little gude worth was he)
"Thirty men is few anew,
And a' to ride in our cumpanie."

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching on the lee;
Until they cam' to Murraywhate,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

"A smith! a smith!" Dickie he cries,
"A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
To turn back the caukers of our horses' shoon!
For it's unkenscome † we wad be."

"There lives a smith on the water side,
Will shoe my little black mare for me;
And I've a crown in my pocket,
And every groat of it I wad gi'e."

"The night is mirk, and it's very mirk,
And by candle light I canna weel see;
The night is mirk, and it's very pit mirk,
And there will never a nail ca' right for me."

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* *Billy*—Brother.
† *Unkenscome*—Unknown.

"Shame fa' you and your trade baith,
Canna beet † a gude fellow by your mystery! ‡
But leese me on thee, my little black mare,
Then's worth thy weight in gold to me."

There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee;
Until they cam' to Dumfries port,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

"There's five of us will hold the horse,
And other five will watchmen be:
But wha's the man, amang ye a',
Will gae to the Tolbooth door wi' me?"

O up then spak' him mettled John Hall,
(Frae the laigh Tivlotdale was he)
"If it should cost my life this very night,
I'll gae to the Tolbooth door wi' thee."

"Be of gude cheir, now, Archie, lad!
Be of gude cheir, now, dear billie!
Work thou within, and we without,
And the morn thou'se dine at Ca'field wi' me."

O Jockie Hall stepped to the door,
And he bended low back his knee;
And he made the bolts, the door hang on,
Loup frae the wa' right wantonlie.

He took the prisoner on his back,
And down the Tolbooth stair cam' he;
The black mare stood ready at the door,
I wot a foot ne'er stirred she.

They laid the links out ower her neck,
And that was her gold twist to be; §
And they cam' down thro' Dumfries toun,
And wow but they cam' speedilie.

The live lang night these twelve men rade,
And aye till they were right weariе,
Until they came to the Murraywhate,
And they lighted there right speedilie.

"A smith! a smith!" then Dickie he cries,
"A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
To file the irons frae my dear brither!
For forward, forward we wad be."

They had na filed a shackle of iron,
A shackle of iron but barely thrie,
When out and spak' young Simon brave,
"O dinna ye see what I do see?

"Lo! yonder comes Lieutenant Gordon,
Wi' a hundred men in his campanie;
This night will be our lyke-wake night,
The morn the day we a' maun die."

O there was mounting, mounting in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee;
Until they cam' to Annan water,
And it was flowing like the sea.

"My mare is young and very skeigh, ‖
And in o' the well ¶ she will drown me;
But ye'll take mine, and I'll take thine,
And sune through the water we sall be."

Then up and spak' him, coarse Ca'field,
(I wot and little gude worth was he)
"We had better lose ane than lose a' the lave;
We'll lose the prisoner, we'll gae free."

"Shame fa' you and your lands baith!
Wad ye e'en ** your lands to your born billy?
But hey! bear up, my bonnie black mare,
And yet thro' the water we sall be."

Now they did swim that wan water,
And wow but they swam bonnilie!
Until they cam' to the other side, [drunkily.
And they wrang their cloathes right

"Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon!
Come thro' and drink some wine wi' me!
For there is an ale-house here hard by,
And it shall not cost thee a penny."

"Throw me my irons," quo' Lieutenant Gor-
"I wot they cost me dear enough." [don;
"The shame a ma," quo' mettled John Ha',
"They'll be gude shackles to my plough."

"Come thro', come thro', Lieutenant Gordon!
Come thro' and drink some wine wi' me!
Yestreen I was your prisoner,
But now this morning am I free."

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† *Beet*—A bet, aid.
‡ *Mystery*—Trade.—See Shakespeare.
§ The *Gold Twist* means the small gilded chains drawn across the chest of a war-horse, as a part of his caparison.—*Scott.*
‖ *Skeigh*—Shy. ¶ *Well*—Eddy.
** *E'en*—Even, put into comparison.

Death of Featherstonhaugh.

[ORIGINALLY printed in the notes to "Marmion."—"It was taken down," says Sir Walter, "from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners in Alston-Moor, by the agent of the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but, when she was a girl, it used to be sung at merry-makings, "till the roof rung again." To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter, marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance, but, in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the "Fray of Suport," having the same irregular stanza and wild chorus."]

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa', [and a',
Ha' ye heard how the Eidleys, and Thirlwalls,
Ha' set upon Albany* Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmanshaugh:
There was Willimoteswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will of the Wa'.
I cannot tell a', I cannot tell a',
And mony a mair that the de'il may knaw.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,
Ran away afore the fight was begun;
And he run, and he run,
And afore they were done,
There was many a Featherston gat sic a stun,
As never was seen since the world begun.

I canna tell a', I canna tell a';
Some gat a skelp, and some gat a claw;
But they gar'd the Featherstons hand their [jaw,—
Nicol, and Alick, and a'.
Some gat a hurt, and some gat nane;
Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.

Ane gat a twist o' the craig;
Ane gat a bunch o' the wame;
Symy Haw gat lamed of a leg,
And syne ran wallowing hame.†

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!
Lay him now wi' his face down:—he's a sorrow-
Janet, thou donot, [ful sight.
I'll lay my best bonnet,
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

Hoo away, lads, hoo away,
Wi's a' be hangid if we stay. [the bigging.
Tak' up the dead man, and lay him anent
Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle,
Wi' his great bull's pizzle, [piggin.
That supp'd up the broo', and syne—in the

* Pronounced *Awbony*.

† *Wallowing*—Bellowing.

Lord Maxwell's Goodnight

[FIRST printed in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"This beautiful ballad," says Scott, "is published from a copy in Glenriddell's MSS., with some slight variations from tradition. It alludes to one of the most remarkable feuds upon the west-marches. In 1585, John, lord Maxwell, or as he styled himself, earl of Morton, having quarrelled with the earl of Arran, reigning favourite of James VI., and fallen, of course, under the displeasure of the court, was denounced a rebel. A commission was also given to the laird of Johnstone, then warden of the west-marches, to pursue and apprehend the ancient rival and enemy of his house. Two bands of mercenaries, commanded by captains Cranstoun and Lammie, who were sent from Edinburgh to support Johnstone, were attacked and cut to pieces at Crawford-muir, by Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the chieftain;* who, following up his advantage, burned Johnstone's castle of Lochwood, observing with savage glee, that he would give lady Johnstone light enough by which to "set her hood." In a subsequent conflict, Johnstone himself was defeated, and made prisoner, and is said to have died of grief at the disgrace which he sustained.—See Spottiswoode and Johnstone's Histories, and Moyes's Memoirs, ad annum 1585.

* "It is devoutly to be wished, that this Lammie (who was killed in the skirmish) may have been the same miscreant, who, in the days of queen Mary's distresses, 'hes cassiqus being of quhyt taffitae, had painted on it ye cruell murther of king Henry, and layed down before her majestie, at quhat time she presented herself as prisoner to ye lordis.'—Birrel's Diary, June 15, 1567. It would be some satisfaction to know, that the grey hairs of this worthy personage did not go down to the grave in peace."

"By one of the revolutions common in those days, Maxwell was soon after restored to the king's favour, in his turn, and obtained the wardenry of the west-marches. A bond of alliance was subscribed by him, and by Sir James Johnstone, and for some time the two clans lived in harmony. In the year 1593, however, the hereditary feud was revived, on the following occasion: A band of marauders, of the clan Johnstone, drove a prey of cattle from the lands belonging to the lairds of Crichton, Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig; and defeated, with slaughter, the pursuers, who attempted to rescue their property. The injured parties, being apprehensive that Maxwell would not cordially embrace their cause, on account of his late reconciliation with the Johnstones, endeavoured to overcome his reluctance, by offering to enter into bonds of manrent, and so to become his followers and liegemen; he, on the other hand, granting to them a bond of maintenance, or protection, by which he bound himself, in usual form, to maintain their quarrel against all mortals, saving his loyalty. Thus, the most powerful and respectable families in Dumfries-shire became, for a time, the vassals of lord Maxwell. This secret alliance was discovered to Sir James Johnstone by the laird of Cummertrees, one of his own clan, though a retainer to Maxwell. Cummertrees even contrived to possess himself of the bonds of manrent, which he delivered to his chief. The petty warfare betwixt the rival barons was instantly renewed. Buccleuch, a near relation of Johnstone, came to his assistance with his clan, 'the most renowned freebooters,' says a historian, 'the fiercest and bravest warriors among the border tribes.' With Buccleuch also came the Elliots, Armstrongs, and Grammes. Thus reinforced, Johnstone surprised and cut to pieces a party of the Maxwells, stationed at Lochmaben. On the other hand, lord Maxwell, armed with the royal authority, and numbering among his followers all the barons of Nithesdale, displayed his banner as the king's lieutenant, and invaded Annandale at the head of 2000 men. In those days, however, the royal auspices seem to have carried as little good fortune as effective strength with them. A desperate conflict, still renowned in tradition, took place at the Dryffe Sands, not far from Lockerby, in which Johnstone, although inferior in numbers, partly by his own conduct, partly by the valour of his allies, gained a decisive victory. Lord Maxwell, a tall man, and heavily armed, was struck from his horse in the flight, and cruelly slain, after the hand, which he had stretched out for quarter, had been severed from his body. Many of his followers were slain in the battle, and many cruelly wounded, especially by slashes in the face, which wound was thence termed a '*Lockerby lick*.' The barons of Lag, Closeburn, and Drumlanrig, escaped by the fleetness of their horses; a circumstance alluded to in the following ballad. This fatal battle was followed by a long feud, attended with all the circumstances of horror, proper to a barbarous age.

"John, lord Maxwell, with whose *Goodnight* the reader is here presented, was son to him who fell at the battle of Dryffe Sands, and is said to have early avowed the deepest revenge for his father's death. Such, indeed, was the fiery and untameable spirit of the man, that neither the threats nor entreaties of the king himself could make him lay aside his vindictive purpose; although Johnstone, the object of his resentment, had not only reconciled himself to the court, but even obtained the wardenry of the middle-marches, in room of Sir John Carmichael, murdered by the Armstrongs. Lord Maxwell was therefore prohibited to approach the border counties; and having, in contempt of that mandate, excited new disturbances, he was confined in the castle of Edinburgh. From this fortress, however, he contrived to make his escape; and, having repaired to Dumfries-shire, he sought an amicable interview with Johnstone, under pretence of a wish to accommodate their differences. Sir Robert Maxwell, of Orchardstane (mentioned in the ballad, ver. 1.,) who was married to a sister of Sir James Johnstone, persuaded his brother-in-law to accede to Maxwell's proposal. The following relation of what followed is taken from an article in Shawfield's MS.—'The simple treuth and cause of the treasonable murther of umquhile Sir James Johnstone of Dunskellie, knight, was as efter followes. To wit, John lord Maxwell having dealt and uselt his best means with some noblemen and barrones within the cuntrey, and likewayes with sundrie of the name of Maxwell, being refused of them all to be partakers of so foull ane deed; till at last he unhappily persuaded one Charles Maxwell, one of the brether of Kirkhouse, to be with him, and having made him assured to be pairtner in that treasonable plott; therefore, taking advantage of the weakness and unabilitie of umquhill Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchyardtoun, knight, presuming that

he had power of the said Sir James, being brether-in-law to uthers, to bring him to anye pairt he pleased; Maxwell pretending he had speciall business to doe with Sir James, hearing he was going from the court of England, so gave out by reasoun he was the king's rebell for the time, for breaking waird out of the castle of Edinburgh, that he had no other houpes to obtaine the king's favour but be his meanes. So upon this pretence, the said Sir James was moved to meet with him at Auchnamhill, near by Arthorstane, without the house of Bent, upon the 6th of Aprile 1608, with one man onlie with him as was with the uther, thereselves two onlie and the forsaid Sir Robert Maxwell with them, and their servants being a little off. The forsaid Charles falls out with opprobrious and malicious speeches to Sir James his servant, William Johnstoune of Gunmenile, and before he was aware shott him with ane pistoll. Sir James hearing the shott and his man's words, turning about to see what was past, immediatlie Maxwell shott him behind his back with ane pistoll chairgit with two poysonit bullets, at which shott the said Sir James fell from his horse. Maxwell not being content therewith, rad about him ane lang tyme, and persued him farder, vowing to use him more cruelly and treacherouslie than he had done, for which it is known sufficiently what followed.' 'A fact,' saith Spottiswoode, 'detested by all honest men, and the gentleman's misfortune severely lamented, for he was a man full of wisdom and courage.'

"Lord Maxwell, the murderer, made his escape to France; but, having ventured to return to Scotland, he was apprehended lurking in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. The royal authority was now much strengthened by the union of the crowns, and James employed it in staunching the feuds of the nobility, with a firmness which was no attribute of his general character. But in the best actions of that monarch, there seems to have been an unfortunate tincture of that meanness, so visible on the present occasion. Lord Maxwell was indicted for the murder of Johnstone; but this was combined with a charge of *fire-raising*, which, according to the ancient Scottish law, if perpetrated by a landed man, constituted a species of treason, and inferred forfeiture. Thus the noble purpose of public justice was sullied by being united with that of enriching some needy favourite. John, lord Maxwell, was condemned, and beheaded, 31st May, 1613. Sir Gideon Murray, treasurer-depute, had a great share of his forfeiture; but the attainder was afterwards reversed, and the honours and the estate were conferred upon the brother of the deceased.—Laing's History of Scotland, vol. I. p. 62. Johnstoni Historia, p. 498.

"The lady, mentioned in the ballad, was sister to the marquis of Hamilton, and, according to Johnstone the historian, had little reason to regret being separated from her husband, whose harsh treatment finally occasioned her death. But Johnstone appears not to be altogether untinctured with the prejudices of his clan, and is probably, in this instance, guilty of exaggeration; as the active share, taken by the marquis of Hamilton in favour of Maxwell, is a circumstance inconsistent with such a report.

"Thus was finally ended, by a salutary example of severity, the 'foul debate' betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, in the course of which each family lost two chieftains: one dying of a broken heart, one in the field of battle, one by assassination, and one by the sword of the executioner.

"It seems reasonable to believe, that the following ballad must have been written before the death of lord Maxwell, in 1613; otherwise there would have been some allusion to that event. It must therefore have been composed betwixt 1608 and that period."]

"Adieu, madame, my mother dear,
But and my sisters three!
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
My heart is wae for thee.
Adieu, the lily and the rose,
The primrose fair to see:
Adieu, my ladye, and only joy!
For I may not stay with thee.

"Though I ha's slain the Lord Johnstone,
What care I for their feid?
My noble mind their wrath disdains:
He was my father's deid.
Both night and day I laboured oft
Of him avenged to be;
But now I've got what lang I sought,
And I may not stay with thee.

"Adieu! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,
And Closeburn in a band!
The laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
When the Johnstone struck aff his hand.

They were three brethren in a band—
  Joy may they never see!
Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
  Has twin'd my love and me.

"Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
  But and Cariaverock fair!
Adieu! my castle of the Thrieve,
  Wi' a' my buildings there:
"Adieu! Lochmaben's gates sae fair,
  The Langholm-holm, where birks there be;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
  For, trust me, I may not stay wi' thee.

"Adieu! fair Eskdale up and down,
  Where my pair friends do dwell;
The bangister will ding them down,
  And will them sair compell.
But I'll avenge their faid mysel',
  When I come o'er the sea;
Adieu! my ladye, and only joy,
  For I may not stay wi' thee."

"Lord of the land!"—that ladye said,
  "O wad ye go wi' me,
Unto my brother's stately tower,
  Where safest ye may be!
There Hamiltons and Douglas baith,
  Shall rise to succour thee."
"Thanks for thy kindness, fair my dame,
  But I may not stay wi' thee."

Then he tulk aff a gay gold ring,
  Thereat hang signets three;
"Hae, tak' thee that, mine ain dear thing,
  And still ha's mind o' me:
But, if thou take another lord,
  Ere I come ower the sea—
His life is but a three days' lease,
  Though I may not stay wi' thee."

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
  The good lord went away;
And most part of his friends were there,
  To give him a fair convey.
They drank the wine, they did na spair,
  Even in that gude lord's sight—
Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
  And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his Good-night.

The Lads of Wamphray.

["The reader will find, prefixed to the foregoing ballad, an account of the noted feud betwixt the families of Maxwell and Johnstone. The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, betwixt the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethenhall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the Galliard, was a noted freebooter. A place, near the head of Tiviotdale, retains the name of the Galliard's Fauids, (folds,) being a valley where he used to secrete and divide his spoil, with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called the Galliard. The word is still used in Scotland, to express an active, gay, dissipated character.* Willie of the Kirkhill, nephew to the Galliard, and his avenger, was also a noted border robber. Previous to the battle of Dryffe Sands, so often mentioned, tradition reports, that Maxwell had offered a ten-pound-land to any of his party, who should bring him the head or hand of the laird of Johnstone. This being reported to his antagonist, he answered, he had not a ten-pound-land to offer, but would give a five-merk-land to the man who should that day cut off the head or hand of lord Maxwell. Willie of Kirkhill, mounted upon a young grey horse, rushed upon the enemy, and earned the reward, by striking down the unfortunate chieftian, and cutting off his right hand.

"Leverhay, Stefenbiggin, Girth-head, &c., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray. The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the Johnstones and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithsdale and Annandale. The Wellpath is a pass by which the Johnstones were retreating to their fastnesses in

* Cleveland applies the phrase in a very different manner, in treating of the assembly of Divines at Westminster, 1644:

And Selden is a Galliard by himself,
And wel might be; there's more divines in him,
Than in all this their Jewish Sanhedrim.

Skelton, in his railing poem against James IV., terms him Sir Skyr Galyard.

Annandale. Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan water, which falls into the Annan, below Moffat. Wamphray-gate was in those days an ale-house. With these local explanations, it is hoped the following ballad will be easily understood.

"From a pedigree in the appeal case of Sir James Johnstone of Westerraw, claiming the honours and titles of Annandale, it appears that the Johnstones of Wamphray were descended from James, sixth son of the sixth baron of Johnstone. The male became extinct in 1657."—*Scott's Minstrelsy.*]

'Twixt Girth-head and the Langwood end,
Lived the Galliard, and the Galliard's men;
But and the lads of Leverhay,
That drove the Crichton's gear away.

It is the lads of Lethenha',
The greatest rogues amang them a':
But and the lads of Stefenbiggin,
They broke the house in at the rigging.

The lads of Fingland, and Heibeck-hill,
They were never for good, but aye for ill;
'Twixt the Staywood bush and Langside-hill,
They stealed the brucked cow and the branded bull.

It is the lads of the Girth-head,
The deil's in them for pride and greed;
For the Galliard, and the gay Galliard's men,
They ne'er saw a horse but they made it their ain.

The Galliard to Nithsdale is gane,
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun;
The Galliard is unto the stable gane,
But instead of the dun, the blind he has ta'en.

"Now Simmy, Simmy of the Side,
Come out and see a Johnstone ride!
Here's the bonniest horse in a' Nithside,
And a gentle Johnstone aboon his hide."

Simmy Crichton's mounted then,
And Crichton has raised mony a ane;
The Galliard trowed his horse had been wight,
But the Crichtons beat him out o' sight.

As soon as the Galliard the Crichton saw,
Behind the saugh-bush he did draw;
And there the Crichtons the Galliard has ta'en,
And nane wi' him but Willie alane.

"O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And I'll ne'er mair do a Crichton wrang!
O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,
And a peck o' gowd I'll give to thee!

"O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And my wife shall heap it with her hand."
But the Crichtons wad na let the Galliard be,
But they hanged him his upon a tree.

O think then Willie he was right wae,
When he saw his uncle guided sae;
"But if ever I live Wamphray to see,
My uncle's death avenged shall be!"

Back to Wamphray he is gane,
And riders has raised mony a ane;
Saying—"My lads, if ye'll be true,
Ye shall a' be clad in the noble blue."

Back to Nithsdale they have gane,
And awa' the Crichtons' nowt ha'e ta'en;
But when they cam' to the Wellpath-head,
The Crichtons bade them 'light and lead.

And when they cam' to the Biddes burn,
The Crichtons bade them stand and turn;
And when they cam' to the Biddes strand,
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.

But when they cam' to the Biddes law,
The Johnstons bade them stand and draw;
"We've done nae ill, we'll thole nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray we will gang."

And out spoke Willie of the Kirkhill,
"Of fighting, lads, ye'se ha'e your fill."
And from his horse Willie he lap,
And a burnished brand in his hand he gat.

Out through the Crichtons Willie he ran,
And dang them down baith horse and man;
O but the Johnstones were wondrous rude,
When the Biddes burn ran three days blood.

"Now, sirs, we have done a noble deed;
We have revenged the Galliard's bleid:
For every finger of the Galliard's hand,
I vow this day I've killed a man."

As they cam' in at Evan-head,
At Rick-law holm they spread abread;
"Drive on, my lads! it will be late:
We'll ha'e a pint at Wamphray gate.

"For where'er I gang or e'er I ride,
The lads of Wamphry are on my side;
And of a' the lads that I do ken,
A Wamphray lad 's the king of men."

Bartram's Birge.

[The following beautiful fragment was taken down by Mr Surtees, from the recitation of Anne Douglas, an old woman, who weeded in his garden. It is imperfect, and the words within brackets were inserted by my correspondent, to supply such stanzas as the chauntress's memory left defective. The hero of the ditty, if the reciter be correct, was shot to death by nine brothers, whose sister he had seduced, but was afterwards buried at her request, near their usual place of meeting; which may account for his being laid not in holy ground, but beside the burn. The name of Bartham, or Bertram, would argue a Northumbrian origin, and there is, or was, a Headless Cross, among many so named, near Elsdon in Northumberland. But the mention of the Nine-Stane Burn, and Nine-Stane Rig, seems to refer to those places in the vicinity of Hermitage Castle, which is countenanced by the mentioning our Lady's Chapel. Perhaps the hero may have been an Englishman, and the lady a native of Scotland, which renders the catastrophe even more probable. The style of the ballad is rather Scottish than Northumbrian. They certainly did bury in former days near the Nine-Stane Burn; for the editor remembers finding a small monumental cross, with initials, lying among the heather. It was so small, that, with the assistance of another gentleman, he easily placed it upright.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*]

They shot him dead at the Nine-Stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside,
She tore her ling [long] yellow hair,
And knelt at Bartham's side.

She bath'd him in the Lady-Well
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lilly-sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
[And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.]

They buried him at [the mirk] midnight
[When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.]

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-stane Burn,
And the covered him [o'er with the heather-flower]
The moss and the (Lady) fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide,
And a Friar shall sing for Bartram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.*

The Fray of Suport.

[Of all the border ditties," says Sir Walter Scott, "which have fallen into my hands, this is by far the most uncouth and savage. It is usually chaunted in a sort of wild recitative, except the burden, which swells into a long and varied howl, not unlike to a view hollo'. The words, and the very great irregularity of the

* Mr Surtees observes, on this passage, that, in the return made by the commissioners, on the dissolution of Newminster Abbey, there is an item of a Chauntry, for one priest to sing daily *ad crucem lapideam*. Probably many of these crosses had the like expiatory solemnities for persons slain there.—*Scott.*

stanza (if it deserves the name), sufficiently point out its intention and origin. An English woman, residing in Suport, near the foot of the Kershope, having been plundered in the night by a band of Scottish moss-troopers, is supposed to convoke her servants and friends for the pursuit, or *Hot Trod*; upbraiding them, at the same time, in homely phrase, for their negligence and security. The *Hot Trod* was followed by the persons who had lost goods, with blood-hounds and horns, to raise the country to help. They also used to carry a burning wisp of straw at a spear head, and to raise a cry, similar to the Indian war-whoop. It appears, from articles made by the wardens of the English marches, September 12th, in 6th of Edward VI. that all, on this cry being raised, were obliged to follow the fray, or chace, under pain of death. With these explanations, the general purport of the ballad may be easily discovered, though particular passages have become inexplicable, probably through corruptions introduced by reciters. The present copy is corrected from four copies, which differed widely from each other."]

Sleep'st thou Sim of the Lamb-hill,
And snoring Jock of Suport-mill,
Ye are baith right het and foe';—
But my wae wakens na you.
Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me, o' four-and-twenty gude
cuseen and kye,
My weel-ridden gelding, and a white quey,
But a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs* on ilka side.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

Weel may ye ken,
Last night I was right scarce o' men:
But Toppet Hob o' the Mains had guestenn'd
in my house by chance;
I set him to wear the fore-door wi' the speir,
while I kept the back door wi' the lance;
But they ha'e run him through the thick o'
the thie, and broke his knee-pan,
And the mergh† o' his shin bane has run
down on his spur leather whang:
He's lame while he lives, and where'er he
may gang.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

But Peenye, my gude son, is out at the Hag
but-head,
His e'en glittering for anger like a fery
gleed;
Crying—"Mak' sure the nooks
Of Maky's-muir crooks;
For the wily Scot takes by nooks, hooks, and
crooks.
Gin we meet a' together in a head the morn,
We'll be merry men."
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

There's doughty Cuddy in the Heugh-head,
Thou was aye gude at a need:
With thy brook-skin bag at thy belt,
Aye ready to mak' a pair man help.
Thou mann awa' out to the cauf-craigs,
(Where anes ye lost your ain twa naigs)
And there toom thy brook-skin bag."
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a ta'en.

Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hirst,
Thou was aye gude at a birst:
Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a speir,
The bauldest march-man that e'er followed
gear;
Come thou here.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

Rise, ye carle coopers, frae making o' kirns
and tubs,
In the Nicol forest woods.†
Your craft has na left the value of an oak
rod,
But if you had had ony fear o' God,
Last night ye had na slept sae sound,
And let my gear be a' ta'en.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Ah! lads, we'll fang them a' in a net!
For I ha'e a' the fords o' Liddel set;‡

* *Nogs*—Stakes. † *Mergh*—Marrow.

* The badger-skin pouch was used for carrying ammunition.—*Scott.*

† A wood in Cumberland, in which Suport is situated.—*Scott.*

‡ Watching fords was a ready mode of intercepting the marauders; the names of the most

The Dunkin and the Deor-loup,
The Willie-ford, and the Water-Slack,
The Black-rack and the Trout-dub of Liddel;
There stands John Forster wi' five men at his back,
Wi' buft coat and cap of steil:
Boo! ca' at them e'en, Jock;
That ford's sicker, I wat weil.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Hoo! hoo! gare raise the Reid Souter, and Ringan's Wat,
Wi' a broad elshin and a wicker;
I wat well they'll mak' a ford sicker.
See whether they be Elliots or Armstrangs,
Or rough riding Scots, or rude Johnstones,
Or whether they be free the Tarras or Ewsdale,
They maun turn and fight, or try the deeps o' Liddel.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

"Ah! but they will play you another jigg,
For they will out at the big rig,
And through at Fargy Grame's gap."*
But I ha'e anither wile for that:
For I ha'e little Will, and Stalwart Wat,
And lang Aicky, in the Souter Moor,
Wi' his sleuth dog sits in his watch right sure; †
Should the dog gi'e a bark,
He'll be out in his sark,
And die or won.
Fy lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Ha! boys—I see a party appearing—wha's yon?
Methinks it's the captain of Bewcastle, and Jephtha's John, ‡

——— Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals awed,
There dwelt a pilfering race, well train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport.
Not more expert in every fraudful art
The arch felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the sooty cloud and ruddy flames,
That issued from his mouth, for soon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt now justly due
To wronged Alcides, and avenging Heaven!
Veil'd in the shades of night, the ford the stream,
Then, prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey: nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand throaging curses burst their way.
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hounds he leads; then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers.
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending, plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried:
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick, his snuffing nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then, with deep-opening mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
The audacious felon! foot by foot he marks
His winding-way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten tracks, with men and beast distain'd,
Unerring he pursues: till, at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!
Somerville's Chase.

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noted fords upon the Liddel are recited in this verse.—*Scott.*

* Fergus Grame of Sowport, as one of the chief men of that clan, became security to Lord Scroope for the good behaviour of his friends and dependants, 8th January, 1662.—Introduction to History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, p. 111.—*Scott.*

† The sentinels, who, by the march laws, were planted upon the border each night, had usually sleuth-dog, or blood-hounds, along with them.—See Nicholson's Border Laws, and Lord Wharton's Regulations, in the 6th of Edward VI.

Of the blood-hound we have said something in the notes on Hobbie Noble; but we may, in addition, refer to the following poetical description of the qualities and uses of that singular animal:—

‡ According to the late Glenriddell's notes on this ballad, the office of captain of Bewcastle was held by the chief of the Nixons.

Catlowdie is a small village in Cumberland, near the junction of the Esk and Liddel.—*Scott.*

Coming down by the foal steps of Catlowdie's loan:
They'll make a' sicker, come which way they will.
Ha lads! about a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Captain Musgrave, and a' his band,*
Are coming down by the Siller-strand,
And the muckle toun-bell o' Carlisle is rung;
My gear was a' weel won,
And before it's carried o'er the border, mony a man's gae down.
Fy lads! about a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

Auld Maitland.

[First published in the Ministrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"This ballad," says Sir Walter Scott, "has a claim to very high antiquity. It has been preserved by tradition; and is, perhaps, the most authentic instance of a long and very old poem, exclusively thus preserved. It is only known to a few old people upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick; and is published, as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr James Hogg. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety, and is said to have been possessed of much traditionary knowledge. Although the language of this poem is much modernised, yet many words, which the reciters have retained without understanding them, still preserve traces of its antiquity. Such are the words *springals* (corruptedly pronounced *springwells*,) *sowies*, *portcullise*, and many other appropriate terms of war and chivalry, which could never have been introduced by a modern ballad-maker. The incidents are striking and well-managed: and they are in strict conformity with the manners of the age in which they are placed.

"The date of the ballad cannot be ascertained with any degree of accuracy. Sir Richard Maitland, the hero of the poem, seems to have been in possession of his estate about 1250; so that, as he survived the commencement of the wars betwixt England and Scotland, in 1296, his prowess against the English, in defence of his castle of Lauder or Thirlstane, must have been exerted during his extreme old age. He seems to have been distinguished for devotion as well as valour; for, A. D. 1249, Dominus Ricardus de Mautlant gave to the abbey of Dryburgh, "Terras suas de Haubentside, in territorio suo de Thirlestane, pro salute animæ suæ, et sponsæ suæ, antecessorum suorum et successorum suorum, in perpetuum." He also gave, to the same convent, "Omnes terras, quas Walterus de Giling tenuit in feodo suo de Thirlestane, et pastura incommuni de Thirlestane, ad quadraginta oves, sexaginta vaccas, et ad viginti equos."—Cartulary of Dryburgh Abbey, in the Advocates' Library.

"From the following ballad, and from the family traditions referred to in the Maitland MSS., Auld Maitland appears to have had three sons; but we learn, from the latter authority, that only one survived him, who was thence surnamed *Burd alone*, which signifies either *unequalled*, or *solitary*. A *Consolation*, addressed to Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, a poet and scholar who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, and who gives name to the Maitland MSS., draws a parallel betwixt his domestic misfortunes and those of the first Sir Richard, his great ancestor.

"Sir William Mautlant, or Maitland, the eldest and sole surviving son of Sir Richard, ratified and confirmed, to the Monks of Dryburgh, "Omnes terras quas Dominus Ricardus de Mautlant pater suus fecit dictis monachis in territorio suo de Thirlestane." Sir William is supposed to have died about 1315.—Crawford's Peerage.

"Such were the heroes of the ballad. The castle of Thirlestane is situated upon the Leader, near the town of Lauder. Whether the present building, which was erected by Chancellor Maitland, and improved by the Duke of Lauderdale, occupies the site of the ancient castle, I do not know; but it still merits the epithet of a *darksome house*. I find no notice of the siege in history: but there is nothing improbable in supposing, that the castle, during the stormy period of the Baliol wars, may have held out against the English. The creation of a nephew of Edward I, for the pleasure of slaying him by the hand of young Maitland, is a poetical license; and may induce us to place the date of the composition

* This was probably the famous captain Jack Musgrave, who had charge of the watch along the Oryssop, or Kershope, as appears from the order of the watches appointed by Lord Wharton, when deputy-warden-general, in the 6th Edward VI.—*Scott*.

about the reign of David II., or of his successor, at when the real exploits of Maitland, and his sons, were in some degree obscured, as well as magnified, by the lapse of time. The inveterate hatred against the English, founded upon the usurpation of Edward I., glows in every line of the ballad.

"Auld Maitland is placed, by Gawin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, among the popular heroes of romances, in his allegorical Palice of Honour."]

Twas lived a king in southern land,
  King Edward hight his name;
Unwordily he wore the crown,
  Till fifty years were gane.

He had a sister's son o's ain,
  Was large of blood and bane;
And afterward, when he came up,
  Young Edward hight his name.*

One day he came before the king,
  And kneel'd low on his knee—
"A boon, a boon, my good uncle,
  I crave to ask of thee!

"At our lang wars, in fair Scotland,
  I fain ha's wished to be;
If fifteen hundred waled wight men
  You'll grant to ride wi' me."

"Thou sall ha's thee, thou sall ha's mee;
  I say it sickerlie;
And I mysel', an auld gray man,
  Array'd your host sall see."

King Edward rade, king Edward ran—
  I wish him dool and pyne!
Till he had fifteen hundred men
  Assembled on the Tyne.

And thrice as many at Berwicke
  Were all for battle bound,
Who marching forth with false Dunbar,
  A ready welcome found.†

They lighted on the banks of Tweed,
  And blew their coals sae het,
And fired the Merse and Teviotdale,
  All in an evening late.

As they fared up o'er Lammermore,
  They burned baith up and down,
Untill they came to a darksome house!
  Some call it Leader-Town.

"Wha hands this house?" young Edward cry'd,
  "Or wha gi'es't ower to me?"
A gray-hair'd knight set up his head,
  And crackit right crousely:

"Of Scotland's king I hand my house;
  He pays me meat and fee;
And I will keep my gude auld house,
  While my house will keep me."

They laid their sowies to the wall,‡
  Wi' mony a heavy peal;
But he threw ower to them agen
  Baith pitch and tar barrel.

* Were it possible to find an authority for calling this personage Edmund, we should be a step nearer history; for a brother, though not a nephew of Edward I., so named, died in Gascony during an unsuccessful campaign against the French.—Knighton, Lib. III. cap. 8.—*Scott.*

† These two lines are modern, and inserted to complete the verse. Dunbar, the fortress of Patrick, Earl of March, was too often opened to the English, by the treachery of that baron, during the reign of Edward I.—*Scott.*

‡ In this and the following verse, the attack and defence of a fortress, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is described accurately and concisely. The sow was a military engine, resembling the Roman *testudo*. It was framed of wood, covered with hides, and mounted on wheels, so that, being rolled forward to the foot of the besieged wall, it served as a shed, or cover, to defend the miners, or those who wrought the battering-ram, from the stones and arrows of the garrison. In the course of the famous defence made by Black Agnes, Countess of March, of her husband's castle of Dunbar, Montague, Earl of Salisbury, who commanded the besiegers, caused one of these engines to be wheeled up to the wall. The countess, who, with her damsels, kept her station on the battlements, and affected to wipe off with her handkerchief the dust raised by the stones hurled from the English machines, awaited the approach of this new engine of assault. "Beware, Montague," she exclaimed, while the fragment of a rock was discharged from the wall —"Beware, Montague! for farrow shall thy

With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,
Among them fast he threw;
Till mony of the Englishmen
About the wall he slew.

Full fifteen days that braid host lay,
Sieging Auld Maitland keen,
Syne they ha'e left him, hail and fair,
Within his strength o' stane.

Then fifteen barks, all gally good,
Met them upon a day,
Which they did lade with as much spoil
As they could bear away.

"England's our ain by heritage;
And what can us withstand,
Now we ha'e conquer'd fair Scotland,
With buckler, bow, and brand?"

Then they are on to the land o' France,
Where auld king Edward lay,
Burning baith castle, tower, and town,
That he met in his way.

Untill he came unto that town,
Which some call Billop-Grace;[a]
There were Auld Maitland's sons, a' three,
Learning at school, alas!

The eldest to the youngest said,
"O see ye what I see?
Gin a' be trew yon standard says,[†]
We're fatherless a' three.

"For Scotland's conquer'd, up and down;
Landmen we'll never be:

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sow!" Their cover being dashed to pieces, the assailants, with great loss and difficulty, scrambled back to their trenches. "By the regard of suche a lady," would Froissart have said, "and by her comforting, a man ought to be worth two men, at need." The sow was called by the French *truie*.—See Hailes' Annals, Vol. II. p. 89. Wyntown's Cronykil, Book VIII. William of Malmesbury, Lib. IV.

The memory of the *sow* is preserved in Scotland by two trifling circumstances. The name given to an oblong hay-stack, is a *hay-sow*; and this may give us a good idea of the form of the machine. Children also play at a game with cherry-stones, placing a small heap on the ground, which they term a *sowie*, endeavouring to hit it, by throwing single cherry-stones, as the sow was formerly battered from the walls of the besieged fortress. My companions, at the High School of Edinburgh, will remember what was meant by *herrying a sowie*. It is strange to find traces of military antiquities in the occupation of the husbandman and the sports of children.

The pitch and tar-barrels of Maitland were intended to consume the formidable machines of the English.

The *springalds*, used in defence of the castle of Lauder, were *ballista*, or large cross-bows wrought by machinery, and capable of throwing stones, beams, and huge darts. They were numbered among the heavy artillery of the age; "Than the kynge made all his navy to draw along, by the cost of the Downes, every ship well garnished with bombardes, cros-bowes, archers, *springalls*, and other artillarie."—Froissart.

Goads, or sharpened bars of iron, were an obvious and formidable missile weapon. Thus, at the assault of Rochemigiion, "They within cast out great barres of iron, and pots with lyme, wherewith they hart divers Englishmen, such as adventured themselves too far."—Froissart, vol. I. cap. 108.

From what has been noticed, the attack and defence of Lauder castle will be found strictly conformable to the manners of the age; a circumstance of great importance, in judging of the antiquity of the ballad. There is no mention of guns, though these became so common in the latter part of the reign of Edward III., that at the siege of St Maloes, "the English had well a four hondred gonnes, who shot day and night into the fortresse, and agaynst it."—Froissart, vol. I. cap. 336. Barbour informs us, that guns, or "crakis of wer," as he calls them, and crests for helmets, were first seen by the Scottish, in their skirmishes with Edward the Third's host, in Northumberland, A. D. 1327.—*Scott.*

[a] If this be a Flemish, or Scottish, corruption for Ville de Grace, in Normandy, that town was never besieged by Edward I., whose wars in France were confined to the province of Gascony. The rapid change of scene, from Scotland to France, excites a suspicion that some verses may have been lost in this place.—*Scott.*

[†] Edward had quartered the arms of Scotland with his own.—*Scott.*

Now, will ye go, my brethren two,
And try some jeopardy?"*

Then they ha'e saddled twa black horse,
Twa black horse, and a grey;
And they are on to king Edward's host,
Before the dawn of day.

When they arriv'd before the host,
They hover'd on the lay—
"Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,
To bear a little way?"†

"Where was thou bred? where was thou born?
Where, or in what country?"

* The romantic custom of achieving, or attempting, some desperate and perilous adventure, without either necessity or cause, was a peculiar, and perhaps the most prominent, feature of chivalry. It was not merely the duty, but the pride and delight, of a true knight, to perform such exploits, as no one but a madman would have undertaken. I think it is in the old French romance of Erec and Enéide, that an adventure, the access to which lay through an avenue of stakes, garnished with the bloody heads of the knights who had attempted and failed to achieve it, is called by the inviting title of *La joie de la Cour*. To be first in advancing, or last in retreating; to strike upon the gate of a certain fortress of the enemy; to fight blindfold, or with one arm tied up; to carry off a banner, or to defend one; were often the subjects of a particular vow among the sons of chivalry. Until some distinguishing exploit of this nature, a young knight was not said to have *won his spurs*; and, upon some occasions, he was obliged to bear, as a mark of thraldom a chain upon his arm, which was removed, with great ceremony, when his merit became conspicuous. These chains are noticed in the romance of *Jehan de Saintre*. In the language of German chivalry, they were called *Ketten des Gelubdes* (fetters of duty). Lord Herbert of Cherbury informs us, that the knights of the Bath were obliged to wear certain strings, of silk and gold, upon their left arm, until they had achieved some noble deed of arms. When Edward III. commenced his French wars, many of the young bachelors of England bound up one of their eyes with a silk ribband, and swore, before the peacock and the ladies, that they would not see with both eyes until they had accomplished certain deeds of arms in France.—Froissart, cap. 28.

† In all ages, and in almost all countries, the military standards have been objects of respect to the soldiery, whose duty it is to range beneath them, and, if necessary, to die in their defence. In the ages of chivalry, these ensigns were distinguished by their shape, and by the various names of banners, pennons, penoncelles, &c., according to the number of men who were to fight under them. They were displayed, on the day of battle, with singular solemnity, and consigned to the charge only of such as were thought willing and able to defend them to the uttermost. When the army of Edward, the Black Prince, was drawn up against that of Henry the Bastard, king of Castile, "Than Sir Johan Chandos brought his baner, rolled up togyder, to the prince, and said, 'Sir, behold, here is my baner. I requyre you display it abrode, and give me leave this daye, to raise it; for, Sir, I thanks God and you, I have land and heritage suffycients to maynteyne it withal.' Than the prince, and King Dampeter (Don Pedro,) toke the baner betwene their handes, and spred it abrode, the which was of sylver, a sharp pyle ganles, and delyvered it to hym, and said, 'Sir Johan, behold here yoare baner; God sende you joye and honour thereof!' Than Sir Johan Chandos bare his baner to his owne companye, and sayde, 'Sirs, beholde here my baner, and youres; kepe it as your owne.' And they toke it, and were right joyful therof, and sayd, that by the pleasure of God, and Saint George, they wold kepe and defend it to the best of their powers. And so the baner abode in the handes of a good Englishe squyer, called William Alery, who bare it that day, and acquaytted himself right nobly."—Froissart, vol. I. ch. 237. The loss of a banner was not only great dishonour, but an infinite disadvantage. At the battle of Cocherel, in Normandy, the flower of the combatants, on each side, were engaged in the attack and defence of the banner of the captain of Buche, the English leader. It was planted amid a bush of thorns, and guarded by sixty men at arms, who defended it gallantly. "There were many rescues, and many a one hurt and cast to the earth, and many feats of armes done, and many gret strokes given, with good axes of steel, that it was wonder to behold." The battle did not cease untill the captain's standard was taken and torn to pieces.

"In north of England I was born:"
(It needed him to lie.) *

"A knight me gat, a lady bore,
I'm a squire of high renown;
I well may bear't to any king,
That ever yet wore crowne."

"He ne'er came of an Englishman,
Had sic an e'e or bree
But thou art the likest Auld Maitland,
That ever I did see.

"But sic a gloom on sae brow-head,
Grant I ne'er see agane!
For mony of our men he slew,
And mony put to pain."

When Maitland heard his father's name,
An angry man was he!
Then, lifting up a gilt dagger,
Hung low down by his knee,

He stabb'd the knight, the standard bore,
He stabb'd him cruellie;
Then caught the standard by the neuk,
And fast away rode he.

"Now, is't na time, brothers," he cried,
"Now, is't na time to flee?"
"Ay, by my sooth!" they baith replied,
"We'll bear you company."

The youngest turn'd him in a path,
And drew a burnished brand,
And fifteen of the foremost slew,
Till back the lave did stand.

We learn, from the following passage in Stowe's Chronicle, that the standard of Edward I. was a golden dragon. "The king entred Wales with an army, appointing the footmen to occupie the enemies in fight, whiles his horsemen, in a wing, set on the rere battell: himselfe, with a power, kept his place, where he pight his golden dragon, unto whiche, as to a castle, the wounded and wearied might repair."—*Scott.*

* Stratagems such as that of Maitland, were frequently practised with success, in consequence of the complete armour worn by the knights of the middle ages.—*Scott.*

He spurr'd the grey into the path,
Hill baith his sides they bled—
"Grey! thou maun carry me away,
Or my life lies in wad."

The captain lookit ower the wa',
About the break o' day;
There he beheld the three Scots lads,
Pursuing along the way.

"Pull up portcullise! down draw-brigg!
My nephews are at hand;
And they sall lodge wi' me to-night,
In spite of all England."

Whene'er they came within the yate,
They thrust their horse them frae,†
And took three lang spears in their hands,
Saying, "Here sall come nae mae!"

And they shot out, and they shot in,
Till it was fairly day;
When mony of the Englishmen
About the draw brigg lay.

Then they ha'e yoked carts and wains,
To ca' their dead away,
And shot auld dykes abune the lave,
In gutters where they lay.

The king, at his pavilion door,
Was heard aloud to say,
"Last night, three o' the lads o' France
My standard stole away.

"Wi' a fause tale, disguised, they came,
And wi' a fauser trayne;
And to regain my gaye standard,
These men were a' down slayne."

"It ill befits," the youngest said,
"A crowned king to lie;
But, or that I taste meat and drink,
Reproved sall he be."

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† "The lord of Hangest (pursued by the English) came so to the barryrs (of Vandonne) that were open, as his happe was, and so entred in therat, and than toke his speare, and turned him to defence, right vallantly."—Froissart, vol. I. chap. 367.—*Scott.*

He went before king Edward strait,
And kneel'd low on his knee;
"I wad ha'e leave, my lord," he said,
"To speak a word wi' thee."

The king he turn'd him round about,
And wistna what to say—
Quo' he, "Man, thou's ha'e leave to speak,
Though thou should speak a' day."

"Ye said, that three young lads o' France
Your standard stole away,
Wi' a fause tale, and fauser trayne,
And mony men did slay:

"But we are nane the lads o' France,
Nor e'er pretend to be;
We are three lads o' fair Scotland,
Auld Maitland's sons are we;

"Nor is there men, in a' your host,
Daur fight us three to three."
"Now by my sooth," young Edward said,
"Weel fitted ye sall be!

"Piercy sall with the eldest fight,
And Ethert Lunn with thee:
William of Lancaster the third,
And bring your fourth to me.

"Remember, Piercy, aft the Scot
Has cow'rd beneath thy hand;
For every drap of Maitland blood,
I'll gi'e a rig of land."

He clanked Piercy over the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood o' his bodie
Cam' rinning down his hair.

"Now I've slayne ane; slay ye the twa;
And that's gude companye;
And if the twa suld slay ye baith,
Ye'se get na help frae me." †

But Ethert Lunn, a baited bear,
Had many battles seen;
He set the youngest wonder sair,
Till the eldest he grew keen—

"I am nae king, nor nae sic thing
My word it shanna stand!‡
For Ethert sall a buffet bide,
Come he beneath my brand."

He clankit Ethert ower the head,
A deep wound and a sair,
Till the best blood of his bodie
Cam' rinning ower his hair.

"Now I've slayne twa; slaye ye the ane;
Is na that gude companye?
And though the ane suld slay ye baith,
Ye'se get na help o' me."

The twa-some they ha'e slayne the ane;
They maul'd him cruellie; §
Then hung them over the draw-brigg,
That all the host might see.

* The two first lines are modern, to supply an imperfect stanza.—*Scott.*

† According to the laws of chivalry, laws which were also for a long time observed in duels, when two or more persons were engaged on each side, he, who first conquered his immediate antagonist, was at liberty, if he pleased, to come to the assistance of his companions. The play of the Little French Lawyer turns entirely upon this circumstance; and it may be remarked throughout the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto: particularly in the combat of three Christian and three Pagan champions, in the 43d canto of Orlando Furioso. But doubtless a gallant knight was often unwilling, like young Maitland, to avail himself of this advantage. Something of this kind seems to have happened in the celebrated combat, fought in the presence of James II. at Stirling, 1449, between three French, or Flemish, warriors, and three noble Scottishmen, two of whom were of the house of Douglas. The reader will find a literal translation of Oliver de la Marche's account of this celebrated tourney, in Pinkerton's History, vol. I. p. 428.—*Scott.*

‡ Maitland's apology for retracting his promise to stand neuter, is as curious as his doing so is natural. The unfortunate John of France was wont to say, that, if truth and faith were banished from all the rest of the universe, they should still reside in the breast and the mouth of kings.—*Scott.*

§ This is a vulgar sound, but is actually a phrase of romance. *Tant frappant et maillant les deux vaisseaux l'un sur l'autre, que leurs heaumes, et leurs hauberts, sont tous ensemble et rompus.*—La fleur des Battailles.—*Scott.*

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
Then hovered on the lee; *
"We be three lads o' fair Scotland,
That fain would fighting see."

This boasting when young Edward heard,
An angry man was he!
"I'll tak' yon lad, I'll bind yon lad,
And bring him bound to thee!"

"Now, God forbid," King Edward said,
"That ever thou sald try!
Three worthy leaders we ha'e lost,
And thou the fourth wad lie.

"If thou should'st hang on yon draw-brigg,
Blythe wad I never be!"
But, with the poll-axe in his hand,
Upon the brigg sprang he. †

The first stroke that young Edward ga'e,
He struck wi' might and main;
He clove the Maitlan's helmet stout,
And hit right nigh the brain.

When Maitland saw his ain blood fa';
An angry man was he! ‡
He let his weapon frae him fa';
And at his throat did flee.

And thrice about he did him swing,
Till on the grund he light,
Where he has halden young Edward,
Though he was great in might.

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* The sieges, during the middle ages, frequently afforded opportunity for single combat, of which the scene was usually the draw-bridge, or barriers, of the town. The former, as the more desperate place of battle, was frequently chosen by knights, who chose to break a lance for honour, and their ladies' love. In 1357, Sir William Douglas, lord of Nithisdale, upon the draw-bridge of the town of Carlisle, consisting of two beams, hardly two feet in breadth, encountered and slew, first, a single champion of England, and afterwards two, who attacked him together.—Fordani Scotichronicon, Lib. XIV. chap. 51.

These combats at the barriers, or palisades, which formed the outer fortification of a town, were so frequent, that the mode of attack and defence was early taught to the future knight, and continued long to be practised in the games of chivalry. The custom, therefore, of defying the inhabitants of a besieged town to this sort of contest, was highly fashionable in the middle ages; and an army could hardly appear before a place, without giving rise to a variety of combats at the barriers, which were, in general, conducted without any unfair advantage being taken on either part.—*Scott.*

† The battle-axe, of which there are many kinds, was a knightly weapon, much used in the middle ages, as well in single combat as in battle. "And also there was a younge bachelor, called Bertrande of Gieaguyne, who, duryng the seige, fought wyth an Engliyshman called Sir Nycholas Dagerne: and that batayle was takene thre courses wyth a speare, thre strokes wyth an axe, and thre wyth a dagger. And echo of these knyghtes bare themselves so valyantly, that they departed fro the falde wythout any damage, and they were well regarded, bothe of theyme wythyn, and they wythout." This happened at the siege of Rennes, by the Duke of Lancaster, in 1357.—Froissart, vol. I. cap. 175. With the same weapon Godfrey of Harcourt long defended himself, when surprised and defeated by the French. "And Sir Godfraye's men kepte no good array, nor dyd nat as they had promysed; moost part of theyme fledde; whan Sir Godfraye sawe that, he sayde to hymselfe, how he had rather there be slayne than be taken by the Frenchmen; there he toke hys axe in hys handes, and set fast the one legge before the other, to stonde the more surely; for hys one legge was a lytell crooked, but he was strong in the armes. Ther he fought valyantly and long: none durste well abyde hys strokes; than two Frenchmen mounted on theyr horses, and ranne both with their speares at ones at hym, and so bare him to the yerth: than other, that were a-fote, came wyth theyr swerdes, and strake hym into the body, under his harneys, so that ther he was slayne."—Ibid. chap. 172. The historian throws Sir Godfrey into a striking attitude of desperation.—*Scott.*

‡ There is a saying, that a Scottishman fights best after seeing his own blood. Camerarius has contrived to hitch this foolish proverb into a national compliment; for he quotes it as an instance of the persevering gallantry of his countrymen. "Si in pugna propriam effundi sanguinem vidissent, non statim prostrato animo concedebant, sed irato potius in hostes velut furentes omnibus viribus incurrebant."—*Scott.*

"Now let him up," King Edward cried,
"And let him come to me!
And for the deed that thou hast done,
Thou shalt ha'e cridonnes three!"

"Its ne'er be said in France, nor e'er
In Scotland, when I'm hame,
That Edward once lay under me,
And e'er gat up again!"*

He pierced him thro' and thro' the heart;
He maul'd him cruellie;
Then hung him ower the draw-brigg,
Beside the other three.

"Now, take frae me that feather-bed!
Make me a bed o' straw!
I wish I hadna lived this day,
To mak' my heart sae wae.

"If I were ance at London tower,
Where I was wont to be,
I never mair suld gang frae hame,
Till borne on a bier-tree."

* Some reciters repeat it thus:

"That Englishman lay under me."

which is in the true spirit of Blind Harry, who makes Wallace say,

"I like better to see the southeron die,
Than gold or land, that they can gi'e to me."

In slaying Edward, Maitland acts pitilessly, but not contrary to the laws of arms, which did not enjoin a knight to show mercy to his antagonist, until he yielded him, "rescue or no rescue." Thus, the seigneur de Languerant came before the walls of an English garrison, in Gascony, and defied any of the defenders to run a course with a spear: his challenge being accepted by Bertrand Courant, the governor of the place, they couched their spears, like good knights, and dashed on their horses. Their spears were broke to pieces, and Languerant was overthrown, and lost his helmet amongst the horses' feet. His attendants were coming up; but Bertrand drew his dagger and said, "Sir, yield ye my prisoner, rescue or no rescue; else ye are but dead." The dismounted champion spoke not a word; on which, Bertrand, entering into fervent ire, dashed his dagger into his skull. Besides, the battle was not always finished by each warrior obtaining this advantage over the other. In the battle of Najara, the famous Sir John Chandos was overthrown, and held down, by a gigantic Spanish cavalier, named Martino Fernandes. "Then Sir John Chandos remembred of a knyfe, that he had in his bocome, and drew it out, and struck this Martyne so in the backe, and in the sydes, that he wounded him to dethe, as he laye upon hym." The dagger, which the knights employed in these close and desperate struggles, was called the *poniard of mercy*.

Scott.

Lord Ewrie.

["Sir Ralph Evre, or Ewrie, or Evers, commemorated in the following lines, was one the bravest men of a military race. He was son of the first, and father of the second Lord Ewre; and was himself created a lord of parliament during his father's lifetime, in the 35th year of Henry VIII. The ballad is apparently a strain of gratulation upon that event. The poet, or more probably the reciter, has made some confusion in the lineage, by declaring that his hero was "married upon a Willoughbe." His mother, however, was of that family, and he was "kin to the Nevil and to the Percy." He was ennobled by Henry, on account of the vigour with which he prosecuted the border warfare. But after "harrying the Mers and Tivietdale, and knocking at Edinburgh gate," Lord Ewrie was slain in the battle of Ancram moor, fought between him and the Earl of Angus, in 1545.

"This song was written down by my obliging friend Richard Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth, from the recitation of Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, a woman aged upwards of ninety-one, whose husband's father and two brothers were killed in the affair of 1715."—*Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*]

Lord Ewrie was as brave a man,
As ever stood in his degree;
The king has sent him a broad letter,
All for his courage and loyalty.†

Lord Ewrie is of a gentill blode,
A knighte's son sooth to say;
He is kin to the Nevill and to the Percy,
And is married upon a Willowbe.

† Patent letters of nobility.

A noble knight him trained upp,
Sir Ralf Bulmer is the man I mean;*
At Flodden field, as men do say,
No better capten there was seen.

He led the men of Bishopricks,
When Thomas Euthal bore the sway;
Tho' the Scottish Habe† were stout and true,
The English bowmen wan that day.

And since he has kepte Berwick upon Tweed,
The town was never better kept, I wot;
He maintained leal and order along the border,
And still was ready to prick the Scot.

The country then lay in great peace,
And grain and grass was sown and won;
Then plenty filled the market cross,
When Lord Ewrie kept Berwick town.

With our queen's brother he hath been,‡
And rode rough shod through Scotland of late;
They have burned the Mers and Tiviotdale,
And knock full loud at Edinburgh gate.

Now the king hath sent him a broad letter,
A lord of parliament to be;
It were well if every nobleman
Stood like Lord Ewrie in his degree.

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* Sir William Bulmer of Brunspeth castle, who is here said to have commanded the troops raised in the Bishopricks, in the battle of Flodden-field, was descended from an ancient, and, at one period, noble family. The last who was summoned to parliament as a peer of the realm, was Ralph, from 1st till 23d Edward III. Sir William routed the Borderers, who, under the command of lord Home, made an excursion into Northumberland, previous to the battle of Flodden. He is mentioned in the Metrical History of the battle, v. 105, &c. In the present ballad, he is erroneously denominated Sir Ralph Bulmer. *Scott.*

† *Habe*—contracted for Halbert, or Hobbie, once a common name in Scotland.—*Scott.*

‡ The earl of Hartford, afterwards duke of Somerset, and brother of queen Jane Seymour, made a furious incursion into Scotland, in 1545. *Scott.*

Johnie of Breadislee.

[" The hero of this ballad appears to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer—probably one of the broken men residing upon the border. There are several different copies, in one of which the principal personage is called Johnie of Cockielaw. The stanzas of greatest merit have been selected from each copy. It is sometimes said, that this outlaw possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous:—' Near to this castle there was a park, built by Sir Thomas Randolph, on the face of a very great and high hill; so artificially, that, by the advantage of the hill, all wild beasts, such as deers, harts, and roes, and hares, did easily leap in, but could not get out again; and if any other cattle, such as cows, sheep, or goats, did voluntarily leap in, or were forced to do it, *it is doubted* if their owners were permitted to get them out again.'—Account of Presbytery of Penpont, apud Macfarlane's MSS. Such a park would form a convenient domain to an outlaw's castle, and the mention of Durrisdeer, a neighbouring parish, adds weight to the tradition. I have seen, on a mountain near Callendar, a sort of pinfold, composed of immense rocks, piled upon each other, which, I was told, was anciently constructed for the above-mentioned purpose. The mountain is thence called *Uah var*, or the *Cave of the Giant*." *Border Minstrelsy.*]

Johnie rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands—
" Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
" O Johnie! for my benison,
To the greenwood dinna gang!

" Enough ye ha's o' gude wheat bread,
And enough o' the blude-red wine;
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame."

But Johnie's busk't up his gude bend bow
His arrows, ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.*

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has bryttled † the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs;
And wi' these he has feasted his bludy hounds,
As if they had been erl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bludy hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa' to Hislinton,
Where the seven foresters did lie.

"What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle,
What news bring ye to me?"
"I bring nae news," said the gray-headed carle,
"Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemass,
And down amang the scroggs,‡
The bonniest childe that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

"The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the Holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the Lincome twine.

"The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the goud sae gude;
The gude grale hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude."

Then out and spak' the first forester,
The held man ower them a'—
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."

But up and spak' the sixth forester,
(His sister's son was he)
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him dee!"

The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak' the seventh forester,
"The next will gar him dee."

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fate against a stane;
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

"O is there na a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say;
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?" §

The starling flew to his mother's window stane
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was—"Johnie tarries lang!"

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the sloe-thorn tree,
And mony mony were the men
At fetching our Johnie.

Then out and spak' his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
"Ye wadna be warned, my son Johnie,
Free the hunting to bide awa'.

"Aft has I brought to Breadislee
The less gear‖ and the mair,
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee,
What grieved my heart sae sair!

* *Ling*—heath.

† *Bryttled*—to cut up venison. See the ancient ballad of Chevy Chace, v. 8.

‡ *Scroggs*—stunted trees.

§ Mr Finlay has preserved the following additional stanza, which is beautifully illustrative of the languor of approaching death—

There's no a bird in a' this forest
Will do sae mickle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water,
And strait it on my e'e bree.

‖ *Gear*—usually signifies goods, but here spoil.

"But wae betyde that silly auld carle!
An ill death shall he dee!
For the highest tree in Merrieness
Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude grais dogs are slain;
And his bodie lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting is is done.

JOHNIE OF BRAIDISBANK.

[THE following fragments are given by Motherwell. They appear to belong to an elder copy of the preceding ballad.]

JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands hands;
And he is awa' to Braidisbanks,
To ding the dun deer down down,
To ding the dun deer down.

Johnie lookit east and Johnie lookit west,
And its lang before the sun sun;
And there did he spy the dun deer lie,
Beneath a bush of brume brume,
Beneath a bush o' brume.

Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he's woundit her in the side side;
Out then spake his sister's son,
"And the neist will lay her pride pride,
And the neist will lay her pride."

They've eaten sae meikle o' the gude venison,
And they've drunken sae muckle o' the blude blude,
That they've fallen into as sound a sleep
As gif that they were dead dead,
As gif that they were dead.

"Its doun, and its doun, and its doun doun,
And its doun amang the scrogs scrogs;
And there ye'll espy twa bonnie boys lie,
Asleep amang their dogs dogs,
Asleep amang their dogs."

They wauksend Johnie out o' his sleep,
And he's drawn to him his coat coat;
"My fingers five save me alive,
And a stout heart fail me not not,
And a stout heart fail me not!"

Archie Armstrang's Aith.

[THIS is a contribution by the Rev. John Marriott, A. M., to the Border Minstrelsy.—"The hero of this ballad," says Sir Walter, "was a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that pre-eminence which it long maintained among the Border thieves, and which none indeed but the Elliots could dispute. He lived at the Stubholm, immediately below the junction of the Wauchope and the Esks; and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties, that at length he found it expedient to emigrate, his neighbours not having learned from Sir John Falstaff, 'that it is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.' He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English court. In more modern times, he might have found a court in which his virtues would have entitled him to a higher station. He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637, for his insolent wit, of which the following may serve as a specimen. One day, when archbishop Laud was just about to say grace before dinner, Archie begged permission of the king to perform that office in his stead; and having received it, said, 'All *praise* to God, and little *Laud* to the deil.' The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale."]

As ARCHIE passed the Brookwood leys,
He cursed the blinkan moon,
For shouts were borne upo' the breeze
Frae a' the hills aboon.

A herd had marked his lingering pace,
That o'ruin' near the fauld,
And warned his fellows to the chace,
For he kenn'd him stout and bauld.

A light shone frae Gilnockie tower;
He thought, as he ran past,—
"O Johnie anee was stiff in stour,
But hangit at the last!"—

His load was heavy, and the way
Was rough, and ill to find;
But ere he reached the Stubholm brae
His foes were far behind.

He clamb the brae, and frae his brow
  The drape fell fast and free;
And when he heard a loud halloo,
  A weefu' man was he.

O'er his left shoulder, towards the muir,
  An anxious e'e he cast;
And oh! when he stepped o'er the door,
  His wife she looked aghast.

"Ah wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight
  Ilk word o' timely warning?
I trow ye will be ta'en the night,
  And hangit i' the morning."—

"Now hand your tongue, ye prating wife,
  And help me as ye dow;
I wad be laith to lose my life
  For sae poor silly yowe."—

They stript awa' the skin aff hand,
  Wi' a' the woo' aboon,
There's ne'er a flesher i' the land
  Had done it half sae soon.

They took the haggis-bag and heart,
  The heart but and the liver;
Alake, that siccan a noble part
  Should win intull the river!

But Archie he has ta'en them a',
  And wrapt them i' the skin;
And he has thrown them o'er the wa',
  And sicht whan they fell in.

The cradle stan's by the ingle toom,
  The bairn wi' auntie stays;
They clapt the carcase in its room,
  And smoored it wi' the claes.

And down sat Archie daintilie,
  And rocked it wi' his hand;
Siccan a rough nourice as he
  Was not in a' the land.

And saftlie he began to croon,
  "Hush, hushabye, my dear."—
He hadna sang to sic a tune,
  I trow, for mony a year.

Now frae the hills they cam' in haste,
  A' rinning out o' breath.—
"Ah, Archie, we ha's got ye fast,
  And ye maun die the death!

"Aft ha's ye thinned our master's herds,
  And elsewhere cast the blame;
Now ye may spare your wilie words,
  For we have traced ye hame."—

"Your sheep for warlds I wadna take;
  Deil ha's me if I am lying;
But hand your tongues for mercie's sake,
  The bairn's just at the dying.

"If e'er I did sae thane a feat,
  As thin my neebor's fauids,
May I be doomed the flesh to eat
  This vera cradle haids!

"But gin ye reek na what I swear,
  Go search the biggin thorow,
And if ye find sae trotter there,
  Then hang me up the morrow."—

They thought to find the stolen gear,
  They searched baith but and ben;
But a' was clean, and a' was clear,
  And naething could they ken.

And what to think they couldna tell,
  They glowred at ane anither,—
"Sure, Patie, 'twas the deil himsel'
  That ye saw rinning hither.

"Or sibilins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,*
  And thus bagulled your e'e."—
"Hey, Robbie, man, and like enowe,
  For I ha's nae rowan tree."—

Awa' they went wi' muckle haste,
  Convinced 'twas Maggie Brown;
And Maggie, ere eight days were past,
  Got mair nor sae new gown.

Then Archie turned him on his heel,
  And gamesomelie did say,—
"I didna think that half sae weel
  The nourice I could play."

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* There is no district wherein witches seem to have maintained a more extensive, or more recent influence than in Eskdale. It is not long since the system of bribery, alluded to in the next stanza, was carried on in that part of the country. The rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, is well known to be a sure preservative against the power of witchcraft.—*Scott.*

And Archie didna break his aith,
He ate the cradled sheep;
I trow he wasna very laith
Sicean a vow to keep.

And aft sinsyne to England's king
The story he has told;
And aye when he 'gan rock and sing,
Charlie his sides wad hold.

Lament of the Border Widow.

["THIS fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition, in 1529, which was fatal to Johnie Armstrang, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders. The vestiges of the castle of Henderland are still to be traced upon the farm of that name, belonging to Mr Murray of Henderland. They are situated near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the lake of St Mary, in Selkirkshire. The adjacent country, which now hardly bears a single tree, is celebrated by Leslyn, as, in his time, affording shelter to the largest stags in Scotland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm, named the Dow-glen, and passes near the site of the tower. To the recesses of this glen, the wife of Cockburne is said to have retreated, during the execution of her husband; and a place, called the *Lady's Seat*, is still shown, where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise, which announced the close of his existence. In a deserted burial-place, which once surrounded the chapel of the castle, the monument of Cockburne and his lady is still shown. It is a large stone, broken in three parts; but some armorial bearings may yet be traced, and the following inscription is still legible, though defaced:

'HERE LYES PERYS OF COKBURNE AND HIS WYFE MARJORY.'

"Tradition says, that Cockburne was surprised by the king, while sitting at dinner. After the execution, James marched rapidly forward, to surprise Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and some times the King of Thieves. A path through the mountains, which separate the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the *King's Road*, and seems to have been the route which he followed. The remains of the tower of Tushielaw are yet visible, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick; and are an object of terror to the benighted peasant, from an idea of their being haunted by spectres. From these heights, and through the adjacent county of Peebles, passes a wild path, called still the *Thief's Road*, from having been used chiefly by the marauders of the border."—*Scott's Minstrelsy.*]

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lively knight is slain·
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

Hughie the Graeme.

"The Graemes were a powerful and numerous clan, who chiefly inhabited the Debateable Land. They were said to be of Scottish extraction, and their chief claimed his descent from Malise, earl of Strathearne. In military service, they were more attached to England than to Scotland, but, in their depredations on both countries, they appear to have been very impartial; for, in the year 1600, the gentlemen of Cumberland alleged to Lord Scroope, 'that the Graemes, and their clans, with their children, tenants, and servants, were the chiefest actors in the spoil and decay of the country.' Accordingly, they were, at that time, obliged to give a bond of surety for each other's peaceable demeanour; from which bond, their numbers appear to have exceeded four hundred men.—See Introduction to Nicolson's History of Cumberland, p. cviii.

"Richard Graeme, of the family of Netherbye, was one of the attendants upon Charles I., when prince of Wales, and accompanied him upon his romantic journey through France and Spain. The following little anecdote, which then occurred, will show, that the memory of the Graemes' border exploits was at that time still preserved.

"'They were now entered into the deep time of Lent, and could get no flesh in their inns. Whereupon fell out a pleasant passage, if I may insert it, by the way, among more serious. There was, near Bayonne, a herd of goats, with their young ones; upon the sight whereof, Sir Richard Graham tells the marquis (of Buckingham), that he would snap one of the kids, and make some shift to carry him snug to their lodging. Which the prince overhearing, "Why, Richard," says he, "do you think you may practise here your old tricks upon the borders?" Upon which words, they, in the first place, gave the goat-herd good contentment; and then, while the marquis and Richard, being both on foot, were chasing the kid about the stack, the prince, from horse-back, killed him in the head, with a Scottish pistol.—Which circumstance, though trifling, may yet serve to show how his Royal Highness, even in such slight and sportful damage, had a noble sense of just dealing.'—Sir H. Wotton's Life of the Duke of Buckingham.

"I find no traces of this particular Hughie Graeme, of the ballad; but, from the mention of the Bishop, I suspect he may have been one, of about four hundred borderers, against whom bills of complaint were exhibited to Robert Aldridge, lord bishop of Carlisle, about 1553, for divers incursions, burnings, murders, mutilations, and spoils, by them committed.—Nicolson's History, Introduction, lxxxi. There appear a number of Graemes, in the specimen which we have of that list of delinquents.

"There occur, in particular,

> 'Ritchie Graeme of Beille,
> Will's Jock Graeme,
> Fergue's Willie Graeme,
> Muckle Willie Graeme,
> Will Graeme of Roosetrees,
> Ritchie Graeme, younger, of Netherby,
> Wat Graeme, called Flaughtaff,
> Will Graeme, Nimble Willie,
> Will Grahame, Mickle Willie,'

with many others.

"In Mr Ritson's curious and valuable collection of legendary poetry, entitled Ancient Songs, he has published this Border ditty, from a collation of two old black-letter copies, one in the collection of the late John duke of Roxburghe, and another in the hands of John Bayne, Esq.—The learned editor mentions another copy, beginning, 'Good Lord John has a-hunting gone.' The present edition was procured for me by my friend Mr William Laidlaw, in Blackhouse, and has been long current in Selkirkshire. Mr Ritson's copy has occasionally been resorted to for better readings."—*Scott's Minstrelsy.*]

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie the Graeme,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broad sword by my side;
And if thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tryed."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Graeme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time."

"Then do your worst now, good Lord Scroope,
And deal your blows as hard as you can;
It shall be tried within an hour,
Which of us two is the better man."

But as they were dealing their blows so free,
And both so bloody at the time,
Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,
All for to take brave Hughie the Graeme.

Then they ha'e grippit Hughie the Graeme,
And brought him up through Carlisle town;
The lasses and lads stood on the walls,
Crying, "Hughie the Graeme, thou'se ne'er gae down!"

Then ha'e they chosen a jury of men,
The best that were in Carlisle* town;
And twelve of them cried out at once,
"Hughie the Graeme, thou must gae down!"

Then up bespak' him gude Lord Hume,†
As he sat by the judge's knee,—
"Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,
If you'll grant Hughie the Graeme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude lord Hume!
Forsooth and sae it maana be;
For were there but three Graemes of the name,
They suld be hanged a' for me."

'Twas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,
As she sat by the judge's knee,—
"A peck of white pennies, my gude lord judge,
If you'll grant Hughie the Graeme to me."

"O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume!
Forsooth and so it mustna be;
Were he but the one Graeme of the name,
He suld be hanged high for me."

"If I be guilty," said Hughie the Graeme,
"Of me my friends shall have small talk;"
And he has louped fifteen feet and three,
Tho' his hands they were tied behind his back.

He looked over his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most piteously.

"O hald your tongue, my father," he says,
"And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me fra' heaven hie.

"Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife,
The last time we came over the muir,
'Twas thou bereft me of my life,
And wi' the bishop thou play'd the whore.‡

"Here, Johnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,
That is made o' the metal sae fine;
And when thou comest to the English side,§
Remember the death of Hughie the Graeme."

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

[The following version of Hughie Graham, Burns transmitted to Johnson's Museum. He says he obtained it from oral tradition in Ayrshire. In this version it will be seen that Stirling, not Carlisle, is made the locality of the song.]

Our lords are to the mountains gane,
A-hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they ha'e grippit Hughie Graham
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they ha'e tied him hand and foot,
And led him up through Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, "Hughie Graham thou art a loun."

"O lowse my right hand free," he says,
"And put my braid sword in the same;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham."

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop's knee,
"Five hundred white stots I'll give you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free."

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* *Gerlard*—Ane. Songs. † *Boles*—Ane. Songs.

‡ Of the morality of Robert Aldrige, bishop of Carlisle, we know but little; but his political and religious faith were of a stretching and accommodating texture. Anthony a Wood observes, that there were many changes in his time, both in church and state; but that the worthy prelate retained his offices and preferments during them all.—*Scott.*

§ *Border*—Ane. Songs.

"O hand your tongue," the bishop says,
"And wi' your pleading let me be;
For though ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall dee."

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the bishop's knee;
"Five hundred white pence I'll gi'e you,
If ye'll gi'e Hughie Graham to me."

"O hand your tongue now lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be,
Although ten Grahams were in his coat,
Its for my honour he maun dee."

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He looked to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

At length he looked round about,
To see whatever he could spy;
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

"O hand your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping 's sairer on my heart,
Than a' that they can do to me.

"And ye may gi'e my brother John
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o' clock,
And see me pay the bishop's mare.

"And ye may gi'e my brother James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o' clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

"Remember me to Maggy my wife,
The neist time ye gang o'er the moor,
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

"And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did disgrace their blood;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak
To mak' it shorter by the hood."

The Laird of Lairistan,

OR THE

THREE CHAMPIONS OF LIDDISDALE

[From "The Mountain Bard," by James Hogg.—"The scene of this ballad," says the Shepherd, "is laid in the upper parts of Liddisdale, in which district the several residences of the three champions are situated, as is also the old castle of Hermitage, with the farm-houses of Saughbentree and Roughley. As to the authenticity of the story, all that I can say of it is, that I used to hear it told when I was a boy, by William Scott, a joiner of that country, and was much taken with some of the circumstances. Were I to relate it verbatim, it would only be anticipating a great share of the poem.—One verse is ancient, beginning, 'O was be to thee,' &c."]

"O Dickie, 'tis light, and the moon shines bright,
Will ye gang and watch the deer wi' me?"
"Ay, by my sooth, at the turn o' the night,
We'll drive the holm of the Saughentree."

The moon had turned the roof of heaven;
The ground lay deep in drifted snaw;
The Hermitage bell had rung eleven,
And our yeomen watched behind the ha'!

The deer was skight, and the snaw was light,
And never a blood-drap could they draw,
"Now by my sooth," cried Dickie then,
"There's something yonder will fear us a.'

"Right owre the knowe where Liddel lies,—
Nae wonder that it derkens my e'e,
See yonder's a thing of fearsome size,
And its moving this way hastilye.

"Say, what is you, my brother John?
The Lord preserve baith you and me!
But our hearts are the same, and sure our aim,
And he that comes near these bullets shall pris."

"O hand your tongue, my brother dear,
Let us survey't wi' steady e'e;
'Tis a dead man they are carrying here,
And 'tis fit that the family warned should be."

They ran to the ha', and they wakened them a',
But none were at home but maidens three;
Then close in the shade of the wall they staid,
To watch what the issue of this would be.

And there they saw a dismal sight,
A sight had nearly freezed their blood;
One lost her sight in the fair moon-light,
And one of them fainted where they stood.

Four stalwart men, on arms so bright,
Came bearing a corpse with many a wound;
His habit bespoke him a lord or knight:
And his fair ringlets swept the ground.

They heard one to another say—
"A place to leave him will not be found;
The door is locked, and the key away,
In the byre will we lay him down."

Then into the byre the corpse they bore,
And away they fled right speedilye;
The rest took shelter behind the door,
In wild amazement as well might be.

And into the byre no ane durst gang,
No, not for the lifs of his bodye;
But the blood on the snaw was trailed alang,
And they kend a' wasna as it should be.

Next morning all the dalesmen ran,
For soon the word was far and wide;
And there lay the Laird of Lairistan,
The bravest knight on the Border side!

He was wounded behind, and wounded before,
And cloven through the left cheek-bone;
And clad in the habit he daily wore;
But his sword, and his belt, and his bonnet were gone.

Then east and west the word has gane,
And soon to Branxholm ha' it flew,
That Elliot of Lairistan he was slain,
And how or why no living knew.

Buccleuch has mounted his milk-white steed,
With fifty knights in his company;
To Hermitage castle they rode with speed,
Where all the dale was summoned to be.

And soon they came, a numerous host,
And they swore and touched the fair bodye;
But Jocky o' Millburn he was lost,
And could not be found in the hale countrye.

"Now woe be to thee, Armstrong o' Millburn
And O an ill death may'st thou dee!
Thou hast put down brave Lairistan,
But his equal thou wilt never be.

"The Bewcastle men may ramp and rave,
And drive away the Liddisdale kye:
For now is our guardian laid in his grave,
And Branxholm and Thirlestane distant lye."

The dalesmen thus his loss deplore,
And every one his virtues tell:
His hounds lay howling at the door,
His hawks flew idle o'er the fell.

When three long years were come and gone,
Two shepherds sat on Roughley hill;
And aye they sighed and made their moan,
O'er the present times that looked so ill.

"Our young king lives at London town,
Buccleuch must bear him companye;
And Thirlestane's all to flinders gone,
And who shall our protector be?

"And jealous of the Stuart race,
The English lords begin to thraw;
The land is in a piteous case,
When subjects rise against the law.

"Our grief and ruin are foresspoke,
The nation has received a stain—
A stain like that on Sundup's cloak,
That never will wash out again."

Amazement kythed in the shepherd's face,
His mouth to open wide began;
He stared and looked from place to place,
As things across his mem'ry ran.

The broidered cloak of gaudy green,
Which Sundup wore, and was sae gay,
For three lang years had ne'er been seen,
At chapel, raid, nor holiday.

Once on a night he overheard,
From two old dames of southron land,
A tale the which he greatly feared,
But ne'er could th'roughly understand.

"Now tell me, neighbour, tell me true;
Your sim'lie bodes us little good;
I fear the cloak you mentioned now,—
I fear 'tis stained with noble blood!"

"Indeed, my friend, you've guessed aright;
I never meant to tell to man
That tale; but crimes will come to light,
Let human wits do what they can.

"But He, who ruleth wise and well,
Hath ordered from his seat on high,
That aye since valiant Elliot fell,
That mantle bears the purple dye.

"And all the waters in Liddisdale,
And all that lash the British shore,
Can ne'er wash out the wond'rous maule!
It still seems fresh with purple gore."

Then east and west the word is gane,
And soon to Branxholm ha' it flew;
And Halbert o' Sundup he was ta'en,
And brought before the proud Buccleuch.

The cloak was hung in open hall,
Where ladies and lords of high degree,
And many a one, both great and small,
Were struck with awe the same to see.

"Now tell me, Sundup," said Buccleuch,
"Is this the judgment of God on high?
If that be Elliot's blood we view,
False Sundup! thou shalt surely die!"

Then Halbert turned him where he stood,
And wiped the round tear frae his e'e;
"That blood, my lord, is Elliot's blood;
I winna keep in the truth frae thee."

"O ever-alack!" said good Buccleuch,
"If that be true thou tell'st to me,
On the highest tree in Branxholm-beuch,
Stout Sundup, thou must hangit be."

"'Tis Elliot's blood, my lord, 'tis true;
And Elliot's death was wrought by me;
And were the deed again to do,
I'd do't in spite of hell and thee.

"My sister, brave Jock Armstrong's bride,
The fairest flower of Liddisdale,
By Lairistan foully was betrayed,
And roundly has he payed the mail.

"We watched him in her secret bower,
And found her to his bosom prest:
He begged to have his broad claymore,
And dared us both to do our best.

"Perhaps, my lord, ye'll truly say,
In rage from laws of arms we swerved.
Though Lairistan got double play,
'Twas fairer play than he deserved.

"We might have killed him in the dark,
When in the lady's arms lay he;
We might have killed him in his sark,
Yet gave him room to fight or flee.

"'Come on then,' gallant Millburn cried,
'My single arm shall do the deed;
Or heavenly justice is denied,
Or that false heart of thine shall bleed.'

"Then to't they fell, both sharp and snell,
With steady hand and watchful een,
From both the trickling blood-drops fell,
And the words of death were said between.

"The first stroke Millburn to him gave,
He ript his bosom to the bone;
Though Armstrong was a yeoman brave,
Like Elliot living there was none.

"His growth was like the border oak;
His strength the bison's strength outvied;
His courage like the mountain rock;
For skill his man he never tried.

"Oft had we three on border fray,
Made chiefs and armies stand in awe;
And little weened to see the day
On other deadly thus to draw.

"The first wound that brave Millburn got,
The tear of rage rowed in his e'e;
The next stroke that brave Millburn got,
The blood ran dreeping to his knee.

"My sword I gripped into my hand,
And fast to his assistance ran;—
What could I do? I could not stand
And see the base deceiver win.

"'Now turn,' I cried, 'Thou limmer loun!
Turn round and change a blow with me,
Or by the righteous Powers aboon,
I'll hew the arm from thy bodye.'

"He turned with many a haughty word,
And lounged and passed most furiously;
But, with one slap of my broad sword,
I brought the traitor to his knee.

"'Now take thou that,' stout Armstrong cried,
'For all the pain thou'st gi'en to me;'
(Though then he shortly would have died)
And ran him through the fair bodye."

Buccleuch's stern look began to change,
To tine a warrior loth was he;
The crime was called a brave revenge,
And Halbert of Sundup was set free.

Then every man for Millburn mourned,
And wished him to enjoy his own;
But Millburn never more returned,
Till ten long years were come and gone.

Then loud alarms through England ring,
And deeds of death and dool began;
The commons rose against the king,
And friends to diff'rent parties ran.

The nobles join the royal train,
And soon his ranks with grandeur fill;
They sought their foes with might and main,
And found them lying on Edgehill.

The trumpets blew, the bullets flew,
And long and bloody was the fray;
At length o'erpowered, the rebel crew
Before the royal troops gave way.

"Who was the man," Lord Lindsey cried,
"That fought so well through all the fray?
Whose coat of rags, together tied,
Seems to have seen a better day.

"Such bravery in so poor array,
I never in my life did see;
His valour three times turned the day,
When we were on the point to flee."

Then up there spoke a man of note,
Who stood beside his majestye,
"My liege, the man's a Border Scot,
Who volunteered to fight for thee.

"He says you're kind, but counselled ill,
And sit unstable on your throne,
But had he power unto his will,
He swears he'd kill the dogs each one."

The king he smiled, and said aloud,
"Go bring the valiant Scot to me;
When we have all our foes subdued,
The lord of Liddel he shall be."

The king gave him his gay gold ring,
And made him there a belted knight.
But Millburn bled to save his king,
The king to save his royal right.

The Tweeddale Raide.

["THIS ballad," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "was written by my nephew, Robert Hogg, student in the College of Edinburgh, on purpose for insertion in the Edinburgh Annual Register. He brought it to me, and I went over it with him, and was so delighted with the humour of the piece, that I advised him to send it with his name. The editor, however, declined inserting it; and it is here published, word for word, as sent to him. A natural inclination to admire youthful efforts may make me judge partially; but, I think, if it is not a good imitation of the old Border ballad, I never saw one. The old castle of Hawkshaw was situated in a wild dell, a little to the westward of the farm-house of that name, which stands in the glen of Fruid in Tweedsmuir. It was built, and inhabited long, by the Porteouses, an ancient family of that district. A knight of the name of Sir Patrick Porteous of Hawkshaw was living in A. D. 1690. His eldest daughter Janet was married to Scott of Thirlstane. All the places mentioned are in the direct line from Hawkshaw to Tarras, a wild and romantic little river between the Ewes and Liddel. The names of the warriors inserted, are those of families proven to be residing in the district at the same period of time with Patrick Porteous. I cannot find that the ballad is founded on any fact or traditionary tale, save that Porteous once, having twenty English prisoners, of whom he was tired, took them out to the top of a hill called the Fala Moss, and caused his men fill them one by one with a maul, and fling them into a large hole for burial. Whilst they were busy with some of the hindmost, one of those previously filled started up from the pit and ran off. He was pursued for a long way, and at last, being hard pressed, he threw himself over a linn in Glen-Craigie, and killed himself. As the pit in which they were buried was in a moss, some of their bones were distinguishable by the shepherds, who digged for them, only a few years ago."]

Pate Porteous sat in Hawkshaw tower,
An' O right deaf an' dour was he;
Nae voice of joy was i' the ha',
Nae sound o' mirth or revelry.

His brow was hung wi' froward scowl,
His e'e was dark as dark could be;
An' aye he strade across the ha',
An' thus he spoke right boisterously:

"Yestreen, on Hawkshaw hills o' green,
My flocks in peace an' safety strayed;
To-day, nor ewe, nor steer, is seen
On a' my baronie sae braid:

"But I will won, an haud my ain,
Wi' ony wight on Border side;
Make ready then, my merry men a',
Make ready, swiftly we maun ride.

"Gae saddle me my coal-black steed,
Gae saddle me my bonnie gray,
An' warder, sound the rising note,
For we ha'e far to ride or day."

The slogan jar was heard afar,
An' soon owre hill, owre holt, an' brae,
His merry men came riding in,
All armed an' mounted for the fray.

As they flared oure the saddle-yoke,
The moon rase owre the Merk-side bree;
"Welcome, auld dame," Pate Porteous cried,
"Aft ha'e ye proved a friend to me.

"Gin thou keep on, but cloud or mist,
Until Glendarig steps we won,
I'll let you see as brave a chace
As ever down the Esk was run."

As they rode down by Rangeckuch ford,
They met Tam Bold o' Kirkhope town;
"Now whar gang ye, thou rank reaver,
Beneath the sae light o' the moon?"

"When ye were last at Hawkshaw ha',
Tam Bold, I had a stock right guid;
Now I ha'e neither cow nor ewe
On a' the bonnie braes o' Fruid."

"O ever alak!" quo' auld Tam Bold,
"Now, Pate, for thee my heart is wae;
I saw your flocks gang owre the muir
O' Wingate by the skreigh o' day.

"Pate, ye maun ride for Liddel side,
An' tarry at the Tarras lair;
Gin they get owre the Border line,
Your ewes an' kye you'll see nae mair."

As they rade owre by Sorbie-swire,
The day-light glimmered on the lea;
"O, lak-a-day! my bonnie gray,
I find ye plaittin' at the knee.

"Streek gin ye dow to Tarras flow,
On you depends your master's a',
An' ye's be fed wi' bread an' wine,
When ye gang hame to Hawkshaw ha'.

They spurred owre moss, owre muir an' fell,
Till mony a naig he swarf'd away;
At length they wan the Tarras moss,
An' lightit at the skreigh o' day.

The stots came rowtin' up the beat,
Tossin' their white horns to the sun;
"Now, by my sooth!" Pate Porteous cried,
"My owsen will be hard to won."

Up came the captain o' the gang,
I wat a stalwart lad was he;
"What lowns are ye," he bauldly cried,
"That dare to stop my kye an' me?"

"Light down, light down, thou fause Southron,
An' sey a skelp or twa wi' me,
For ye ha'e reaved my flocks an' kye,
An', by my sooth, reveng'd I'll be.

"It's ne'er be said a Tweeddale knight
Was tamely harried o' his gear,
That Pate o' Hawkshaw e'er was cowed,
Or braved by Southron arm in weir."

Then up an' spak' the English chief,
A dauntless blade I wat was he,
"Now wha are ye, ye saucy lown,
That speaks thus haughtilye to me?"

"My name it is Pate Porteous hight,
Light down an' try your hand wi' me,
For by my sooth, or thou shalt yield,
Or one of us this day shall die."

The Southron turned him round about,
An' lightly on the ground lap he;
"I rede thee, Scot, thou meet'st thy death
If thou dar'st cross a sword wi' me;

"Have ye ne'er heard i' reifs or raids,
O' Ringan's Rab o' Thorlberrye?
If ye ha'e not, ye ha'e excuse
For cracking here sae crabbedlye.

"But I can tell thee, muirland Pate,
Wi' hingin' mous' an' blirtit e'e,
Ye'll tell your wife an' bairns at hame,
How Ringan's Robin yerkit thee."

Pate Porteous was a buirdly wight,
An arm o' strength an' might had he,
He brooked nae fear, but made his bragg
In deeds o' desperate devilrye.

"Have done," he cried, "Thou stalwart loun,
Thou Southron thief o' gallows fame,
I only ken that I am wranged,
An' thou shalt answer for the same."

They tied their horses to the birk,
An' drew their swords o' mettle keen;
But sic a fray, as chanced that day,
On Border-side was never seen.

Pate Porteous was the first as man
That shawed the red blude to the e'e,
Out o' the Southron's brawny thigh
He carved a slice right dextrouslye.

"Now tak' thou that, fause Ringan's Rab,
An' muckle good may't do to thee,
'Twill learn ye how to slice the hams
O' my guid kye at Thorlberrye."

"It's but a scart," quo' Ringan's Rab,
"The stang o' a wasp is waur to bide
But, or that we twa part again,
I'll pay it on thy ain backside."

"Now, fy lay on!" quo' Hawkshaw Pate,
"Now, fy lay on, an' dinna spare,
If frae a Southron e'er I flinch,
I'm never wield a weapon mair."

They fought it lang, they fought it sair,
But scarcely doubtfu' was the day,
When Southrons round their captain closed,
An' shouted for the gen'ral fray.

Clash went the swords along the van;
It was a gallant sight to see:
"Lay on them, lads," cried Hawkshaw Pate,
"Or, faith, we'll sup but sparinglye."

"Now, fy lay on!" quo' Ringan's Rab,
"Lay on them, lads o' English blude
The Scottish brand i' dalesmen's hand
'Gainst Southland weapon never stude."

"Lay on them, lads," cried Hawkshaw Pate
"Our horses lack baith hay an' corn;
An' we maun a' ha'e English naigs
Out owre the Penraw Cross the morn."

The Tweedies gart their noddles crack,
Like auld pot-metal, yank for yank;
Montgomery, wi' his spearmen guid,
He bored them trimly i' the flank.

An' Sandy Welsh, he fought an' swore,
An' swore an' fought fu' desperately;
But Jockie o' Talla got a skelp
That clave him to the left e'e-bree.

The Murrays fought like dalesmen true,
An' stude i' reid blude owre the shoon;
The Johnstons, an' the Frasers too,
Made doughty wark or a' was done.

The Tods an' Kerrs gaed hand an' glove,
An' bathed i' blude their weapons true;
An' Jamie o' Carterhope was there,
An' Harstane stout, an' young Badlewe.

Brave Norman Hunter o' Polmood,
He stood upon the knowe sae hie,
An', wi' his braid-bow in his hand,
He blindit mony a Southron e'e.

The blude ran down the Tarras bank,
An' reddened a' the Tarras burn;
"Now, by my sooth," said Hawkshaw Pate,
I never stood sae hard a turn.

"I never saw the Southrons stand
An' brave the braidsword half so weel."
"Deil tak' the dogs!" cried Sandy Welsh,
"I trow their hides are made o' steel.

"My sword is worn unto the back,
An' jagged and nickit like a thorn,
It ne'er will ser' another turn,
But sawin' through an auld toop-horn."

They beat them up the Tarras bank,
An' down the back o' Birkhope brae;
Had it not been the Tarras flow,
Nae Englishman had 'scaped that day.

There were three an thirty Englishmen
  Lay gasping on the Tarras moss,
An' three and thirty mae were ta'en,
  An' led out owre the Penraw Cross.

The Tweeddale lads gat horse an' kye,
  An' ransom gowd, an' gear their fill,
An' aye sin' syne they bless the day
  They fought sae weel on Tarras hill.

Pate Porteous drave his ewes an' kye
  Back to their native hills again;
He hadna lost a man but four,
  An' Jockie o' Talla he was ane.

Stout Ringan's Rab gat hame wi' life,
  O he was yetherit an' yerkit sair;
But he came owre the Penraw Cross
  To herry Tweeddale glens nae mair.

BALLADS CONNECTED WITH FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

ON THE FAIRIES

OF

POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

[From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.]

"Of airy elves, by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green."—Pope.

In a work, avowedly dedicated to the preservation of the poetry and traditions of the "olden time," it would be unpardonable to omit this opportunity of making some observations upon so interesting an article of the popular creed, as that concerning the Elves, or Fairies. The general idea of spirits, of a limited power, and subordinate nature, dwelling among the woods and mountains, is, perhaps, common to all nations. But the intermixture of tribes, of languages, and religion, which has occurred in Europe, renders it difficult to trace the origin of the names which have been bestowed upon such spirits, and the primary ideas which were entertained concerning their manners and habits.

The word *alf*, which seems to have been the original name of the beings, afterwards denominated fairies, is of Gothic origin, and probably signified, simply, a spirit of a lower order. Thus, the Saxons had not only *dun-elfen*, *berg-elfen*, and *munt-elfen*, spirits of the downs, hills, and mountains; but also *feld-elfen*, *wudu-elfen*, *see-elfen*, and *water-elfen*; spirits of the fields, of the woods, of the sea, and of the waters. In Low German, the same latitude of expression occurs; for night hags are termed *alwisnen* and *alven*, which is sometimes Latinized *alvus*. But the prototype of the English *elf* is to be sought chiefly in the *berg-elfen*, or *duergar*, of the Scandinavians. From the most early of the Icelandic Sagas, as well as from the Edda itself, we learn the belief of the northern nations in a race of dwarfish spirits, inhabiting the rocky mountains, and approaching, in some respects, to the human nature. Their attributes, amongst which we recognise the features of the modern Fairy, were, supernatural wisdom and prescience, and skill in the mechanical arts, especially in the fabrication of arms. They are farther described, as capricious, vindictive, and easily irritated. The story of the elfin sword, *Tyrfing*, may be the most pleasing illustration of this position. Saafurlami, a Scandinavian monarch, returning from hunting, bewildered himself among the mountains. About sun-set he beheld a large rock, and two dwarfs sitting before the mouth of a cavern. The king drew his sword, and intercepted their retreat, by springing betwixt them and their recess, and imposed upon them the following condition of safety:—that they should make for him a falchion, with a baldric and scabbard of pure gold,

and a blade which should divide stones and iron as a garment, and which should render the wielder ever victorious in battle. The elves complied with the requisition, and Saafurlami pursued his way home. Returning at the time appointed, the dwarfs delivered to him the famous sword *Tyrfing*; then, standing in the entrance of the cavern, spoke thus:—"This sword, O king, shall destroy a man every time it is brandished; but it shall perform three atrocious deeds, and it shall be thy bane." The king rushed forward with the charmed sword, and buried both its edges in the rock; but the dwarfs escaped into their recesses.* This enchanted sword emitted rays like the sun, dazzling all against whom it was brandished; it divided steel like water, and was never unsheathed without slaying a man.—*Hervarar Saga*, p. 3. Similar to this was the enchanted sword, *Skofnung*, which was taken by a pirate out of the tomb of a Norwegian monarch. Many such tales are narrated in the Sagas; but the most distinct account of the *dverger*, or elves, and their attributes, is to be found in a preface of Torfæus to the history of Hrolf Kraka, who cites a dissertation by Einar Gudmund, a learned native of Iceland. "I am firmly of opinion," says the Icelander, "that these beings are creatures of God, consisting, like human beings, of a body and rational soul; that they are of different sexes, and capable of producing children, and subject to all human affections, as sleeping and waking, laughing and crying, poverty and wealth; and that they possess cattle, and other effects, and are obnoxious to death, like other mortals." He proceeds to state, that the females of this race are capable of procreating with mankind; and gives an account of one who bore a child to an inhabitant of Iceland, for whom she claimed the privilege of baptism; depositing the infant, for that purpose, at the gate of the church-yard, together with a goblet of gold, as an offering.—*Historia Hrolfi Kraka*, a TORFÆO.

Similar to the traditions of the Icelanders, are those current among the Laplanders of Finland, concerning a subterranean people, gifted with supernatural qualities, and inhabiting the recesses of the earth. Resembling men in their general appearance, the manner of their existence and their habits of life, they far excel the miserable Laplanders in perfection of nature, felicity of situation, and skill in mechanical arts. From all these advantages, however, after the partial conversion of the Laplanders, the subterranean people have derived no farther credit, than to be confounded with the devils and magicians of the dark ages of Christianity; a degradation which, as will shortly be demonstrated, has been also suffered by the harmless fairies of Albion, and indeed by the whole host of deities of learned Greece and mighty Rome. The ancient opinions are yet so firmly rooted, that the Laps of Finland, at this day, boast of an intercourse with these beings, in banquets, dances, and magical ceremonies, and even in the more intimate commerce of gallantry. They talk, with triumph, of the feasts which they have shared in the elfin caverns, where wine and tobacco, the productions of the Fairy region, went round in abundance, and whence the mortal guest, after receiving the kindest treatment, and the most salutary counsel, has been conducted to his tent under an escort of his supernatural entertainers.—*Jessens, de Lapponiis.*

The superstitions of the islands of Feroe, com-

* Perhaps in this, and similar tales, we may recognize something of real history. That the Fins, or ancient natives of Scandinavia, were driven into the mountains, by the invasion of Odin and his Asiatics, is sufficiently probable; and there is reason to believe, that the aboriginal inhabitants understood, better than the intruders, how to manufacture the produce of their own mines. It is therefore possible, that, in process of time, the oppressed Fins may have been transformed into the supernatural *dverger*. A similar transformation has taken place among the vulgar in Scotland, regarding the Picts, or Pechs, to whom they ascribe various supernatural attributes.

corning their *Fruddenskumen*, or under-ground people, are derived from the *duergar* of Scandinavia. These beings are supposed to inhabit the interior recesses of mountains, which they enter by invisible passages. Like the Fairies, they are supposed to steal human beings. "It happened," says Debes, p. 354, "a good while since, when the burghers of Bergen had the commerce of Faroe, that there was a man in Servaade, called Jonas Seideman, who was kept by spirits in a mountain, during the space of seven years, and at length came out; but lived afterwards in great distress and fear, lest they should again take him away; wherefore people were obliged to watch him in the night." The same author mentions another young man who had been carried away, and, after his return, was removed a second time upon the eve of his marriage. He returned in a short time, and narrated, that the spirit that had carried him away was in the shape of a most beautiful woman, who pressed him to forsake his bride, and remain with her; urging her own superior beauty, and splendid appearance. He added, that he saw the men who were employed to search for him, and heard them call; but that they could not see him, nor could he answer them, till, upon his determined refusal to listen to the spirit's persuasions, the spell ceased to operate. The kidney-shaped West Indian bean, which is sometimes driven upon the shore of the Faroes, is termed, by the natives, "the Fairie's kidney."

In these traditions of the Gothic and Finnish tribes, we may recognise, with certainty, the rudiments of elfin superstition; but we must look to various other causes for the modifications which it has undergone. These are to be sought, 1st, in the traditions of the east; 2d, in the wreck and confusion of the Gothic mythology; 3d, in the tales of chivalry; 4th, in the fables of classical antiquity; 5th, in the influence of the Christian religion; 6th, and finally, in the creative imagination of the sixteenth century. It may be proper to notice the effect of these various causes, before stating the popular belief of our own time, regarding the Fairies.

I. To the traditions of the east, the Fairies of Britain owe, I think, little more than the appellation, by which they have been distinguished since the days of the crusade. The term "Fairy," occurs not only in Chaucer, and in yet older English authors, but also, and more frequently, in the romance language; from which they seem to have adopted it. Ducange cites the following passage from Gul. Guiart, in Historia Francica, MS.

> Plusiers parlent de Guenart,
> De Lou, de L'Asne, de Renart,
> De Faeries et de Songes,
> De phantosmes et de mensonges.

The *Lay le Frein*, enumerating the subjects of the Breton Lays, informs us expressly,

> Many ther beth of faery.

By some etymologists of that learned class, who not only know whence words come, but also whither they are going, the term *Fairy*, or *Faerie*, is derived from *Fae*, which is again derived from *Nympha*. It is more probable the term is of oriental origin, and is derived from the Persic, through the medium of the Arabic. In Persic, the term *Peri* expresses a species of imaginary being which resembles the Fairy in some of its qualities, and is one of the fairest creatures of romantic fancy. This superstition must have been known to the Arabs, among whom the Persian tales, or romances, even as early as the time of Mahomet, were so popular, that it required the most terrible denunciations of that legislator to proscribe them. Now, in the enunciation of the Arabs, the term *Peri* would sound *Fairy*, the letter *p* not occurring in the alphabet of that nation; and, as the chief intercourse of the early crusaders was with the Arabs, or Saracens, it is probable they would adopt the term according to their pronunciation. Neither will it be considered as an objection to this opinion, that in Hesychius, the Ionian term *Pheresa*, or *Pheres*, denotes the satyrs of classical antiquity,

if the number of words of oriental origin in that lexicographer be recollected. Of the Persian Peris, Ouseley, in his "Persian Miscellanies," has described some characteristic traits, with all the luxuriance of a fancy impregnated with the oriental association of ideas. However vaguely their nature and appearance is described, they are uniformly represented as gentle, amiable females, to whose character beneficence and beauty are essential. None of them are mischievous or malignant: none of them are deformed or diminutive, like the Gothic fairy. Though they correspond in beauty with our ideas of angels, their employments are dissimilar; and, as they have no place in heaven, their abode is different. Neither do they resemble those intelligences, whom, on account of their wisdom, the Platonists denominated Dæmons; nor do they correspond either to the guardian Genii of the Romans, or the celestial virgins of paradise, whom the Arabs denominate Houri. But the Peris hover in the balmy clouds, live in the colours of the rainbow, and, as the exquisite purity of their nature rejects all nourishment grosser than the odours of flowers, they subsist by inhaling the fragrance of the jessamine and rose. Though their existence is not commensurate with the bounds of human life, they are not exempted from the common fate of mortals. —With the Peris, in Persian mythology, are contrasted the Dives, a race of beings, who differ from them in sex, appearance, and disposition. These are represented as of the male sex, cruel, wicked, and of the most hideous aspect; or, as they are described by Mr Finch, "with ugly shapes, long horns, staring eyes, shaggy hair, great fangs, ugly paws, long tails, with such horrible diffformity and deformity, that I wonder the poor women are not frightened therewith." Though they live very long, their lives are limited, and they are obnoxious to the blows of a human foe. From the malignancy of their nature, they not only wage war with mankind, but persecute the Peris with unremitting ferocity. Such are the brilliant and fanciful colours with which the imaginations of the Persian poets have depicted the charming race of the Peris; and, if we consider the romantic gallantry of the knights of chivalry, and of the crusaders, it will not appear improbable, that their charms might occasionally fascinate the fervid imagination of an amorous troubadour. But, further; the intercourse of France and Italy with the Moors of Spain, and the prevalence of the Arabic, as the language of science in the dark ages, facilitated the introduction of their mythology amongst the nations of the west. Hence, the romances of France, of Spain, and of Italy, unite in describing the Fairy as an inferior spirit, in a beautiful female form, possessing many of the amiable qualities of the eastern Peri. Nay, it seems sufficiently clear, that the romancers borrowed from the Arabs, not merely the general idea concerning those spirits, but even the names of individuals amongst them. The Peri *Morgian Banou*, (see Herbelot, ap. Peri,) celebrated in the ancient Persian poetry, figures in the European romances, under the various names of *Mourgue La Faye*, sister to *King Arthur*; *Urgande La Deconnue*, protectress of *Amadis de Gaul*; and the *Fata Morgana* of Boiardo and Ariosto. The description of these nymphs, by the troubadours and minstrels, is in no respect inferior to those of the Peris. In the tale of *Sir Launfal*, in Way's *Fabliaux*, as well as in that of *Sir Gruelan*, in the same interesting collection, the reader will find the fairy of Normandy, or Bretagne, adorned with all the splendour of eastern description. The fairy *Melusina*, also, who married Guy de Lusignan, count of Poictou, under condition that he should never attempt to intrude upon her privacy, was of this latter class. She bore the count many children, and erected for him a magnificent castle by her magical art. Their harmony was uninterrupted, until the prying husband broke the conditions of their union, by concealing himself, to behold his wife make use of her enchanted bath. Hardly had *Melusina* discovered the indiscreet intruder,

than, transforming herself into a dragon, she departed with a loud yell of lamentation, and was never again visible to mortal eyes; although, even in the days of Brantome, she was supposed to be the protectress of her descendants, and was heard wailing, as she sailed upon the blast round the turrets of the castle of Lusignan, the night before it was demolished. For the full story, the reader may consult the *Bibliotheque des Romans.*" —Gervase of Tilbury (pp. 895 and 969,) assures us, that, in his days, the lovers of the Fadin, or Fairies, were numerous; and describes the rules of their intercourse with as much accuracy, as if he had himself been engaged in such an affair. Sir David Lindsay also informs us, that a leopard is the proper armorial bearing of those who spring from such intercourse, because that beast is generated by adultery of the pard and lioness. He adds, that Merlin, the prophet, was the first who adopted this cognisance, because he was "borne of faerie in adultre, and right sua the first duk of Guyenne was born of a *fee*; and, therefoir, the arms of Guyenne are a leopard."—*MS. on Heraldry, Advocates' Library*, w. 4. 13. While, however, the Fairy of warmer climes was thus held up as an object of desire and of affection, those of Britain, and more especially those of Scotland, were far from being so fortunate: but, retaining the unamiable qualities, and diminutive size of the Gothic elves, they only exchanged that term for the more popular appellation of Fairies.

II. Indeed so singularly unlucky were the British Fairies, that, as has already been hinted, amid the wreck of the Gothic mythology, consequent upon the introduction of Christianity, they seem to have preserved, with difficulty, their own distinct characteristics, while, at the same time, they engrossed the mischievous attributes of several other classes of subordinate spirits, acknowledged by the nations of the north. The abstraction of children, for example, the well-known practice of the modern Fairy, seems, by the ancient Gothic nations, to have rather been ascribed to a species of night-mare, or hag, than to the *berg-ælfin*, or *duergar*. In the ancient legend of *St Margaret*, of which there is a Saxo-Norman copy in *Hickes' Thesaurus Linguar. Septen.* and one, more modern, in the Auchinleck MSS., that lady encounters a fiend, whose profession it was, among other malicious tricks, to injure new-born children and their mothers; a practice afterwards imputed to the Fairies. Gervase of Tilbury, in the *Otia Imperialia*, mentions certain hags, or *Lamiæ*, who entered into houses in the night-time, to oppress the inhabitants, while asleep, injure their persons and property, and carry off their children. He likewise mentions the *Dracæ*, a sort of water spirits, who inveigle women and children into the recesses which they inhabit, beneath lakes and rivers, by floating past them, on the surface of the water, in the shape of gold rings, or cups. The women, thus seized, are employed as nurses, and, after seven years, are permitted to revisit earth. Gervase mentions one woman, in particular, who had been allured by observing a wooden dish, or cup, float by her, while washing clothes in a river. Being seized as soon as she reached the depths, she was conducted into one of these subterranean

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* Upon this, or some similar tradition, was founded the notion, which the inveteracy of national prejudice so easily diffused in Scotland, that the ancestor of the English monarchs, Geoffrey Plantagenet, had actually married a dæmon. Bowmaker, in order to explain the cruelty and ambition of Edward I., dedicates a chapter to show "how the kings of England are descended from the devil, by the mother's side." —*Fordun, Chron.* lib. 9, cap. 6. The lord of a certain castle, called Esperwel, was unfortunate enough to have a wife of the same class. Having observed, for several years, that she always left the chapel before the mass was concluded, the baron, in a fit of obstinacy or curiosity, ordered his guard to detain her by force; of which the consequence was, that, unable to support the elevation of the host, she retreated through the air, carrying with her one side of the chapel, and several of the congregation.

recesses, which she described as very magnificent, and employed as nurse to one of the brood of the hag who had allured her. During her residence in this capacity, having accidentally touched one of her eyes with an ointment of serpent's grease, she perceived, at her return to the world, that she had acquired the faculty of seeing the *dracs*, when they intermingle themselves with men. Of this power she was, however, deprived by the touch of her ghostly mistress, whom she had one day incautiously addressed. It is a curious fact, that this story, in almost all its parts, is current in both the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, with no other variation than the substitution of Fairies for *dracs*, and the cavern of a hill for that of a river.* These water fiends are thus characterized by Heywood, in the *Hierarchie*—

"Spirits, that have o'er water government,
Are to mankind alike malevolent;
They trouble seas, floods, rivers, brooks, and wels,
Meres, lakes, and love to exhabit watry cells;
Hence noisome and pestiferous vapours raise;
Besides, they men encounter divers ways.
At wrecks some present are; another sort,
Ready to wrench their joints that swim for sport:
One kind of them, the Italians fatas name,
Per the French, ondyhals, and the same,
Others white nymphs, and these that have them seen,
Night-hags seems, of which Habundia queen.
Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, p. 507.

The following Frisian superstition, related by Schott, in his "Physica Curiosa," p 368, on the authority of Cornelius a Kempen, coincides more accurately with the popular opinions concerning the Fairies, than even the *dracs* of Gervase, or the water-spirits of Thomas Heywood.—"In the time of the emperor Lotharius, in 830," says he, "many spectres infested Friesland, particularly the white nymphs of the ancients, which the moderns denominate *witte wiven*, who inhabited a subterraneous cavern, formed in a wonderful manner, without human art, on the top of a lofty mountain. These were accustomed to surprise benighted travellers, shepherds watching their herds and flocks, and women newly delivered, with their children; and convey them into their caverns, from which subterranean murmurs, the cries of children, the groans and lamentations of men, and sometimes imperfect words, and all kinds of musical sounds, were heard to proceed." The same superstition is detailed by Bekker, in his "World Bewitch'd," p. 196, of the English translation. As the different classes of spirits were gradually confounded, the abstraction of children seems to have been chiefly ascribed to the elves, or Fairies; yet not so entirely as to exclude hags and witches from the occasional exertion of their ancient privilege. In Germany, the same confusion of classes has not taken place. In the beautiful ballads of the "Erl King," the "Water King," and the "Mer-Maid," we still recognise the ancient traditions of the Goths, concerning the *wald-elven*, and the *dracs*.

A similar superstition, concerning abstraction by demons, seems, in the time of Gervase of Tilbury, to have pervaded the greatest part of Europe. "In Catalonia," says the author, "there is a lofty mountain, named Cavagum, at the foot of which runs a river with golden sands, in the

* Indeed, many of the vulgar account it extremely dangerous to touch any thing, which they may happen to find, without *asaing* (blessing) it, the snares of the enemy being notorious and well attested. A poor woman of Tiviotdale, having been fortunate enough, as she thought herself, to find a wooden beetle, at the very time when she needed such an implement, seized it without pronouncing the proper blessing, and, carrying it home, laid it above her bed, to be ready for employment in the morning. At midnight, the window of her cottage opened, and a loud voice was heard, calling upon some one within, by a strange and uncouth name, which I have forgotten. The terrified cottager ejaculated a prayer, which, we may suppose, insured her personal safety; while the enchanted implement of housewifery, tumbling from the bedstead, departed by the window with no small noise and precipitation. In a humorous fugitive tract, the late Dr Johnson is introduced as disputing the authenticity of an apparition, merely because the spirit assumed the shape of a tea-pot, and of a shoulder of mutton. No doubt, a case so much in point, as that we have now quoted, would have removed his incredulity.

vicinity of which there are likewise mines of silver. This mountain is steep, and almost inaccessible. On its top, which is always covered with ice and snow, is a black and bottomless lake, into which if a stone be thrown, a tempest suddenly rises: and near this lake, though invisible to men, is the porch of the palace of dæmons. In a town adjacent to this mountain, named Junchera, lived one Peter de Cabinam. "Being one day teased with the fretfulness of his young daughter, he, in his impatience, suddenly wished that the devil might take her; when she was immediately borne away by the spirits. About seven years afterwards, an inhabitant of the same city, passing by the mountain, met a man, who complained bitterly of the burthen he was constantly forced to bear. Upon inquiring the cause of his complaining, as he did not seem to carry any load, the man related, that he had been unwarily devoted to the spirits by an execration, and that they now employed him constantly as a vehicle of burthen. As a proof of his assertion, he added, that the daughter of his fellow-citizen was detained by the spirits, but that they were willing to restore her, if her father would come and demand her on the mountain. Peter de Cabinam, on being informed of this, ascended the mountain to the lake, and, in the name of God, demanded his daughter; when a tall, thin, withered figure, with wandering eyes, and almost bereft of understanding, was wafted to him in a blast of wind. After some time, the person, who had been employed as the vehicle of the spirits, also returned, when he related where the palace of the spirits was situated; but added, that none were permitted to enter but those who devoted themselves entirely to the spirits; those, who had been rashly committed to the devil by others, being only permitted, during their probation, to enter the porch." It may be proper to observe, that the superstitious idea, concerning the lake on the top of the mountain, is common to almost every high hill in Scotland. Wells, or pits, on the top of high hills, were likewise supposed to lead to the subterranean habitations of the Fairies. Thus Gervase relates, (p. 975,) "that he was informed the swine-herd of William Peverell, an English baron, having lost a brood-sow, descended through a deep abyss, in the middle of an ancient ruinous castle, situated on the top of a hill, called Bech, in search of it. Though a violent wind commonly issued from this pit, he found it calm; and pursued his way, till he arrived at a subterraneous region, pleasant and cultivated, with reapers cutting down corn, though the snow remained on the surface of the ground above. Among the ears of corn he discovered his sow, and was permitted to ascend with her, and the pigs which she had farrowed." Though the author seems to think that the inhabitants of this cave might be antipodes, yet, as many such stories are related of the Fairies, it is probable that this narration is of the same kind. Of a similar nature seems to be another superstition, mentioned by the same author, concerning the ringing of invisible bells, at the hour of one, in a field in the vicinity of Carleol, which, as he relates, was denominated *Laikibraine*, or *Lai ki braii*. From all these tales, we may perhaps be justified in supposing, that the faculties and habits ascribed to the Fairies, by the superstition of latter days, comprehend several, originally attributed to other classes of inferior spirits.

III. The notions, arising from the spirit of chivalry, combined to add to the Fairies certain qualities, less atrocious indeed, but equally formidable, with those which they derived from the last-mentioned source, and alike inconsistent with the powers of the *duergar*, whom we may term their primitive prototype. From an early period, the daring temper of the northern tribes urged them to defy even the supernatural powers. In the days of Cæsar, the Suevi were described, by their countrymen, as a people with whom the immortal gods dared not venture to contend. At a later period, the historians of Scandinavia paint their heroes and champions, not as bending at the altar of their deities, but wandering

into remote forests and caverns, descending into the recesses of the tomb, and extorting boons, alike from gods and dæmons, by dint of the sword and battle-axe. I will not detain the reader by quoting instances in which heaven is thus described as having been literally attempted by storm. He may consult Saxo, Olaus Wormius, Olaus Magnus, Torfæus, Bartholin, and other northern antiquaries. With such ideas of superior beings, the Normans, Saxons, and other Gothic tribes, brought their ardent courage to ferment yet more highly in the genial climes of the south, and under the blaze of romantic chivalry. Hence, during the dark ages, the invisible world was modelled after the material; and the saints, to the protection of whom the knights-errant were accustomed to recommend themselves, were accoutred like *preux chevaliers*, by the ardent imaginations of their votaries. With such ideas concerning the inhabitants of the celestial regions, we ought not to be surprised to find the inferior spirits, of a more dubious nature and origin, equipped in the same disguise. Gervase of Tilbury (*Otia Imperial. ap. Script. rer. Brunsvic*, vol. i. p. 797,) relates the following popular story concerning a Fairy Knight. "Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandelbury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moon-light, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprang up, and, darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood. Gervase adds, that as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit." * Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, travelling by night with a single companion, came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion who advanced from the ranks, apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and, returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpse of the knight and steed.—*Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*, p. 554.

To the same current of warlike ideas, we may safely attribute the long train of military pro-

* The unfortunate Chatterton was not, probably, acquainted with Gervase of Tilbury; yet he seems to allude, in the "Battle of Hastings," to some modification of Sir Osbert's adventure:—

> So who they be that oughast fairies strike,
> Their souls shall wander to king Offa's dike.

The entrenchment, which served as lists for the combatants, is said by Gervase to have been the work of the Pagan invaders of Britain. In the metrical romance of "Arthour and Merlin," we have also an account of Wandlesbury being occupied by the Sarasins, *i. e.* the Saxons; for all pagans were Saracens with the romancers. I presume the place to have been Wodnesbury, in Wiltshire, situated on the remarkable mound, called Wandsdike, which is obviously a Saxon work.—*Gough's Camden's Britannia*, pp. 87—95.

occasions which the Fairies are supposed occasionally to exhibit. The elves, indeed, seem in this point to be identified with the aerial host, termed, during the middle ages, the *Militia Herlikini*, or *Herlewini*, celebrated by Pet. Blesensis, and termed, in the life of St Thomas of Canterbury, the *Familia Hellequinii*. The chief of this band was originally a gallant knight and warrior; but, having spent his whole possessions in the service of the emperor, and being rewarded with scorn, and abandoned to subordinate oppression, he became desperate, and, with his sons and followers, formed a band of robbers. After committing many ravages, and defeating all the forces sent against him, Hellequin, with his whole troop, fell in a bloody engagement with the Imperial host. His former good life was supposed to save him from utter reprobation; but he and his followers were condemned after death, to a state of wandering, which should endure till the last day. Retaining their military habits, they were usually seen in the act of justing together, or in similar warlike employments. See the ancient French Romance of *Richard sans Peur*. Similar to this was the *Nacht Lager*, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague,

"With ghastly faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

but which disappeared upon recitation of the magical words, *Vaeale, Vaeale, ho! ho! ho!*—For similar delusions, see *Delrius*, pp. 294, 295.

The martial spirit of our ancestors led them to defy these aerial warriors; and it is still currently believed, that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking cup, or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. Such a horn is said to have been presented to Henry I., by a lord of Colchester.—*Gervas. Tilb.* p. 980. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Edenhall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at a banquet of the elves, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave; or, as others say, by one of their domestics, in the manner above described. The Fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall

The goblet took a name from the prophecy, under which it is mentioned in the burlesque ballad, commonly attributed to the duke of Wharton, but in reality composed by Lloyd, one of his jovial companions. The duke, after taking a draught, had nearly terminated the "luck of Edenhall," had not the butler caught the cup in a napkin, as it dropped from his grace's hands. I understand it is not now subjected to such risques, but the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom.

God preserve long from being broke,
The luck of Edenhall.—Parody on Chevy Chace.

Some faint traces yet remain, on the borders, of a conflict of a mysterious and terrible nature, between mortals and the spirits of the wilds. The superstition is incidentally alluded to by Jackson, at the beginning of the 17th century. The fern seed, which is supposed to become visible only on St John's Eve,* and at the very moment when the Baptist was born, is held by the vulgar to be under the special protection of the queen of Faery. But, as the seed was supposed to have the quality of rendering the pos-

* Ne'er be I found by thee unawed,
On that thrice hallowed eve abroad,
When goblins haunt, from fire and fen,
And wood and lake, the steps of men.
Collins's Ode to Fear.

The whole history of St John the Baptist was, by our ancestors, accounted mysterious, and connected with their own superstitions. The fairy queen was sometimes identified with Herodias. —*Delrii Disquisitiones Magicæ*, pp. 168, 807. It is amusing to observe with what gravity the learned Jesuit contends, that it is heresy to believe that this celebrated figurante (*saltatricula*) still leads choral dances upon earth!

sessor invisible at pleasure,* and to be also of sovereign use in charms and incantations, persons of courage, addicted to these mysterious arts, were wont to watch in solitude, to gather it at the moment when it should become visible. The particular charms, by which they fenced themselves during this vigil, are now unknown; but it was reckoned a feat of no small danger, as the person undertaking it was exposed to the most dreadful assaults from spirits, who dreaded the effect of this powerful herb in the hands of a cabalist. "Much discourse," says Richard Bovet, "hath been about gathering of fern-seed, (which is looked upon as a magical herb) on the night of Midsummer-eve; and I remember I was told of one who went to gather it, and the spirits whisk't by his ears like bullets, and sometimes struck his hat, and other parts of his body: in fine, though he apprehended he had gotten a quantity of it, and secured it in papers, and a box besides, when he came home he found all empty. But, most probable, this appointing of times and hours is of the devil's own institution, as well as the fast, that, having once enamared people to an obedience to his rules, he may with more facility oblige them to a stricter vassalage."—*Pandæmonium*, Lond. 1684, p. 217. Such were the shades, which the original superstition, concerning the Fairies, received from the chivalrous sentiments of the middle ages.

IV. An absurd belief in the fables of classical antiquity lent an additional feature to the character of the woodland spirits of whom we treat. Greece and Rome had not only assigned tutelary deities to each province and city, but had peopled, with peculiar spirits, the seas, the rivers, the woods, and the mountains. The memory of the pagan creed was not speedily eradicated, in the extensive provinces through which it was once universally received; and, in many particulars, it continued long to mingle with, and influence, the original superstitions of the Gothic nations. Hence, we find the elves occasionally arrayed in the costume of Greece and Rome, and the Fairy Queen and her attendants transformed into Diana and her nymphs, and invested with their attributes and appropriate insignia.—*Dalrias*, pp. 168, 307. According to the same author, the Fairy Queen was also called *Habundia*. Like Diana, who, in one capacity, was denominated *Hecate*, the goddess of enchantment, the Fairy Queen is identified, in popular tradition, with the *Gyre-Carline*, *Gay-Carline*, or mother witch, of the Scottish peasantry. Of this personage, as an individual, we have but few notices. She is sometimes termed *Nicneven*, and is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, by Lindsay in his *Drame*, p. 235, edit. 1590, and in his *Interludes*, apud *Pinkerton's Scottish Poems*, vol. ii. p. 18. But the traditionary accounts regarding her are too obscure to admit of explanation. In the burlesque fragment subjoined, which is copied from the Bannatyne MS., the Gyre Carline is termed the *Queen of Jewis* (Jovis, or perhaps Jews,) and is, with great consistency, married to Mohammed.†

But chiefly in Italy were traced many dim

* This is alluded to by Shakespeare, and other authors of his time:—

"We have the receipt of fern-seed: we walk invisible."
Henry IV. Part 1st, Act 3d, Sc. 3.

† In Tyberius tyme, the trew imperatour,
Quhen Tynto hills fra skraiping of toun-beuis was keipit,
Thair dwelt ane grit Gyre Carling in auld Betokis bour,
That lewit upoun Christiane menis fleesche, and rewbeids unkeipit;
Thair wynit ane hir by, on the west syde, callit Blasour,
For luve of hir leschane Eppis, he wailt and he weipit;
He gaddert ane menzie of modwartis to warp doun the tour:
The Carling with ane yren club, quhen yat Blasour sleipit,
Behind the hell schu hat him sic ane blaw,
Quhil Blasour bled ane quart
Off milk pottage lawart,
The Carling luche, and lut a fart
North Berwik Law.

The king of fary than come, with sids mony ane,
And setl ane sekc, and ane salt, with grit penscilis of pryd;
And all the doggis fra Dunbar was thair to Dumblane,
With all the tykis of Tervey, come to thame that tyd;

characters of ancient mythology, in the creed of tradition. Thus, so lately as 1536, Vulcan, with twenty of his Cyclops, is stated to have presented himself suddenly to a Spanish merchant, travelling in the night, through the forests of Sicily; an apparition, which was followed by a dreadful eruption of Mount Ætna.—*Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*, p. 504. Of this singular mixture, the reader will find a curious specimen in the following tale, wherein the Venus of antiquity assumes the manners of one of the Fays, or Fates, of romance. "In the year 1058, a young man of noble birth had been married at Rome, and, during the period of the nuptial feast, having gone with his companions to play at ball, he put his marriage ring on the finger of a broken statue of Venus in the area, to remain, while he was engaged in the recreation. Desisting from the exercise, he found the finger, on which he had put his ring, contracted firmly against the palm, and attempted in vain either to break it, or to disengage his ring. He concealed the circumstance from his companions, and returned at night with a servant, when he found the finger extended, and his ring gone. He dissembled the loss, and returned to his wife; but, whenever he attempted to embrace her, he found himself prevented by something dark and dense, which was tangible, though not visible, interposing between them: and he heard a voice saying, 'Embrace me! for I am Venus, whom this day you wedded, and I will not restore your ring.' As this was constantly repeated, he consulted his relations, who had recourse to Palumbus, a priest, skilled in necromancy. He directed the young man to go, at a certain hour of night, to a spot among the ruins of ancient Rome, where four roads met, and wait silently till he saw a company pass by, and then, without uttering a word, to deliver a letter, which he gave him, to a majestic being, who rode in a chariot, after the rest of the company. The young man did as he was directed; and saw a company of all ages, sexes, and ranks, on horse and on foot, some joyful and others sad, pass along; among whom he distinguished a woman in a meretricious dress, who, from the tenuity of her garments, seemed almost naked. She rode on a mule; her long hair, which flowed over her shoulders, was bound with a golden fillet; and in her hand was a golden rod, with which she directed her mule. In the close of the procession, a tall majestic figure appeared in a chariot, adorned with emeralds and pearls, who fiercely asked the young man, 'What he did there?' He presented the letter in silence, which the dæmon dared not refuse. As soon as he had read, lifting up his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, 'Almighty God! how long wilt thou endure the iniquities of the sorcerer Palumbus!' and immediately dispatched some of his attendants, who, with much difficulty, extorted the ring from Venus, and restored it to its owner, whose infernal banns were thus dissolved."—*Fordun's Scotichronicon*, vol. i. p. 407, *cura Goodall*.

But it is rather in the classical character of an infernal deity, that the elfin queen may be considered, than as *Hecate*, the patroness of magic; for not only in the romance writers, but even in Chaucer, are the fairies identified with the ancient inhabitants of the classical hell. Thus Chaucer, in his "Marchand's Tale," mentions

Pluto that is king of fayrie—and
Proserpine and all her fayrie.

Thay quelle doune with thair gounes mony grit stane,
The Carling schup her on ane sow, and is her gaitis gane,
Greating cur the Greik sie, and durst na langer byd,
For brukiyng of bargane, and breking of brewis:
The Carling now for dispyte
Is marvit with Mahomyte,
And will the doggis interdyte,
For scho is quene of Jewis.

Sensyne the cockis of Crawmound crew nevir at day,
For dule of that devillisch deme wes with Mahoun marvit,
And the hens of Hadingtoun sensyne wald not lay,
For this wid wibroun with thame widlet sa and warvit;
And the same North Berwik Law, as I heir wyris say,
This Carling, with a fals cast, wald away carvit;
For to luch on quha sa lykis, na langer scho tarvit;
All this languor for love before tymes fall,
Lang or Betok was born,
Scho bred of ane accorne;
The half of the story to morne,
To you I sall tells.

In the "Golden Terge" of Dunbar, the same phraseology is adopted: Thus,

> Thair was Pluto that elricke incubus
> In cloke of grene, his court uit in sable.

Even so late as 1603, in Harsenet's "Declaration of Popish Imposture," p. 57, Mercury is called *Prince of the Fairies*.

But Chaucer, and those poets who have adopted his phraseology, have only followed the romance writers; for the same substitution occurs in the romance of "Orfeo and Heurodis," in which the story of Orpheus and Eurydice is transformed into a beautiful romantic tale of faery, and the Gothic mythology engrafted on the fables of Greece. Heurodis is represented as wife of Orfeo, and queen of Winchester, the ancient name of which city the romancer, with unparalleled ingenuity, discovers to have been Traciens, or Thrace. The monarch, her husband, had a singular genealogy:—

> His fader was comen of king Pluto,
> And his moder of king Juno;
> That sum time were as godes y-holde,
> For aventoure that thai dede and tolde.

Reposing, unwarily, at noon, under the shade of an ymp tree,* Heurodis dreams that she is accosted by the king of Fairies,

> With an hundred knights and me,
> And damesels an hundred also,
> Al on snowe white stedes;
> As white as milk were her wedes;
> Y no seigh never yete bifore,
> So fair creatoure y core:
> The kinge hadde a croun on hede,
> It was of silver, no of golde red,
> Ac it was of a precious ston:
> As bright as the sonne it schon.

The king of Fairies, who had obtained power over the queen, perhaps from her sleeping at noon in his domain, orders her, under the penalty of being torn to pieces, to await him to-morrow under the ymp tree, and accompany him to Fairy-Land. She relates her dream to her husband, who resolves to accompany her, and attempt her rescue:

> A morwe the under tide is come,
> And Orfeo hath his armes y-nome,
> And wele ten hundred knights with him,
> Ich y-armed stout and grim;
> And with the quen wenten he,
> Right upon that ympe tre.
> Thai made scheltrom in iche side,
> And seyd thai wold there abide,
> And dye ther everichon,
> Er the quen schuld fram hem gon:
> Ac yete amiddes hem ful right,
> The quen was oway y-twight,
> With Fairi forth y-nome,
> Men wist never wher sche was become.

After this fatal catastrophe, Orfeo, distracted for the loss of his queen, abandons his throne, and, with his harp, retires into a wilderness, where he subjects himself to every kind of austerity, and attracts the wild beasts by the pathetic melody of his harp. His state of desolation is poetically described:—

> He that werd the fowe and grifin,
> And on bed the purpur bitin,
> Now on the hard hethe he lith,
> With leves and gresse he him writh:
> He that had castels and toure,
> Rivere, foreste, frith with flowere,
> Now thai it commence to snowe and frese,
> This kinge mot make his bed in mese:
> He that had y-had knightes of prise,
> Bifore him kneland and leneden,
> Now seth he no thing that him liketh,
> Bot wild wormes bi him striketh:
> He that had y-had plente
> Of mete and drink, of iche deyate,
> Now may he al daye digge and wrote,
> Er he find his fille of rote.
> In somer he liveth bi wilde fruit,
> And verien bot gode lite.
> In winter may he no thing find,
> Bot rotes, grasse, and the rinde.
> * * * * * *
> His here of his berd blac and rowe,
> To his girdel stede was growe;
> His harp, whereon was al his gle,
> He hidde in ane holwe tre:
> And, when the weder was clere and bright,
> He toke his harp to him wel right,
> And harped at his owen will,
> Into al the wode the soun gan shill,
> That al the wild bestes that ther beth
> For joie abouten him thai teth;
> And al the foules that ther wer,
> Come and sete on ich a brere,
> To here his harping a fine,
> So miche melody was therein.

* *Ymp tree.*—According to the general acceptation, this only signifies a grafted tree; whether it should be here understood to mean a tree consecrated to the imps, or fairies, is left with the reader.

At last he discovers, that he is not the sole inhabitant of this desert; for

He might se him besides
Oft in hot underticles,
The king of Fairi, with his route,
Come to hunt him al about,
With dim cri and blowing,
And hounden also with him berking;
As no best thai no nome,
No never he nist whider thai bi come.
And other while he might hem se
As a grot ost bi him te,
Well atourned ten hundred knightes,
Ich y-armed to his rightes,
Of countenance stout and fiere,
With mani desplaid baners;
And ich his sword y-drawe hold.
As never he nist whider thai weld.
And otherwhile he seighe other thing;
Knightis and leadis com dammeting,
In quayrat attire gisely,
Queynte pas and toffilis:
Taboure and trumpes gode hem bi,
And al maner menestrasl.—
And on a day he seighe him bitide.
Bezti leadis on hore ride,
Gentil and joliff as brid on ris;
Noght o man amonges hem ther nis;
And ich a faucoun on hond bere,
And rides on hawken bi o river
Of game that found wel gode hawat,
Maslardes, hayroun, and cormorawat
The fowles of the water ariseth,
Ich faucoun hem wele deriseth,
Ich faucoun his pray slouch,
That seten Orfeo and lough.
"Far fay," quoth he, "there is fair game,
Hider Lahil bi God-w name,
Ich wen y wox swich work to se:"
He wen, and thider gan te;
To a leadi hi wen y-come,
Biheld, and hath wel under nome,
And seth, bi al thing, that is
His owen quen, dam Heurodis;
Gern hi biheld her, and seho him eke,
As nouther to other a word no speke:
For mesnis that seho on him seighe,
That had ben so riche and so heighe,
The teres fal out of her eighe;
The other leadis this y-seighe,
And maked hir away to ride,
Seho meot with him no longer obide.
"Alas!" quoth he, "nowe is mi woe,
Whi nil deth now me slo!
Alas! too long last mi lif,
When y no dare nought with mi wif,
Nor hye to me o word speke;
Alas whi nil min hert breke!
Far fay," quoth he, "tide what betide,
Whider to this leadis ride,
Tho salve way Lahil streche;
Of lif, no deshe, me no reche."

In consequence, therefore, of this discovery, Orfeo pursues the hawking damsels, among whom he has descried his lost queen. They enter a rock, the king continues the pursuit, and arrives at Fairy-land, of which the following very poetical description is given:—

In at a reche the leadis rideth,
And he after and nought abideth;
When he was in the reche y-go,
Wele thre mile other mo,
He com into a fair countray,
As bright sosune somers day,
Smothe and plain and al grene,
Hill no dale nas none yene.
Amiddle the lond a castel he seighe,
Rich and reale and wonder heighe;
Al the utmast wal
Was clar and schine of cristal;
An hundred tours ther were about,
Degiselish and betaild stout;
The betrase some out of the diche,
Of rede gold y-arched riche;
The bowsour was anowed al,
Of ich maner deseres animal,
Within ther wer wide wones
Al of precious stones,
The were piler onto biholde,
Was al of burnist gold:
Al that lond was ever light,
For when it schuld be thark and night,
The riche stanes light gouve,
Bright as doth at nouse the sowe:
No man may tel, no thanke in thought,
The riche work that ther was rought.

* * * * *

Than he gan biholde about al,
And seighe fal liggeand with in the wal.
Of folk that wer thidder y-brought,
And thought dede and nere nought;
Sum stode with outen hadde;
And some none armes nade;
And sum thurch the bodi hadde wounde;
And sum lay wode y-bounde;
And sum armed on hors sete;
And sum astrangled as thai ete;
And sum war in water adreyat;
And sum with fire all for schreyat;
Wives ther lay on childe bedde,
Sum dede, and sum awedde;
And wonder fele ther lay besides,
Right as thai slepe her undertides;
Sohe wen thus in this warld y-nome,
With fairi thider y-come."
There he seine his owhen wif,
Dame Heurodis, his lif lif,
Slepe under an ympe tree:
Bi her clothes he knewe that it wes he.
And when he had biheld this merualis alle,
He went into the kinges halle;
Then seigh he there a semly sight,
A tabernacle blisseful and bright;
Ther in her maister king sete,
And her quen fair and swete;
Her crounes, her clothes schine so bright,
That unneothe biheld he hem might.

Orfeo and Heurodis, MS.

* It was perhaps from such a description that Ariosto adopted his idea of the Lunar Paradise, containing every thing that on earth was stolen or lost.

Orfeo, as a minstrel, so charms the Fairy King with the music of his harp, that he promises to grant him whatever he should ask. He immediately demands his lost Heurodis; and, returning safely with her to Winchester, resumes his authority; a catastrophe, less pathetic indeed, but more pleasing, than that of the classical story. The circumstances, mentioned in this romantic legend, correspond very exactly with popular tradition. Almost all the writers on dæmonology mention, as a received opinion, that the power of the dæmons is most predominant at noon and midnight. The entrance to the Land of Faery is placed in the wilderness; a circumstance which coincides with a passage in Lindsay's "Complaint of the Papingo:"—

> Bot sen my spreit mon from my bodye go,
> I recommend it to the quene of Fary,
> Eternally into her court to tarry
> In wilderness amang the holts hair.
>
> Lindsay's Works, 1592, p. 229.

Chaucer also agrees, in this particular, with our romancer:—

> In his sadel he clombe anon,
> And priked over stile and ston.
> An e f quene for to espie;
> Til he so long had riden and gone
> That he fond in a privie wone
> The countree of Faerie.
>
> Wherein he soughte north and south,
> And often spired with his mouth,
> In many a foreste wilde;
> For in that countree nas ther non,
> That to him dorst ride or gon,
> Neither wife ne childe.
>
> Rime of Sir Thopas.

V. Other two causes, deeply affecting the superstition of which we treat, remain yet to be noticed. The first is derived from the Christian religion, which admits only of two classes of spirits, exclusive of the souls of men—angels, namely, and devils. This doctrine had a necessary tendency to abolish the distinction among subordinate spirits, which had been introduced by the superstitions of the Scandinavians. The existence of the Fairies was readily admitted; but, as they had no pretensions to the angelic character, they were deemed to be of infernal origin. The union, also, which had been formed betwixt the elves and the Pagan deities, was probably of disservice to the former; since every one knows that the whole synod of Olympus were accounted dæmons.

The fulminations of the church were, therefore, early directed against those who consulted or consorted with the Fairies; and, according to the inquisitorial logic, the innocuous choristers of Oberon and Titania were, without remorse, confounded with the sable inhabitants of the orthodox Gehennim; while the rings, which marked their revels, were assimilated to the blasted sward on which the witches held their infernal sabbath. —*Dalzil Disq. Mag.* p. 179. This transformation early took place; for, among the many crimes for which the famous Joan of Arc was called upon to answer, it was not the least heinous, that she had frequented the Tree and Fountain, near Dompre, which formed the rendezvous of the Fairies, and bore their name; that she had joined in the festive dance with the elves, who haunted this charmed spot; had accepted of their magical bouquets, and availed herself of their talismans, for the deliverance of her country.—*Vide Acta Judiciaria contra Johannam D'Arcesam, vulgo vocatam Johanne la Pucelle.*

The Reformation swept away many of the corruptions of the church of Rome; but the purifying torrent remained itself somewhat tinctured by the superstitious impurities of the soil over which it had passed. The trials of sorcerers and witches, which disgrace our criminal records, become even more frequent after the Reformation of the church; as if human credulity, no longer amused by the miracles of Rome, had sought for food in the traditionary records of popular superstition. A Judaica observation of the precepts of the Old Testament also characterised the Presbyterian reformers; "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was a text, which at once (as they conceived) authorised their belief in sorcery, and sanctioned the penalty which they denounced against it. The Fairies were, therefore, in no

better credit after the Reformation than before, being still regarded as actual dæmons, or something very little better. A famous divine, Doctor Jasper Brokeman, teaches us, in his system of divinity, "that they inhabit in those places that are polluted with any crying sin, as effusion of blood, or where unbelief or superstitions have gotten the upper hand."—*Description of Feree.* The Fairies being on such bad terms with the divines, those who pretended to intercourse with them, were, without scruple, punished as sorcerers; and such absurd charges are frequently stated as exaggerations of crimes, in themselves sufficiently heinous.

Such is the case in the trial of the noted major Weir, and his sister; where the following mummery interlards a criminal indictment, too infamously flagitious to be further detailed: "9th April, 1670. Jean Weir, indicted of sorceries, committed by her when she lived and kept a school at Dalkeith: that she took employment from a woman, to speak in her behalf to the *Queen of Fairii, meaning the devil*; and that another woman gave her a piece of a tree, or root, the next day, and did tell her, that as long as she kept the same, she should be able to do what she pleased; and that same woman, from whom she got the tree, caused her spread a cloth before her door, and set her foot upon it, and to repeat thrice, in the posture foresaid, these words, '*All her losses and crosses go alongst to the doors,*' which was truly a consulting with the devil, and an act of sorcery, &c. That after the spirit, in the shape of a woman, who gave her the piece of tree, had removed, she, addressing herself to spinning, and having spun but a short time, found more yarn upon the pirn than could possibly have come there by good means."*—*Books of Adjournal.*

Neither was the judgment of the criminal court of Scotland less severe against another familiar of the Fairies, whose supposed correspondence with the court of Elfland seems to have constituted the sole crime for which she was burned alive. Her name was Alison Pearson, and she seems to have been a very noted person. In a bitter satire against Adamson, bishop of St Andrews, he is accused of consulting with sorcerers, particularly with this very woman; and an account is given of her travelling through Broadalbane, in the company of the Queen of Faery, and of her descrying, in the court of Elfland, many persons, who had been supposed at rest in the peaceful grave.† Among these we find two remarkable personages, the secretary,

* It is observed in the record, that major Weir, a man of the most vicious character, was at the same time ambitious of appearing eminently godly; and used to frequent the beds of sick persons, to assist them with his prayers. On such occasions, he put to his mouth a long staff, which he usually carried, and expressed himself with uncommon energy and fluency, of which he was utterly incapable when the inspiring rod was withdrawn. This circumstance, the result, probably, of a trick or habit, appearing suspicious to the judges, the staff of the sorcerer was burned along with his person. One hundred and thirty years have elapsed since his execution, yet no one has, during that space, ventured to inhabit the house of this celebrated criminal.

† For oght the kirk cald him forbid,
He sped him sone, and gat the third;
Ane carling of the quene of Phareis,
That cwill win gair to elphyne careis:
Through all Brade Albane scho has bene,
On horsbak on Hallow ewin;
And sy in sekking certayne nightis,
As scho sayis with sur silly wychirs:
And samse out sybours sea or sewis,
That we belevit had bene in heawin;
Scho said scho saw theme weill aneugh,
And speciallie gude auld Balcleuch,
The secretar, and sundrie uther:
Ane William Symsone, her mother brother,
Whom fra scho has resavit a buike
For eay herb scho likes to buke,
It will instruct her how to tak it,
In sawe and sillabe how to mak it;
With stones that mekle mair can doe,
In leich craft, where scho lays them toe;
A thousand maladdis scho has meadit:
Now being tane, and apprehendit,
Scho bang in the bischopis cure,
And keppit in his castle sure,
Without respect of worldlie glamer,
Ha pest into the witches chalmer.
Scottish Poems of XVI. Century, Edin. 1801. vol. ii. p. 320.

recesses, which she described as very magnificent, and employed as nurse to one of the brood of the hag who had allured her. During her residence in this capacity, having accidentally touched one of her eyes with an ointment of serpent's grease, she perceived, at her return to the world, that she had acquired the faculty of seeing the *dracæ*, when they intermingle themselves with men. Of this power she was, however, deprived by the touch of her ghostly mistress, whom she had one day incautiously addressed. It is a curious fact, that this story, in almost all its parts, is current in both the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, with no other variation than the substitution of Fairies for *dracæ*, and the cavern of a hill for that of a river.* These water fiends are thus characterised by Heywood, in the *Hierarchie*—

"Spirits, that have o'er water governement,
Are to mankind alike malevolent;
They trouble seas, floods, rivers, brooks, and wels,
Meres, lakes, and love to inhabit watry cells;
Hence noisome and pestiferous vapours raise;
Besides, they men encounter divers ways.
At wrecks some present are; another sort,
Ready to cramp their joints that swim for sport:
One kind of these, the Italians fate name,
Fee the French, we sybils, and the same;
Others white nymphs, and those that have them seen.
Night ladies some, of which Habundia queen.
Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, p. 507.

The following Frisian superstition, related by Schott, in his "Physica Curiosa," p 363, on the authority of Cornelius a Kempen, coincides more accurately with the popular opinions concerning the Fairies, than even the *dracæ* of Gervase, or the water-spirits of Thomas Heywood.—"In the time of the emperor Lotharius, in 830," says he, "many spectres infested Friesland, particularly the white nymphs of the ancients, which the moderns denominate *witte wives*, who inhabited a subterraneous cavern, formed in a wonderful manner, without human art, on the top of a lofty mountain. These were accustomed to surprise benighted travellers, shepherds watching their herds and flocks, and women newly delivered, with their children; and convey them into their caverns, from which subterranean murmurs, the cries of children, the groans and lamentations of men, and sometimes imperfect words, and all kinds of musical sounds, were heard to proceed." The same superstition is detailed by Bekker, in his "World Bewitch'd," p. 196, of the English translation. As the different classes of spirits were gradually confounded, the abstraction of children seems to have been chiefly ascribed to the elves, or Fairies; yet not so entirely as to exclude hags and witches from the occasional exertion of their ancient privilege. In Germany, the same confusion of classes has not taken place. In the beautiful ballads of the "Erl King," the "Water King," and the "Mer-Maid," we still recognise the ancient traditions of the Goths, concerning the *wald-elves*, and the *dracæ*.

A similar superstition, concerning abstraction by dæmons, seems, in the time of Gervase of Tilbury, to have pervaded the greatest part of Europe. "In Catalonia," says the author, "there is a lofty mountain, named Cavagum, at the foot of which runs a river with golden sands, in the

* Indeed, many of the vulgar account it extremely dangerous to touch any thing, which they may happen to find, without *seining* (blessing) it, the snares of the enemy being notorious and well attested. A poor woman of Tiviotdale, having been fortunate enough, as she thought herself, to find a wooden beetle, at the very time when she needed such an implement, seized it without pronouncing the proper blessing, and, carrying it home, laid it above her bed, to be ready for employment in the morning. At midnight, the window of her cottage opened, and a loud voice was heard, calling upon some one within, by a strange and uncouth name, which I have forgotten. The terrified cottager ejaculated a prayer, which, we may suppose, insured her personal safety; while the enchanted implement of housewifery, tumbling from the bedstead, departed by the window with no small noise and precipitation. In a humorous fugitive tract, the late Dr Johnson is introduced as disputing the authenticity of an apparition, merely because the spirit assumed the shape of a tea-pot, and of a shoulder of mutton. No doubt, a case so much in point, as that we have now quoted, would have removed his incredulity.

vicinity of which there are likewise mines of silver. This mountain is steep, and almost inaccessible. On its top, which is always covered with ice and snow, is a black and bottomless lake, into which if a stone be thrown, a tempest suddenly rises: and near this lake, though invisible to men, is the porch of the palace of dæmons. In a town adjacent to this mountain, named Junchera, lived one Peter de Cabinam. "Being one day teased with the fretfulness of his young daughter, he, in his impatience, suddenly wished that the devil might take her; when she was immediately borne away by the spirits. About seven years afterwards, an inhabitant of the same city, passing by the mountain, met a man, who complained bitterly of the burthen he was constantly forced to bear. Upon inquiring the cause of his complaining, as he did not seem to carry any load, the man related, that he had been unwarily devoted to the spirits by an execration, and that they now employed him constantly as a vehicle of burthen. As a proof of his assertion, he added, that the daughter of his fellow-citizen was detained by the spirits, but that they were willing to restore her, if her father would come and demand her on the mountain. Peter de Cabinam, on being informed of this, ascended the mountain to the lake, and, in the name of God, demanded his daughter; when a tall, thin, withered figure, with wandering eyes, and almost bereft of understanding, was wafted to him in a blast of wind. After some time, the person, who had been employed as the vehicle of the spirits, also returned, when he related where the palace of the spirits was situated; but added, that none were permitted to enter but those who devoted themselves entirely to the spirits; those, who had been rashly committed to the devil by others, being only permitted, during their probation, to enter the porch." It may be proper to observe, that the superstitious idea, concerning the lake on the top of the mountain, is common to almost every high hill in Scotland. Wells, or pits, on the top of high hills, were likewise supposed to lead to the subterranean habitations of the Fairies. Thus Gervase relates, (p. 975.) "that he was informed the swine-herd of William Peverell, an English baron, having lost a brood-sow, descended through a deep abyss, in the middle of an ancient ruinous castle, situated on the top of a hill, called Beoh, in search of it. Though a violent wind commonly issued from this pit, he found it calm; and pursued his way, till he arrived at a subterraneous region, pleasant and cultivated, with reapers cutting down corn, though the snow remained on the surface of the ground above. Among the ears of corn he discovered his sow, and was permitted to ascend with her, and the pigs which she had farrowed." Though the author seems to think that the inhabitants of this cave might be antipodes, yet, as many such stories are related of the Fairies, it is probable that this narration is of the same kind. Of a similar nature seems to be another superstition, mentioned by the same author, concerning the ringing of invisible bells, at the hour of one, in a field in the vicinity of Carlcol, which, as he relates, was denominated *Leikibraine*, or *Lai ki bruit*. From all these tales, we may perhaps be justified in supposing, that the faculties and habits ascribed to the Fairies, by the superstition of latter days, comprehend several, originally attributed to other classes of inferior spirits.

III. The notions, arising from the spirit of chivalry, combined to add to the Fairies certain qualities, less atrocious indeed, but equally formidable, with those which they derived from the last-mentioned source, and alike inconsistent with the powers of the *dæmon*, whom we may term their primitive prototype. From an early period, the daring temper of the northern tribes urged them to defy even the supernatural powers. In the days of Cæsar, the Suevi were described, by their countrymen, as a people with whom the immortal gods dared not venture to contend. At a later period, the historians of Scandinavia paint their heroes and champions, not as bending at the altar of their deities, but wandering

into remote forests and caverns, descending into the recesses of the tomb, and extorting boons, alike from gods and demons, by dint of the sword and battle-axe. I will not detain the reader by quoting instances in which heaven is thus described as having been literally attempted by storm. He may consult Saxo, Olaus Wormius, Olaus Magnus, Torfæus, Bartholin, and other northern antiquaries. With such ideas of superior beings, the Normans, Saxons, and other Gothic tribes, brought their ardent courage to ferment yet more highly in the genial climes of the south, and under the blaze of romantic chivalry. Hence, during the dark ages, the invisible world was modelled after the material; and the saints, to the protection of whom the knights-errant were accustomed to recommend themselves, were accoutred like *preux chevaliers*, by the ardent imaginations of their votaries. With such ideas concerning the inhabitants of the celestial regions, we ought not to be surprised to find the inferior spirits, of a more dubious nature and origin, equipped in the same disguise. Gervase of Tilbury (*Otia Imperial. ap. Script. rer. Brunsvic*, vol. i. p. 797,) relates the following popular story concerning a Fairy Knight. "Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandelbury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moon-light, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assailed by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprung up, and, darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable colour, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigour. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurned the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood. Gervase adds, that as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit." * Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, travelling by night with a single companion, came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion who advanced from the ranks, apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and, returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpse of the knight and steed.—*Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*, p. 554.

To the same current of warlike ideas, we may safely attribute the long train of military pro-

* The unfortunate Chatterton was not, probably, acquainted with Gervase of Tilbury; yet he seems to allude, in the "Battle of Hastings," to some modification of Sir Osbert's adventure:—

> So who they be that euphant fairies strike,
> Their souls shall wander to king Offa's dike.

The entrenchment, which served as lists for the combatants, is said by Gervase to have been the work of the Pagan invaders of Britain. In the metrical romance of "Arthour and Merlin," we have also an account of Wandlesbury being occupied by the Sarasins, *i. e.* the Saxons; for all pagans were Saracens with the romancers. I presume the place to have been Wodnesbury, in Wiltshire, situated on the remarkable mound, called Wandsdike, which is obviously a Saxon work.—*Gough's Camden's Britannia*, pp. 67—95.

casions which the Fairies are supposed occasionally to exhibit. The elves, indeed, seem in this point to be identified with the aerial host, termed, during the middle ages, the *Milites Herlikini*, or *Herlaurini*, celebrated by Pet. Blesensis, and termed, in the life of St Thomas of Canterbury, the *Familia Helliquinii*. The chief of this band was originally a gallant knight and warrior; but, having spent his whole possessions in the service of the emperor, and being rewarded with scorn, and abandoned to subordinate oppression, he became desperate, and, with his sons and followers, formed a band of robbers. After committing many ravages, and defeating all the forces sent against him, Hellequin, with his whole troop, fell in a bloody engagement with the Imperial host. His former good life was supposed to save him from utter reprobation; but he and his followers were condemned after death, to a state of wandering, which should endure till the last day. Retaining their military habits, they were usually seen in the act of justing together, or in similar warlike employments. See the ancient French Romance of *Richard sans Peur*. Similar to this was the *Nacht Lager*, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague,

"With ghastly faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

but which disappeared upon recitation of the magical words, *Venale, Venale, ho! ho! ho!*—For similar delusions, see *Delrius*, pp. 294, 295.

The martial spirit of our ancestors led them to defy these aerial warriors; and it is still currently believed, that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking cup, or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. Such a horn is said to have been presented to Henry I., by a lord of Colchester.—*Gervas. Tilb.* p. 960. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Edenhall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at a banquet of the elves, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave; or, as others say, by one of their domestics, in the manner above described. The Fairy train vanished, crying aloud,

If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall

The goblet took a name from the prophecy, under which it is mentioned in the burlesque ballad, commonly attributed to the duke of Wharton, but in reality composed by Lloyd, one of his jovial companions. The duke, after taking a draught, had nearly terminated the "luck of Edenhall," had not the butler caught the cup in a napkin, as it dropped from his grace's hands. I understand it is not now subjected to such risques, but the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom.

God prosper long from being broke,
The luck of Edenhall.—Parody on Chevy Chace.

Some faint traces yet remain, on the borders, of a conflict of a mysterious and terrible nature, between mortals and the spirits of the wilds. The superstition is incidentally alluded to by Jackson, at the beginning of the 17th century. The fern seed, which is supposed to become visible only on St John's Eve,* and at the very moment when the Baptist was born, is held by the vulgar to be under the special protection of the queen of Faery. But, as the seed was supposed to have the quality of rendering the pos-

* Ne'er be I found by thee unawed,
On that thrice hallowed eve abroad,
When goblins haunt, from fire and fen,
And wood and lake, the steps of men.
Collins's Ode to Fear.

The whole history of St John the Baptist was, by our ancestors, accounted mysterious, and connected with their own superstitions. The fairy queen was sometimes identified with Herodias. —*Delrii Disquisitiones Magicæ*, pp. 168, 307. It is amusing to observe with what gravity the learned Jesuit contends, that it is heresy to believe that this celebrated figurante (*saltatricula*) still leads choral dances upon earth!

sessor invisible at pleasure,* and to be also of sovereign use in charms and incantations, persons of courage, addicted to these mysterious arts, were wont to watch in solitude, to gather it at the moment when it should become visible. The particular charms, by which they fenced themselves during this vigil, are now unknown; but it was reckoned a feat of no small danger, as the person undertaking it was exposed to the most dreadful assaults from spirits, who dreaded the effect of this powerful herb in the hands of a cabalist. "Much discourse," says Richard Bovet, "hath been about gathering of fern-seed, (which is looked upon as a magical herb) on the night of Midsummer-eve; and I remember I was told of one who went to gather it, and the spirits whisk't by his ears like bullets, and sometimes struck his hat, and other parts of his body: in fine, though he apprehended he had gotten a quantity of it, and secured it in papers, and a box besides, when he came home he found all empty. But, most probable, this appointing of times and hours is of the devil's own institution, as well as the fast, that, having once ensnared people to an obedience to his rules, he may with more facility oblige them to a stricter vassalage."—*Pandæmonium*, Lond. 1684, p. 217. Such were the shades, which the original superstition, concerning the Fairies, received from the chivalrous sentiments of the middle ages.

IV. An absurd belief in the fables of classical antiquity lent an additional feature to the character of the woodland spirits of whom we treat. Greece and Rome had not only assigned tutelary deities to each province and city, but had peopled, with peculiar spirits, the seas, the rivers, the woods, and the mountains. The memory of the pagan creed was not speedily eradicated, in the extensive provinces through which it was once universally received; and, in many particulars, it continued long to mingle with, and influence, the original superstitions of the Gothic nations. Hence, we find the elves occasionally arrayed in the costume of Greece and Rome, and the Fairy Queen and her attendants transformed into Diana and her nymphs, and invested with their attributes and appropriate insignia.—*Delrius*, pp. 168, 807. According to the same author, the Fairy Queen was also called *Habundia*. Like Diana, who, in one capacity, was denominated *Hecate*, the goddess of enchantment, the Fairy Queen is identified, in popular tradition, with the *Gyre-Carline*, *Gay-Carline*, or mother witch, of the Scottish peasantry. Of this personage, as an individual, we have but few notices. She is sometimes termed *Nicneven*, and is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, by Lindsay in his *Dreme*, p. 235, edit. 1590, and in his *Interludes*, apud *Pinkerton's Scottish Poems*, vol. ii. p. 18. But the traditionary accounts regarding her are too obscure to admit of explanation. In the burlesque fragment subjoined, which is copied from the Bannatyne MS., the Gyre Carline is termed the *Queen of Jowis* (Jovis, or perhaps Jews,) and is, with great consistency, married to Mohammed.†

But chiefly in Italy were traced many dim

* This is alluded to by Shakespeare, and other authors of his time:—

"We have the receipt of fern-seed: we walk invisible."
Henry IV. Part 1st, Act 3d, Sc. 3.

† In Tyberius tyme, the trew imperatour,
Quhen Tynto hills fra skraiping of toun-heuis was keipit,
Thair dwelt ane grit Gyre Carling in awld Betokis bour,
That levit upoun Christians menis fleeche, and reuhsids uskeipit;
Thair wynit ane hir by, on the west syde, callit Blasour,
For luve of hir laschane lippis, he wailit and he weipit;
He gadderit ane meuxie of modwartis to warp doun the tour:
The Carling with ane yrn club, quhen yat Blasour sleipit,
Behind the heil scho hat him sic ane blaw,
Quhil Blasour bled ane quart
Off milk pottage inwart,
The Carling luche, and lut a fart
North Berwik Law.

The king of fary than come, with elds mauy ane,
And sett ane seke, and ane salt, with grit peneslhe of pryd;
And all the doggis fra Dunbar was thair to Dumblane,
With all the tykis of Tervey, come to thame that tyd;

characters of ancient mythology, in the creed of tradition. Thus, so lately as 1536, Vulcan, with twenty of his Cyclops, is stated to have presented himself suddenly to a Spanish merchant, travelling in the night, through the forests of Sicily; an apparition, which was followed by a dreadful eruption of Mount Ætna.—*Hierarchie of Blessed Angels*, p. 504. Of this singular mixture, the reader will find a curious specimen in the following tale, wherein the Venus of antiquity assumes the manners of one of the Fays, or Fates, of romance. "In the year 1036, a young man of noble birth had been married at Rome, and, during the period of the nuptial feast, having gone with his companions to play at ball, he put his marriage ring on the finger of a broken statue of Venus in the area, to remain, while he was engaged in the recreation. Desisting from the exercise, he found the finger, on which he had put his ring, contracted firmly against the palm, and attempted in vain either to break it, or to disengage his ring. He concealed the circumstance from his companions, and returned at night with a servant, when he found the finger extended, and his ring gone. He dissembled the loss, and returned to his wife; but, whenever he attempted to embrace her, he found himself prevented by something dark and dense, which was tangible, though not visible, interposing between them: and he heard a voice saying, 'Embrace me! for I am Venus, whom this day you wedded, and I will not restore your ring.' As this was constantly repeated, he consulted his relations, who had recourse to Palumbus, a priest, skilled in necromancy. He directed the young man to go, at a certain hour of night, to a spot among the ruins of ancient Rome, where four roads met, and wait silently till he saw a company pass by, and then, without uttering a word, to deliver a letter, which he gave him, to a majestic being, who rode in a chariot, after the rest of the company. The young man did as he was directed; and saw a company of all ages, sexes, and ranks, on horse and on foot, some joyful and others sad, pass along; among whom he distinguished a woman in a meretricious dress, who, from the tenuity of her garments, seemed almost naked. She rode on a mule; her long hair, which flowed over her shoulders, was bound with a golden fillet; and in her hand was a golden rod, with which she directed her mule. In the close of the procession, a tall majestic figure appeared in a chariot, adorned with emeralds and pearls, who fiercely asked the young man, 'What he did there?' He presented the letter in silence, which the dæmon dared not refuse. As soon as he had read, lifting up his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, 'Almighty God! how long wilt thou endure the iniquities of the sorcerer Palumbus!' and immediately dispatched some of his attendants, who, with much difficulty, extorted the ring from Venus, and restored it to its owner, whose infernal banns were thus dissolved."—*Fordun's Scotichronicon*, vol. i. p. 407, *cum Goodall*.

But it is rather in the classical character of an infernal deity, that the elfin queen may be considered, than as *Hecate*, the patroness of magic; for not only in the romance writers, but even in Chaucer, are the fairies identified with the ancient inhabitants of the classical hell. Thus Chaucer, in his "Marchand's Tale," mentions

> Pluto that is king of fayrie—and
> Proserpine and all her fayrie.

> Thay quefle doune with their gonnes mony grit stane,
> The Carling schup her on ane sow, and is her gaitis gane,
> Greating cur the Greik sis, and durst na langer byd,
> For brukiyng of bargane, and breking of brewis:
> The Carling now for dispyte
> Is marrit with Mahomyte,
> And wil the doggis interdyte,
> For scho is quene of Jewis.
>
> Sensyne the cockis of Crawmound crew nevir at day,
> For dule of that devilisch deme was with Mahoun marrit,
> And the kruss of Hadingtouns sensyne wald not 'ay,
> For this wild wibroun with thame widlet on and warrit;
> And the same North Berwik Law, as I heir wyris say,
> This Carling, with a fale cast, wald away carrit;
> For to leich on quha sa lykis, na langer scho tarrit;
> All this languor for love before tymes fell,
> Lang or Betok was born,
> Scho bred of ane acorne;
> The laif of the story to morne,
> Ye you I sall tale.

In the "Golden Terge" of Dunbar, the same phraseology is adopted: Thus,

> Thair was Pluto that elricke incubus
> In cloke of grene, his court mit in sable.

Even so late as 1602, in Harsenet's "Declaration of Popish Imposture," p. 57, Mercury is called *Prince of the Fairies*.

But Chaucer, and those poets who have adopted his phraseology, have only followed the romance writers; for the same substitution occurs in the romance of "Orfeo and Heurodis," in which the story of Orpheus and Eurydice is transformed into a beautiful romantic tale of fairy, and the Gothic mythology engrafted on the fables of Greece. Heurodis is represented as wife of Orfeo, and queen of Winchester, the ancient name of which city the romancer, with unparalleled ingenuity, discovers to have been Traciens, or Thrace. The monarch, her husband, had a singular genealogy:—

> His fader was comen of king Pluto,
> And his moder of king Juno;
> That sum time were as godes y-holde,
> For aventoure that thai dede and tolde.

Reposing, unwarily, at noon, under the shade of an ymp tree,* Heurodis dreams that she is accosted by the king of Fairies,

> With an hundred knights and me,
> And damsels an hundred also,
> Al on snowe white stedes;
> As white as milk were her wedes;
> Y no seigh never yete bifore,
> So fair creatoure y core:
> The kinge hadde a croun on hede,
> It was of silver, no of golde red,
> As it was of a precious ston;
> As bright as the sonne it schon.

The king of Fairies, who had obtained power over the queen, perhaps from her sleeping at noon in his domain, orders her, under the penalty of being torn to pieces, to await him to-morrow under the ymp tree, and accompany him to Fairy-Land. She relates her dream to her husband, who resolves to accompany her, and attempt her rescue:

> A morwe the under tide is come,
> And Orfeo hath his armes y-nome,
> And wele ten hundred knights with him,
> Ich y-armed stout and grim;
> And with the quen wenten he,
> Right upon that ympe tre.
> Thai made scheltrom in iche aside,
> And seyd thai weld there abide,
> And dye ther overichon,
> Er the quen schuld fram hem gon:
> As pete amiddes hem ful right,
> The quen was oway y-twight,
> With Fairi forth y-nome,
> Men wist never wher sche was become.

After this fatal catastrophe, Orfeo, distracted for the loss of his queen, abandons his throne, and, with his harp, retires into a wilderness, where he subjects himself to every kind of austerity, and attracts the wild beasts by the pathetic melody of his harp. His state of desolation is poetically described:—

> He that werd the fowe and grifin,
> And on bed the purpur biis,
> Now on the hard hethe he lith,
> With leves and gresse he him writh:
> He that had castelis and toure,
> Rivers, forests, frith with flowere,
> Now thai it commence to snowe and frese,
> This king mot make his bed in mese:
> He that had y-had knightes of prise,
> Bifore him kneland and leuedis,
> Now seth he no thing that him liketh,
> Bot wild wormes bi him striketh:
> He that had y-had plente
> Of mete and drink, of iche deynte,
> Now may he al daye digge and wrote,
> Er he find his dile of rote.
> In somer he liveth bi wilde fruit,
> And verien bot gode lite.
> In winter may he no thing find,
> Bot rotes, grasses, and the rinde.
> * * * * * *
> His here of his berd blac and rowe,
> To his girdel stede was growe;
> His harp, wherron was al his gle,
> He hidde in ane holwe tre:
> And, when the weder was clere and bright,
> He toke his harp to him wel right,
> And harped at his owen will,
> Into al the wode the soun gan shill,
> That al the wild bestes that ther beth
> For joie abouten him thai teth:
> And al the foules that ther wer,
> Come and sete on ich a brere,
> To here his harping a fine,
> So miche melody was therein.

* *Ymp tree.*—According to the general acceptation, this only signifies a grafted tree; whether it should be here understood to mean a tree consecrated to the imps, or fairies, is left with the reader.

At last he discovers, that he is not the sole inhabitant of this desert; for

He might se him besides
Oft in hot undertides,
The king of Fairi, with his route,
Come to hunt him al about,
With dim cri and blowesing,
And houndes also with him berking;
As no beast thai no sesse,
No never he nist whider thai bi cosse.
And other while he might hem se
As a gret ost bi him te,
Well atcorned ten hundred knightes,
Ich y-armed to his righes,
Of countenance stout and fers,
With mani despleid baners;
And ich his sword y-drawe hold,
As never he nist whider thai wold.
And otherwhile he seighe other thing;
Knightes and leadie com dansesing,
In queynt attire gisely,
Quepete pes and sadlie;
Tabours and trumpes gode hem bi,
And al maner menestrel,—
And on a day he seighe him biside.
Sesti leadie on hers ride,
Gentil and joli as bird on rie;
Nought o man amongte hem ther nie;
And ich a faucoun on hond bere,
And riden on hawken bi o river
Of game thai found wel gode hesset,
Maslardes, hayrous, and cormorant
The foules of the water arisesth,
Ich faucoun hem wele devisesth,
Ich faucoun his prey alouseh,
That seise Orfeo and lough.
"Par fay," quoth he, "there is fair game,
Rider Ichil bi God-es name.
Ich wes y won swich werk to se:"
He arose, and thider gan te;
To a leadi hi wes y-come,
Biholde, and hath wel under nome,
And seth, bi al thing, that is
His owen quene, dam Heurodis;
Gern hi biheld her, and sche him ese,
As nouther to other a word no spoke:
For messeis that sche on him seighe,
That had ben so riche and so heighe,
The teres fel out of her eighe;
The other leadie this y-seighe,
And waked hir ovey to ride,
Sche meet with him no longer obide.
"Allas!" quoth he, "neve is mi woe,
Whi nil deth now me slo!
Allas! too long last mi lif,
When y no dare nought with mi wif,
Ner hye to me o word speke;
Allas whi nil miin hert breke!
Par fay," quoth he, "tide what betide,
Whider to this leadie ride,
Tha salve wey Ichil etsuche;
Of lif, no deshe, me no reche."

In consequence, therefore, of this discovery, Orfeo pursues the hawking damsels, among whom he has deserted his lost queen. They enter a rock, the king continues the pursuit, and arrives at Fairy-land, of which the following very poetical description is given:—

In at a roche the leadie rideth,
And he after and nought abideth;
When he was in the roche y-go,
Wele thre mile other mo,
He com into a fair countrey,
As bright sesonne somers day,
Smoothe and plain and al grene,
Hill no dale nas none yene.
Amiddle the lond a castel he seighe,
Rich and reale and wonder heighe.
Al the utmest wal
Was cler and schine of cristal;
An hundred tours ther were about,
Degiselich and betalid stout;
The butrase come out of the diche,
Of rede gold y-arched riche;
The bonesour was amoved al,
Of ich maner deseare animal;
Within ther wer wide wonse
Al of precious stones,
The werne piler oute biholde,
Was al of burnist gold;
Al that lond was ever light,
For when it schuld be therk and night,
The riche stonnes light gonne,
Bright as deth at nonne the sonne:
No man may tel, no thenke in thought,
The riche werk that ther was wrought.

* * * * *

Then he gan biholde about al,
And seighe ful higgeand with in the wal.
Of folk that wer thidder y-brought,
And thought dede and were nought;
Sum stode with outen hadde;
And some none armes nadde;
And sum thurch the bodi hadde wounde;
And sum lay wode y-bounde;
And sum armed on hors sete;
And sum astrangled as thai ete;
And sum war in water adreyat;
And sum with fire all for schreyat;
Wives ther lay on childe bedde,
Sum dede, and sum awedde;
And wonder fele ther lay besides,
Right as thai slepe her undertides;
Sothe was thus in this warld y-nome,
With fairi thider y-come."
There he seise his owhen wif,
Dame Heurodis, his lif lif,
Slepe under an ympe tree:
Bi her clothes he knowe that it wes he.
And when he had biheld this mervalie alle,
He went into the kinges halle;
Then seigh he there a semly sight,
A tabernacle blisseful and bright;
Ther in her maister king sete,
And her quen fair and swete;
Her crounes, her clothes schine so bright,
That nanethe biheld he hem might.

Orfeo and Heurodis, MS.

* It was perhaps from such a description that Ariosto adopted his idea of the Lunar Paradise, containing every thing that on earth was stolen or lost.

Orfeo, as a minstrel, so charms the Fairy King with the music of his harp, that he promises to grant him whatever he should ask. He immediately demands his lost Heurodis; and, returning safely with her to Winchester, resumes his authority; a catastrophe, less pathetic indeed, but more pleasing, than that of the classical story. The circumstances, mentioned in this romantic legend, correspond very exactly with popular tradition. Almost all the writers on dæmonology mention, as a received opinion, that the power of the dæmons is most predominant at noon and midnight. The entrance to the Land of Faery is placed in the wilderness; a circumstance which coincides with a passage in Lindsay's "Complaint of the Papingo:"—

> Bot sen my spreit mon from my bodye go,
> I recommend it to the quene of Fary,
> Eternally into her court to tarry
> In wilderness amang the holtis hair.
>
> Lindsay's Works, 1568, p. 222.

Chaucer also agrees, in this particular, with our romancer:—

> In his sadel he clombe anon,
> And priked over stile and ston.
> An elf quene for to espie;
> Til he so long had riden and gone
> That he fond in a privie wone
> The countree of Faerie.
>
> Wherein he soughte north and south,
> And often spired with his mouth,
> In many a foreste wilde;
> For in that countree nas ther non,
> That to him dorst ride or gon,
> Neither wife ne childe.
>
> Rime of Sir Thopas.

V. Other two causes, deeply affecting the superstition of which we treat, remain yet to be noticed. The first is derived from the Christian religion, which admits only of two classes of spirits, exclusive of the souls of men—angels, namely, and devils. This doctrine had a necessary tendency to abolish the distinction among subordinate spirits, which had been introduced by the superstitions of the Scandinavians. The existence of the Fairies was readily admitted; but, as they had no pretensions to the angelic character, they were deemed to be of infernal origin. The union, also, which had been formed betwixt the elves and the Pagan deities, was probably of disservice to the former; since every one knows that the whole synod of Olympus were accounted dæmons.

The fulminations of the church were, therefore, early directed against those who consulted or consorted with the Fairies; and, according to the inquisitorial logic, the innocuous choristers of Oberon and Titania were, without remorse, confounded with the sable inhabitants of the orthodox Gehennim; while the rings, which marked their revels, were assimilated to the blasted sward on which the witches held their infernal sabbath. —*Delrii Disq. Mag.* p. 179. This transformation early took place; for, among the many crimes for which the famous Joan of Arc was called upon to answer, it was not the least heinous, that she had frequented the Tree and Fountain, nea. Dompre, which formed the rendezvous of the Fairies, and bore their name; that she had joined in the festive dance with the elves, who haunted this charmed spot; had accepted of their magical bouquets, and availed herself of their talismans, for the deliverance of her country.—*Vide Acta Judiciaria contra Johannam D'Arcean, vulgo vocatam Johanne la Pucelle.*

The Reformation swept away many of the corruptions of the church of Rome; but the purifying torrent remained itself somewhat tinctured by the superstitious impurities of the soil over which it had passed. The trials of sorcerers and witches, which disgrace our criminal records, become even more frequent after the Reformation of the church; as if human credulity, no longer amused by the miracles of Rome, had sought for food in the traditionary records of popular superstition. A Judaica observation of the precepts of the Old Testament also characterized the Presbyterian reformers; "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was a text, which at once (as they conceived) authorised their belief in sorcery, and sanctioned the penalty which they denounced against it. The Fairies were, therefore, in no

better credit after the Reformation than before, being still regarded as actual dæmons, or something very little better. A famous divine, Doctor Jasper Brokeman, teaches us, in his system of divinity, "that they inhabit in those places that are polluted with any crying sin, as effusion of blood, or where unbelief or superstitions have gotten the upper hand."—*Description of Feroe.* The Fairies being on such bad terms with the divines, those who pretended to intercourse with them, were, without scruple, punished as sorcerers; and such absurd charges are frequently stated as exaggerations of crimes, in themselves sufficiently heinous.

Such is the case in the trial of the noted major Weir, and his sister; where the following mummery interlards a criminal indictment, too infamously flagitious to be further detailed: "9th April, 1670. Jean Weir, indicted of sorceries, committed by her when she lived and kept a school at Dalkeith: that she took employment from a woman, to speak in her behalf to the *Queen of Fairii, meaning the devil;* and that another woman gave her a piece of a tree, or root, the next day, and did tell her, that as long as she kept the same, she should be able to do what she pleased; and that same woman, from whom she got the tree, caused her spread a cloth before her door, and set her foot upon it, and to repeat thrice, in the posture foresaid, these words, '*All her losses and crosses go alongst to the doors,*' which was truly a consulting with the devil, and an act of sorcery, &c. That after the spirit, in the shape of a woman, who gave her the piece of tree, had removed, she, addressing herself to spinning, and having spun but a short time, found more yarn upon the pirn than could possibly have come there by good means."*—*Books of Adjournal.*

Neither was the judgment of the criminal court of Scotland less severe against another familiar of the Fairies, whose supposed correspondence with the court of Elfland seems to have constituted the sole crime for which she was burned alive. Her name was Alison Pearson, and she seems to have been a very noted person. In a bitter satire against Adamson, bishop of St Andrews, he is accused of consulting with sorcerers, particularly with this very woman; and an account is given of her travelling through Broadalbane, in the company of the Queen of Faery, and of her deceiving, in the court of Elfland, many persons, who had been supposed at rest in the peaceful grave.† Among these we find two remarkable personages, the secretary,

* It is observed in the record, that major Weir, a man of the most vicious character, was at the same time ambitious of appearing eminently godly; and used to frequent the beds of sick persons, to assist them with his prayers. On such occasions, he put to his mouth a long staff, which he usually carried, and expressed himself with uncommon energy and fluency, of which he was utterly incapable when the inspiring rod was withdrawn. This circumstance, the result, probably, of a trick or habit, appearing suspicious to the judges, the staff of the sorcerer was burned along with his person. One hundred and thirty years have elapsed since his execution, yet no one has, during that space, ventured to inhabit the house of this celebrated criminal.

† For eght the kirk cald him forbid,
He oped him sone, and gat the third;
Ane carling of the queene of Pharris,
That cwill win gair to elphyne carcis:
Through all Brade Albane scho has bene,
On horsbak on Hallow ewin;
And ay in setting certayne nightis,
As scho sayis with sur silly wychirs:
And names out nyboors sex or sewin,
That we beleevit had bene in heawin,
Scho said scho saw theme weill aneagh,
And specialie gude auld Beleleneh,
The secretar, and sundrie uther:
Ane William Symsone, her mother brother,
Whom fra scho has reseavit a buite
For ony herb scho likes to hake;
It will mestrust her how to tak it,
In sawe and sillabe how to mak it;
With stones that mekle mair can doe,
In leich craft, where scho lays them toe;
A thousand maladies scho hes mendit:
Now being tane, and apprehendit,
Scho being in the blackgeis cure,
And keept in his castle sure,
Without respect of worldlie glamer,
He past into the witches chalmer.

Scottish Poems of XVI. Century, Edin. 1801. vol. ii. p. 292.

young Maitland of Lethington, and one of the old lairds of Buccleuch. The cause of their being stationed in Elfland probably arose from the manner of their decease; which, being uncommon and violent, caused the vulgar to suppose that they had been abstracted by the Fairies. Lethington, as is generally supposed, died a Roman death during his imprisonment in Leith; and the Buccleuch, whom I believe to be here meant, was slain in a nocturnal scuffle by the Kers, his hereditary enemies. Besides, they were both attached to the cause of queen Mary, and to the ancient religion; and were thence, probably, considered as more immediately obnoxious to the assaults of the powers of darkness.* The indictment of Alison Pearson notices her intercourse with the archbishop of St Andrews, and contains some particulars, worthy of notice, regarding the court of Elfland. It runs thus:—"28th May, 1586. Alison Pearson, in Byrehill, convicted of witchcraft, and of consulting with evil spirits, in the form of one Mr William Sympsone, her cosin, who she affirmed was a gritt schollar, and doctor of medicine, that healed her of her diseases when she was twelve years of age; having lost the power of her syde, and having a familiaritie with him for divers yeare, dealing with charms, and abusing the common people by her arts of witchcraft, thir divers yeares bypast.

"*Item*, For hanting and repairing with the gude neighbours, and queene of Elfland, thir divers years by-past, as she had confest; and that she had friends in that court, which were of her own blude, who had gude acquaintance of the queene of Elfland, which might have helped her; but she was whiles well, and whiles ill, sometimes with them, and other times away frae them; and that she would be in her bed haille and feire, and would not wytt where she would be the morn; and that she saw not the queene this seven years, and that she was seven years ill handled in the court of Elfland; that, however, she had gude friends there, and that it was the gude neighbours that healed her, under God; and that she was coming and going to St Andrews to heale folkes thir many years past.

"*Item*, Convict of the said act of witchcraft, in as far as she confest that the said Mr William Sympsoune, who was her guidsir sone, born in Stirleing, who was the king's smith, who, when about eight years of age, was taken away by ane Egyptian into Egypt; which Egyptian was a gyant, where he remained twelve years, and then came home.

"*Item*, That she being in Grange Muir, with some other folke, she, being sick, lay downe; and, when alone, there came a man to her, clad in green, who said to her, if she would be faithful, he would do her good; but she, being feared, cried out, but naebodye came to her; so she said, if he came in God's name, and for the gude of her saule, it was well; but he gaid away: that he appeared to her another time like a lustie man, and many men and women with him; that, at seeing him, she signed herself and prayed, and past with them, and saw them making merrie with pypes, and gude cheir and wine, and that she was carried with them; and that when she telled any of these things, she was sairlie tormentit by them; and that the first time she gaed with them, she gat a sair straike frae one of them, which took all the *poustie*† of her syde frae her, and left ane ill-far'd mark on her syde.

"*Item*, That she saw the gude neighbours make their sawes‡ with pannes and fyres, and

* Buccleuch was a violent enemy to the English, by whom his lands had been repeatedly plundered, (See *Introduction*, p. xxvi.) and a great advocate for the marriage betwixt Mary and the dauphin, 1549. According to John Knox, he had recourse even to threats, in urging the parliament to agree to the French match. "The laird of Balcleuch," says the Reformer, "a bloody man, with many Gods wounds, swore, they that would not consent should do worse."

† *Poustie*—Power.

‡ *Sawes*—Salves.

that they gathered the herbs before the sun was up, and they came verie fearful sometimes to her, and fraide * her very air, which made her cry, and threatened they would use her worse than before; and, at last, they took away the power of her haile syde frae her, which made her lye many weeks. Sometimes they would come and sitt by her, and promise all that she should never want, if she would be faithful, but if she would speak and telle of them, they should murther her; and that Mr William Sympeoune is with them, who healed her, and telt her all things; that he is a young man not six years older than herself, and that he will appear to her before the court comes; that he told her he was taken away by them, and he bid her sign herself that she be not taken away, for the teind of them are tane to hell everie year.

"*Item*, That the said Mr William told her what herbs were fit to cure every disease, and how to use them; and particularlie tauld, that the bishop of St Andrews laboured under sindrie diseases, sic as the ripples, trembling, feaver, flux, &c. and bade her make a sawe, and anoint several parts of his body therewith, and gave directions for making a posset, which she made and gave him."

For this idle story, the poor woman actually suffered death. Yet, notwithstanding the fervent arguments thus liberally used by the orthodox, the common people, though they dreaded even to think or speak about the Fairies, by no means unanimously acquiesced in the doctrine which consigned them to eternal perdition. The inhabitants of the Isle of Man call them the "*good people*, and say they live in wilds and forests, and on mountains, and shun great cities, because of the wickedness acted therein: all the houses are blessed where they visit, for they fly vice. A person would be thought imprudently profane, who should suffer his family to go to bed, without having first set a tub, or pail, full of clean water, for those guests to bathe themselves in, which the natives aver they constantly do, as soon as ever the eyes of the family are closed, wherever they vouchsafe to come."—*Waldron's Works*, p. 126. There are some curious, and perhaps anomalous facts, concerning the history of Fairies, in a sort of Cock lane narrative, contained in a letter from Moses Pitt to Dr Edward Fowler, lord bishop of Gloucester, printed at London in 1696, and preserved in Morgan's *Phænix Britannicus*, 4to, London, 1732.

Anne Jefferies was born in the parish of St Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in 1626. Being the daughter of a poor man, she resided as servant in the house of the narrator's father, and waited upon the narrator himself, in his childhood. As she was knitting stockings in an arbour of the garden, "six small people, all in green clothes," came suddenly over the garden wall; at the sight of whom, being much frightened, she was seized with convulsions, and continued so long sick, that she became as a changeling, and was unable to walk. During her sickness, she frequently exclaimed, "They are just gone out of the window! they are just gone out of the window! do you not see them?" These expressions, as she afterwards declared, related to their disappearing. During the harvest, when every one was employed, her mistress walked out; and dreading that Anne, who was extremely weak and silly, might injure herself, or the house, by the fire, with some difficulty persuaded her to walk in the orchard till her return. She accidentally hurt her leg, and, at her return, Anne cured it, by stroking it with her hand. She appeared to be informed of every particular, and asserted, that she had this information from the Fairies, who had caused the misfortune. After this, she performed numerous cures, but would never receive money for them. From harvest time to Christmas, she was fed by the Fairies, and eat no other victuals but theirs. The narrator affirms, that, looking one day through the key-hole of the door of her chamber, he saw her eating; and that she gave him

* *Fraide*- Scared.

piece of bread, which was the most delicious he ever tasted. The Fairies always appeared to her in even numbers; never less than two, nor more than eight, at a time. She had always a sufficient stock of salves and medicines, and yet neither made, nor purchased any; nor did she ever appear to be in want of money. She, one day, gave a silver cup, containing about a quart, to the daughter of her mistress, a girl about four years old, to carry to her mother, who refused to receive it. The narrator adds, that he had seen her dancing in the orchard among the trees, and that she informed him she was then dancing with the Fairies. The report of the strange cures which she performed, soon attracted the attention of both ministers and magistrates. The ministers endeavoured to persuade her, that the Fairies, by which she was haunted, were evil spirits, and that she was under the delusion of the devil. After they had left her, she was visited by the Fairies, while in great perplexity, who desired her to cause those who termed them evil spirits, to read that place of scripture, *First Epistle of John*, chap. iv. v. 1,—*Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God, &c.* Though Anne Jefferies could not read, she produced a Bible folded down at this passage. By the magistrates she was confined three months, without food, in Bodmin jail, and afterwards for some time in the house of justice Tregeagle. Before the constable appeared to apprehend her, she was visited by the Fairies, who informed her what was intended, and advised her to go with him. When this account was given, on May 1, 1696, she was still alive; but refused to relate any particulars of her connection with the Fairies, or the occasion on which they deserted her, lest she should again fall under the cognizance of the magistrates.

Anne Jefferies' Fairies were not altogether singular in maintaining their good character, in opposition to the received opinion of the church. Aubrey and Lily, unquestionably judges in such matters, had a high opinion of these beings, if we may judge from the following succinct and business-like memorandum of a ghost-seer. "Anno 1670. Not far from Cirencester was an apparition. Being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad, returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume, and most melodious twang. M. W. Lily believes it was a fairie. So Propertius,

> "'Omnia finierat; tenues secessit in auras,
> Manait odor, possis scire fuisse Deam!'"
>
> Aubrey's Miscellanies, p. 90.

Webster gives an account of a person who cured diseases by means of a white powder. "To this I shall only add thus much, that the man was accused for invoking and calling upon evil spirits, and was a very simple and illiterate person to any man's judgment, and had formerly been very poor, but had gotten some pretty little means to maintain himself, his wife, and diverse small children, by his cures done with his white powder, of which there were sufficient proofs; and the judge asking him how he came by the powder, he told a story to this effect; That one night, before day was gone, as he was going home from his labour, being very sad and full of heavy thoughts, not knowing how to get meat and drink for his wife and children, he met a fair woman in fine cloathe, who asked him why he was so sad, and he told her that it was by reason of his poverty, to which she said, that if he would follow her counsel, she would help him to that which would serve to get him a good living; to which he said he would consent with all his heart, so it were not by unlawful ways; she told him that it should not be by any such ways, but by doing good, and curing of sick people; and so warning him strictly to meet her there the next night, at the same time, she departed from him, and he went home. And the next night, at the time appointed, he duly waited, and she (according to promise) came, and told him that it was well that he came so duly, otherwise he had missed that benefit that she intended to do unto him, and so bade him follow her, and not be

afraid. Thereupon she led him to a little hill, and she knocked three times, and the hill opened, and they went in, and came to a fair hall, wherein was a queen sitting in great state, and many people about her, and the gentlewoman that brought him presented him to the queen, and she said he was welcome, and bid the gentlewoman give him some of the white powder, and teach him how to use it, which she did, and gave him a little wood box full of the white powder, and bade him give two or three grains of it to any that were sick, and it would heal them; and so she brought him forth of the hill, and so they parted. And, being asked by the judge, whether the place within the hill, which he called a hall, were light or dark, he said, indifferent, as it is with us in the twilight; and being asked how he got more powder, he said, when he wanted, he went to that hill, and knocked three times, and said every time, I am coming, I am coming, whereupon it opened, and he, going in, was conducted by the aforesaid woman to the queen, and so had more powder given him. This was the plain and simple story (however it may be judged of) that he told before the judge, the whole court, and the jury; and there being no proofs, but what cures he had done to very many, the jury did acquit him: and I remember the judge said, when all the evidence was heard, that if he were to assign his punishment, he should be whipped from thence to Fairy-hall; and did seem to judge it to be a delusion, or an imposture."—*Webster's Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, p. 301.

A rustic, also, whom Jackson taxed with magical practices, about 1630, obstinately denied that the good king of the Fairies had any connection with the devil; and some of the Highland seers, even in our day, have boasted of their intimacy with the elves, as an innocent and advantageous connection. One Maccan, in Appin, the last person eminently gifted with the second sight, professed to my learned and excellent friend, Mr Ramsay, of Ochtertyre, that he owed his prophetic visions to their intervention.

VI. There remains yet another cause to be noticed, which seems to have induced a considerable alteration into the popular creed of England, respecting Fairies. Many poets of the sixteenth century, and, above all, our immortal Shakspeare, deserting the hackneyed fictions of Greece and Rome, sought for machinery in the superstitions of their native country. "The fays, which nightly dance upon the wold," were an interesting subject; and the creative imagination of the bard, improving upon the vulgar belief, assigned to them many of those fanciful attributes and occupations, which posterity have since associated with the name of Fairy. In such employments, as rearing the drooping flower, and arranging the disordered chamber, the Fairies of South Britain gradually lost the harsher character of the dwarfs, or elves. Their choral dances were enlivened by the introduction of the merry goblin *Puck*,* for whose freakish pranks they exchanged their original mischievous propensities. The Fairies of Shakspeare, Drayton, and Mennis, therefore, at first exquisite fancy portraits, may be considered as having finally operated a change in the original which gave them birth.†

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* Robin Goodfellow, or Hobgoblin, possesses the frolicksome qualities of the French *Lutin*. For his full character, the reader is referred to the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." The proper livery of this sylvan Momus is to be found in an old play. "Enter Robin Goodfellow, in a suit of leather, close to his body, his hands and face coloured russet colour, with a flail."—*Grim the Collier of Croydon, Act* 4, *Scene* 1. At other times, however, he is presented in the vernal livery of the elves, his associates:—

Tim. "I have made
Some speeches, Sir, in verse, which have been spoke
By a green Robin Goodfellow, from Cheapside conduit,
To my Father's company."

The City Match, Act 1, Scene 6.

† The Fairy land, and Fairies of Spenser, have

While the fays of South Britain received such attractive and poetical embellishments, those of Scotland, who possessed no such advantage, retained more of their ancient and appropriate character. Perhaps, also, the persecution which these sylvan deities underwent, at the instance of the stricter presbyterian clergy, had its usual effect in hardening their dispositions, or at least in rendering them more dreaded by those among whom they dwelt. The face of the country, too, might have some effect; as we should naturally attribute a less malicious disposition, and a less frightful appearance, to the fays who glide by moon-light through the oaks of Windsor, than to those who haunt the solitary heaths and lofty mountains of the North. The fact at least is certain; and it has not escaped a late ingenious traveller, that the character of the Scottish Fairy is more harsh and terrific than that which is ascribed to the elves of our sister kingdom.—See *Stoddart's View of Scenery and Manners in Scotland.*

Some curious particulars concerning the *Daoine Shie*, or *Men of Peace*, for so the highlanders call Fairies, may be found in Dr Grahame's "Sketches of Picturesque Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire." They are, though not absolutely malevolent, believed to be a peevish, repining, and envious race, who enjoy, in the subterranean recesses, a kind of shadowy splendour. The highlanders are at all times unwilling to speak of them, but especially on Friday, when their influence is supposed to be particularly extensive. As they are supposed to be invisibly present, they are at all times to be spoken of with respect.

The Fairies of Scotland are represented as a diminutive race of beings, of a mixed, or rather dubious nature, capricious in their dispositions, and mischievous in their resentment. They inhabit the interior of green hills, chiefly those of a conical form, in Gaelic termed *Sighean*, on which they lead their dances by moon-light; impressing upon the surface the marks of circles, which sometimes appear yellow and blasted, sometimes of a deep green hue; and within which it is dangerous to sleep, or to be found after sun-set. The removal of those large portions of turf, which thunderbolts sometimes scoop out of the ground with singular regularity, is also ascribed to their agency. Cattle, which are suddenly seized with the cramp, or some similar disorder, are said to be *elf-shot*; and the approved cure is, to chafe the parts affected with a blue bonnet, which, it may be readily believed, often restores the circulation. The triangular flints, frequently found in Scotland, with which the ancient inhabitants probably barbed their shafts, are supposed to be the weapons of Fairy resentment, and are termed *elf-arrow heads*. The rude brazen battle-axes of the ancients, commonly called *celts*, are also ascribed to their manufacture. But, like the Gothic duergar, their skill is not confined to the fabrication of arms; for they are heard sedulously hammering in linns, precipices, and rocky or cavernous situations, where, like the dwarfs of the mines, mentioned by Georg. Agricola, they busy themselves in imitating the actions and the various employments of men. The brook of Beaumont, for example, which passes, in its course, by numerous linns and caverns, is notorious for being haunted by the Fairies; and the perforated and rounded stones, which are formed by trituration in its channel, are termed, by the vulgar, fairy cups and dishes. A beautiful resource

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no connection with popular superstition, being only words used to denote an Utopian scene of action, and imaginary and allegorical characters; and the title of the "Fairy Queen" being probably suggested by the elfin mistress of Chaucer's "Sir Thopas." The stealing of the Red Cross Knight, while a child, is the only incident in the poem which approaches to the popular character of the Fairy:—

——— A Fairy thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slept'st in tender swadling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left:
Such men do changelings call, so chang'd by Fairies theft.

Book i. Canto 10.

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is assigned by Fletcher for the fays frequenting streams and fountains: He tells us of

> A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
> The nimble-footed Fairies dance their rounds,
> By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
> Their stolen children, so to make them free
> From dying flesh and dull mortality.
>
> Faithful Shepherdess

It is sometimes accounted unlucky to pass such places, without performing some ceremony to avert the displeasure of the elves. There is, upon the top of Minchmuir, a mountain in Peebles-shire, a spring, called the *Cheese Well*, because, anciently, those who passed that way were wont to throw into it a piece of cheese, as an offering to the Fairies, to whom it was consecrated.

Like the *fold elfen* of the Saxons, the usual dress of the Fairies is green; though, on the moors, they have been sometimes observed in heath-brown, or in weeds dyed with the stoneraw, or lichen.* They often ride in invisible procession, when their presence is discovered by the shrill ringing of their bridles. On these occasions, they sometimes borrow mortal steeds; and when such are found at morning, panting and fatigued in their stalls, with their manes and tails dishevelled and entangled, the grooms, I presume, often find this a convenient excuse for their situation; as the common belief of the elves quaffing the choicest liquors in the cellars of the rich (see the story of Lord Duffus, below,) might occasionally cloak the delinquencies of an unfaithful butler.

The Fairies, beside their equestrian processions, are addicted, it would seem, to the pleasures of the chace. A young sailor, travelling by night from Douglas, in the Isle of Man, to visit his sister, residing in Kirk Merlugh, heard the noise of horses, the hollo of a huntsman, and the sound of a horn. Immediately afterwards, thirteen horsemen, dressed in green, and gallantly mounted, swept past him. Jack was so much delighted with the sport, that he followed them, and enjoyed the sound of the horn for some miles; and it was not till he arrived at his sister's house that he learned the danger which he had incurred. I must not omit to mention, that these little personages are expert jockeys, and scorn to ride the little Manks ponies, though apparently well suited to their size. The exercise, therefore, falls heavily upon the English and Irish horses brought into the Isle of Man. Mr Waldron was assured by a gentleman of Ballafletcher, that he had lost three or four capital hunters by these nocturnal excursions.—*Waldron's Works*, p. 128. From the same author we learn, that the Fairies sometimes take more legitimate modes of procuring horses. A person of the utmost integrity informed him, that, having occasion to sell a horse, he was accosted among the mountains by a little gentleman plainly dressed, who priced his horse, cheapened him, and, after some chaffering, finally purchased him. No sooner had the buyer mounted, and paid the price, than he sank through the earth, horse and man, to the astonishment and terror of the seller; who experienced, however, no inconvenience from dealing with so extraordinary a purchaser.—*Ibid.* p. 135.

It is hoped the reader will receive, with due respect, these, and similar stories, told by Mr Waldron; for he himself, a scholar and a gentleman, informs us, "as to circles in grass, and the impression of small feet among the snow, I cannot deny but I have seen them frequently, and once thought I heard a whistle, as though in my ear, when nobody that could make it was near me." In this passage there is a curious picture of the contagious effects of a superstitious atmosphere. Waldron had lived so long among the Manks, that he was almost persuaded to believe their legends.

The worthy captain George Burton communicated to Richard Bovet, gent., author of the interesting work, entitled, "Pandæmonium, or

* Hence the hero of the ballad is termed an "elfin grey."

the Devil's Cloister Opened," the following singular account of a lad called the *Fairy Boy* of Leith, who, it seems, acted as a drummer to the elves, who weekly held rendezvous in the Calton Hill, near Edinburgh.

"About fifteen years since, having business that detained me for some time at Leith, which is near Edinburgh, in the kingdom of Scotland, I often met some of my acquaintance at a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refection; the woman which kept the house was of honest reputation among the neighbours, which made me give the more attention to what she told me one day about a fairy boy (as they called him,) who lived about that town. She had given me so strange an account of him, that I desired her I might see him the first opportunity, which she promised; and not long after, passing that way, she told me there was the fairy boy; but a little before I came by, and, casting her eye into the street, said, 'Look you, Sir, yonder he is at play with those other boys,' and designing him to me, I went, and, by smooth words, and a piece of money, got him to come into the house with me; where, in the presence of divers people, I demanded of him several astrological questions, which he answered with great subtilty; and, through all his discourse, carried it with a cunning much above his years, which seemed not to exceed ten or eleven.

"He seemed to make a motion like drumming upon the table with his fingers, upon which I asked him, Whether he could beat a drum? To which he replied, Yes, Sir, as well as any man in Scotland; for every Thursday night I beat all points to a sort of people that used to meet under yonder hill, (pointing to the great hill between Edenborough and Leith.) How, boy? quoth I, What company have you there? There are, Sir, (said he) a great company both of men and women, and they are entertained with many sorts of musick, besides my drum; they have, besides, plenty of variety of meats and wine, and many times we are carried into France or Holland in a night, and return again, and whilst we are there, we enjoy all the pleasures the country doth afford. I demanded of him, how they got under that hill? To which he replied, that there were a great pair of gates that opened to them, though they were invisible to others; and that within there were brave large rooms, as well accommodated as most in Scotland.—I then asked him, How I should know what he said to be true? Upon which he told me he would read my fortune, saying, I should have two wives, and that he saw the forms of them sitting on my shoulders; that both would be very handsome women. As he was thus speaking, a woman of the neighbourhood coming into the room, demanded of him, What her fortune should be? He told her that she had two bastards before she was married, which put her in such a rage, that she desired not to hear the rest.

"The woman of the house told me, that all the people in Scotland could not keep him from the rendezvous on Thursday night; upon which, by promising him some more money, I got a promise of him to meet me at the same place, in the afternoon, the Thursday following, and so dismist him at that time. The boy came again, at the place and time appointed, and I had prevailed with some friends to continue with me (if possible) to prevent his moving that night. He was placed between us, and answered many questions, until, about eleven of the clock, he was got away unperceived of the company, but I, suddenly missing him, hasted to the door, and took hold of him, and so returned him into the same room; we all watched him, and, on a sudden, he was again got out of doors; I followed him close, and he made a noise in the street, as if he had been set upon; but from that time I could never see him.

"GEORGE BURTON."

Pandæmonium, or the Devil's Cloyster. By Richard Bovet, Gent. Lond. 1684. p. 172.

From the "History of the Irish Bards," by Mr Walker, and from the glossary subjoined to the lively and ingenious Tale of "Castle Rackrent,"

we learn, that the same ideas, concerning Fairies, are current among the vulgar in that country. The latter authority mentions their inhabiting the ancient tumuli, called *Barrows*, and their abstracting mortals. They are termed "the good people;" and when an eddy of wind raises loose dust and sand, the vulgar believe that it announces a Fairy procession, and bid God speed their journey.

The Scottish Fairies, in like manner, sometimes reside in subterranean abodes, in the vicinity of human habitations, or, according to the popular phrase, under the "door-stane," or threshold; in which situation, they sometimes establish an intercourse with men, by borrowing and lending, and other kindly offices. In this capacity they are termed "the good neighbours," * from supplying privately the wants of their friends, and assisting them in all their transactions, while their favours are concealed. Of this the traditionary story of Sir Godfrey Maculloch forms a curious example.

As this Galloridian gentleman was taking the air on horseback, near his own house, he was suddenly accosted by a little old man, arrayed in green, and mounted upon a white palfrey. After mutual salutation, the old man gave Sir Godfrey to understand, that he resided under his habitation, and that he had great reason to complain of the direction of a drain, or common sewer, which emptied itself directly into his chamber of dais. † Sir Godfrey Maculloch was a good deal startled at this extraordinary complaint; but, guessing the nature of the being he had to deal with, he assured the old man, with great courtesy, that the direction of the drain should be altered; and caused it to be done accordingly. Many years afterwards, Sir Godfrey had the misfortune to kill, in a fray, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. He was apprehended, tried, and condemned. ‡ The scaffold, upon which his head was to be struck off, was erected on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh; but hardly had he reached the fatal spot, when the old man, upon his white palfrey, pressed through the crowd, with the rapidity of lightning. Sir Godfrey, at his command, sprung on behind him; the "good neighbour" spurred his horse down the steep bank, and neither he nor the criminal were ever again seen.

The most formidable attribute of the elves, was their practice of carrying away and exchanging children, and that of stealing human souls from their bodies. "A persuasion prevails among the ignorant," says the author of a MS. history of

* Perhaps this epithet is only one example, among many, of the extreme civility which the vulgar in Scotland use towards spirits of a dubious, or even a determinedly mischievous, nature. The archfiend himself is often distinguished by the softened title of the "good-man." This epithet, so applied, must sound strange to a southern ear; but, as the phrase bears various interpretations, according to the places where it is used, so, in the Scottish dialect, the *goodman of such a place* signifies the tenant, or life-renter, in opposition to the laird, or proprietor. Hence, the devil is termed the good-man, or tenant, of the infernal regions. In the book of the Universal Kirk, 13th May, 1594, mention is made of "the horrible superstitioune usit in Garioch, and dyvers parts of the countrie, in not labouring a parcel of ground dedicated to the devil, under the title of the *Guid Man's Croft*." Lord Hailes conjectured this to have been the *fanum* adjoining to some ancient Pagan temple. The unavowed, but obvious purpose of this practice, was to avert the destructive rage of Satan from the neighbouring possessions. It required various fulminations of the General Assembly of the Kirk to abolish a practice bordering so nearly upon the doctrine of the Magi.

† The best chamber was thus currently denominated in Scotland, from the French *dais*, signifying that part of the ancient halls which was elevated above the rest, and covered with a canopy. The turf-seats, which occupy the sunny side of a cottage wall, are also termed the *dais*.

‡ In this particular, tradition coincides with the real fact; the trial took place in 1687.

Moray, "that, in a consumptive disease, the Fairies steal away the soul, and put the soul of a Fairy in the room of it." This belief prevails chiefly along the eastern coast of Scotland, where a practice, apparently of druidical origin, is used to avert the danger. In the increase of the March moon, withies of oak and ivy are cut, and twisted into wreaths or circles, which they preserve till next March. After that period, when persons are consumptive, or children hectic, they cause them to pass thrice through these circles. In other cases the cure was more rough, and at least as dangerous as the disease, as will appear from the following extract:

"There is one thing remarkable in this parish of Suddie (in Inverness-shire,) which I think proper to mention. There is a small hill N. W. from the church, commonly called Therdy Hill, or Hill of Therdie, as some term it; on the top of which there is a well, which I had the curiosity to view, because of the several reports concerning it. When children happen to be sick, and languish long in their malady, so that they almost turned skeletons, the common people imagine they are taken away (at least the substance) by spirits, called Fairies, and the shadow left with them; so, at a particular season in summer, they leave them all night themselves, watching at a distance, near this well, and this they imagine will either *end or mend them*; they say many more do recover than do not. Yea, an honest tenant who lives hard by it, and whom I had the curiosity to discourse about it, told me it has recovered some, who were about eight or nine years of age, and to his certain knowledge, they bring adult persons to it; for, as he was passing one dark night, he heard groanings, and, coming to the well, he found a man, who had been long sick, wrapped in a plaid, so that he could scarcely move, a stake being fixed in the earth, with a rope, or tedder, that was about the plaid; he had no sooner inquired what he was, but he conjured him to loose him, and out of sympathy he was pleased to slacken that wherein he was, as I may so speak, swaddled; but, if I right remember, he signified, he did not recover." *Account of the Parish of Suddie*, apud *Macfarlane's MSS.*

According to the earlier doctrine, concerning the original corruption of human nature, the power of demons over infants had been long reckoned considerable, in the period intervening between birth and baptism. During this period, therefore, children were believed to be particularly liable to abstraction by the fairies, and mothers chiefly dreaded the substitution of changelings in the place of their own offspring. Various monstrous charms existed in Scotland, for procuring the restoration of a child which had been thus stolen; but the most efficacious of them was supposed to be, the roasting of the suppositious child upon the live embers, when it was believed it would vanish, and the true child appear in the place, whence it had been originally abstracted.* It may be questioned if this experiment could now be made without the animadversion of the law. Even that which is prescribed in the following legend is rather too hazardous for modern use.

"A certain woman having put out her child to nurse in the country, found, when she came to take it home, that its form was so much altered, that she scarce knew it; nevertheless, not knowing what time might do, took it home for her own. But when, after some years, it could neither speak nor go, the poor woman was fain to carry it, with much trouble, in her arms; and one day, a poor man coming to the door, 'God bless you, mistress,' said he, 'and your poor

* Less perilous recipes were sometimes used. The editor is possessed of a small relique, termed by tradition a toad-stone, the influence of which was supposed to preserve pregnant women from the power of demons, and other dangers incidental to their situation. It has been carefully preserved for several generations, was often pledged for considerable sums of money, and uniformly redeemed from a belief in its efficacy.

child; be pleased to bestow something on a poor man.' 'Ah! this child,' replied she, is the cause of all my sorrow,' and related what had happened, adding, moreover, that she thought it changed, and none of her child. The old man, whom years had rendered more prudent in such matters, told her, to find out the truth, she should make a clear fire, sweep the hearth very clean, and place the child fast in his chair, that he might not fall before it, and break a dozen eggs, and place the four-and-twenty half-shells before it; then go out, and listen at the door: for, if the child spoke, it was certainly a changeling; and then she should carry it out, and leave it on the dunghill to cry, and not to pity it, till she heard its voice no more. The woman, having done all things according to these words, heard the child say, 'Seven years old was I before I came to the nurse, and four years have I lived since, and never saw so many milk pans before. So the woman took it up, and left it upon the dunghill to cry, and not to be pitied, till at last she thought the voice went up into the air; and coming, found there her own natural and well-favoured child."—*Grose's Provincial Glossary*, quoted from "A Pleasant Treatise on Witchcraft."

The most minute and authenticated account of an exchanged child is to be found in Waldron's "Isle of Man," a book from which I have derived much legendary information. "I was prevailed upon myself," says that author, "to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings, and, indeed, must own, was not a little surprised, as well as shocked, at the sight. Nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but, though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint; his limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than any infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world. He never spoke nor cried, ate scarce any thing, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a *fairy-elf*, he would frown, and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a charring, and left him a whole day together. The neighbours, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window, to see how he behaved while alone; which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company, more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable, was, that if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety."—P. 128.

Waldron gives another account of a poor woman, to whose offspring, it would seem, the Fairies had taken a special fancy. A few nights after she was delivered of her first child, the family were alarmed by a dreadful cry of "Fire!" All flew to the door, while the mother lay trembling in bed, unable to protect her infant, which was snatched from the bed by an invisible hand. Fortunately, the return of the gossips, after the causeless alarm, disturbed the Fairies, who dropped the child, which was found sprawling and shrieking upon the threshold. At the good woman's second *accouchement*, a tumult was heard in the cow-house, which drew thither the whole assistants. They returned, when they found that all was quiet among the cattle, and lo! the second child had been carried from the bed, and dropped in the middle of the lane. But, upon the third occurrence of the same kind, the company were again decoyed out of the sick woman's chamber by a false alarm, leaving only a nurse, who was detained by the bonds of sleep. On this last occasion, the mother plainly saw her child removed, though the means were invisible. She screamed for assistance to the nurse; but the old lady had partaken too deeply of the cordials

which circulate upon such joyful occasions, to be easily awakened. In short, the child was this time fairly carried off, and a withered, deformed creature left in its stead, quite naked, with the clothes of the abstracted infant, rolled in a bundle, by its side. This creature lived nine years, ate nothing but a few herbs, and neither spoke, stood, walked, nor performed any other functions of mortality; resembling, in all respects, the changeling already mentioned.—*Waldron's Works, ibid.*

But the power of the Fairies was not confined to unchristened children alone; it was supposed frequently to extend to full-grown persons, especially such as, in an unlucky hour, were devoted to the devil by the execration of parents and of masters;* or those who were found asleep under a rock, or on a green hill, belonging to the Fairies, after sun-set, or, finally, to those who unwarily joined their orgies. A tradition existed, during the seventeenth century, concerning an ancestor of the noble family of Duffus, who, "walking abroad in the fields, near to his own house, was suddenly carried away, and found the next day at Paris, in the French king's cellar, with a silver cup in his hand. Being brought into the king's presence, and questioned by him who he was, and how he came thither, he told his name, his country, and the place of his residence; and that, on such a day of the month, which proved to be the day immediately preceding, being in the fields, he heard the noise of a whirlwind, and of voices, crying, '*Horse and Hattock!*' (this is the word which the Fairies are said to use when they remove from any place,) whereupon he cried, '*Horse and Hattock*' also, and was immediately caught up, and transported through the air, by the Fairies, to that place, where, after he had drunk heartily, he fell asleep, and before he woke, the rest of the company were gone, and had left him in the posture wherein he was found. It is said the king gave him the cup, which was found in his hand, and dismissed him." The narrator affirms, "that the cup was still preserved, and known by the name of the *Fairy cup*." He adds, that Mr Steward, tutor to the then lord Duffus, had informed him, that, "when a boy, at the school of Forres, he, and his school-fellows, were upon a time whipping their tops in the church-yard, before the door of the church, when, though the day was calm, they heard a noise of a wind, and at some distance saw the small dust begin to rise and turn round, which motion continued advancing till it came to the place where they were, whereupon they began to bless themselves; but one of their number being, it seems, a little more bold and confident than his companions, said, '*Horse and Hattock with my top*,' and immediately they all saw the top lifted up from the ground, but could not see which way it was carried, by reason of a cloud of dust which was raised at the same time. They sought for the top all about the place where it was taken up, but in vain; and it was found afterwards in the church-yard, on the other side of the church."—This puerile legend is contained in a letter from a learned gentleman in Scotland, to Mr Aubrey, dated 15th March, 1695, published in *Aubrey's Miscellanies*, p. 153.

Notwithstanding the special example of lord Duffus, and of the top, it is the common opinion, that persons, falling under the power of the Fairies, were only allowed to revisit the haunts of men, after seven years had expired. At the end of seven years more, they again disappeared, after which they were seldom seen among men.

* This idea is not peculiar to the Gothic tribes, but extends to those of Sclavic origin. Tooke (*History of Russia*, vol. i. p. 100,) relates, that the Russian peasants believe the nocturnal dæmon, *Kikimora*, to have been a child, whom the devil stole out of the womb of its mother, because she had cursed it. They also assert, that if an execration against a child be spoken in an evil hour, the child is carried off by the devil. The beings, so stolen, are neither fiends nor men; they are invisible, and afraid of the cross and holy water; but, on the other hand, in their nature and dispositions they resemble mankind, whom they love, and rarely injure.

tals. The accounts they gave of their situation differ in some particulars. Sometimes they were represented as leading a life of constant restlessness, and wandering by moon-light. According to others, they inhabited a pleasant region, where, however, their situation was rendered horrible, by the sacrifice of one or more individuals to the devil every seventh year. This circumstance is mentioned in Alison Pearson's indictment, and in the *Tale of the Young Tamlane*, where it is termed, "the paying the kane to hell," or, according to some recitations, "the teind," or tenth. This is the popular reason assigned for the desire of the Fairies to abstract young children, as substitutes for themselves in this dreadful tribute. Concerning the mode of winning, or recovering, persons abstracted by the Fairies, tradition differs; but the popular opinion, contrary to what may be inferred from the following tale, supposes, that the recovery must be effected within a year and a day, to be held legal in the Fairy court. This feat, which was reckoned an enterprise of equal difficulty and danger, could only be accomplished on Hallowe'en, at the great annual procession of the Fairy court.* Of this procession the following description is found in Montgomery's *Flyting against Polwart*, apud *Watson's Collection of Scots Poems*, 1709, Part iii. p. 12.

In the hinder end of harvest, on All-hallowe'en,
When our good neighbours dois ride, if I read right,
Some buckled on a bunewand, and some on a bean,
Ay trottand in troupe from the twilight;
Some saidled a she-ape, all grathed into green,
Some hobland on a hemp-stalk, hovand to the hight;
The king of Pharis and his court, with the Elf queen,
With many elfish incubus was ridand that night.
There an elf on an ape, an unsel begat,
Into a pot by Pomathorne;
That bratchart in a buane was born;
They fand a monster on the morn,
War faced nor a cat.

* See the inimitable poem of Hallowe'en:—

"Upon that night, when Fairies light
On Cassilis Downan dance;
Or o'er the lea, in splendid blaze,
On stately coursers prance," &c.—Burns.

The catastrophe of *Tamlane* terminated more successfully than that of other attempts, which tradition still records. The wife of a farmer in Lothian had been carried off by the Fairies, and, during the year of probation, repeatedly appeared on Sunday, in the midst of her children, combing their hair. On one of these occasions she was accosted by her husband; when she related to him the unfortunate event which had separated them, instructed him by what means he might win her, and exhorted him to exert all his courage, since her temporal and eternal happiness depended on the success of his attempt. The farmer, who ardently loved his wife, set out on Hallowe'en, and, in the midst of a plot of furze, waited impatiently for the procession of the Fairies. At the ringing of the Fairy bridles, and the wild unearthly sound which accompanied the cavalcade, his heart failed him, and he suffered the ghostly train to pass by without interruption. When the last had rode past, the whole troop vanished, with loud shouts of laughter and exultation; among which he plainly discovered the voice of his wife, lamenting that he had lost her for ever

A similar, but real incident, took place at the town of North Berwick, within the memory of man. The wife of a man, above the lowest class of society, being left alone in the house, a few days after delivery, was attacked and carried off by one of those convulsion fits, incident to her situation. Upon the return of the family, who had been engaged in hay-making, or harvest, they found the corpse much disfigured. This circumstance, the natural consequence of her disease, led some of the spectators to think that she had been carried off by the Fairies, and that the body before them was some elfin deception. The husband, probably, paid little attention to this opinion at the time. The body was interred, and after a decent time had elapsed, finding his domestic affairs absolutely required female superintendence, the widower paid his addresses to a young woman in the neighbourhood. The re-

collection, however, of his former wife, whom he had tenderly loved, haunted his slumbers; and, one morning, he came to the clergyman of the parish in the utmost dismay, declaring that she had appeared to him the preceding night, informed him that she was a captive in Fairy Land, and conjured him to attempt her deliverance. She directed him to bring the minister, and certain other persons, whom she named, to her grave at midnight. Her body was then to be dug up, and certain prayers recited; after which the corpse was to become animated, and fly from them. One of the assistants, the swiftest runner in the parish, was to pursue the body; and, if he was able to seise it, before it had thrice encircled the church, the rest were to come to his assistance, and detain it, in spite of the struggles it should use, and the various shapes into which it might be transformed. The redemption of the abstracted person was then to become complete. The minister, a sensible man, argued with his parishioner upon the indecency and absurdity of what was proposed, and dismissed him. Next Sunday, the banns being for the first time proclaimed betwixt the widower and his new bride, his former wife, very naturally, took the opportunity of the following night to make him another visit, yet more terrific than the former. She upbraided him with his incredulity, his fickleness, and his want of affection; and, to convince him that her appearance was no aerial illusion, she gave suck, in his presence, to her youngest child. The man, under the greatest horror of mind, had again recourse to the pastor; and his ghostly counsellor fell upon an admirable expedient to console him. This was nothing less than dispensing with the former solemnity of banns, and marrying him, without an hour's delay, to the young woman to whom he was affianced; after which no spectre again disturbed his repose.*

* To these I have now to add the following instance of redemption from Fairy Land. The legend is printed from a broadside still popular in Ireland:—

"Near the town of Aberdeen, in Scotland, lived James Campbell, who had one daughter named Mary, who was married to John Nelson, a young man of that neighbourhood. Shortly after their marriage, they being a young couple, they went to live in the town of Aberdeen, where he followed his trade, being a goldsmith; they lived loving and agreeable together until the time of her lying in, when there was female attendants prepared suitable to her situation; when near the hour of twelve at night they were alarmed with a dreadful noise, at which of a sudden the candles went out, which drove the attendants in the utmost confusion; soon as the women regained their half-lost senses, they called in the neighbours, who, after striking up lights, and looking towards the lying-in woman, found her a corpse, which caused great confusion in the family. There was no grief could exceed that of her husband, who, next morning, prepared ornaments for her funeral; people of all sects came to her wake, amongst others came the reverend Mr Dodd, who, at first sight of the corpse, said, it's not the body of any Christian, but that Mrs Nelson was taken away by the Fairies, and what they took for her was only some substance left in her place. He was not believed, so he refused attending her funeral; they kept her in the following night, and next day she was interred.

"Her husband, one evening after sunset, being riding in his own field, heard a most pleasant concert of music, and soon after espied a woman coming towards him drest in white; she being veiled he could not observe her face, yet he rode near her, and asked her very friendly who she was that chose to walk alone so late in the evening? at which she unveiled her face, and burst into tears, saying, I am not permitted to tell you who I am. He knowing her to be his wife, asked her, in the name of God, what disturbed her, or occasioned her to appear at that hour? She said her appearing at any hour was of no consequence; for though you believe me to be dead and buried, I am not, but was taken away by the Fairies the night of my delivery; you only buried a piece of wood in my place; I can be recovered if you take proper means; as for my child, it has three nurses to attend it, but I fear it cannot be brought home; the greatest dependence I have on any person is my brother Robert, who is a captain of a merchant ship, and will be home in ten days hence. Her husband asked her what means he

Having concluded these general observations upon the Fairy superstition, which, although minute, may not, I hope, be deemed altogether uninteresting, I proceed to the more particular illustrations, relating to "The Tale of the Young Tamlane."

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should take to win her? She told him he should find a letter, the Sunday morning following, on the desk in his own room, directed to her brother, wherein there would be directions for winning her. Since my being taken from you I have had the attendance of a queen or empress, and if you look over my right shoulder you will see several of my companions; he then did as she desired, when, at a small distance, he saw a king and queen sitting, beside a moat, on a throne in splendour.

"She then desired him to look to right and left, which he did, and observed other kings on each side of the king and queen, well guarded. He said, I fear it is an impossibility to win you from such a place; no, says she, were my brother Robert here in your place, he would bring me home; but let it not encourage you to attempt the like, for that would occasion the loss of me for ever: there is now severe punishment threatened to me for speaking to you: but, to prevent that, do you ride up to the moat, where (suppose you will see no person), all you now see will be near you, and do you threaten to burn all the old thorns and brambles that is round the moat, if you do not get a firm promise that I shall get no punishment, I shall be forgiven; which he promised. She then disappeared, and he lost sight of all he had seen; he then rode very resolutely up to the moat, and went round it, vowing he would burn all about it if he would not get a promise that his wife should get no hurt; a voice desired him to cast away a book was in his pocket, and then demand his request; he answered he would not part his book, but grant his request, or they should find the effect of his rage; the voice answered, that upon honour she should be forgave that fault, but for him to suffer no prejudice to come to the moat, which he promised to fulfil, at which he heard a most pleasant music. He then returned home, and sent for the reverend Mr Dodd, and related to him what he had seen; Mr Dodd staid with him till Sunday morning following, when, as Mr Nelson looked on the desk in his room, he espied a letter, which he took up, it being directed to her brother, who in a few days came home; on his receiving the letter he opened it, wherein he found the following:

'Dear Brother,—My husband can relate to you my present circumstances. I request that you will (the first night after you see this) come to the moat where I parted my husband; let nothing daunt you, but stand in the centre of the moat at the hour of twelve at night, and call me, when I with several others will surround you; I shall have on the whitest dress of any in company, then take hold of me, and do not forsake me; all the frightful methods they shall use let it not surprise you, but keep your hold, suppose they continue till cock-crow, when they shall vanish all of a sudden, and I shall be safe, when I will return home and live with my husband. If you succeed in your attempt, you will gain applause from all your friends, and have the blessing of your ever-loving and affectionate sister,

Mary Nelson.

"No sooner had he read the letter than he vowed to win his sister and her child, or perish in the attempt; he returned to his ship, and related to his sailors the consequence of the letter; he delayed till ten at night, when his loyal sailors offered to go with him, which he refused, thinking it best to go alone. As he left his ship a frightful lion came roaring towards him; he drew his sword and struck at the lion, which he observed was of no substance, it being only the appearance of one to terrify him in his attempt; it only encouraged him, so that he proceeded to the moat, in the centre of which he observed a white handkerchief spread; on which he was surrounded by a number of women, the cries of whom were the most frightful he ever heard; his sister being in the whitest dress of any round him, he seised her by the right hand, and said, With the help of God, I will preserve you from all infernal imps; when, of a sudden, the moat seemed to be on fire round him. He likewise heard the most dreadful thunder could be imagined; frightful birds and beasts seemed to make towards him out of the fire, which he knew was not real; nothing daunted his courage; he kept hold of his sister for the space of an hour and three quarters, when the cocks began to crow; then the fire disappeared, and all the frightful imps vanished. He held her in his arms, and fell on his knees and gave God thanks for his proceed-

The following ballad, still popular in Ettrick Forest, where the scene is laid, is certainly of much greater antiquity than its phraseology, gradually modernised as transmitted by tradition, would seem to denote. The "Tale of the Young Tamlane" is mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland;" and the air, to which it was chaunted, seems to have been accommodated to a particular dance; for the dance of "Thom of Lynn," another variation of "Thomalin," likewise occurs in the same performance. Like every popular subject, it seems to have been frequently parodied; and a burlesque ballad, beginning,

"Tom o' the Linn was a Scotsman born,"

is still well known.

In a medley, contained in a curious and ancient MS. cantus, *penes* J. G. Dalyell, Esq., there is an allusion to our ballad:—

"Sing young Thomlin, be merry, be merry, and twice so merry."

In "Scottish Songs," 1774, a part of the original tale was published under the title of "Kerton Ha';" a corruption of Carterhaugh; and, in the same collection, there is a fragment, containing two or three additional verses, beginning,

"I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you," &c.

In Johnston's "Musical Museum, a more complete copy occurs, under the title of "Thom Linn," which, with some alterations, was reprinted in the "Tales of Wonder."

The present edition is the most perfect which has yet appeared; being prepared from a collation of the printed copies with a very accurate one in Glenriddell's MSS., and with several recitals from tradition. Some verses are omitted in this edition, being ascertained to belong to a separate ballad, which will be found in a subsequent part of the work. In one recital only, the well-known fragment of the "Wee, wee Man," was introduced, in the same measure with the rest of the poem. It was retained in the first edition, but is now omitted; as the editor has been favoured, by the learned Mr Ritson, with a copy of the original poem, of which it is a detached fragment. The editor has been enabled to add several verses of beauty and interest to this edition of "Tamlane," in consequence of a copy, obtained from a gentleman residing near Langholm, which is said to be very ancient, though the diction is somewhat of a modern cast. The manners of the Fairies are detailed at considerable length, and in poetry of no common merit.

Carterhaugh is a plain, at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle; a romantic ruin, which overhangs the Yarrow, and which is said to have been the habitation of our heroine's father, though others place his residence in the tower of Oakwood. The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings, which vulgar credulity supposes to be traces of the Fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk, and of water, in

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ings that night; he believing her cloathing to be light, he put his outside coat on her; she then embraced him, saying, she was now safe, as he put any of his cloathing on her; he then brought her home to her husband, which occasioned great rejoicing. Her husband and he began to conclude to destroy the moat in revenge of the child they had away, when instantly they heard a voice, which said, you shall have your son safe and well on condition that you will not till the ground within three perches of the moat, nor damage bushes or brambles round that place, which they agreed to, when, in a few minutes, the child was left on his mother's knee, which caused them to kneel and return thanks to God.

"The circumstance of this terrifying affair was occasioned by leaving Mrs Nelson, the night of her lying-in, in the care of women who were mostly intoxicated with liquor. It is requested both sexes will take notice of the above, and not leave women in distress, but with people who at such times mind their duty to God."

which "Tamlane" was dipped, in order to effect the disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. Miles Cross (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross,) where fair Janet awaited the arrival of the Fairy train, is said to have stood near the duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bowhill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh. In no part of Scotland, indeed, has the belief in Fairies maintained its ground with more pertinacity than in Selkirkshire. The most sceptical among the lower ranks only venture to assert, that their appearances, and mischievous exploits, have ceased, or at least become infrequent, since the light of the Gospel was diffused in its purity. One of their frolics is said to have happened late in the last century. The victim of elfin sport was a poor man, who, being employed in pulling heather upon Peatlaw, a hill not far from Carterhaugh, had tired of his labour, and laid him down to sleep upon a Fairy ring. When he awakened, he was amazed to find himself in the midst of a populous city, to which, as well as to the means of his transportation, he was an utter stranger. His coat was left upon the Peatlaw; and his bonnet, which had fallen off in the course of his aerial journey, was afterwards found hanging upon the steeple of the church of Lanark. The distress of the poor man was, in some degree, relieved, by meeting a carrier, whom he had formerly known, and who conducted him back to Selkirk, by a slower conveyance than had whirled him to Glasgow.—That he had been carried off by the Fairies was implicitly believed by all, who did not reflect, that a man may have private reasons for leaving his own country, and for disguising his having intentionally done so.

The Young Tamlane.

O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd on your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh
For young Tamlane is there.

There's nane, that gaes by Carterhaugh,
But maun leave him a wad,
Either goud rings, or green mantles,
Or else their maidenheid.

Now, gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,
Green mantles ye may spin;
But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,
Ye'll ne'er get that agen.

But up then spak her, fair Janet,
The fairest o' a' her kin;
"I'll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' him."

Janet has kilted her green kirtle, *
A little abune her knee;
And she has braided her yellow hair,
A little abune her bree.

And when she came to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well;
And there she fand his steed standing,
But away was himself.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
A rose but barely three;
Till up and starts a wee wee man,
At Lady Janet's knee.

Says—"Why pu' ye the rose, Janet?
What gars ye break the tree?
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
Withouten leave o' me?"

* The ladies are always represented, in Dunbar's Poems, with green mantles and yellow hair —*Maitland Poems*, vol. i. p. 45.

Says—" Carterhaugh it is mine ain;
My daddie gave it me;
I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
And ask nae leave o' thee."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Amang the leaves sae green;
And what they did I cannot tell—
The green leaves were between.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
Amang the roses red;
And what they did I cannot say—
She ne'er returned a maid.

When she cam' to her father's ha',
She looked pale and wan;
They thought she'd dried some mair sickness,
Or been wi' some leman.

She didna comb her yellow hair,
Nor make meikle o' her heid;
And ilka thing that lady took,
Was like to be her deid.

It's four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the ba';
Janet, the wightest of them anes,
Was faintest o' them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair
Were playing at the chess;
And out there came the fair Janet,
As green as any grass.

Out and spak' an auld gray-headed knight,
Lay o'er the castle wa'—
"And ever alas! for thee, Janet,
But we'll be blamed a'!"

"Now hand your tongue, ye auld gray knight!
And an ill deid may ye die,
Father my bairn on whom I will,
I'll father nane on thee."

Out then spak' her father dear,
And he spak' meik and mild—
"And ever, alas! my sweet Janet,
I fear ye gae with child."

"And, if I be with child, father,
Myself maun bear the blame;
There's ne'er a knight about your ha'
Shall ha'e the bairnie's name.

"And, if I be with child, father,
'Twill prove a wondrous birth;
For well I swear I'm not wi' bairn
To any man on earth.

"If my love were an earthly knight,
As he's an elfin grey,
I wadna gi'e my ain true love
For nae lord that ye ha'e."

She pinched herself and prinn'd herself,
By the se light of the moon,
And she's away to Carterhaugh,
To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she cam' to Carterhaugh,
She gaed beside the well;
And there she saw the steed standing,
But away was himself.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,
A rose but only twae,
When up and started young Tamlane,
Says—" Lady, thou pu's nae mae!

"Why pu' ye the rose, Janet,
Within this garden grene,
And a' to kill the bonnie babe,
That we got us between?"

"The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane;
A word ye maana lie;
Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,
Or sained * in Christentie."

"The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,
A word I winna lie;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
As well as they did thee.

"Randolph, earl Murray, was my sire,
Dunbar, earl March, is thine; †
We loved when we were children small,
Which yet you well may mind.

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* *Sained*—Hallowed.

† Both these mighty chiefs were connected with Ettrick Forest and its vicinity. Their memory, therefore, lived in the traditions of the country. Randolph, earl of Murray, the renowned nephew of Robert Bruce, had a castle at Ha' Guards, in Annandale, and another in Peebles-shire, on the borders of the forest, the site of which is still

"When I was a boy just turned of nine,
My uncle sent for me,
To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,
And keep him companiе.

"There came a wind out of the north,
A sharp wind and a snell;
And a dead sleep came over me,
And frae my horse I fell.

"The Queen of Fairies keppit me,
In yon green hill to dwell;
And I'm a fairy, lyth and limb;
Fair lady, view me well.

"But we, that live in Fairy-land,
No sickness know, nor pain;
I quit my body when I will,
And take to it again.

"I quit my body when I please,
Or unto it repair;
We can inhabit, at our ease,
In either earth or air.

"Our shapes and size we can convert
To either large or small;
An old nut-shell's the same to us,
As is the lofty hall.

"We sleep in rose-buds, soft and sweet,
We revel in the stream;
We wanton lightly on the wind,
Or glide on a sun-beam.

"And all our wants are well supplied,
From every rich man's store,
Who thankless sins the gifts he gets, *
And vainly grasps for more.

"Then I would never tire, Janet,
In elfish land to dwell;
But aye at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell;
And I am sae fat, and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be myself.

"This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
The morn is Hallowday;
And, gin ye dare your true love win,
Ye ha'e na time to stay.

"The night it is good Hallowe'en,
When fairy folk will ride;
And they, that wad their true love win,
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

"But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?
Or how shall I thee knaw,
Amang so many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw?"

called Randall's Walls. Patrick of Dunbar, earl of March, is said, by Henry the Minstrel, to have retreated to Ettrick Forest, after being defeated by Wallace.—*Scott.*

* To *sin our gifts or mercies*, means, ungratefully to hold them in slight esteem. The idea, that the possessions of the wicked are most obnoxious to the depredations of evil spirits, may be illustrated by the following tale of a *Buttery Spirit*, extracted from Thomas Heywood:—

An ancient and virtuous monk came to visit his nephew, an innkeeper, and, after other discourse, enquired into his circumstances. Mine host confessed, that, although he practised all the unconscionable tricks of his trade, he was still miserably poor. The monk shook his head, and asked to see his buttery, or larder. As they looked into it, he rendered visible to the astonished host an immense goblin, whose paunch, and whole appearance, bespoke his being gorged with food, and who, nevertheless, was gormandizing at the innkeeper's expense, emptying whole shelves of food, and washing it down with entire hogsheads of liquor. "To the depredation of this visitor will thy viands be exposed," quoth the uncle, "until thou shalt abandon fraud, and false reckonings." The monk returned in a year. The host having turned over a new leaf, and given Christian measure to his customers, was now a thriving man. When they again inspected the larder, they saw the same spirit, but wofully reduced in size, and in vain attempting to reach at the full plates and bottles, which stood around him; starving, in short, like Tantalus, in the midst of plenty. Honest Heywood sums up the tale thus:—

> In this discourse, far be it we should mean
> Spirits by meat are fatted made, or lean;
> Yet certain 'tis, by God's permission, they
> May, over goods extorted, bear like sway.
> * * * * * * * *
> All such as study fraud, and practise evil,
> Do only starve themselves to plump the devill.
>
> Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels, p. 377.

"The first company, that passes by,
Say na, and let them gae;
The next company, that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae;
The third company, that passes by,
Than I'll be ane o' thae.

"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

"For I ride on the milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christened knight,
They gave me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gi'e thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But hold me fast, let me not pass,
Gin ye wad be my maike.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an ask;
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale * that burns fast.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A red-hot gad o' airn;
But hold me fast, let me not pass,
For I'll do you no harm.

"First dip me in a stand o' milk,
And then in a stand o' water;
But hold me fast, let me not pass—
I'll be your bairn's father.

"And, next, they'll shape me in your arms,
A tod, but and an eel;
But hold me fast, nor let me gang,
As you do love me weel.

"They'll shape me in your arms, Janet,
A dove, but and a swan;
And, last, they'll shape me in your arms,
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me—
I'll be myself again."

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,
And eiry † was the way,
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

The heavens were black, the night was dark,
And dreary was the place;
But Janet stood, with eager wish,
Her lover to embrace.

Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,
A north wind tore the bent;
And straight she heard strange elritch sounds
Upon that wind which went.

About the dead hour o' the night,
she heard the bridles ring;
And Janet was as glad o' that,
As any earthly thing!

Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large,
And bog-reed struck the ear;
But solemn sounds, or sober thoughts,
The Fairies cannot bear.

They sing, inspired with love and joy,
Like sky-larks in the air;
Of solid sense, or thought that's grave,
You'll find no traces there.

Fair Janet stood, with mind unmoved,
The dreary heath upon;
And louder, louder wax'd the sound,
As they came riding on.

Will o' Wisp before them went,
Sent forth a twinkling light;
And soon she saw the Fairy bands
All riding in her sight.

And first gaed by the black black steed
And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

* *Bale*—A faggot.

† *Eiry*—Producing superstitious dread.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
And loot the bridle fa';
And up there raise an erlish * cry—
"He's won amang us a'!"

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,
An eek, † but and an adder;
She held him fast in every shape—
To be her hairn's father.

They shaped him in her arms at last,
A mother-naked man;
She wrapt him in her green mantle,
And sae her true love wan.

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' bush o' broom—
"She that has borrowed young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom."

Up then spake the Queen of Fairies,
Out o' a bush of rye—
"She's ta'en awa' the bonniest knight
In a' my cumpanie.

"But had I kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
"A lady wad borrowed thee—
I wad ta'en out thy twa gray een,
Put in twa een o' tree.

"Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
"Before ye came frae hame—
I wad tane out your heart o' flesh,
Put in a heart o' stane.

"Had I but had the wit yestreen,
That I ha'e coft ‡ the day—
I'd paid my kane seven times to hell,
Ere you'd been won away!"

TOM LINN.

[This fragment is from "A New Book of Old Ballads," Edinburgh, 1844. It differs considerably from the preceding.]

O! ALL you ladies young and gay,
Who are so sweet and fair;
Do not go into Chaster's wood,
For Tomlin will be there.

Fair Margaret sat in her bonny bower,
Sewing her silken seam;
And wished to be in Chaster's wood,
Among the leaves so green.

She let the seam fall to her foot,
The needle to her toe;
And she has gone to Chaster's wood,
As fast as she could go.

When she began to pull the flowers,
She pull'd both red and green;
Then by did come, and by did go,
Said, "Fair maid let abene.

"O! why pluck you the flowers, lady,
Or why climb you the tree;
Or why come ye to Chaster's wood
Without the leave of me?"

"O! I will pull the flowers," she said,
"Or I will break the tree,
For Chaster's wood it is my own;
I'll ask no leave at thee."

He took her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
And laid her down upon the flowers,
At her he ask'd no leave.

The lady blush'd and sourly frown'd,
And she did think great shame;
Says, "If you are a gentleman,
You will tell me your name."

"First they did call me Jack," he said,
"And then they call'd me John;
But since I liv'd in the fairy court,
Tomlin has always been my name.

"So do not pluck that flower, lady,
That has these pimples gray;
They would destroy the bonny babe
That we've gotten in our play."

"O! tell to me, Tomlin," she said,
"And tell it to me soon;
Was you ever at a good church door,
Or got you Christendom?"

"O! I have been at good church door,
And oft her yetts within;
I was the laird of Foulis's son,
The heir of all his land.

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* *British*—Elritch, ghastly.
† *Eek*—Newt. ‡ *Coft*—Bought.

"But it fell once upon a day,
As hunting I did ride;
As I rode east and west yon hill,
There woe did me betide.

"O! drowsy, drowsy as I was,
Dead sleep upon me fell;
The Queen of fairies she was there,
And took me to herself.

"The morn at even is Hallowe'en,
Our fairy court will ride
Through England and Scotland both,
Through all the world wide;
And if that ye would me borrow,
At Rides Cross ye may bide.

"You may go into the Miles Moss,
Between twelve hours and one;
Take holy water in your hand,
And cast a compass round.

"The first court that comes along,
You'll let them all pass by;
The next court that comes along,
Salute them reverently.

"The next court that comes along,
Is clad in robes of green;
And it's the head court of them all,
For in it rides the Queen.

"And I upon a milk white steed,
With a gold star in my crown;
Because I am an earthly man,
I'm next the Queen in renown.

"Then seize upon me with a spring,
Then to the ground I'll fa';
And then you'll hear a rueful cry,
That Tomlin is awa'.

"Then I'll grow in your arms two,
Like to a savage wild;
But hold me fast, let me not go,
I'm father of your child.

"I'll grow into your arms two
Like an adder, or a snake;
But hold me fast, let me not go,
I'll be your earthly make.

"I'll grow into your arms two,
Like ice on frozen lake
But hold me fast, let me not go,
Or from your grapen break.

"I'll grow into your arms two,
Like iron in strong fire;
But hold me fast, let me not go,
Then you'll have your desire."

And its next night into Miles Moss,
Fair Margaret has gone;
When lo she stands beside Rides Cross,
Between twelve hours and one.

There's holy water in her hand,
She casts a compass round;
And presently a fairy band
Comes riding o'er the mound.

The Gloampne Buchte.

[A Ballad by James Telfer, with an Introduction by Robert White, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; printed in the legendary portion of "The Local Historian's Table Book for Northumberland and Durham, 1843." The ballad itself originally appeared in a small volume, published at Jedburgh in 1824.]

[Although the light of knowledge has, to a considerable degree, dispersed innumerable shadows which the vivid imagination of our ancestors invested with the attributes of reality, a belief in Fairy Mythology still lingers with those who reside in the unfrequented recesses of the Border Hills. Simple, pious men, attending their *hirsels*, and occasionally carrying the bible in their *plaid neuks*, will, on going their rounds, point out some green knoll or level haugh bounded by a slender brook, where the "good neighbours" were, in former times, wont to hold their joyous revelry. Not one may acknowledge he ever saw a fairy; but many will admit that such beings have been seen: and, rather than yield up this point of credence, some would even be more ready to swerve from faith in matters of infinitely higher importance. Much light, I am aware, has been thrown on this department of superstition by the pens of far abler commentators; yet as I intend to make thereon some additional observations, by way of illustrating both the following ballad and

similar pieces of fiction, I shall endeavour to confine myself to those opinions of the subject which prevailed on the boundaries of England and Scotland, handling them, if possible, in a way that may possess some slight interest to the generality of readers.

Without either searching from whence the word *fairy* was derived, or noticing the splendid illusions which have been made to the elves by nearly all our old masters of British poetry, I may say they were considered to be little *ones*, slightly formed beings, beautifully proportioned in limb and stature, having fine flaxen or yellow hair waving over their shoulders; and they chiefly were green mantles, although the robes of those who haunted moory districts, assumed a brownish hue, so as to be nearly uniform with the appearance of these upland places. They were of different sexes, and the dress of the females, like that of mortals, varied in shape from male apparel, yet it retained almost the same colour. In their raids or journeys, which took place towards and after night-fall, they mounted little, dapper, cream-coloured horses, neatly saddled and bridled, with small bells attached either to the reins or mane, the shrill tinkling sound of which, as the procession hastened onward, reached the human ear at a great distance. Neither bank, furze, wall nor stream stayed them, nor could the slightest trace of the horse's foot-prints be seen; even their own tiny feet in the course of their gambollings left no mark whatever, save in the meadow rings in which they danced roundels to their wild music, under the mellow moonlight. The times, when they were most likely to be seen, were either in the gray *gloaming*, or in the paly light at break of day. On the evening preceding the first of May, they were supposed to possess the power of inflicting evil in various ways on those luckless wights from whom they had sustained injury, or who had treated or spoken of them disrespectfully; and on Hallowe'en, or the night before Roodemass, a kind of anniversary or general meeting of the whole fraternity usually took place, after which it was no uncommon circumstance if they mounted on horseback, and traversed a very large tract of country in a marvellously short space of time.

They resided chiefly in small green hills, sloping gently to the south; the openings to their places of abode were undistinguishable by mortals, and a soft mild light without the aid of lamp, moon, or sun was shed continually throughout their halls and chambers, which, in point of decoration, outvied the gorgeous magnificence of Eastern palaces. Sometimes they preferred to live near, and indeed almost under human habitations; but they were more at home when at a distance from mankind, and they held their meetings of merry revelry always in wild unfrequented places. Beautiful and romantic spots, such as a smooth opening in a forest, a piece of level sward with a hoary hawthorn in the centre, the vicinity of a gushing spring surrounded by verdant banks, a wild sequestered linn, or the side of a burn whose mimic waves, twittering over rock and channel, produced everlasting music, were with them all favourite haunts. Even in our own day, many places are pointed out as having formerly been the chief resorts of the elfin people. A small stream called the Elwin or Allan which falls into the Tweed from the north, a little above Melrose, was a noted locality; so also was Beaumont water on the north of Cheviot, and the gravelly beds of both are remarkable for a kind of small stones of a rounded or spiral form, as if produced from the action of a lathe, called "Fairy cups" and "dishes." The chief haunt in Liddesdale was a stream which empties itself into the Liddell from the south, called, Harden burn. On the north side of the village of Gunnerton in Northumberland is a small burn in the rocky channel of which are many curious perforations, called by the country people "Fairy kirns:" similar indentations are likewise observable in the course of the Hart near Rothley. In Redesdale also, as our beloved and venerable Bard sings,* the "train" were accustomed to dance at the Howestane-mouth, near Rochester, and at the Dow-craig top, a solitary spot about a mile north of Otterburne. In the county of Durham there is a large hill near Billingham and a hillock near Bishopton, both of which places were noted formerly as being haunted by fairies.

Several places, likewise, derive their names from the circumstance of having been repeatedly the scenes of fairy-pastime. According to Ritson, "Ferry-hill," a stage between Durham and Darlington, is a corruption of Fairy-hill." In Northumberland, the Dancing Hall near Callaley, the Dancing Green at Debdon in Rothbury forest, and the Elf Hills near Cambo, point out

* See "Lay of the Redwater Minstrel by Robt. Roxby. Newcastle, 1802."

how firmly amongst our fathers the belief in fairy mythology was established. Even in the present day, there are many wells into which, especially if water be drawn therefrom, a pin or trifling article is usually dropped, as an oblation either to the elves, or the invisible guardians of the spot.

So far the fairy folks may be considered as a class of beings entirely distinct from and altogether free of the slightest taint of human nature; but superstition has attributed to them several properties, which are indeed nothing more than detached links of the great chain which circumscribes mortality. Possessing the power of becoming visible at pleasure, many instances are on record to show that they kept up more or less a continual intercourse with human beings; and were even so very correct in their dealings, particularly in a domestic point of view, that they acquired the general designation of the "good neighbours." They sometimes came even to houses, and asked for employment—for flax to spin or other work of a similar description; and on obtaining it, they never failed to perform their engagements both speedily, and so as to afford the employer the utmost satisfaction. They were also much addicted to borrow such articles as are chiefly required about a house—meal, for instance, kitchen utensils, &c., and always observed the greatest punctuality in making honourable restitution. It seldom occurred that, in any request of this kind, they met with a refusal; and indeed if they did, ample vengeance was sure to descend on whoever manifested such churlish conduct. They had also their feasts. A story is told of a person coming upon them when they were about to partake of one: they invited him to stay, and his welcome was most cordial. The viands were excellent, but had a singular flavour about them, such as he never before experienced, and which he could not possibly describe. Hence it will be seen that their processions on horseback, their amusements, their meetings at stated periods, their places of abode, their difference of sexes and procreation of children, their wants, manners, dress and appearance—all bore a collateral resemblance to, and were closely in imitation of what is practised by the human race. Indeed they seem to have possessed a continual desire to change their own offspring for those of mortals; and, therefore, the chief fears entertained anent them arose from the belief that they stole away *unchristened weans*, substituting at the same time their own tiny, sickly children: hence, mothers and nurses were accustomed to be particularly careful of new-born infants. When the attempt to carry away a scion of the human stock was successful, the elves were, however, so liberal as to tend it with great kindness, and, by degrees, they brought it to partake almost of their own qualities: it was invisible, and as it grew up, they initiated it into their mysteries—in short it lived and was treated as one of themselves. On the other hand, the changeling was a wearisome, discontented, *pammering* creature: the mother who reared it had neither "night's rest nor day's ease;" and when it had lain years in the cradle, it was merely a cunning, rickettty, stunted, semblance of humanity.* If the mother came to know that it belonged to the invisible world, tricks and spells were practised to get quit of the thing, and receive back her own child; but as these varied considerably, it is perhaps unnecessary here to bring them before the reader. Salves, seeds and herbs of various kinds were likewise supposed to be efficacious in enabling the possessor both to discover the fairy people, and to ward off their offensive designs; yet as an enumeration of these, and the modes of their application would lead us beyond the limits we intend to occupy, they must also, for the present, be passed over.

Tradition likewise ascribes to the fairy folk the charge of not only falling in love with the finest and fairest specimens of the sons and daughters of men, but of carrying them away to their own regions, and detaining them there for an inde-

* At Byerholm, near Newcastleton in Liddesdale, within the last twenty years, a dwarf called Robert Elliot, but more frequently "Little Hobbie o' the Castleton" was alive, and reputed to be a fairy changeling. He was a most irascible creature, and when insulted, as he frequently was, by boys and others, he never hesitated a moment to draw his gully or dirk for the purpose of sacrificing them; but as he was woefully short legged, they generally escaped by flight. He was revengeful, and by no means deficient in courage. On hearing that a neighbour, William Scott of Kirndean, an able, stout, brave borderer, who stood 6ft. 3in. high, had been spreading reports calculated to injure his reputation, the little man invited him to his house—took him up stairs to a room in which were a brace of pistols, with two swords, and, pointing to the weapons, promptly demanded satisfaction for the offence. Scott adroitly backed to the door—got it open and hastily retreated, much to the disappointment of his host. He confessed afterwards that powerful as he was, his heart nearly failed him when the deformed being so suddenly disclosed his plan of gentlemanly adjustment.

finite length of time. A strong desire to sleep would overtake the young man or young woman; and if he or she lay down and slumbered within the bounds of certain charmed rings, either would, on awaking, discover they had been conveyed to fairy land. If any friend or relation volunteered to win them back, the feat, according to current opinion, had to be performed on the evening before Holy-rood (14th September) within a year and day from the time when they were taken away; and to be successful, extraordinary coolness and address were requisite. If no attempt at recovery was made, the settlers in fairy land were, after the expiration of seven years, allowed to return occasionally to the world, during a similar period of time; after which, they very rarely quitted their adopted country. Still, however pleasing and agreeable its verdant lawns, shady groves, and delightful valleys may have been, together with the soothing, unaffected courtesy of its inhabitants, those who were thus changed in nature are said to have retained the consciousness that they were not merely beyond the pale of salvation, but were liable, at certain periods, to be delivered up as a sacrifice to the arch-fiend himself: and this is assigned as one of the causes why the elves, to save their own numbers, were desirous to retain amongst them various members of the human family. Instances, however, of adults being taken away were rare; and the elves were scarcely ever dreaded on that account. Yet such a point in the popular creed deserves to be noticed, from its beautiful adaptation to the purposes of fiction, and the way in which authors have employed it in the construction of some of the finest machinery in the whole range of romantic literature.

The number and exertions of the clergy, and the general dissemination of the Scriptures, were, it is said, the leading causes which tended to the banishment of the fairies from this country. Whenever a divine stationed himself on a fine green knoll, or within some sylvan boundary, and put up prayers to heaven, amidst his hearers, for the downfall of Satan and his emissaries, the little invisible people, however they might be attached to such localities, henceforth bade them adieu for ever. To the spread of the gospel, may also be added the circulation of knowledge, and the advancement of mathematical learning which so admirably qualifies the intellect, by inductive reasoning, to investigate and distinguish between error and truth. Many people also dip slightly into the fountain of knowledge, instead of drinking deeply of its wave; and this too often engenders a species of doubt and denial of all essences or things which cannot be distinctly either felt or seen. These, with probably other causes, drove from amongst us the light-footed, aerial elves, who for many ages inhabited our pastoral solitudes, and which tradition says they quitted with the utmost regret. On the night when the chief number were supposed to take their departure, the air was filled from "dusky eve" till "dewy morn" with wailing and lamentation.

After the general dispersion of the fairies, a few would seem to have remained here even until a comparatively recent date. Having already entered upon this subject at considerable length, I may be justified in bringing together some notices chiefly illustrative either of them, or what they were supposed to perform, which have been attested by veritable people, the greater number of whom were living within the memory of man. I know that modern examples of this kind lie under the disadvantage of having to be placed, like a picture or cartoon, nearer to the spectator than the distance at which they are best seen, and must therefore be more palpable than could be wished; yet the reader will, it is hoped, be liberal enough to make sufficient allowance for the experiment. They are the last, faint glimpses caught of a system, which to me, at least, is not without attraction; and they seem like the remaining broken and lonely columns of a ruined temple, observed when day has departed, and immediately before they are shrouded in the shadow of night.

On a fine summer evening as a clergyman, a resident of Redesdale in Northumberland, was returning on horseback from the Whitelee, and had advanced nearly half way between that place and Lamsden, he saw, at a short distance to the right before him, a party of the fairies forming a ring and about to commence the tripping of a gentle roundel. Music accompanied them, and its strains were delightfully mingled with the babbling of the brook which lapsed away beyond them, within a good bow-shot from the road. He turned his horse's head, and rode towards the place; but in advancing, he observed the objects of his curiosity betake themselves to flight over a slight bank which intervened between him and the stream, and on arriving at a spot from which the whole plot of ground could be distinguished, they were no where to be seen. No reasoning or argument afterwards could shake the reverend gentleman's opinion that "there are more things

in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Tosson water corn-mill, a little above Rothbury, was occupied some time before the close of the last century, by a person of the name of Sprout. His wife, *Tibby*, who lived to a great age, often related the following incidents, especially if the existence of fairies came to be discussed in her presence; and those who knew her upright disposition, would at any time, vouch for her strict adherence to what she conceived to be truth. "Ney, hinnies!" she would say, "Aw'll nit believe but there's fairies, though they dinnit kythe to e'en like ours. Aw mind nicely o' what happent, yin bonnie Spring gloamin', when we bed Tosson mill. The gudeman set off the waitur, seest tu, an' just cam' in to get family wurship: weel, ney sooner bed he ta'en the beuk, than the mill was set a gannin. He leukt at me as if he knaw'd the maitur; but nevur stoppt wuv what he had i' hand, till we raise frev prayer. By this time the mill was stannin again, an' eftur waitin for hauf an hour, or sey, he went in, an' fhund a' reet as he bed left it, except that the mootar dish was nearly fou iv a' kinds iv grain but yits. He pat it through the mill: Aw beayk't a cake wuv the meal; an' we a' ate on't, except a dog 'at belang'd yin o' the lads. It leukt up i' war faces, an' wadnt touch a bit; and, whithur elf-shot or no', nit yin could tell, but the yamphin thing dee't the neist day.

"Anithur time the gudeman was plewin out at yin iv the hie fields; and when the gudeman cam' tiv the landin', what soud he see but the greatur pairt iv a cake iv breda, lyin' just where the owsen tarnt! He teukt up; it leukt clean like: the gudeman an' him baith tasted it, an' gae the owsen pairt tey. Od, but yin o' them tarnt away its head, an' wad hev nane, for a' they could dey. Weel, that neet, seest tu, the animal grew bad, and dee't within twey days,—a wairnin' tiv us a' that neythur body nor beast soud be owre positive i' their ain way. Nevur doubt, hinnies, iv theye things: doutin' leads aylways to muckle ill, an' ney good!"

Thus it will be seen how readily any event or circumstance, which was difficult to reconcile with natural causes, might be ascribed to fairy agency; and had the following inexplicable occurrence caught the ear of any other person than one of strong mind and strict veracity, what excellent scope it would have furnished towards the shadowing forth of supernatural existence!

An old shepherd who lived at a solitary spot called the Swyrefoot on Hyndlee farm in Rulewater, Roxburghshire, had, on a time, the charge of a *hirsel of new-yeaned* lambs. He arose from his bed one fine summer night, and went to the end of the house which stood on the brink of a linn, to listen if the lambs were rising, which, by their bleating, he could easily ascertain. All was still and quiet in the direction where they lay; "but," said he, "I heard a great pitch-platching as it were o' some hundreds o' little feet i' the stream aboon the house. At first I was inclined to think it was the lambs; but thrn the gray light o' a simmer's night loot me see the waiter clearly that nae lambs were there—indeed I could see nasthing ava. I stayed, an' stood listenin' an' lookin', no knowin' what to make o't, when a' at yince the pitch-platching' ga'e owre, an' then there was sic a queer cry nicher, as o' some hundreds o' creatures laughin', cam' frae the upper linn, as left me i' nae doubt that if fairies were still i' the land, they were at the Swyre-foot that night."

I come now to the last illustration of this subject, and I account it not the less important, since it affords proof that the ground work of the following ballad is in strict keeping with popular superstition in the upper parts of Roxburghshire. I give it in the words of another old shepherd, Robert Oliver, by name, who lived at Southdean in Jed-water, and died about a dozen years ago. "Speakin' o' Fairies," said Robie, "I can tell you about the vera last fairy that ever was seen hereaway. When my faither, Peter Oliver, was a young man, he lived at Hyndlees and herdit the Brockalaw. Weel, it was the custom to milk yowes i' thae days, and my faither was bucktin' the Brockalaw yowes to twae young, lish, clever hinnies as night after sunset. Nae little 'daffin' and gabbin,' as the sang sings, gaed on amang the threesome, Iss warrant ye, till at last, just as it begoud to get fanghish derk, my faither chanced to look alang the lea at the head o' the bucht, and what dees he see but a little wee creaturie, a' clad i' green, and wi' lang hair, yellow as gowd, hingin' round its shoulders, comin' straight for him, whyles gi'en a whink of a greet, and aye atween hands raisin' a queer, uayirth y cry—'Ha' ye seen Hewie Millburn? O ha' ye seen Hewie Millburn?' Instead o' making the creaturie ony answer, my faither sprang ower the bucht flaks to be near the lasses: he could only say 'Bless us too, what's that?' 'Ha, ha, Patie lad!' quo' Bessie Elliot, a free-spoken Liddesdale

hempy, 'there's a wife com'd for ye the night, Patie lad.' 'A wife,' said my faither, 'may the Lord keep me frae sic a wife as that;'—and, as he confessed till his deein' day, he was at the time in sic a fear that he fand every hair on his head rise like the birses of a hurcheon.* Weel, there was nae mair said, and the creaturie—it was nae bigger than a three year auld lassie, but feat and tight, lith and limb, as ony grown woman, and its face was the doonright perfection o' beauty; only there was something wild and unyerthly in its e'en—they couldna be lookit at, and less be describit—weel as I was sayin', it didna molest them farther than it taiglet on about the buchts, ay now and then repeatin' its cry, 'Ha' ye seen Hewie Millburn?' and they could come to nae other conclusion, than that it had tint its companion. When they left the buchts, my faither and the lasses, it followed them hame even into Hyndlee kitchen, where the kitchen-woman offered it yowe bross, but it wadna take onything, and at last a near-do-weel cowherd callant made as if he wad grip it by the nose wi' a pair o' reid hot tangs, and it appeared to be offendit, for it left the house and gaed away down the burn side, crying its auld cry, eeryer and wasseemer than ever, till it came to a bush o' seggs† where it mauntit an' never was mair seen."

It is now necessary that these observations be brought to a close. They occupy more space than was at first intended; and still, I confess I leave them with regret. The will o'lings instinctively to whatever in former days characterised the land of our birth; and what was told us in our boyhood, and formed food for thoughts which Fancy moulded at will, seem, now that the narrators are no more, like memorials "thrice hallowed," for the sake of those who bequeathed them. Indeed, so far am I swayed with this feeling, that I would willingly exchange a few of the dry, hard outlines of reality, which distinguish the present age, for some of the soft, rich, mellow shades which a brilliant fancy threw so enchantingly around the ideal objects of bygone times. In the present day, the salutary influence of imagination over human existence would appear to have almost lost its charm; and what else, except religion, can be more redolent of intellectual enjoyment? Amongst our forefathers, it was like the breath of Spring to nature, quickening into life not only "mute," but *inanimate* "things;" and if the leafless tree and barren rock preserved then, as now, their appearance unchanged, they gave relief to the luxuriance around them, rendering the green blade and blossoming bough still more beautiful and attractive.]

The sun was reid as a furnace mouthe,
As he sank on the Ettricke hyll;
And gloamyne gatherit from the easte,
The dowye world to fill.

When bonnye Jeanye Roole she milkit the
I' the buchte aboon the lynne; [yowes
And they were wilde and ill to weare,
But the hindmost buchtfu' was inne.

O milk them weil, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
The wylye shepherd could say,
And sing to me "The Keache i' the Creel,"
To put the tyme away.

It's far owre late at e'en, shepherd,
Replyed the maiden fair;
The fairies wad hear, quo' bonny Jeanye Roole,
And wi' louting my back is sair.

He's ta'en her round the middel ae sma',
While the yowes ran bye between,
And out o' the buchte he's layd her down,
And all on the dewye green.

The star o' love i' the eastern lifte
Was the only e'e they saw;—
The only tongue that they might hear
Was the lynne's deep murmuring fa'.

O who can tell of youthfu' love!
O who can sing or say!
It is a theme for minstrel meets,
And yet transcends his lay.

It is a thraldome, weil I weene,
To hold the heart in sylke;
It is a draught to craze the braine,
Yet mylder than the mylke.

O sing me the sang, my bonnye Jeanye Roole
Now, dearest, sing to me!
The angels will listen at yon little holes,
And witness my vowes to thee.

I mayna refuse, quo' bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Sae weel ye can me winne

* Hedgehog. † Sedges.

And she satte in his armis, and sweetly she sang,
And her voice rang frae the lynne.

The liltings o' that sylver voice
Might weel the wits beguile;
They clearer were than shepherd's pipe
Heard o'er the hylls a mile.

The liltings o' that sylver voice,
That rose an' fell so free,
They softer were than lover's lute
Heard o'er a sleeping sea.

The liltings o' that sylver voice
Were melody sae true;
They sprang up-through the welkin wide
To the heaven's key-stane blue.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Sing on your sang sae sweet;—
Now Chryste me save! quo' the bonnye lass,
Whence comes that waesome greete?

They turned their gaze to the Mourning Cleuch,
Where the greeting seemed to be,
And there beheld a little greene bairne
Come o'er the darksome lea.

And aye it raised a waesome greete,
Butte and an eiry crye,
Untille it came to the buchte fauld ende,
Where the wynsome payr did lye.

It lookit around with its small-cap eyne,
That made their hearts to grou,
Then turned upright its grass-green face,
And opened its goblyne mou';

Then raised a youle, sae loude and lange—
Sae yerlish and sae shrille,
As dirled up throwe the twinkling holes
The second lifte untille.

I tell the tale as tolde to me,
I swear so by my faye;
And whether or not of glamourye,
In soothe I cannot say.

That youling yowte sae yerlish was,
Butte and sae lang and loude,
The rysing moone like saffron grewe,
And holed ahint a cloude.

And round the boddome o' the lifte,
It rang the worlid through,
And boomed against the milkye waye,
Afore it closed its mou'.

Then neiste it raised its note and sang
Sae witchinglye and sweete,
The moudies powtelit out o' the yirth,
And kyssed the synger's feete.

The waixie dunne frae the auld grey cairn,
The theiffe foulmart came nighe;
The hurcheon raxed his scory chafts,
And gepit wi' girning joye.

The todde he came frae the Screthy holes,
And courit fou cunninglye;
The stinkan brocke wi' his lang lank lyake,
Shotte up his gruntle to sea.

The kidde and martyne ranne a race
Amang the dewye farne;
The mawkin goggiet i' the synger's face,
Th' enchaunting notes to learne.

The pert little eakis they curlit their tails,
And danced a myrthsome reele;
The tade heid up her auld dunne lafes,
She lykit the sang sae weele.

The herone came frae the Witch-pule tree,
The houlet frae Deadwood-howe;
The auld gray corbie hoverit aboone,
While tears downe his cheeks did flowe.

The yowes they lap out owre the buchts,
And skippit up and downe;
And bonnye Jeanye Roole, i' the shepherd's armis,
Fell back-out-owre in a swoone.

It might be glamourye or not,
In sooth I cannot say,
It was the witching time of night—
The hour o' gloamyne gray,
And she that lay in her loveris armis
I wis was a weel-faured Maye.

Her pulses all were beatinge trewe,
Her heart was loupinge lighte,
Unto that wondrous melody—
That simple song of mighte.

THE SONGE.

O where is tinye Hewe?
O where is little Lenne?
And where is bonny Lu?
And Menie o' the glenne?
And where's the place o' rest?
The ever changing hame—
Is it the gowan's breast,
Or 'neath the bell o' them?
CHORUS—Ay la lan, lan dil y'a, &c.

The fairest rose you finde,
May have a taint withinne;
The flower o' womankinde,
May ope her breast to sinne.—
The f. x-glove cuppe you'll bring,
The tails of shootinge sterne,
And at the grassy ring,
We'll pledge the pith o' ferne.
CHOR.—Ay la lan, lan dil y'a, &c.

And when the blushing moone
Glides down the western skye,
By streamer's wing we soon
Upon her top will lye;—
Her highest horn we'll ride,
And quaffe her yellowe dewe;
And frae her skaddowye side,
The burning daye we'll viewe.
CHOR.—Ay la lan, lan dil y'a, &c.

The straine raise high, the straine fall low,
Then fainted fitfullye;
And bonnye Jeanye Roole she lookit up,
To see what she might see.

She lookit highe to the bodynge hille,
And laighe to the darklynge deane;—
She heard the soundis still ringin' i' the lifte,
But naethinge could be seene.

She held her breathe with anxious eare,
And thought it all a dreame;—
But an ery nicher she heard i' the linne,
And a plitch-platch in the streime.

Never a word said bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Butte, shepherd, lette us gange;
And never mair, at a Gloamyne Buchte,
Wald she singe another sange.

Alison Gross.

[FROM Mr Jamieson's collection, where it is said to be given from the recitation of MRS BROWN.]

O ALISON GROSS, that lives in yon tower,
The ugliest witch in the north countrie,
Has trysted me ae day up till her bower,
And many fair speech she made to me.

She straiked my head, and she kembed my hair,
And she set me down saftly on her knee,
Says,—"Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,
Sae mony braw things as I would you gi'e."

She shaw'd me a mantle o' red scarlet,
Wi' gouden flowers and fringes fine,
Says, "Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,
This goodly gift it sall be thine."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch,
Haud far awa', and lat me be;
I never will be your lemman sae true,
And I wish I were out of your company."

She neist brocht a sark o' the saftest silk,
Weel wrought wi' pearls about the band;
Says,—"Gin ye will be my ain true love,
This goodly gift ye sall command."

She shaw'd me a cup o' the good red gond
Weel set wi' jewels sae fair to see;
Says,—"Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,
This goodly gift I will you gie."

"Awa', awa', ye ugly witch!
Haud far awa', and lat me be;
For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth
For a' the gifts that ye cou'd gie."

She's turned her richt and round about,
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn;
And she sware by the moon and the stars aboon,
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand, [round;
And she's turned her three times round and
She's mutter'd sic words, that my strength it fail'd,
And I fell down senseless on the ground.

She's turn'd me into an ugly worm, *
And gar'd me toddle about the tree;
And ay, on ilka Saturday's night,
My sister Maisry came to me,

Wi' silver bason, and silver kemb,
To kemb my headie upon her knee;
But or I had kiss'd her ugly mouth,
I'd rather ha'e toddled about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,
When the SEELY COURT † was ridin' by,
The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,
Nae far frae the tree whare I wont to lye.

She took me up in her milk-white hand, [knee;
And she straiked me three times o'er her
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,
And I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

The Wee Wee Man.

[THIS fragment was published by David Herd in the first edition of his collection, 1769. It was also given in Johnson's Museum, along with the old melody to which it is sung, from which work it was copied by Ritson, words and music. Ritson supposes the ballad to be a portion of an old poem of the time of Edward I. or II. in the Cotton MSS., beginning,

"Als y yed on ay Mounday."

This poem will be found in Finlay's collection (Edinburgh, 1808, vol. ii.) with a commentary and glossary.]

As I was walking all alane
Between the water and the wa',
There I spyed a wee wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's length, ‡
And thick and thimber was his thigh;
Between his brows there was a span,
And between his shoulders there was three. §

He took up a mickle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I coudna liften't to my knee.

"O, wee wee man, but thou be strang!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?"
"My dwelling's down by yon bonnie bower,
O will you go with me and see?"

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonnie green;
We lighted down to baite our horse,
And out there came a lady sheen.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the king of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might ha'e been his queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonnie ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gouk,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'. ‖

When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma';
But in the twinkling of an e'e,
My wee wee man was clean awa'. ¶

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* The term *worm* formerly signified, like *serpent*, "a reptile of any kind that made its way without legs." Here, it signifies a *snake*. Piers Plowman, using it in the same sense, for a *serpent*, speaks of "Wyld *wormes* in woodes," &c. ed. 1561. F. O. iii. 1.

† *Seely Court*, i. e. "pleasant or happy court," or "court of the pleasant and happy people." This agrees with the ancient and more legitimate idea of Fairies.

‡ *Shathmont*, in old Scottish, means the fist closed, with the thumb extended, and may be considered a measure of about six inches.

§ Variation in Motherwell's copy:—

His leg was scarce a shathmont lang,
Both thick and nimble was his knee;
Between his e'en there was a span,
Betwixt his shoulders there were elle three.

‖ Variation in Motherwell:—

The rafters were o' the beaten gold,
And silver wire were the kebars all.

¶ Variation in Motherwell's copy:—

There were pipers playing in every nook,
And ladies dancing jimp and sma',
And sye the owerturn o' their tune
Was, Our wee wee man has been lang awa.

The Elfin Knicht.

[In the collection in the Pepyseian library, Cambridge, may be found a ditty with the following title, "A Proper New Ballad, entitled, The Wind hath blown my Plaid away, or A discourse betwixt a Young Maid and the Elphin-Knight. To be sung with its own pleasant tune." It is just a different version of the following ballad, which is given in Mr Kinloch's collection, from the recitation of a native of Mearns-shire.]

There stands a knicht at the top o' yon hill, *
Oure the hills and far awa'—
He has blawn his horn loud and shill,
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa.

"If I had the horn that I hear blawn,
Oure the hills and far awa'—
And the knicht that blaws that horn,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

She had na sooner thae words said,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
Than the elfin knicht cam' to her side,—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"Are na ye oure young a may,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
Wi' onie young man doun to lie,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"I have a sister younger than I,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
And she was married yesterday,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"Married wi' me, ye sall ne'er be mane,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
Till ye mak' to me a sark but † a seam,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'

"And ye maun shape it, knife, shearless, ‡
Oure the hills and far awa'—
And ye maun sew it, needle, threadless." ‡
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

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* *Elf* is commonly used as synonymous with *fairy*, though it also signifies a spirit or fiend, possessing qualities of a more evil nature than the "*Gude neboure*."—The "Elfin Knicht" comes under the latter description, and in truth, may be viewed as the same person as the devil, who, in the annals of tradition, is a well known tempter of the fair sex. He was once known to have paid his addresses to a fair maiden near the hill of Bennochie, in Aberdeenshire, in the form and dress of a handsome young man; and so far gained her affections as to get her consent to become his wife. It happened, however, on the day appointed for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated in a distant part of the country, where the devil said he resided, that she accidentally discovered his cloven feet, (of which distinguishing mark he has not the power to divest himself), and was horror-struck to find that her ardent lover was no other than the devil! Knowing that her promise was binding, and believing the tradition that she would be freed from her engagement if the day were allowed to elapse before he exacted her promise, she dissembled her terror, and entered into conversation with him on various topics, particularly about their approaching nuptials, in order to pass over the day. But the devil was not so easily deceived; and peremptorily insisted on her going with him. At last, every delay and excuse being exhausted, she, as a last resource, told him she would voluntarily fulfil her promise, provided he would make a *causey* or road from the foot to the top of Bennochie, before she finished baking a quantity of bread, at which she was then engaged. The devil consented, and immediately commenced his labour; while the maid went as quickly to work. But just as she was baking the last cake, the devil, who had concluded his task, appeared, and claimed her according to bargain. Being unwilling to comply, she resisted with all her might; but he carried her off by force: and in passing Bennochie, the struggle between them became so great, that the devil, enraged at her obduracy, and in order to punish her falsehood, transformed her, with her *girdle* and *spurtle* (the baking implements, which she had taken with her in the hurry) into *three grey stones*, which, with the road he formed upon the hill, are pointed out to this day, to show the wonderful power of the devil, and the inevitable fate of those who have connection with the evil one;—thus verifying the proverb, "They wha deal wi' the de'il will aye get a dear pennyworth."—*Kinloch.*

† *But*—without. ‡ *i. e.* Without knife, or scissors, needle, or thread.

"And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
Where water never stood nor ran,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
Where the sun ne'er shone sin man was born,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"Gin that courtesie I do for thee,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
Ye maun do this for me,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"Ye'll get an acre o' gude red-land, *—
Oure the hills and far awa',—
Atween the saut sea and the sand,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"I want that land for to be corn,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
And ye maun ser † it wi' your horn,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun saw it without a seed,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
And ye maun harrow it wi' a threed,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun shear it wi' your knife,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
And na tyne a pickie o't for your life,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun mouse ‡ it in yon mouse-hole,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe-sole,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun fan it wi' your luves, §—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
And ye maun sack it in your gloves,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun bring it oure the sea,—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
Fair and clean, and dry to me,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'.

"And whan that your wark is weill done, ‖—
Oure the hills and far awa'—
Ye'se get your sark without a seam,"—
The cauld wind's blawn my plaid awa'

THE FAIRY KNIGHT.

[There is another version of "The Elfin Knight" taken from Mr Buchan's collection.]

The Elfin knight stands on yon hill,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
Blawing his horn loud and shrill,
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"If I had yon horn in my kist,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
And the bonnie laddie here that I luve best,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"I ha'e a sister eleven years auld,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
And she to the young men's bed has made bauld,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And I myself am only nine,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
And oh! sae fain, luve, as I wou'd be thine,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"Ye maun make me a fine Holland sark,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
Without ony stitching, or needle wark,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun wash it in yonder well,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
Where the dew never wat, nor the rain ever fell,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun dry it upon a thorn,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
That never budded sin Adam was born,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'."

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* *Red land*—tilled land. † *Ser*—till.
‡ *Mouse*—put it up in ricks.
§ *Fan it wi' your luves*—winnow it with your palms.

‖ *Weill done*—well done; the pronunciation of the North.

"Now sin' ye've ask'd some things o' me,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
It's right I ask as mony o' thee,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa.'

"My father he ask'd me an acre o' land,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
Between the maut sea and the strand,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun plow't wi' your blawing horn,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
And ye maun saw't wi' pepper corn,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun harrow't wi' a single tyne,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw! [bane,"—
And ye maun shear't wi' a sheep's shank
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun big it in the sea,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
And bring the stable dry to me,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun barn't in yon mouse hole,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
And ye maun thrash't in your shoe sole,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun sack it in your glove,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
And ye maun winno't in your leuve,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"And ye maun dry't without candle or coal,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
And grind it without quirn or mill,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"Ye'll big a cart o' stane and lime,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
Gar Robin Redbreast trail it syne,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.

"When ye've done and finish'd your wark,
Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw!
Ye'll come to me, luve, and get your mark,"—
And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'."

Sir Oluf, and the Elf King's Daughter.

[TRANSLATED by Mr Jamieson from the Danish, and published in his collection, Edinburgh, 1806.]

SIR OLUF the hend has ridden sae wide,
All unto his bridal feast to bid.

And lightly the elves, sae fast and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree!*

And there danced four, and there danced five;
The Elf-King's daughter she reekit blithe.

Her hand to Sir Oluf sae fair and free:
"O welcome, Sir Oluf, come dance wi' me!

"O welcome, Sir Oluf! now lat thy love gay,
And trend wi' me in the dance sae gay."

"To dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may;
The morn it is my bridal day."

"O come, Sir Oluf, and dance wi' me;
Twa buskskin boots I'll give to thee;

"Twa buskskin boots, that sit sae fair,
Wi' gilded spurs sae rich and rare.

"And hear ye, Sir Oluf! come dance wi' me;
And a silken sark I'll give to thee;

"A silken sark sae white and fine,
That my mother bleached in the moonshine."

---

* In the original this burden seems to have belonged to some elder ballad, which was sung to the same tune; but as it makes something like a connection between the first and second couplet, I have introduced it as characteristically as I could. The greater part of the ballads in the "K. Viser," as well as many of the traditionary Scottish ones, have burdens of this kind, which have no relation to the sense of the stanzas to which they are annexed; although they are such as may be supposed to have continued the sense, as well as the sound, in the pieces to which they originally belonged.—*Jamieson.*

"I darena, I maunna come dance wi' thee;
For the morn my bridal day maun be."

"O hear ye, Sir Olaf! come dance wi' me,
And a helmet o' goud I'll give to thee."

"A helmet o' goud I well may ha'e;
But dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may."

"And winna thou dance, Sir Olaf, wi' me?
Then sickness and pain shall follow thee!"

She's smitten Sir Olaf—it strak to his heart;
He never before had kent sic a smart;

Then lifted him up on his ambler red;
"And now, Sir Olaf, ride hame to thy bride."

And whan he came till the castell yett,
His mither she stood and leant thereat.

"O hear ye, Sir Olaf, my ain dear son,
Whareto is your lire sae blae and wan?"

"O well may my lire be wan and blae,
For I ha'e been in the elf-women's play."

"O hear ye, Sir Olaf, my son, my pride,
And what shall I say to thy young bride?"

"Ye'll say, that I've ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin my horse and hounds are good."

Ear on the morn, whan night was gane,
The bride she cam' wi' the bridal train.

They skinked the mead, and they skinked the wine:
"O whare is Sir Olaf, bridegroom mine?"

"Sir Olaf has ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin his horse and hounds are good."

And she took up the scarlet red,
And there lay Sir Olaf, and he was dead!

Ear on the morn, whan it was day,
Three likes were ta'en frae the castle away;

Sir Olaf the leal, and his bride sae fair,
And his mither, that died wi' sorrow and care.

And lightly the elves sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree!

Elfer Hill.

[This is another translation by Mr Jamieson from the Danish, and published in his collection, Edinburgh, 1806.]

I laid my haffet on Elfer Hill;
Saft slooming clos'd my e'e;
And there twa selcouth * ladies came,
Sae fain to speak to me.

Ane clappit me then, wi' cheek sae white,
Ane rown'd intill mine ear:
"Rise up, fair youth, and join our dance;
Rise up, but doubt or fear!

"Wake up, fair youth, and join the dance,
And we will tread the ring,
While mair nor eardly melody
My ladies for thee sing."

Syne ane, the fairest may on mold,
Sae sweet a sang began;
The hurling stream was still'd therewi',
Sae fast afore that ran.

The striving stream was still'd therewi',
Sae fast that wont to rin;
The sma' fish, in the flood that swam,
Amo' their fhes now blin.'

The fishes a' in flood that were,
Lay still, baith fin and tail;
The sma' fowls in the shaw began
To whitter † in the dale.

"O hear, thou fair, thou young swain,
And thou wi' us will dwell;
Then will we teach thee book and rune,
To read and write sae well.

"I'll lear thee how the bear to bind,
And fasten to the aik tree;
The dragon, that liggs on mickle good,
Afore thee fast shall flee."

* *Selcouth*, i. e. seld-couth, seldom known, strange, uncommon.—*Jamieson.*

† To *whitter*, i. e. to warble in a low voice, as singing birds always do at first, when they set about imitating any sweet music, which particularly attracts their attention.—*Jamieson.*

They danced out, and they danced in,
In the Elfer ring sae green;
All silent sat the fair young swain,
And on his sword did lean.

"Now hear, thou fair, thou young swain,
But and thou till us speak,
Then shall on sword and sharp knife
Thy dearest heart-blood reek."

Had God nae made my luck sae gude,
That the cock did wap his wing,
I boot ha's bidden on Elfer Hill,
In the Elf-ladies' ring.

"I rede the Danish young swains,
That to the court will ride,
That they ne'er ride to Elfer Hill,
Nor sleep upon its side."

Sir Alan Mortimer.

[MODERN ballad, by DAVID VEDDER.—Sir Alan Mortimer was a potent chieftain, of Norman descent, whose lands lay in the vicinity of Aberdour in Fifeshire. Haughty and irascible, he lived at feud with many of the neighbouring Thanes, but more especially with the Abbot of a wealthy Augustine monastery, situate on the small island of Inch Colm, about a mile distant from his castle. In order to reconcile her father to the Church, Emma Mortimer entered into collusion with the venerable Abbot, and enabled him to perform a feat, which in those days passed for a miracle. So powerfully was the old baron impressed with the whole operation of restoring his daughter, that in the fulness of his heart, he gave the western part of the parish of Aberdour to the monastery on the island, for the privilege of being interred in the Church.]

THE morning's e'e saw mirth an' glee
I' the hoary feudal tower
O' hauld Sir Alan Mortimer,
The lord o' Aberdour.

But dool was there, an' mickle care,
When the moon began to gleam;
For Elve an' Fay held holiday
Beneath her silver beam.

Sir Alan's peerless daughter was
His darling frae infancie;
She bloomed in her bower a lily flower,
Beneath the light o' his e'e;

She equalled Eve's majestic form,
Saint Mary's matchless grace;
An' the heavenly hues o' paradise
O'erspread her beauteous face.

The diamond grew dim compared wi' her e'e,
The gowd, compared wi' her hair,—
Wi' the magic o' her bewitching smile
There was naething on earth to compare

An' the dulcet music o' her voice
Excelled the harmonie
Which Elve an' Fay sae deftly play
When holding high jubilee!

The woodbine an' the jessamine
Their tendrils had entwined;
A bower was formed, an' Emma aft
At twilight there reclined.

She thought of her knight in Palestine;
And sometimes she would sigh,—
For love was a guest in her spotless breast,
In heavenly purity!

The setting sun had ceased to gild
Saint Columb's haly tower,
An' the vesper star began to glow,
Ere Emma left her bower;

An' the fairy court had begun their sport
Upon the daisied lea,
While the gossamer strings o' their virginals
Wi' fairy melodie. [rang

That night the king had convoked his court
Upon the enamelled green,
To pick an' wale thro' his beauties a'
For a bluidin' fairy queen;

An' ere ever he wist, he spied a form
That rivalled his beauties a';
'Twas Emma—Sir Alan Mortimer's pride—
Coming hame to her father's ha'.

Quick as the vivid lightning gleams
Amidst a thunder storm,
As rapidly the elve assumed
Lord Bethune's manly form:

As flies the cushat to her mate,
So, to meet his embrace she flew;—
Like a feathered shaft frae a yeoman's bow
She vanished frae human view!

The abbey bell, on the sacred isle,
Had told the vesper hour;
No footsteps are heard, no Emma appeared,
Sir Alan rushed from his tower;—

The warders they ha'e left their posts.
An' ta'en them to the bent;
The porters they ha'e left the yette—
The sleuth-hounds are on the scent.

The vassals a' ha'e left their cots,
An' sought thro' the brake an' wold;
But the good sleuth-hounds they a' lay down
On the purple heath, an' yowled!

Sir Alan was aye the foremost man
In dingle, brake and brier;
But when he heard his sleuth-hounds yowl,
He tore his thin grey hair.

An' aye he cheered his vassals on,
Though his heart was like to break;
But when he saw his hounds lie down,
Fu' mournfully thus he spake:

"Unearthlie sounds affright my hounds,
Unearthlie sights they see;
They quiver an' shake on the heather brake
Like the leaves o' the aspen tree.

"My blade has almost ceased to flow,
An' my soul is chilled wi' fear,
Lest the elfin or the demon race
Should ha'e stown my daughter dear.

"Haste, haste, to the haly abbot wha dwells
On Saint Columb's sacred shores;
An' tell him a son o' haly kirk
His ghostlie aid implores.

"Let him buckle sic spiritual armour on
As is proof against glamourie;
Lest the fiends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
Against baith him an' me."

The rowers ha'e dashed across the stream
An' knocked at the chapel door;
The abbot was chauntin' his midnight hymn,
Saint Columb's shrine before;

His Saint-like mien, his radiant een,
An' his tresses o' siller grey,
Might ha'e driven to flight the demons o' night,
But rood or rosarie!

The messenger dropt upon his knee,
An' humbly this he said;—
"My master, a faithfu' son o' the kirk,
Implores your ghostlie aid;

"An' ye're bidden to put sic armour on
As is proof against glamourie,
Lest the fiends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
Against baith him an' thee."

The abbot leaped lightlie in the boat,
An' pushed her frae the strand;
An' pantin' for breath, 'tween life an' death,
The vassals rowed to land;

He grasp'it the mournfu' Baron's hand—
"Ha'e patience, my son," says he,
"For I sall expel the fiends o' hell
Frae your castle an' baronie."

"Restore my daughter," Sir Alan cries,
"To her father's fond embrace,
An' the half o' my gold, this very night,
Saint Columb's shrine shall grace;

"Yes, if thou'lt restore my darling child,
That's from me foully been rives,
The half of my lands, ere morning's prime,
To thine abbey shall be given."

The abbot replied, with priestly pride,
"Ha'e patience under your loss;
There never was fiend withstood me yet,
When I brandished the haly cross

"Forego your fear, and be of good cheer—
I hereby pledge my word
That, by Marie's might, ere I sleep this night,
Your daughter shall be restored."

The abbot had made a pilgrimage,
Barefoot to Palestine;
Had slept i' the haly sepulchre,
An' visions he had seen;

His girdle had been seven times laved
In Siloam's sacred stream,
An' haly saint Bride a rosarie hung
Around his neck, in a dream!

A bead was strung on this rosarie
  That had cured ten men bewitched;
An' a relic o' the real cross
  His pastoral staff enriched;

He carried a chalice in his hand,
  Brimfu' o' water clear,
For his ain behoof, that had cured fine the roof
  O' the haly sepulchre!

He sprinkled baald Sir Alan's lands
  Wi' drops o' this heavenlie dew;
An' the gruesome elves betook themselves
  To the distant Grampians blue:

Anon he shook his rosarie,
  An' invoked Saint Marie's name,
An' Emma's late-like voice was heard
  Chauntin' our Lady's hymn!

But when he brandished the haly rood,
  An' raised it to the sky,—
Like a beam of light she burst on their sight
  In vestal purity!

Thomas The Rhymer.

IN THREE PARTS

Part First.

[From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—"Few personages," says Sir Walter Scott, "are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man, would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

"It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birth-place, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Learmont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject. In a charter, the son of our poet designed himself 'Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun,' which seems to imply, that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must however remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in for al writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

"We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoun lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300; (*Last of Scottish Poets*;) which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoun, with all claim which he, or his predecessors, could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find his son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation † as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character

† The lines alluded to are these:—

I hope that Thomas's prophecie,
Of Ercildoun, shall truly be,
In him, &c.

and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Cartulary of Melrose.*

"It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoun was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Elias, an inspired nun, of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle*—

> Of this fycht quilum spak' Thomas
> Of Erayldoune, that sayd in dense,
> Thare suld mest stalwartly, starke and sterne.
> He sayd it in his prophesy;
> But how he wist it was *ferly*.
>
> Book viii. chap. 32

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the prior of Lochleven.*

"Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the queen of Faery. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the tower of Ercildoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village.† The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still 'dress his weird' in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration paid to his dwelling place, even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard."]

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee,
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heav'n!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

* Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge:—

> Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
> With the minister, which was a worthy man.
> He used oft to that religious place;
> The people deemed of wit he maikis can,
> And so he told, though that they blesse or ban,
> Which happened scotis in many divers case;
> I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
> In rule of war whether they tint or wan:
> It may be deemed by division of grace, &c.
>
> History of Wallace, Book ii.

† There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius.

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said;
"That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird * shall never daunton me."
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She'e ta'en true Thomas up behind:
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rode on, and further on;
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desart wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee:
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see you not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see not ye that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonnie road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elfyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rode on, and further on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude, that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree †—
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gi'e to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And, till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen. ‡

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* *That weird, &c.*—That destiny shall never frighten me.—*Scott.*

† The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.—*Scott.*

‡ The above ballad is given in the Border Minstrelsy from a copy obtained from a lady, residing not far from Ercildoun, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MS. In Mr Jamieson's collection of Popular Ballads and Songs, the original old romance upon which this tallad is founded is given from a MS. said to be of the

Part Second.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

["The prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance 'amongst the sons of his people.' The author of 'Sir Tristrem' would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, 'Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of Sckir Gawain,' if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life. We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintoun, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak.

"Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoun. 'The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called *Thomas the Rhymer*, may justly be admired; having foretold, so many ages before, the union of England and Scotland in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce himself to the crown, being yet a child, and other divers particulars, which the event hath ratified and made good. Bosthius, in his story, relateth his prediction of King Alexander's death, and that he did foretel the same to the earl of March, the day before it fell out; saying, That before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland had not felt for many years before. The next morning, the day being clear, and no change appearing in the air, the nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying, calling him an impostor. He replied, that noon was not yet passed. About which time, a post came to advertise the earl of the king his sudden death. Then, said Thomas, this is the tempest I foretold; and so it shall prove to Scotland. Whence, or how, he had this knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure it is, that he did divine and answer truly of many things to come.'—*Spottiswoode*, p. 47. Besides that notable vouscher, master Hector Boece, the good archbishop might, had he been so minded, have referred to Fordun for the prophecy of King Alexander's death. That historian calls our bard '*vatis illa vates*.'—*Fordun*, lib. x. cap. 40

"What Spottiswoode calls 'the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme,' are the metrical productions ascribed to the prophet of Ercildoun, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Beda, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. Nisbet the herald (who claims the prophet of Ercildoune as a brother-professor of his art, founding upon the various allegorical and emblematical allusions to heraldry) intimates the existence of some earlier copy of his prophecies than that of Andro Hart, which, however, he does not pretend to have seen. The late excellent lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his 'Remarks on the History of Scotland.' His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by bishop Spottiswoode, bearing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a king, son of a French queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The ground-work of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Harington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:—

fifteenth century, in the public library at Cambridge, collated with a MS. in the library of the cathedral of Lincoln, and another MS. in the Cotton Library. Sir Walter, in an appendix to the present ballad, also quotes a portion of the original romance. "The same incidents are narrated," he says, "even the expression is often the same; yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernised by a poet of the present day."—The copy, as given by Mr Jamieson, is divided into three "Fyttes," or cantos, the second and third being devoted mainly to "prophecies." The length of the production, and its antiquated diction, not to speak of other objections which certain details in the narrative might call forth, make us refrain from quoting it

Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leafe,
As neere as the ninth degree,
And shall be flemed of faire Scotland,
In France fare beyond the sea.
And then shall come againe ryding,
With eyre that many men may see,
At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helteres and horse of tre.
— — — — —
However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shall be lord of all;
The French quen shall bearre the sceane,
Shal gale all Britaisne to the sea;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
As neere as the ninth degree.
— — — — —
Yet shal there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
A keene man of courage and bold man of armes,
A duke's son dowbled (i. e. dubbed,) a borne man in France,
That shall our mirthe augment, and mend all our harmes
After the date of our Lord, 1513, and thrice three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the breed isle to himself,
Between 13 and thrice three the thredp shal be ended,
The Saxons shall never recover after.

"There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—'fleemit of fair Scotland.' His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

"The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land beside a lee, who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days, which are promised to Scotland One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:—

Our Scottish king sal come fal home,
The red lyon bearyth he;
A faddered arrow sharp, I weene,
Shall make him winke and warre to see.
Out of the field he shal be led,
When he is bundis and woe for blood;
Yet to his men shal he say,
'For God's luve, turn yon againe,
And give yon satherne folk a frey!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My date is not to die this day.'

"Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:

The sterne three that day shal die,
That bears the harte in silver shene.

"The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:—

At Pinken Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentle blood that day;
There shall the bear lose the guilt,
And the eagill bear it away.

"To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who showed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:

'Thee to the Reirne could I say,
Where dwelis thee, or in what countrie?
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britaine,
From the north to the south sey?
A French queene shal i beare the sceane,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea,
Waich of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As neere as the nint degree.
I trained that what was his name,
Where that he came, from what country.]
In Erlangtoun I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymour men cals me.'

"There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with lord Hailes, that the eight lines, inclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

"While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions, in Hart's Collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the earl of Arran, afterwards duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses:—

> Take a thousand in calculation,
> And the regent of the lyon,
> Four crescents under one crowne,
> With Saint Andrew's croce thrise,
> Then threescore and thrise three:
> Take teat to Merling truely,
> Then shall the warre ended be,
> And never againe rise.
> In that yere there shall a king,
> A duke, and no crowned king;
> Because the prince shall be yong,
> And tender of yeares.

"The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the "Moldwarte (England) by the falsed hart," (the earl of Angus) The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

"The style of all the prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of 'Pierce Plowman's Visions;' a circumstance which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that 'Sir Galloran of Galloway,' and 'Gawaine and Gologras,' two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and revamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains.

"If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Ercseldoune, a share of the admiration, bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:—

> 'But then the lilye shall be loosed when they least think;
> Then clear king's blood shal quake for fear of death;
> For church shal chop off heads of their chief betrue,
> And earls of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.
> — — — — — — —
> Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shal arise;
> The barges of clear barons down shal be sunken;
> Secular shall sit in spiritual seats,
> Occupying offices ascribed as they were.'

"Taking the lilye for the emblem of France, can there be a more plain prophecy of the murder of her monarch, the destruction of her nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy? But, without looking farther into the signs of the times, the editor, though the least of all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that every true Briton will approve of his application of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

"Hart's collection of prophecies was frequently reprinted during the last century, probably to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart.

"Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

> Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

The grandfather of the present [1812] proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer The late Mr Haig was at length

born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

"Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk at Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the abbey, should 'fall when at the fullest.' At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they, who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful specimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

"Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:

At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
A brigg over Tweed you there may see.

"The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

"Corspatrick (Comes Patrick,) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Ercildoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the editor has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Hart's publication."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*]

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'peared to be:
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of fashion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth fairlie show to me."
Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

"Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,
And I will show thee curses three.
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

"A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea."
"Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."

He put his hand on the carlie's head;
He showed him a rock, beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed, *
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

"The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftaine throng wi' meikle pride.

"A Scottish king shall come full keen;
The ruddy lion beareth he:
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day.' †

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye mail see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gyle,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil blude that day."

---

* King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.—*Scott.*

† The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV., is well known.—*Scott.*

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"

"The first of blessings I shall thee show,
Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread;*
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water blickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon blude sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be."

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?"

"A French queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blude shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

PART THIRD.

MODERN.—BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[THIS the author calls an attempt to commemorate the Rhymer's poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land.]

WHEN seven years more were come and gone
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show'd high Dunyon†
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonnie Coldingknow,‡
Pitched pallioons took their room,
And created helms, and spears a rowe,
Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie;§
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.‖

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
And there were knights of great renown,
And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,
The music, nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs¶ of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done;
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

---

* One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:—

"The burn of breid
Shall run few reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.—*Scott.*

† Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two hills above Jedburgh.—*Scott.*

‡ An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:—

Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody, called the "Broom o' the Cowdenknows."—*Scott.*

§ *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word.

‖ Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.—*Scott.*

¶ *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along:
No after bard might e'er avail
Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake. *

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise, †
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excell'd, in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venomed wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue
She bore the leech's part;
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween *
For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High rear'd its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
Of that famed wizard's mighty love,
O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung:
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes!—like flash of flame
Can lovers' footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Joined in a kiss his parting breath:
The gentlest pair that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There passed the harp: its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak;
Nor ladies heav'd alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dream'd o'er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior's ears assail.

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* See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq. the tale of the "Knight and the Sword."—*Scott.*

† Thomas the Rhymer is the reputed author of the celebrated romance of "Sir Tristrem," the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry extant, an edition of which was published by Sir Walter Scott, in 1804, from a MS. copy in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, with a copious historical and critical Introduction, and also a very happy imitative continuation of the romance, by the editor.

He starts, he wakes;—"What, Richard, ho!
Arise, my page, arise!
What venturous wight, at dead of night,
Dare step where Douglas lies!"

Then forth they rush'd: by Leader's tide,
A selcouth * sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnalie. †

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his cloaths did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three;
"My sand is run; my thread is span;
This sign regardeth me."

The elfin harp his neck around,
In minstrel guise, he hung;
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft
To view his ancient hall;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moon-beams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

"Farewell, my father's ancient tower!
A long farewell," said he:
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shalt be.

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And, on thy hospitable hearth,
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu! adieu!" again he cried,
All as he turned him roun'—
"Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoune!"

The hart and hind approach'd the place,
As lingering yet he stood;
And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some sayd to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

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* *Selcouth*—Wondrous.

† An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the Fairy Queen thus addresses him:—

"Gin ye wad meet wi' me again,
Gang to the bonnie banks of Fairnalie."—Scott.

Lyttil Pynkie.

[Modern Ballad.—James Hogg.]

Lyttil Pynkie caime to Kilbogye yett,
It wais on ane hallow-day;
And the ladye babyis with her mette,
To heirre qahat sho wolde say.

For Pynkie wais the lyttilest bairne,
That ever dancit on the greinne;
And Pynkie wais the bonnyest thynge
That evir on yirthe wais seinne.

Hir faice wais caste in beautye's molde,
And owre hir browe abone
Hir hayre wais lyke the streemye of golde
That tinestilis from the mone.

The smyle that playit upon hir faice
Wais comely to be seene,
And the bonnye blue that dyit the hevin
Wais nevir lyke Pynkie's eyne.

Thre spannis from heele to heidde sho stode,
  But all so meitte to se,
No mayden in hir myldest mode
  Ane lovelier forme coide bee.

Qahaevir lokit at hir ane spaice,
  Coide nevir calle to mynde
That she possessit not fraime and graice
  Of stateliest womankynde.

The Baronne caime forth to the greene,
  And hee toke hir be the hande:
"Lyttil Pynkie, you are welcome heirre,
  The flower of fayre Scotlande.

"You are welcome to myne bowrie, Pynkie,
  And to myne hallis so gaye,
And you shalle be myne lammie deirre,
  And I'll fondle you nychte and daye."

"Och, no! och, no! myne owne gode lorde,
  For that wolde bee ane synne;
For if you toye or meile with me,
  To hevin you'll nevir wynne."

"But I will talke myne chaunce, Pynkie,
  For loffe is sore to thole;
The joie of maydenis leifu' charmis
  Can nevir stayne the soule."

"Better to thole than wynne the goale,
  Quhare pryse is noune before;
The man quha wynnis myne loffe and mee,
  Will nevir knowe maydem more.

"But I will syng ane sang to you,
  And daunce ane fairye quheille,
Till you and all youre bonnie may hairnis
  Can daunce it wonder weille."

Were I to teille Lyttil Pynkie's sang,
  It mighte doo muchle ill;
For it wais not framit of yirthly wordis,
  Though it soundit sweitte and shrill.

But aye the owerwordes of the sang,
  Which ladyis lernit to syng,
Wais, "Rounde and rounde, and sevin tymis
  The elfynis fairye ryng!" [rounde,

The firste moove that Lyttil Pynkie maide,
  Wais gentil, softe, and sweitte;
But the seconde rounde Lyttil Pynkie maide,
  Theye colde not keane hir faitte.

The thrydde rounde that Lyttil Pynkie maide,
  Sho shymmerit als lycht and gaye
Als dauncyng of the wiry lychtis
  On warme and sounye daye.

And aye sho sang, with twyrle and spang,
  Arounde them on the playne,
Quhille hir feitte theye shymmerit abome
  theyre bedis,
Then kyssit the swairde agayne.

Then the Baronne hee begoude to bobbe,
  No longer colde hee stande,
And his lyttil maydenis in ane ryng
  Theye joynit him hande to hande.

And rounde and rounde, and faster rounde,
  The fairye ryng theye flewe;
And aye the langer that theye daunsit,
  The madder on foune theye grewe.

And Lyttil Pynkie in the middis
  Bobbyt lyke ane flee in Maye,
And everilk spryng Lyttil Pynkie gaif,
  The Baronne he cryit, "Hurraye!"

And rounde and rounde the fairye ryng
  They lylit and they sang,
And rounde and rounde the fairye ryng
  They caiperit and they flang;

Quhille the Baronne hee begoude to gaspe,
  And his eyne sette in his heidde;
Hee colde not dragg ane oder lymbe,
  So neiriye he wais deidde,
And downe he faile upon the playne,
  Prone lyke ane forme of leidde.

But aye quhan Pynkie made ane spryng
  Betweinne him and the daye,
Hee maide a paulle with handis and faitte,
  And gaif ane faynte "Hurraye!"

Hee strekit out his lymbis in dethe,
  Unpytied and unbleste;
But "Hurraye!" it wais the ae last sounde
  That gurglit in his breste.

The maydis theye daunsit and caiperit on
  In madneese and in blaime;
For loffe or stryffe, or dethe or lyffe,
  To them wais all the saime.

But rounde and rounde the ryng theye flewe,
  Swyfte als sevin bardis on wyng;
Regairdyng the deidde man no more
  Than any yirthly thyng.

The menialis gadderit rounde and sawe
  In terrour and dismaye,
Them dauncyng rounde theyre deidde fader,
  And Pynkie wals awaye.

"Och-on, och-on," the Chaiplyng cryit,
  "There's some enchauntmente heirre;
Haiste, haiste awaye, myne maydinis gaye,
  This shaunefulle course forbeirre."

The maidinis lefte the fairye ryng,
  And crieuit theyre lychtsome fonne,
But they colde not comprehende one thyng
  Of all that had beinne donne.

The Chaiplyng ranne into the ryng
  To hifte his maisteris heidde,
And callit on six young bordlye wyghtis,
  To beirre awaye the deidde;

Quhan Lyttil Pynkie in the myddis
  Stode lofelye als the sunne;
Sho sang ane staife, and dauncit it rounde,
  And all theyre grieffe wals donne.

The Chaiplyng hee begoude to bobbe,
  And wagg his heede amayne,
For the lyttil kymmeris lythlye lymbis
  Had veirlye turnit his brayne.

And rounde, and rounde, the deidde Baronne,
  With calper and with squealie,
The Chaiplyng and his six young menne
  Wente lyke ane spynnyng quheilie.

And ay they sang Lyttil Pynkie's sang,
  Als loudde als they colde braye;
But saife the burden of that sang,
  The wordis I daurna saye.

But ay quhan Pynkie made ane ryse,
  With fitfulle fairye flyng;
"Agayne, agayne!" the Chaiplyng cryit,
  "Weille profen, myne bonnye thyng!

"Agayne, agayne! Agayne, agayne!"
  In maddenyng screimme cryit hee,
"Och, let mee se that spryng agayne,
  That I of lofe maye de!"

And rounde and rounde the deidde Baronne
  They flapperit and they flewe;
And rounde and rounde the deidde Baronne
  They bumpyt and theye blewe.

Quhill the Chaiplyng hee begoude to gaspe
  And quhiale in the throtte,
And downe hee falle upon the greisne
  Lyke ane greate mardel stotte.

He streikit out his laithlye lymbis,
  His eeyne sette in his heidde,
But "Agayne, agayne!" caime with ane ryfte,
  Quhill after hee wals deidde.

Then all the lande togedder ranne
  To prieste and holy fryer,
And there wals prayeris in every kirke,
  And hymnis in every quire;

For Lyttil Pynkie heide hir plaice
  At lordlye Kilbogye,
And of everilk chamber in the house
  Lyttil Pynkie keepit the ke.

So wordis gone eiste and wordis gone weste,
  From Solwaye unto the Clyde,
And wordis gone to the greate Mass John
  That livit on Cloudan syde.

So he is awaye to Kilbogye halle
  These lordlye maidis to saive,
And conjure that wylde thyng away
  Into the Baidd Sea's wave.

Quhan he caime to Kilbogye yette
  He tirlit at the pynne,
And quha wals so readdye als Lyttil Pynkie
  To ryse and let him in.

"Bairne, I half wordis to say to you
  On matter most sincere;
Quhare is the countreye you caime froune,
  And quha wals it sente you heirre?"

"I caime from ane countreye farre awaye,
  A regioune caalme and sweitte,
For all the sternis of the milky waye
  Were farre benethe our feitt.

"But I half romit this yirthlye sphere
  Some vyrgin soulis to wynne,
Since maydis were born the slaives of love,
  Of sorrowe, and of synne.

"By nychte and daye and glomyng graye,
By grofe and greinwode tree;
Oh if you kennit quhat I haif donne
To haippe them fayre and free!

"I haif satte upon theyre walfyng lockis
Als dauncyng on the greinne,
And watchit the blushes of the cheeke
And glances of the eyne.

"I have whysperit dremys into theyre eirris,
Of all the smairis of lofe;
And coolit theyre yong and hoppyng breestis
With dewis distyllit abofe."

"But O thou wylde and wycked thyng,
Thynk of this virgyn bande,
Thou'st taiken theyre fader from theyre haid,
Theyre pastor from theyre hand."

"That fader wals ane man so wylde,
Disgraice of human fraime;
Hee kepit sevin lemanis in his halle,
And maide it house of shaime;
And his fat Chaiplyng—worste of alle,
Theyre dedis I maye not naime.

"Before ane of those maydis had blomit
In lofely laidyhode,
Each wold haif loste hir quhite cleethyng,
But and hir sylken snode.

"Then blaime me not now, good Mass John,
For workyng of this shaithe;
It wals the meanis beseetyng synne
That tosted them to dethe.

"But now, Mass John, I know you are
A gude man and ane true;
Therefore I yield my vyrgin chairge
With plesure up to you.

"For O there is moche for me to doo
'Mong maydenis mylde and meike;
Men are so wycked heire belowe,
And wemyng are so weake.

"But I will baithe your eyne, Mass John,
With unguent of the skye;
And you shall heirre with oder eirre,
And se with oder eye.

"And you shall se the richte and wrong,
With soule of dredde withynne;
Quhat habitantis you dwelle amang,
Quhat worlde you sojourne in."

Sho touchit his eye, sho touchit his eirre,
With unguent of the skye,
Distillit from flowris of hevinlye bowerie,
That nevir nevir die.

Mass John hee turnit him rounde aboute,
To se quhat hee colde se;
"Quhat's this! quhat's this!" cryit goode Ma s
"Quhat hath befallen mee! [John,

"For outhir I am sounde asleippe,
And in ane feirsome dreime;
Or else I'm deidd, and gane to hevin,
Which raither wolde beseime.

"For spyritis come and spyritis go,
Of sviry shaipe and shaide,
With ghostis and demonis not ane few,
Sothe I am sore afrayde!

"Quhare is—quhare is Lyttil Pynkie gone?
I cannot brooke this payne;—
Oh! talk this oyntment off myne eyne,
And maike mee blynde agayne.

"How can I live, or moove, or thynk
With spiritis to congree;
I no acquaintance haif of them,
And they haif nonne of mee!"

But Lyttil Pynkie she wals gane
Awaye by dalle and glenne,
To guarde the vyrginis of the lande
From wylis of wycked meanne.

And goode Mass John is lefte alone
'Mang spyritis of everlik hue;
There were spyritis blacke, and spyritis quhyte,
And spyritis greene and blue.

And theye were mooveyng too and fro
'Mang thyngis of mortal birthe,
Als thicke als burdis upon the bough,
Or human thingis on yirth.

Eache vyrgin had ane guardian fare,
Als fayre as flowir of Maye;
And hee himself ane great blacke dougge
That wolde not pass awaye.

And some had devilis to bee theyre maitis,
  And some had two or thre,
That playit soche prankis with maidis and
  sanctis,
  As wals ane shame to se.

And then the dougge—the great blacke
  dougge,
  Kept lokyng in his faice,
With many a dark and meanyng scowlis,
  And many a sly grimaice.

It wals ane lyfe hee colde not brooke,
  He wals so hard bestedde;
He colde not preiche, hee colde not praye—
  He colde not sleippe in bedde.

For evin within the haly kirke,
  By that amaizyng spelle,
He saw some scenis before his faice
  Als I can hardlye telle.

Soche als ane spyrit spreddyng clothe
  Before ane tailoris eeyne;
And hee wals steillyng in his herte,
  Trowing hee wals not seene.

And some wolde shaiks ane myehtie purse
  Before the courtieris syehte,
Quha solde his countrye for the saime
  With very greate delychte.

And some were throwyng cairdis and dyse
  To many a drowsye wychte,
Quha playit and cursit, and cursit and
  playit,
  Before theyre pastoris syehte.

And some were wooyng maydinis dynke
  With sylkis and satynis fyne,
And some with vowis and wyckad taris,
  Ane very deirre propyne.

And some were tyckelling maydinis oulde
  With thoughtis of manlye youth;
Yea, half the scenis the kirke withynne
  Were synnfulle and uncouthe.

Mass John aft tryit to close his eeyne
  And shutte them from his syehte;
For there were prankis so very drolle,
  Theye maide him laugh outrychte.

There wals no thoughtis withynne the hartis,
  Though secrete and untolde,
But theye were acted in his syehte
  By spyritis manifolde.

He wyshed for dethe, and colde not lie
  Soche strange enchantment under,
Thus wandesyng with a spyritis eye
  Amid a worlde of wonder.

For manne most be ane mortyl thyng,
  With ane immortyl mynde,
Or passe the dore of dethe, and leive
  Mortalitye behynde.

So goode Mass John longit ferventlye
  That lyfe with him were donne,
To mix with spiritis or with meanne,
  But only with the onne.

And then the dougge, the greate blacke dougge,
  Wals ever in his plaice;
Evin at the altar there it stode,
  And stairit him in the faice.

Mass John wente home and layit him downe,
  And soon wals with the deidde,
And the bonnye maydis of Kilbogye
  Are lefte withoute ane heidde.

Quhan sevin long yeris had come and passit,
  With blynke and showir awaye,
Then Lyttil Pynkie sho caime backe
  Upon ane hallow-daye.

But the straynis that Lyttil Pynkie sung
  At settying of the sonne,
Were nevir forgotte by old or young,
  Quhill lyffe with them wals done.

Quhat then wals sayit, or quhat was donne,
  No mynstrelle evir knewe;
But the bonnye maydis of Kilbogye
  With beauty blomit anewe.

Some demyt that theye wolde pass awaye
  To oder lande than this;
But they lyvit the lyvis that wemyng loke,
  Of sociale yirthlie blisse.

But many a taille in westlande daille,
  Quainte rhyme and fairye laye,
There yet remaynis of Pynkie's straynis,
  Upon the hallow-daye.

The Witch of Fife.

[From "The Queen's Wake," by James Hogg.]

"Quhare haif ye been, ye ill womyne,
These three lang nightis fra hame
Quhat garris the sweit drap fra yer brow,
Like clotis of the saut sea faem?

"It fearis me muckil ye haif seen
Quhat guid man never knew;
It fearis me muckil ye haif been
Quhare the gray cock never crew.

"But the spell may crack, and the brydal breck,
Then sherpe yer werde will be;
Ye had better sleippe in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and me."—

"Sit doune, sit doune, my leil auld man,
Sit doune, and listen to me;
I'll gar the hayre stand on yer crown,
And the cauld sweit blind yer e'e.

"But tell nae wordis, my guid auld man,
Tell never word again;
Or deire shall be yer courtisye,
And driche and sair yer pain.

"The first lest night, quhan the new moon set,
Quhan all was douffe and mirk,
We saddled outr naigis wi' the moon-farn leif,
And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk.

"Some horses ware of the brume-cow framit,
And some of the greine bay tree;
But mine was made of ane humloke schaw,
And a stout stallion was he.

"We raide the tod doune on the hill,
The martin on the law;
And we huntyd the hoolet out of brethe,
And forcit him doune to fa'."—

"Quhat guid was that, ye ill womyne?
Quhat guid was that to thee?
Ye wald better haif been in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and me."—

"And aye we raide, and se merrily we raide,
Throw the merkiet gloffis of the night;
And we swam the floode, and we darnit the woode,
Till we cam' to the Lommond height.

"And quhan we cam' to the Lommond height,
Se lythlye we lychtid doune;
And we drank fra the hornis that never grew,
The beer that was never browin.

"Then up there raise ane wee wee man,
Fra nethe the moss-gray stane;
His face was wan like the collifloure,
For he nouthir had blude nor bane.

"He set ane reid-pipe til his muthe,
And he playit se bonnilye,
Till the gray curlew and the black-cock flew
To listen his melodye.

"It rang se sweit through the grein Lommond,
That the nycht-winde lowner blew;
And it soupit alang the Loch Leven,
And wakinit the white sea-mew.

"It rang se sweit through the grein Lommond,
Se sweitly butt and se shill,
That the wesilis laup out of their mouldy holis,
And dancit on the mydnycht hill.

"The corby craw cam' gledgin' near,
The ern ged veeryng bye;
And the troutis laup out of the Leven Loch,
Charmit with the melodye.

"And aye we dancit on the grein Lommond,
Till the dawn on the ocean grew:
Ne wonder I was a weary wycht
Quhan I cam' hame to you."

"Quhat guid, quhat guid, my weird weird wyfe,
Quhat guid was that to thee?
Ye wald better haif bein in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and me."

"The second nycht, quhan the new moon set,
O'er the roaryng sea we flew;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

"And the bauld windis blew, and the fire-flanchtis flew,
And the sea ran to the skie;
And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
As we gaed scouryng bye.

"And aye we mountit the sea-grein hillis,
Qahill we brushit through the cludis of the havin;
Than sousit dounright like the stern-shot light,
Fra the liftis blue casement driven.

"But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
And so pang was our pearily prowe;
Quhan we cuidna spell the brow of the wavis,
We needilit them throu' belowe.

"As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
As fast as the mydnycht leme,
We borit the breiste of the burstyng swale,
Or fluffit i' the flotyng fneme.

"And quhan to the Norraway shore we wan,
We muntyd our steedis of the wynde,
And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the woode,
And we left the shouir behynde.

"Fleit is the roe on the grein Lommond,
And swift is the couryng grew,
The rein-deir dun can sithly run,
Quhan the hoandis and the hornis pursue.

"But nowther the roe, nor the rein-deir dun,
The hinde nor the couryng grew,
Cuide fly owr montaine, muir, and dale,
As our braw steedis they flew.

"The dales war deep, and the Dofrinis steep,
And we raise to the skyis ee-bree;
Qahite, quhite was our rode, that was never trode,
Owr the snawis of eternity!

"And quhan we cam' to the Lapland lone,
The fairies war all in array;
For all the genii of the north
War keipyng their holeday.

"The warlock men and the weird wemyng,
And the fays of the wood and the steip,
And the phantom hunteris all war there,
And the mermaidis of the deip.

"And they washit us all with the witch-water,
Distillit fra the muirland dew,
Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lapland rose,
That wylde in the foreste grew."—

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill womyne,
Se loud as I heir ye lee!
For the warst-faurd wyfe on the shoris of Fyfe
Is cumlye comparit wi' thee."—

"Then the mermaidis sang and the woodlandis rang,
Se sweitly swellit the quire;
On every cliff a harpe they hang,
On every tree a lyre.

"And aye the sang, and the woodlandis rang,
And we drank, and we drank so deip;
Then saft in the armis of the warlock men,
We laid us doun to sleip."—

"Away, away, ye ill womyne,
An ill deide met ye dee!
Quhan ye ha'e pruvit so false to yer God,
Ye can never pruve true to me."—

"And there we learnit fra the fairy folis,
And fra our master true,
The wordis that can beire us throu' the air,
And lokkis and barris undo.

"Last nycht we met at Maisry's cot;
Richt weil the wordis we knew;
And we set a foot on the black eruik-shell,
And out at the lum we flew.

"And we flew owr hill, and we flew owr dale,
And we flew owr firth and sea,
Until we cam' to merry Carlisle,
Quhare we lightit on the lea.

"We gaed to the vault beyound the towir,
Quhare we enterit free as ayr;
And we drank, and we drank of the bishopis wine
Qahill we culde drynk na mair."—

"Gin that be true, my guid auld wyfe,
Whilk thou hast tauld to me,
Betide my death, betide my lyfe,
I'll beire thee companye.

"Neist tyme ye gaang to merry Carlisle
To drynk of the blude-reid wyne,
Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,
If the deil should fly behynde."

"Ah! little do ye ken, my silly auld man,
The daingeris we maun dree;
Last nychte we drank of the bishopis wyne,
Quhill near near ta'en war we.

"Afore we wan to the Sandy Ford,
The gor-cockis nichering flew;
The lofty crest of Ettrick Pen
Was wavit about with blue,
And, flichtering throu' the ayr, we fand
The chill chill mornyng dew.

"As we flew over the hillis of Braid,
The sun raise fair and cleir;
There gurly James, and his baronis braw,
War out to hunt the deir.

"Their bowis they drew, their arrowis flew,
And piercit the ayr with speide,
Quhill purpil fell the mornyng dew
Wi' witch-blude rank and reide.

"Littil do ye ken, my silly auld man,
The daingeris we maun dree;
No wonder I am a weary wycht
Quhan I come hame to thee."—

"But tell me the word, my guid auld wyfe,
Come tell it speedilye:
For I lang to dryak of the guid reide wyne,
And to wyng the ayr with thee.

"Yer hellish horse I wilna ryde,
Nor sail the seas in the wynde;
But I can flee as weil as thee,
And I'll dryak quhill ye be blynd."—

"O fy! O fy! my leil auld man,
That word I darena tell;
It wald turn this warld all upside down,
And make it warse than hell.

"For all the lasses in the land
Wald munt the wynde and fly;
And the men wald doff their doublets syde,
And after them wald ply."—

But the auld guidman was ane cunnyng auld man,
And ane cunnyng auld man was he;
And he watchit, and he watchit for mony a nychte,
The witches' flychte to see.

Ane nychte he darnit in Maisry's cot;
The fearless haggs cam' in;
And he heard the word of awesome weird,
And he saw their deidis of synne.

Then ane by ane they said that word,
As fast to the fire they drew;
Then set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
And out at the lum they flew.

The auld guidman cam' fra his hole
Wi'th feire and muckil dreide,
But yet he cuidna think to rue,
For the wyne cam' in his heid.

He set his foot in the black cruik-shell,
Wi'th ane fixit and ane wawlying e'e;
And he said the word that I darena say,
And out at the lum flew he.

The witches skalit the moon-beam pale;
Deep groanit the trembling wynde;
But they never wist till our auld guidman
Was hoveryng them behynde.

They flew to the vaultis of merry Carlisle,
Quhare they enterit free as ayr;
And they drank and they drank of the bishopis wyne
Quhill they cuide dryak no mair.

The auld guidman he grew so crouse,
He dauncit on the mouldy ground,
And he sang the bonniest sangs of Fyfe,
And he tuzzlit the kerlyngs round.

And aye he pierult the tither butt,
And he suckit, and he suckit sae lang,
Quhill his een they closit, and his voice grew low,
And his tongue wald hardly gang.

The kerlyngs drank of the bishopis wyne
Quhill they seemit the morning wynde;
Then clove again the yielding ayr,
And left the auld man behynde.

And aye he sleipit on the damp damp floor,
He sleipit and he snorit amain;
He never dreamit he was far fra hame,
Or that the auld wyvis war gane.

And aye he sleipit on the damp damp floor.
Quhill past the mid-day hightes,
Quhan wakenit by five rough Englishmen
That trailit him to the lychte.

"Now quha are ye, ye silly auld man,
That sleipis so sound and so weil?
Or hew gat ye into the bishopis vault
Throu' lokkis and barris of steel?"

The auld guidman he tryit to speak;
But ane word he caldna fynde;
He tryit to think, but his head whirlit round,
And ane thing he caldna mynde:—
"I cam' fra Fyfe," the auld man cryit,
"And I cam' on the mydnicht wynde."

They nickit the auld man, and they prickit the auld man,
And they yerkit his limbis with twine,
Qahill the reide blude ran in his hose and shoon,
But some cryit it was wyne.

They lickit the auld man, and they prickit the auld man,
And they tyit him till ane stone;
And they set ane bele-fire him about,
To burn him skin and bone.

"O wae to me!" said the puir auld man,
"That ever I saw the day!
And wae be to all the ill wemyng
That lead puir men astray!

"Let nevir ane auld man after this
To lawless greide inclyne;
Let nevir ane auld man after this
Rin post to the deil for wyne."

The reike flew up in the auld manis face,
And choukit him bitterlye;
And the lowe cam' up with ane angry blese,
And it syngit his auld breek-knee.

He lukit to the land fra whence he cam',
For lukis he culde get ne mae;
And he thochts of his deire little bairnis at hame,
And O the auld man was wae!

But they turnit their facis to the sun,
With gloffs and wonderous glair,
For they saw ane thing beth lairge and dun,
Comin' swalpin down the ayr.

That burd it cam' fra the landis o' Fyfe,
And it cam' rycht tymeously,
For quha was it but the auld manis wife,
Just comit his dethe to see.

Scho put ane reide cap on his heide,
And the auld guidman lookit fain,
Then whisperit ane word intill his lug,
And tovit to the ayr again.

The auld guidman he ga'e ane bob,
I' the mids o' the burnyng lowe;
And the shekis that band him to the ring,
They fell fra his armis like towe.

He drew his breath, and he said the word,
And he said it with muckil glee,
Then set his fit on the burnyng pile,
And away to the ayr flew he.

Till aince he clearit the swiriyng reike,
He lukit beth farit and ead;
But whan he wan to the lycht blue ayr,
He lauchit as he'd been mad.

His armis war spred, and his haid was hiebe,
And his fette stack out behynde;
And the laibies of the auld manis cote
War wauffing in the wynde.

And aye he neicherit, and aye he flew,
For he thochts the ploy se rare;
It was like the voice of the gainder blue,
Qnhan he flees throu' the ayr.

He lukit back to the Carlisle men
As he borit the norlan sky;
He noddit his heide, and ga'e ane girn,
But he nevir said guid-bye.

They vanisht far i' the liftis blue wale,
Ne mair the English saw,
But the auld manis lanche cam' on the gale,
With a lang and a loud gaffs.

May evir like man in the land of Fyfe
Read what the drinkeris dree;
And nevir curse his puir auld wife,
Eychts wicked altho' scho be.

Lord Soulis.

[MODERN BALLAD.—JOHN LEYDEN.—From the Border Minstrelsy. "The hero of this ballad was William, lord Soulis, who appears to have possessed the whole district of Liddesdale, with Westerkirk and Kirkandrews, in Dumfriesshire, the lands of Gilmertoun, near Edinburgh, and the rich baronies of Nisbet, Longnewton, Caverton, Maxtoun, and Mertoun, in Roxburghshire. He was of royal descent, being the grandson of Nicholas de Soulis, who claimed the crown of Scotland, in right of his grandmother, daughter to Alexander II.; and who, could her legitimacy have been ascertained, must have excluded the other competitors. The elder brother of William, was John de Soulis, a gallant warrior, warmly attached to the interests of his country, who, with fifty borderers, defeated and made prisoner Sir Andrew Harclay, at the head of three hundred Englishmen; and was himself slain fighting in the cause of Edward the Bruce, at the battle of Dundalk, in Ireland, 1318. He had been joint-warden of the kingdom with John Cummin, after the abdication of the immortal Wallace, in 1300; in which character he was recognised by John Baliol, who, in a charter granted after his dethronement, and dated at Rutherglen, in the ninth year of his reign (1303,) styles him 'Custos regni nostri.' The treason of William, his successor, occasioned the downfall of the family. This powerful baron entered into a conspiracy against Robert the Bruce, in which many persons of rank were engaged. The object, according to Barbour, was to elevate Lord Soulis to the Scottish throne. The plot was discovered by the countess of Strathern. Lord Soulis was seized at Berwick, although he was attended, says Barbour, by three hundred and sixty squires, besides many gallant knights. Having confessed his guilt, in full parliament, his life was spared by the king; but his domains were forfeited, and he himself confined in the castle of Dumbarton, where he died. Many of his accomplices were executed; among others, the gallant David de Brechin, nephew to the king, whose sole crime was having concealed the treason, in which he disdained to participate.* The parliament, in which so much noble blood was shed, was long remembered by the name of the 'Black Parliament.' It was held in the year 1320.

"From this period, the family of Soulis makes no figure in our annals. Local tradition, however, more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of their chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the king of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends, by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish king, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, "Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him.' Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished, by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately dispatched by the king, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration; but they only arrived in time to

* As the people thronged to the execution of the gallant youth, they were bitterly rebuked by Sir Ingram de Umfraville, an English or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of Robert Bruce. "Why press you," said he, "to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have seen ye throng as eagerly around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death." With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and repairing to the king, craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. "My heart," said Umfraville, "will not, for the wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer, where I have seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner." With the king's leave, he interred the body of David de Brechin, sold his lands, and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by Barbour, book 19th.—Scott.

witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity, which had long been accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sank beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years, by that daemon, to which, when he left the castle, never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled, or stripped of its bark, when drawn back. The Nine-stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity about one mile in breadth, and four in length, descending upon the water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones, which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar, upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended.

"The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty, that it was assigned by Michael Scot to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their task-master to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley-chaff with the sand. On his refusal, they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditionary hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea.

"*Redcap* is a popular appellation of that class of spirits which haunt old castles. Every ruined tower in the south of Scotland is supposed to have an inhabitant of this species."—*Border Minstrelsy.*

LORD SOULIS he sat in Hermitage castle,
And beside him Old Redcap sly;—
"Now, tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of might,
The death that I must die?"

"While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
And hold that life of me,
'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
I shall thy warrant be.

"Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
Shall o'er thy limbs confine,
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
Around thy body twine.

"If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
With rusty padlocks bound;
Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,
And listen to the sound."

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage castle,
And Redcap was not by;
And he called on a page, who was witty and sage,
To go to the barmkin high.

"And look thou east, and look thou west,
And quickly come tell to me,
What troopers haste along the waste,
And what may their livery be."

He looked o'er fell, and he looked o'er flat,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Save a pyot on a turret that sat
Beside a corby craw.

The page he look'd at the skrich * of day,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Till a horseman gray, in the royal array,
Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

"Say, why why do you cross o'er muir and moss?"
So loudly cried the page;
"I tidings bring, from Scotland's king,
To Soulis of Hermitage.

"He bids me tell that bloody warden,
Oppressor of low and high,
If ever again his liege complain,
The cruel Soulis shall die."

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
Before he rode or ran,
And through the key-stone of the vault,
They plunged him, horse and man.

* *Skrich*—Peep.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry green;
And May she was the fairest maid,
That ever yet was seen.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower;
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis,
That carried her from her bower

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side;
Says—"Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride."

With her yellow hair, that glittered fair,
She dried the trickling tear;
She sighed the name of Branxholm's heir,
The youth that loved her dear.

"Now, be content, my bonnie May,
And take it for your hame;
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day,
You heard young Branxholm's name.

"O'er Branxholm tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift is like lead so blue,
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shine dimly through."

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red,
A stardy kemp was he;
From friend or foe, in border field,
Who never a foot would flee.

Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led,
Up Goranberry Slack;
Aye, many a wight, unmatched in fight,
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
And bloody rose he up;
But little thought young Branxholm's heir,
Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roe-buck on the lee,
The dun deer on the law;
The glamour* sure was in his e'e,
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
He sped till day was set;
And he thought it was his merry men true,
When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they missed the chief;
His men were far away;
Thro' Hermitage Slack, they sent him back,
To Soulis' castle gray;
Syne onward fare for Branxholm tower,
Where all his merry men lay.

"Now, welcome, noble Branxholm's heir!
Thrice welcome," quoth Soulis to me!
"Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
My wedding guest to be?
And lovely May deserves, per fay,
A brideman such as thee!"

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
And on the barmkin shone;
When the page was aware of Red Ringan
Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
As he lighted at the wall,
Says—"Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
And where do they tarry all?"

"We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure," quoth he:
"Before we could cross that quaking moss,
They all were lost but me."

He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,
And he heard a stifled groan;
And at the third knock, each rusty lock
Did open one by one.

He turned away his eyes, as the lid did rise,
And he listened silentlie;
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low,
"Beware of a coming tree!"

In muttering sound the rest was drowned;
No other word heard he;
But slow as it rose, the lid did close,
With the rusty padlocks three.

Now rose with Branxholm's ae brother,
The Teviot, high and low;
Bauld Walter by name, of mickle fame,
For none could bend his bow.

* *Glamour*—magical delusion.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped
The fame of his array,
And that Teviotdale would soon assail
His towers and castle gray.

With clenched fist, he knocked on the chest,
And again he heard a groan;
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,
And it murmur'd sullenlie,—
"Shut fast the door, and for evermore,
Commit to me the key.

"Alas! that ever thou raised'st thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me!*
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
For here thou must not be."

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock chamber o'er;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never was ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;†
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he returned again.

And still, when seven years are o'er,
Is heard the jarring sound;
When slowly opes the charmed door
Of the chamber under ground.

And some within the chamber door
Have cast a curious eye;
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
The fearful sights they spy.

When Soulis thought on his merry men now,
A woeful wight was he;
Says,—"Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine!
But Branxholm's heir shall die."

Says—"What would you do, young Branxholm,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee?"
"I would take you to the good greenwood,
And gar your ain hand wale‡ the tree."

"Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
And May shall chuse, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside."

They carried him to the good greenwood,
Where the green pines grew in a row;
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

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* The idea of Lord Soulis' familiar seems to be derived from the curious story of the spirit Orthone and the Lord of Coraase, in Froissart. *Scott.*

† The circumstance of Lord Soulis having thrown the key over his left shoulder, and bid the fiend keep it till his return, is noted in the introduction, as a part of his traditionary history. In the course of this autumn (1806,) the Earl of Dalkeith being encamped near the Hermitage Castle for the amusement of shooting, directed some workmen to clear away the rubbish from the door of the dungeon, in order to ascertain its ancient dimensions and architecture. To the great astonishment of the labourers, and of the country people who were watching their proceedings, a rusty iron key, of considerable size, was found among the ruins, a little way from the dungeon door. The well-known tradition instantly passed from one to another; and it was generally agreed, that the malevolent dæmon, who had so long retained possession of the key of the castle, now found himself obliged to resign it to the heir-apparent of the domain. In the course of their researches, a large iron ladle, somewhat resembling that used by plumbers, was also discovered; and both the reliques are now in Lord Dalkeith's possession.

In the summer of 1805, another discovery was made in the haunted ruins of Hermitage. In a recess of the wall of the castle, intended apparently for receiving the end of a beam or joist, a boy, seeking for birds' nests, found a very curious antique silver ring, embossed with hearts, the well-known cognisance of the Douglas family, placed interchangeably with quatre-foils all round the circle. The workmanship has an uncommonly rude and ancient appearance, and warrants our believing that it may have belonged to one of the earls of Angus, who carried the heart and quatre-foils in their arms. They parted with the castle and lordship of Liddesdale, in exchange for that of Bothwell, in the beginning of the 16th century.—*Scott.*

‡ *Wale*—choose.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below;
"Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine,
To feed the hooded crow?"

"The fir-tops fall by Branxholm wall,
When the night blast stirs the tree,
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine,
I loved in infancie."

Young Branxholm turned him, and oft looked back,
And aye he passed from tree to tree;
Young Branxholm pesped, and pairly* spake,
"O sic a death is no for me!"

And next they passed the aspin gray,
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie:
"Now, chuse thee, chuse thee, Branxholm gay!
Say, wilt thou never chuse the tree?"

"More dear to me is the aspin gray,
More dear than any other tree;
For beneath the shade, that its branches made,
Have past the vows of my love and me."

Young Branxholm peeped, and pairly spake,
Until he did his ain men see,
With witches' hazel in each steel cap,
In scorn of Soulis' gramarye;
Then shoulder height for glee he lap,
"Methinks I spye a coming tree!"

"Aye, many may come, but few return,"
Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye;
"No warrior's hand in fair Scotland
Shall ever dint a wound on me!"

"Now, by my sooth," quo' bauld Walter,
"If that be true we soon shall see."
His bent bow he drew, and the arrow was true,
But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,
He was the lord of Ercyltoun:
"The wizard's spell no steel can quell,
Till once your lances bear him down."

They bore him down with lances bright,
But never a wound or scar had he;
With hempen bands they bound him tight,
Both hands and feet on the Nine-stane lea.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst;
They mouldered at his magic spell;
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst;
No forged steel his charms could bide;
Then up bespake him true Thomas,
"We'll bind him yet, whate'er betide."

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impressed with many a warlock spell:
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
That mortal man might never it see:
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
When he returned from Faerie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turned the leaves with curious hand;
No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
And shaped the ropes so curiousie;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And again he turned it with his hand:
And he bade each lad of Teviot add
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
They added still by handfulls nine;
But Redcap sly unseen was by,
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea
The ropes, that would not twist nor turn,
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took;
Again its magic leaves he spread;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boiled in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

* *Pairly*—softly.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones, and all.*

At the Shelf-hill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot, where they boiled the pot,
The spreat† and the deer-hair‡ ne'er shall grow.

* The tradition, regarding the death of Lord Soulis, however singular, is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland. The same extraordinary mode of cookery was actually practised (*horrenda referens*) upon the body of a sheriff of the Mearns. This person, whose name was Melville of Glenbervie, bore his faculties so harshly, that he became detested by the barons of the country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I. (or, as others say, to the duke of Albany,) the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, "Sorrow gin the sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo!" The complainers retired, perfectly satisfied. Shortly after, the lairds of Arbuthnot, Mather, Laureston, and Pittaraw, decoyed Melville to the top of the hill of Garvock, above Lawrencekirk, under pretence of a grand hunting party. Upon this place (still called the *Sheriff's Pot*,) the barons had prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff. After he was *sodden* (as the king termed it,) for a sufficient time, the savages, that they might literally observe the royal mandate, concluded the scene of abomination by actually partaking of the hell-broth.

The three lairds were outlawed for this offence; and Barclay, one of their number, to screen himself from justice, erected the kaim (*i. e.* the camp, or fortress) of Mathers, which stands upon a rocky and almost inaccessible peninsula, overhanging the German ocean. The laird of Arbuthnot is said to have eluded the royal vengeance, by claiming the benefit of the law of clan Macduff. A pardon, or perhaps a deed of replegiation, founded upon that law, is said to be still extant among the records of the viscount of Arbuthnot.

Pellow narrates a similar instance of atrocity, perpetrated after the death of Muley Ismael, emperor of Morocco, in 1727, when the inhabitants of Old Fez, throwing of all allegiance to his successor, slew "Alchyde Boel le Roses, their old governor, boiling his flesh, and many, through spite, eating thereof, and throwing what they could not eat of it to the dogs."—See Pellow's Travels in South Barbary. And we may add, to such tales, the oriental tyranny of Zenghis Khan, who immersed seventy Tartar Khans in as many boiling cauldrons.

The punishment of boiling seems to have been in use among the English at a very late period, as appears from the following passage in Stowe's Chronicle:—"The 17th March (1534), Margaret Davy, a maid, was boiled at Smithfield for poisoning of three households that she had dwelled in." But unquestionably the usual practice of Smithfield cookery, about that period, was by a different application of fire.—*Scott.*

† *Spreat*—the spreat is a species of water-rush. *Scott.*

‡ *Deer-hair*—the deer-hair is a coarse species of pointed grass, which, in May, bears a very minute, but beautiful yellow flower.—*Scott.*

The Cout of Keeldar.

[MODERN Ballad.—J. LEYDEN.—"The tradition," says Sir Walter, "on which the following ballad is founded derives considerable illustration from the argument of the preceding. It is necessary to add, that the most redoubted adversary of Lord Soulis was the chief of Keeldar, a Northumbrian district, adjacent to Cumberland, who perished in a sudden encounter on the banks of the Hermitage. Being arrayed in armour of proof, he sustained no hurt in the combat; but stumbling in retreating across the river, the hostile party held him down below water with their lances till he died; and the eddy, in which he perished, is still called the Cout of Keeldar's Pool. His grave, of gigantic size, is pointed out on the banks of the Hermitage, at the western corner of a wall, surrounding the burial-ground of a ruined chapel. As an enemy of Lord Soulis, his memory is revered; and the popular epithet of Cout, *i. e.* Colt, is expressive of his strength, stature, and activity. Tradition likewise relates, that the young chief of Mangerton, to whose protection Lord Soulis had, in some eminent jeopardy, been indebted for his life, was decoyed by that faithless tyrant

into his castle of Hermitage, and insidiously murdered at a feast.

"The Keeldar Stone, by which the Northumbrian chief passed in his incursion, is still pointed out, as a boundary mark, on the confines of Jed forest, and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated mass, of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice *withershins** around it. Keeldar Castle is now a hunting seat, belonging to the duke of Northumberland.

"The Brown Man of the Muirs is a Fairy of the most malignant order, the genuine *dwergar*. Walsingham mentions a story of an unfortunate youth, whose brains were extracted from his skull, during his sleep, by this malicious being. Owing to this operation, he remained insane many years, till the Virgin Mary courteously restored his brains to their station."]

THE dry blood-hound howled by night,
The streamers† flaunted red,
Till broken streaks of flaky light
O'er Keeldar's mountains spread.

The lady sigh'd as Keeldar rose:
"Come tell me, dear love mine,
Go you to hunt where Keeldar flows,
Or on the banks of Tyne?"

"The heath-bell blows where Keeldar flows,
By Tyne the primrose pale;
But now we ride on the Scottish side,
To hunt in Liddesdale."

"Gin you will ride on the Scottish side,
Sore must thy Margaret mourn;
For Soulis abhorred is Lyddall's lord,
And I fear you'll ne'er return.

"The axe he bears, it hacks and tears;
'Tis formed of an earth-fast flint;‡
No armour of knight, though ever so wight,
Can bear its deadly dint.

"No danger he fears, for a charm'd sword he wears;
Of adderstone the hilt;§
No Tynedale knight had ever such might,
But his heart-blood was split."

"In my plume is seen the holly green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree;‖
And my casque of sand, by a mermaid's hand,
Was formed beneath the sea.

"Then, Margaret dear, have thou no fear
That bodes no ill to me,
Though never a knight, by mortal might,
Could match his gramarye."—

Then forward bound both horse and hound,
And rattle o'er the vale;
As the wintry breeze, through leafless trees,
Drives on the pattering hail.

Behind their course the English falls
In deepening blue retire;
Till soon before them boldly swells
The muir of dun Redswire.

And when they reached the Redswire high,
Soft beam'd the rising sun;
But fitfulness shadows seemed to fly
Along the muir-land dun.

And when he reached the Redswire high,
His bugle Keeldar blew;
And round did float, with clamorous note
And scream, the hoarse curlew.

The next blast that young Keeldar blew,
The wind grew deadly still;
But the sleek fern, with fingery leaves,
Waved wildly o'er the hill.

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* *Widdershins.*—German, *widderseins.* A direction contrary to the course of the sun; from left, namely, to right.—*Scott.*

† *Streamers*—northern lights.

‡ An earth-fast stone, or an insulated stone, inclosed in a bed of earth, is supposed to possess peculiar properties. It is frequently applied to sprains and bruises, and used to dissipate swellings; but its blow is reckoned uncommonly severe.—*Scott.*

§ The adderstone, among the Scottish peasantry, is held in almost as high veneration, as, among the Gauls, the *ovum anguinum*, described by Pliny.—Natural History, l. xxix. c. 3. The name is applied to celts, and other round perforated stones. The vulgar suppose them to be perforated by the stings of adders.—*Scott.*

‖ The rowan tree, or mountain ash, is still used by the peasantry, to avert the effects of charms and witchcraft. An inferior degree of the same influence is supposed to reside in many evergreens; as the holly and the bay. With the leaves of the bay, the English and Welch pea-

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
Still stood the limber fern,
And a Wee Man, of swarthy hue,
Up started by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath,
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzly red,
As the purple heather bell.

An urchin,* clad in prickles red,
Clung cowering to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled,
As struck by Fairy charm.

"Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
Without the leave of me?"

"Brown dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,
Thy name to Keeldar tell!"—
"The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays
Beneath the heather bell.

"'Tis sweet, beneath the heather-bell,
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lav'rocks swell
Far far from tower and town.

"But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The chase's surly cheer!
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear."

Says, "Weal nor woe, nor friend nor foe,
In thee we hope nor dread."
But, ere the bugles green could blow,
The Wee Brown Man had fled.

And onward, onward, hound and horse,
Young Keeldar's band have gone;
And soon they wheel, in rapid course,
Around the Keeldar Stone.

Green vervain round its base did creep,
A powerful seed that bore;
And oft, of yore, its channels deep
Were stained with human gore.

And still, when blood-drops, clotted thin,
Hang the grey moss upon,
The spirit murmurs from within,
And shakes the rocking stone.†

Around, around, young Keeldar wound,
And called, in scornful tone,
With him to pass the barrier ground,
The Spirit of the Stone.

The rude crag rocked; "I come for death,
I come to work thy woe!"
And 'twas the Brown Man of the Heath,
That murmured from below.

But onward, onward, Keeldar past,
Swift as the winter wind,
When, hovering on the driving blast,
The snow-flakes fall behind.

They passed the muir of berries blae,
The stone cross on the lee;
They reached the green, the bonnie brae,
Beneath the birchen tree.

This is the bonnie brae, the green,
Yet sacred to the brave,
Where still of ancient size, is seen
Gigantic Keeldar's grave.

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sants were lately accustomed to adorn their doors at midsummer.—Vide Brand's Vulgar Antiquities.—*Scott.*

* *Urchin*—hedge-hog.

† The rocking stone, commonly reckoned a Druidical monument, has always been held in superstitious veneration by the people. The popular opinion, which supposes them to be inhabited by a spirit, coincides with that of the ancient Icelanders, who worshipped the dæmons, which they believed to inhabit great stones. It is related in the *Kristni Saga*, chap. 2, that the first Icelandic bishop, by chaunting a hymn over one of these sacred stones, immediately after his arrival in the island, split it, expelled the spirit, and converted its worshippers to Christianity. The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was also reckoned a powerful charm by the common people; and the author recollects a popular rhyme, supposed to be addressed to a young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in the shape of a handsome young man:

"Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
Lay off the St. John's wort, and the vervine."

By his repugnance to these sacred plants, his mistress discovered the cloven foot.—*Scott.*

The lonely shepherd loves to mark
  The daisy springing fair,
Where weeps the birch of silver bark,
  With long dishevelled hair.

The grave is green, and round is spread
  The curling lady-fern;
That fatal day the mould was red,
  No moss was on the cairn.

And next they passed the chapel there;
  The holy ground was by,
Where many a stone is sculptured fair,
  To mark where warriors lie.

And here, beside the mountain flood,
  A massy castle frown'd,
Since first the Pictish race in blood*
  The haunted pile did found.

The restless stream its rocky base
  Assails with ceaseless din;
And many a troubled spirit strays
  The dungeons dark within.

Soon from the lofty tower there hied
  A knight across the vale;
"I greet your master well," he cried,
  "From Soulis of Liddesdale.

"He heard your bugle's echoing call,
  In his green garden bower;
And bids you to his festive hall,
  Within his ancient tower."

Young Keeldar called his hunter train;
  "For doubtful cheer prepare!
And, as you open force disdain,
  Of secret guile beware.

"'Twas here for Mangerton's brave lord
  A bloody feast was set,
Who, weetless, at the fatal board,
  The bull's broad frontlet met.

"Then ever, at uncourteous feast,
  Keep every man his brand;
And, as you 'mid his friends are placed,
  Range on the better hand.

"And, if the bull's ill omen'd head†
  Appear to grace the feast,
Your whingers, with unerring speed,
  Plunge in each neighbour's breast."—

In Hermitage they sat at dine,
  In pomp and proud array
And oft they filled the blood-red wine,
  While merry minstrels play.

And many a hunting song they sang,
  And song of game and glee;
Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,
  "Of Scotland's love and lee."‡

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* Castles remarkable for size, strength, and antiquity, are, by the common people, commonly attributed to the Picts, or Pechs, who are not supposed to have trusted solely to their skill in masonry, in constructing these edifices, but are believed to have bathed the foundation-stone with human blood, in order to propitiate the spirit of the soil. Similar to this is the Gaelic tradition, according to which St. Columba is supposed to have been forced to bury St. Oran alive, beneath the foundation of his monastery, in order to propitiate the spirits of the soil, who demolished by night what was built during the day.—*Scott.*

† To present a bull's head before a person at a feast, was, in the ancient turbulent times of Scotland, a common signal for his assassination. Thus, Lindsay of Pitscottie relates in his History, p. 17, that "after the dinner was endit, once alle the delicate sources taken away, the chancellor (Sir William Crichton) presentit the bullis head befoir the Earle of Douglas, in signe and tokken of condemnation to the death." *Scott.*

‡ The most ancient Scottish song known is that which is here alluded to, and is thus given by Wintoun, in his Chronykil, vol. I. p. 401:—

Quhen Alyxandyr our kyng was dede,
  That Scotland led in luve and le,
Away was sonse of ale and brede,
  Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle:

Our gold was changyd into lede,
  Cryst, borne into virgynyte,
Sawcour Scotland and remede,
  That stad is in perplexyte.

That alluded to in the following verse, is a wild fanciful popular tale of enchantment, termed "The Black Bull of Noroway." The author is inclined to believe it the same story with the romance of the "Three Futtit Dog of Noroway," the title of which is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland.—*Scott.*

To wilder measures next they turn
"The Black Black Bull of Noroway!"
Sudden the tapers cease to burn,
The minstrels cease to play.

Each hunter bold, of Keeldar's train,
Sat an enchanted man;
For cold as ice, through every vein,
The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger wrung,
Each gazed with glaring eye;
But Keeldar from the table sprung,
Unharmed by gramarye.

He burst the doors; the roofs resound;
With yells the castle rang;
Before him, with a sudden bound,
His favourite blood-hound sprung.

Ere he could pass, the door was barr'd;
And, grating harsh from under,
With creaking, jarring noise, was heard
A sound like distant thunder.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,
Announce the dire sword-mill;*
The piteous howlings of the hound
The dreadful dungeon fill.

With breath drawn in, the murderous crew
Stood listening to the yell;
And greater still their wonder grew,
As on their ear it fell.

They listen'd for a human shriek
Amid the jarring sound;
They only heard in echoes weak,
The murmure of the hound.

The death-bell rung, and wide were flung
The castle gates amain;
While hurry out the armed rout,
And marshal on the plain.

Ah! ne'er before in Border feud
Was seen so dire a fray!
Through glittering lances Keeldar hewed
A red corse-paven way.

His helmet, formed of mermaid sand,
No lethal brand could dint;
No other arms could o'er withstand
The axe of earth-fast flint.

In Keeldar's plume the holly green,
And rowan leaves, nod on,
And vain Lord Soulis's sword was seen,
Though the hilt was adderstone.

Then up the Wee Brown Man he rose,
By Soulis of Liddesdale;
"In vain," he said, "a thousand blows
Assail the charmed mail.

"In vain by land your arrows glide,
In vain your falchions gleam—
No spell can stay the living tide,†
Or charm the rushing stream."

And now, young Keeldar reached the stream,
Above the foamy lin;
The Border lances round him gleam,
And force the warrior in.

The holly floated to the side,
And the leaf of the rowan pale.
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Coat o' Keeldar's course,
Along the lily lee;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old gray stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold, of Keeldar's train,
Within yon castle's wall,
In deadly sleep must aye remain,
Till the ruined towers down fall.

* The author is unable to produce any authority that the execrable machine, the sword-mill, so well known on the continent, was ever employed in Scotland; but he believes the vestiges of something very similar have been discovered in the ruins of old castles.—*Scott.*

† That no species of magic had any effect over a running stream, was a common opinion among the vulgar, and is alluded to in Burns's admirable tale of Tam o' Shanter.—*Scott.*

Each in his hunter's garb array'd,
Each holds his bugle horn;
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
That ne'er shall wake the morn.

The Spirit of the Glen.

[Modern Ballad.—James Hogg.]

"O dearest Marjory, stay at home,
For dark 's the gate you have to go;
And there 's a mauke adown the glen,
Hath frightenn'd me and many moe.

"His legs are like two pillars tall,
And still and stalwart is his stride;
His face is rounder nor the moon,
And, ceh, his mouth is awesome wide!

"I saw him stand, the other night,
Yclothed in his grisly shroud;
With one foot on a shadow placed,
The other on a misty cloud.

"As far asunder were his limbs,
On the first story of the air,
A ship could have sail'd through between,
With all her colours flying fair.

"He nodded his head against the heaven,
As if in reverend mockerye;
Then fauldit his arms upon his breast,
And aye he shook his beard at me.

"And he pointed to my Marjory's cot,
And by his motion seem'd to say,
'In yon sweet home go seek thy lot,
For there thine earthly lot I lay.'

"My very heart it quaked for dread,
And turn'd as cold as beryl stone,
And the moudies chatpit below the swaird,
For fear their little souls were gone.

"The cushat and the corbie craw
Fled to the highest mountain height;
And the little birdies tried the same,
But fell down on the earth with fright.

"But there was ane shameful heronshew,
Was sitting by the plashy shore,
With meagre eyne watching pow'heads,
And other fishes, less or more;

"But when she saw that grisly sight
Stand on the billow of the wind;
Grace, as she flapper'd and she flew,
And left a streamoury track behind!

"And aye she rair'd as she were wud,
For utter terror and dismay;
And left a shellcoch on the cloud,—
I took it for the milky way.

"Had I not seen that hideous sight,
What I had done I could not say;
But at that heron's horrid fright,
I'll laugh until my dying day.

"Then, dearest Marjory, stay at home,
And rather court a blink with me;
For, gin you see that awesome sight,
Yourself agdin you will never be."

"But I have made a tryst this night,
I may not break, if take my life;
So I will run my risk and go:
With maiden, spirits have no strife.

"Have you not heard, Sir Dominie,
That foes of virgin bears a charm,
And neither ghaist, nor man, nor beast,
Have any power to do her harm?"

"Yes, there is one, sweet Marjorye,
Will stand thy friend in darksome even;
For virgin beauty is on earth
The brightest type we have of heaven.

"The colly cowers upon the swaird,
To kiss her foot with kindly eye;
The maskis will not move his tongue,
But wag his tail, if she pass by;

"The adder hath not power to stang;
The slow-worm's harmless as an eel;
The berly toad, the ask, and snake,
Cannot so much as wound her heel.

"The angels love to see her good,
And watch her ways in bower and hall;
The devils pay her some respect,
And God loves her,—that is best of all."

"Then, sooth, I'll take my chance, and wend
To keep my tryst, whate'er may be;
Why should a virtuous maiden dread
The tale of a crazy Dominie?"

"Ochon, ochon, dear Marjorye,
But of your virtue you are vain!
Yet you are in a wondrous haste,
In running into toil and pain.

"For maiden's virtue, at the best,
(May He that made her kind, forgive her!)
Is like the blue-bell of the waste,
Sweet, sweet a while, and gone for ever!

"It is like what maiden much admires,—
A brittle set of china store;
But one false stumble, start, or step,
And down it falls for evermore!

"It is like the florid Eden rose,
That perisheth without recalling;
And aye the lovelier that it grows,
It wears the nearer to the falling.

"It is like the flaunting morning sky,
That spreads its blushes far before;
But plash there comes a storm of rain,
And all its glory then is o'er.

"Then be not proud, sweet Marjorye,
Of that which hath no sure abode:
Man little knows what lurks within;
The heart is only known to God."

But Marjory smiled a willsome smile,
And drew her frock up to her knee;
And lightly down the glen she flew,
Though the tear stood in the Dominie's e'e.

She had not gone a mile but ane,
Quhill up there starts a droichel man,
And he lookit ruefully in her face,
And says, "Fair maid, where be you gaun?"

"I am gaun to meet mine own true love,
So, Maister Brownie, say your rede,
I know you have not power to hurt
One single hair of virgin's head."

The Brownie gave a gousty laugh,
And said, "What wisdom you do lack!
For, if you reach your own true love,
I may have power when you come back!"

Then next she met an eldrin dame,
A weirdly witch I wot was she;
For though she wore a human face,
It was a grousome sight to see;

"Stay, pretty maid, what is your haste?
Come, speak with me before you go;
For I have news to tell to you,
Will make your very heart to glow:

"You claim that virgins have a charm,
That holds the universe at bay;
Alas! poor fool, to snare and harm,
There is none so liable as they.

"It is love that lifts up woman's soul,
And gives her eyes a heavenly sway;
Then, would you be a blessed thing,
Indulge in love without delay.

"You go to meet your own true love,
I know it well as well can he;
But, or you pass a bowshot on,
You will meet ane thrice as good as he.

"And he will press your lily hand,
And he will kiss your cheek and chin,
And you must go to bower with him,
For he is the youth your love must win.

"And you must do what he desires,
And great good fortune you shall find;
But when you reach your own true love,
Keep close your secret in your mind."

Away went Marjory, and away
With lighter step and blither smile;
That night to meet her own true love,
She would have gane a thousand mile.

She had not pass'd a bowshot on
Until a youth, in manly trim,
Came up and press'd the comely May
To turn into a bower with him.

He promised her a gown of silk,
A mantle of the orammoye,
And chain of gold about her neck,
For one hour of her companye.

He took her lily hand in his,
And kiss'd it with such fervenye,
That the poor May began to blush,
And durst not lift her modest e'e.

Her little heart began to beat,
And flutter most disquietlye,
She lookit east, she lookit west,
And all to see what she could see.

She lookit up to heaven aboon,
Though scarcely knowing how or why;
She heaved a sigh—the day was won,
And bright resolve beam'd in her eye.

The first stern that she look'd upon,
A tear stood on its brow for shame;
It drappit on the floor of heaven,
And aye its blushes went and came.

Then Marjory, in a moment thought,
That blessed angels might her see;
And often said within her heart,
"Do God's own planets blush for me?

"That they shall never do again—
Leal virtue still shall be my guide.—
Thou stranger youth, pass on thy way,
With thee I will not turn aside.

"The Angel of the Glen is wroth,
And where shall maiden find remede?
See what a hideous canopy
He is spreading high above our head!"

"Take thou no dread, sweet Marjorye;
It is love's own curtain spread on high;
A timeous veil for maiden's blush,
Yon little crumb-cloth of the sky.

"All the good angels take delight
Sweet woman's happiness to see;
And where could thine be so complete
As in the bower this night with me?"

Poor Marjory durst no answer make,
But stood as meek as captive dove;
Her trust fix'd on her Maker kind,—
Her eyes up[illegible] heaven above.

That wh[illegible] [illegible]ure no youth,
But [illegible] was he)
Had n[illegible] [illegible]t sped away,
A[illegible] on her knee.

Th[illegible] [illegible]weet and young
[illegible]ingerings of sin
[illegible] your minds,
[illegible] soul within,

Keep aye the eyes on heaven aboon,
Both of your body and your mind;
For in the strength of God alone,
A woman's weakness strength shall find.

And when you go to bower or dell,
And know no human eye can see,
Think of an eye that never sleeps,
And angels weeping over thee.

For man is but a selfish maike,
And little recks of maiden's woe,
And all his pride is to advise
The gate she's far ower apt to go.

Away went bonnie Marjorye,
With all her blossoms in the blight;
She had not gone a bowshot on,
Before she saw an awsome sight:

It was ane maike of monstrous might,
The terror of the sons of men;
That by Sir Dominie was hight,
The Giant Spirit of the Glen.

His make was like a moonshine cloud
That fill'd the glen with human form;
With his gray locks he brush'd the heaven
And shook them far aboon the storm;

And gurly, gurly was his look,
From eyne that seem'd two boreis blue,
And shaggy was his silver beard
That down the air in streamers flew.

Oh, but that maid was hard bested,
And mazed and modderit in dismay!
For both the guests of heaven and hell
Seem'd her fond passage to belay.

When the Great Spirit saw her dread,
And that she wist not what to say,
His face assum'd a milder shade,
Like midnight melting into day.

"Poor wayward, artless, aimless thing,
Where art thou going, canst thou tell?"
[illegible] Spirit said,—"Is it thy will
To run with open eyne to hell?

"I am the guardian of this glen,
And 'tis my sovereign joy to see
[illegible]he wicked man run on in sin,
Rank, ruthless, gaunt, and greedilye;

"But still to guard the virtuous heart
From paths of danger and of woe,
Shall be my earnest, dearest part:
Then tell me, dame, where dost thou go?"

"I go to meet mine ain dear love,
True happiness with him to seek,—
The comeliest and kindest youth
That ever kiss'd a maiden's cheek."

The Spirit shook his silver hair,
That stream'd like sunbeam through the rain;
But there was pity in his eyne,
Though mingled with a mild disdain.

He whipp'd the maid up in his arms
As I would lift a trivial toy—
Quod he, "The upshot thou shalt see
Of this most pure and virtuous joy!"

He took two strides, he took but two,
Although ane mile it seem'd to be,
And show'd the maid her own true love,
With maiden weeping at his knee;

And, oh! that maiden's heart was sore,
For still with tears she wet his feet;
But then he mock'd and jeer'd the more,
With threats, and language most unmeet.

She cried, "Oh, dear and cruel youth,
Think of the love you vow'd to me,
And all the joys that we have proved,
Beneath the bield of birken tree!

"Since never maid hath loved like me,
Leave me not to the world's sharp scorn;
By your dear hand I'll rather die
Than live forsaken and forlorn!"

"As thou hast said so shalt thou dree,'
Said this most cursed and cruel hind;
"For I must meet ane May this night,
Whom I love best of womankind;

"So I'll let forth thy wicked blood,
And neither daunt, nor rue the deed,
For thou art lost to grace and good,
And ruin'd beyond all remede."

She open'd up her snowy breast,
And aye the tear blinded her e'e,
Now take, now take mine harmless life,
All guiltless but for loving thee!"

Then he took out a deadly blade,
And drew it from its bloody sheath,
Then laid his hand upon her eyne,
To blind them from the stroke of death.

Then, straight to pierce her broken heart,
He raised his ruthless hand on high;
But Marjory utter'd shriek so loud,
It made the monster start and fly.

"Now, maiden," said the mighty Shade,
"Thou see'st what dangers waited thee;
Thou see'st what snares for thee were laid,
All underneath the greenwood tree.

"Yet straight on ruin wouldst thou run!
What think'st thou of thy lover meek,—
The comeliest and the kindest youth
That ever kiss'd a maiden's cheek?"

Then sore, sore did poor Marjory weep
And cried, "This world's a world of woe,
A place of sin, of snare, and gin;
Alas! what shall poor woman do?"

"Let woman trust in Heaven high,
And be all ventures rash abjured;
And never trust herself with man,
Till of his virtue well assured."

The Spirit turn'd him round about,
And up the glen he strode amain,
Quhill his white hair along the heaven
Stream'd like the comet's fiery train.

High as the eagle's morning flight,
And swift as is his cloudy way,
He bore that maiden through the night,
Enswathed in wonder and dismay;

And he flang her in the Dominie's bed,—
Ane good soft bed as bed could be!
And when the Dominie came home,
Ane richt astounded man was he.

Quod he, "My dear sweet Marjorye,
My best beloved and dawted dame,
You are welcome to my bed and board,
And this brave house to be thine hame:

"But not till we in holy church
Be bound, never to loose again;
And then I will love you as my life,
And long as life and breath remain."

Then the Dominie took her to holy church,
And wed her with a gowden ring;
And he was that day a joyful man,
And happier nor a crowned king.

And more unsulrchit happiness
Ne'er to an earthly pair was given;
And all the days they spent on earth,
They spent in thankfulness to Heaven.

Now, maidens dear, in greenwood shaw,
Ere you make trystes with flattering men,
Think of the sights poor Marjory saw,
And the Great Spirit of the Glen.

The Last Fairy.

[This very beautiful piece is written by Mr. William Oliver, Langraw, Roxburghshire, author of "Eight Months in Illinois." It is here printed for the first time.]

There was a voice heard on the fell,
Crying so sadly, "All are gone,
And I must bid this earth farewell;
Oh why should I stay here alone?
Ealie, ealie, oh farewell!

"I've sought the brake, I've sought the hill,
The haunted glen, and swelling river;
I've sought the fountain, and the rill,
And all are left, and left for ever.
Ealie, &c.

"Where'er the sunbeam tints the spray,
That rises o'er the falling waters,
I've, needless, roamed the livelong day,
In search of some of Faerie's daughters.
Ealie, &c.

"Each heather-bell, each budding flower,
That blooms in wold, or grassy lea,
Each bosky shaw, each leafy bower,
Is tenantless by all, save me.
Ealie, &c.

"No more now, through the moonlit night,
With tinkling bells, and sound of mirth,
We hie, and scare the peasant wight,
With strains by far too sweet for earth.
Ealie, &c.

"The new-made mother need not fear,
To leave ajar the cottage door;
Alas! we never shall come near,
To change the mortal's infant more.
Ealie, &c.

"No more, when as the eddying wind
Shall whirl the autumn leaves in air,
Shall there be dread, that elfin fiend,
Or troop of wandering fays are there.
Ealie, &c.

"In palaces beneath the lake,
Within the rock, or grassy hill,
No more the sounds of mirth we make,
But all are silent, sad, and still.
Ealie, &c.

"Farewell the ring, where, through the dance,
In winding maze, we deftly flew,
Whilst flowing hair, and dress, would glance
With sparkling gems of moonlit dew.
Ealie, &c.

"We were ere mortals had their birth,
And long have watched their growing day;
The light now beams upon the earth,
And warns us that we must away.
Ealie, &c.

"Oh where are Thor and Wodin now?
Where Elfin sprite and Duergar gone?
The great are fallen; we needs must bow,
I may not stay, not even alone.
Ealie, &c.

"Ah me, the wandering summer breeze
Shall bear our sighs, where'er it goes,
Or floating 'mid the leafy trees,
Or stealing odours from the rose.
Ealie, &c.

"These sighs, unknown shall touch the heart,
And with a secret language speak;
To joy a soothing care impart;
Add tears to smiles on beauty's cheek.
Ealie, &c.

"Farewell, farewell, for I must go
To other realms, to other spheres;
This mortal earth I leave with wo,
With grief, with wailing, and with tears.'
Ealie, &c.

The Brownie of Fearnden.

[MODERN Ballad.—ALEXANDER LAING.—Here printed for the first time.—In the notes to Collins's "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands" it is said that "The Brownie formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves or fairies. In the day time, he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and in the night sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself;"—and service similar to that narrated in this ballad was of very frequent occurrence. It is told of a Brownie, that on a certain occasion he had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught by an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them; upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, he exclaimed, "confound thae wee grae anes, they cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them." So disinterested was Brownie in his attachment, that any offer of reward, particularly of food or clothing, he invariably reckoned a hint from the family that they wished to dispense with his services, which he immediately transferred to another. He has likewise been known to have abandoned a beloved haunt, when often disturbed in his places of daily retirement, or when any observations were made on his appearance, which was "meagre, shaggy, and wild." It is therefore very probable, as we have no later tradition respecting the Brownie of the ballad, that the question put to him by the *sage femme* at the door of the farm-house, occasioned his departure from his favourite Fearnden for ever.]

THAIR livit ane man on Norlanyde,
  Whan Jamie heide his aine;
He had ane maylen faire and wyde,
  And servants ayne or tene—

He had ane servant dwellying neir,
  Worthe all his maydis and men;
And wha was this gyn ye wald speir,
  The Brownie of Fearnden!

Whan thair was corne to threshe or dichte,
  Or barne or byre to clene,
He had ane bizzy hoare at nicht,
  Atweene the twall and ane;

And thouch the sna' was never so deip,
  And never so weet the raine,
He ran ane errant in a wheip,
  The Brownie of Fearnden!

As nicht the gudewyfe of the house
  Fell sicke as sicke coud be,
And for the skilly mammy-wyfe,
  She wantit them to gae;

The nicht was darke, and never a sparke
  Wald ventare doun the glen,
For fair that he micht heir or see
  The Brownie of Fearnden!

But Brownie was na far awa',
  For weil he heard the stryfe;
And ablynis thocht, as weil he saw,
  They sune wald tyne the wyfe:

He affe and mountis the ridying meare,
  And throch the winde and raine;
And sune was at the skilly wyfe's,
  Wha livit owre the den!

He pullit the sneke, and out he spak',
  That she micht bettere heir,
"Thair is a mothere wald gyve hyrth,
  But hasna strengthe to beir;

O ryse! O ryse! and hape you weil,
  To keip you fra the raine"—
"Whaar do you want me?" quoth the wyfe,
  "O whaar but owre the den!"

Whan baythe waur mountit on the meare,
  And ridyng up the glen;
"O watt ye laddy," quoth the wyfe,
  "Gyn we be neir the den?

"Are we com neir the den?" she said;
  "Just wyaht ye fule!" quoth he,
"For waare than ye ha's in your armis,
  This nicht ye wyanna see!"

They sune waur landit at the doore,
  The wyfe he handit doun—
"I've lefte the house but ae hanfe house,
  I am a clever loun!"—

"What maks your fitt sae brayde?" quoth she,
"What maks your een sae wan?"
"I've wandert mony a weary foote,
And anke sichtis I've seen!

"But mynd the wyfe, and mynd the wean,
And see that all gae richt;
And I wyll tak' you hame agan,
Befitir the morrynge licht.

"And gyn they speir wha brocht you heir,
Cause they wanr seaunte of men—
Even tell them that ye rade alniat
The Brownie of Fearnden!"

The Tane-away.

[The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child to be stolen by a fairy. The ballad here given is translated from the German, by John Anster, Esq.]

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's beauie cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom,
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying.

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crost'd my brow, and I crost'd my breast,
But that night my child departed;
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted.

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone to God,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly;
And I will sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

Water Kelpie.

[This piece is by the Rev. Dr. Jamieson, author of the Scottish Dictionary. It first appeared in the Border Minstrelsy. We give it a place here as the *Water Kelpie* belongs to the genus *Fairy*.

"The principal design of the author of this piece," says Sir Walter, "was to give a specimen of Scottish writing, more nearly approaching to the classical compositions of our ancient bards, than that which has been generally followed for seventy or eighty years past. As the poem is descriptive of the superstitions of the vulgar, in the county of Angus, the scene is laid on the banks of South Esk, near the castle of Inverquharity, about five miles north from Forfar."]

Aft, owre the bent, with heather blent,
And throw the forest brown,
I tread the path to yon green strath,
Quhare brae-born Esk rins down.

Its banks alang, quhilk hazels thrang,
Quhare sweet-sair'd hawthorns blow,
I luft to stray, and view the play
Of flockit scules below.

As summer e'en, upon the green,
I laid me down to gaze;
The place right nigh, quhare Charity
His humble tribute pays:

And Preses proud, with rippet load,
Cums ravin' frae his glen;
As gin he micht auld Esk affricht,
And drive him back agen.

An ancient tour appear't to lour
Athort the neibourin plain,
Quhais chieftain bauld, in times of auld,
The kintrie ell't his ain.

Its honours cow't, its now forhow't,
And left the houlat's prey;
Its skaggin' wede, aboon the flude,
With gloom owrespreads the day.

A dreary shade the castle spread,
And mirker grew the lift;
The crooin' kie the byre drew nigh,
The darger left his thrift.

The lavrock shill on erd was still,
The westlin wind fell loun;
The fisher's hoap forgat to loup, *
And aw for rest made boun. †

I meun't to sloom, quhan throw the gloom
I saw the river shak',
And heard a whush alangis it rush,
Gart aw my membere quak',

Syne, in a stound, the pool profound
To cleave in twain appear'd;
And huly throw the frichtsom how
His form a gaist appear'd. ‡

He rashes bare, and seggs, for hair,
Quhare ramper-eels entwin'd;
Of filthy gar his e'e-brees war,
With eels and horse-gells lin'd.

And fur his ees, with dowie sheen,
Twa huge horse-mussels glar'd; §
From his wide mow a torrent flew,
And soupt his reedy beard.

Twa clanky stanes seemit his spule-banes;
His brickit braid, a whin;
Ilk rib see bare, a skelvy skair;
Ilk arm a monstrous fin.

He frae the wame a fish became,
With shells aw coverit owre:
And fur his tail, the grisly whale
Could nevir match its pow'r.

Wi' dreddour I, quhan he drew nigh,
Had maistly swarfit outricht:
Less fleyit at leath I gatherit strenth,
And speirt quhat was this wicht.

Syne thrice he shook his fearsum houk,
And thrice he snockerit loud;
From ilka e'e the fire-flaughts flee,
And flash alangis the flude.

Quhan words he found, their eritch sound
Was like the norian blast,
Frae yon deep glack, at Catla's back, ‖
That skaags the dark-brown waste.

The troublit pool convuyit the gowl
Down to yon echoin rock;
And to his maik, with wilsum skraik,
Ilk bird its terror spoke.

The trout, the par, now here, now thare,
As in a widdrim bang;
The garron gend gaif sic a stend,
As on the yird him flang.

And down the stream, like levin's gleam,
The fleggit salmond flew;
The otter yap his prey let drap,
And to his biddils drew.

---

* The fishes, the hope of the angler, no more rose to the fly.—*Jamieson.*

† *All* commonly occurs in our old writers. But *aw* is here used, as corresponding with the general pronunciation in Scotland; especially as it has the authority of Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Deth of the Makaris."—*Jamieson.*

‡ It is believed in Angus, that the spirit of the waters appears sometimes as a man, with a very frightful aspect; and, at other times, as a horse. The description, here given, must therefore be viewed as the offspring of fancy. All that can be said for it is, that such attributes are selected as are appropriate to the scenery.—*Jamieson.*

§ South Esk abounds with the fresh-water oyster, vulgarly called the *horse-mussel*; and, in former times, a pearl fishery was carried on here to considerable extent.—*Jamieson.*

‖ Part of the Grampian mountains. *Catla* appears as a promontory, jutting out from the principal ridge towards the plain. The Esk, if I recollect right, issues from behind it.—*Jamieson.*

"Vile droich," he said, "art nocht afraid
Thy mortal life to tyne?*
How dar'st thou seik with me to speit,
Sae far aboon thy line?

"Yet sen thou hast thai limits past,
That sinder sprites frae men,
Thy life I'll spare, and aw declare,
That worme like thee may hen.

"In kintries nar, and distant far,
Is my renoun propall't;
As is the kid, my name ye'll reid,
But here I'm *Kelpie* call't.

"The strypes and burns, throw aw their turns,
As weel's the waters wide,
My laws obey, thair spring-heads frae,
Doun till the salt sea tide.

"Like some wild staig, I aft strawaig,
And sammper on the wave:
Qaha with a bit my mow can fit,
May gar me be his slave.

"To him I'll wirk, baith morn and mirk,
Qahile he hae wark to do;
Gin tent he tak' I do nae shak'
His bridle frae my mow.†

"Qahan Murphy's laird his biggin' rear'd,
I carryit aw the stanes;
And mony a chiell has heard me squeal
For sair-brizz'd back and banes.‡

"Within finde-mark, I aft do wark
Gudewillit, qahan I please;
In quarries deep, qahile uthers sleep,
Greit blocks I win with ease.

"Yon bonnie brig qahan folk wald big,
To gar my stream look braw;
A sair-toil'd wicht was I be nicht
I did mair than thaim aw.

"And weel thai kent qahat help I lent,
For thai yon image fram't,
Aboon the pend whilk I defend;
And it thai *Kelpie* nam't.§

"Qahan lads and lasses wank the clais,
Narby yon whinny hicht,
The sound of me thair daffin hys;
Thai dare na mudge for fricht.

"Now in the midst of them I scream,
Qahan toozlin' on the haugh;
Than qahither by thaim doun the stream,
Loud nickerin in a laugh.

"Sicklike's my fun, of wark qahan run:
But I do meikle mair;
In pool or ford can nane be sonar'd
Gin Kelpie be nae there.

"Fow lang, I wat, I hen the spas,
Qahair ane sall meet his deid:
Nor wit nor pow'r put aff the hour,
For his wanweird decreed.

"For eulks behir, alangie the shoir,
Or dancin' down the stream,
My lichts are seen to blaze at een,
With wull wanerthly gleam.

---

* The vulgar idea is, that a spirit, however frequently it appear, will not speak, unless previously addressed. It is, however, at the same time believed, that the person, who ventures to speak to a ghost, forfeits his life, and will soon lose it, in consequence of his presumption.
Jamieson.

† The popular tradition is here faithfully described; and, strange to tell! has not yet lost all credit. In the following verses, the principal articles of the vulgar creed in Angus, with respect to this supposed being, are brought together, and illustrated by such *facts* as are yet appealed to by the credulous. If I mistake not, none of the historical circumstances mentioned are older than half a century. It is only about thirty years since the bridge referred to was built.—*Jamieson.*

‡ It is pretended that *Kelpie* celebrated this memorable event in rhyme; and that for a long time after he was often heard to cry, with a doleful voice,

"Sair back and sair banes,
Carryin' the laird of Murphy's stanes!"
Jamieson.

§ A head, like that of a gorgon, appears above the arch of the bridge. This was hewn in honour of Kelpie.—*Jamieson.*

"The hind came in, gif' haim he win,
And cries, as he war wod,—
Sam ane sall soon be carryit down
'By that wanchancy flude!'

'The tailzie lell thai hen fow weel,
On water sides quha won;
And aw but thai, quha's weird I spae,
Fast frae the danger run.

"But fremmit fouk I thus provoke
To meit the fate thai flee
To wilderit wichts thai're wraefow lichts,
But lichts of joy to me.

"With ruefow cries, that rend the skies,
Thair fate I seem to mourn,
Like crocodile, on banks of Nile;
For I still do the turn.

"Douce, cautious men aft fey are seen;
Thai rin as thai war heyrt,
Despise all rede, and court their dede:
By me are thai inspir't.

"Yestreen the water wae in spate,
The stanners aw war eur'd;
A man, nae stranger to the gate,
Raid up to tak' the ford.

"The haill town sware it wadna ride;
And Kelpie had been heard:
But nae a gliffin wad he bide,
His shroud I had prepar'd.*

"The human schaip I sometimes aip:
As Proesshaugh raid haim,
As starnless nicht, he gat a fricht,
Maist cracht his bustuous frame.

"I, in a glint, lap on shint,
And in my arms him fang't;
To his dore-cheik I knipt the cleik
The carle was sair bemang't.

"My name itsell wirks like a spell,
And quiet the house can keep;
Quhan greits the wean, the nurse in vain,
Thoch tyke-tyrit, tries to sleip.

"But gin scho say, 'Lie still, ye skrae,
There's Water-Kelpie's chap;'
It's fleyit to wink, and in a blink
It sleips as sound's a tap."

He said, and thrice he rair't his voice,
And gaif a horrid gowl
Thrice with his tail, as with a flail,
He struck the flying pool.

A thunderclap seem't like wap,
Resoundin' throw the wude:
The fire thrice flash't; syne in he plash't,
And sunk beneath the flude.

* A very common tale in Scotland is here alluded to by the poet. On the banks of a rapid stream the Water Spirit was heard repeatedly to exclaim, in a dismal tone, "The hour is come, but not the man;" when a person coming up, contrary to all remonstrances, endeavoured to ford the stream, and perished in the attempt. The original story is to be found in Gervase of Tilbury.—In the parish of Castleton, the same story is told, with this variation, that the bye-standers prevented, by force, the predestined individual from entering the river, and shut him up in the church, where he was next morning found suffocated, with his face lying immersed in the baptismal font. To a *fey* person, therefore, Shakespeare's words literally apply:

——— Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to swallow such a being up.—Scott.

The Maid and Fairy.

[From Buchan's Ballads.]

"O open the door, my honey, my heart,
O open the door, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae weanie?

"O gi'e me my castick, my dow, my dow,
O gi'e me my castick, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae weanie?

"O gi'e me my brose, my dow, my dow,
O gi'e me my brose, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae weanie?

"O gi'e me my kail, my dow, my dow,
O gi'e me my kail, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie

"O lay me down, my dow, my dow,
O lay me down, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie?"

"O woe to you now, my dow, my dow,
O woe to you now, my wile fause dearie;
And oh! for the time I had you again,
Plunging the dubs at the well sae wearie!"

May of the Moril Glen.

[From "The Mountain Bard," by James Hogg.]

I will tell you of ane wondrous tale,
As ever was told by man,
Or ever was sung by minstrel meet
Since this base world began:—

It is of ane May, and ane lovely May,
That dwelt in the Moril Glen,
The fairest flower of mortal frame,
But a devil amongst the men;

For nine of them stickit themselves for love,
And ten louped in the main,
And seven-and-thretty brake their hearts,
And never loved women again;

For ilk ane trowit she was in love,
And ran wodde for a while—
There was sicean language in every look,
And a speire in every smile.

And she had seventy score of ewes,
That bleit o'er dale and down,
On the bonnie braid lands of the Moril Glen,
And these were all her own;

And she had stotts, and sturdy steers,
And blithesome kids enew,
That danced as light as gloaming flies
Out through the falling dew

And this May she had a snow-white bull,
The dread of the hail countrye,
And three-and-thretty good milk kye,
To bear him companye;

And she had geese and goslings too,
And ganders of muckil die,
And peacocks, with their gaudy trains,
And hearts of pride within;

And she had cocks with curled kaims,
And hens, full crouse and glad,
That chanted in her own stack-yard,
And cackillit and laid like mad;

But where her minnie gat all that gear
And all that lordly trim,
The Lord in Heaven he knew full well,
But nobody knew but him;

For she never yielded to mortal man,
To prince, nor yet to king—
She never was given in holy church,
Nor wedded with ane ring.

So all men wist, and all men said;
But the tale was in sore mistime,
For a maiden she could hardly be,
With a daughter in beauty's prime.

But this bonnie May, she never knew
A father's kindly claim;
She never was bless'd in holy church,
Nor christen'd in holy name.

But there she lived an earthly flower
Of beauty so supreme,
Some fear'd she was of the mermaid's brood,
Come out of the salt sea theme.

Some said she was found in a fairy ring,
And born of the fairy queen;
For there was a rainbow behind the moon
That night she first was seen.

Some said her mother was a witch,
Come frae ane far countrye;
Or a princess loved by a weird warlock
In a land beyond the sea!

Oh, there are doings here below
That mortal ne'er should ken;
For there are things in this fair world
Beyond the reach of men.

"Then, sooth, I'll take my chance, and wend
To keep my tryst, whate'er may be;
Why should a virtuous maiden dread
The tale of a crazy Dominie?"

"Ochon, ochon, dear Marjorye,
But of your virtue you are vain!
Yet you are in a wondrous haste,
In running into toil and pain.

"For maiden's virtue, at the best,
(May He that made her kind, forgive her!)
Is like the blue-bell of the waste,
Sweet, sweet a while, and gone for ever!

"It is like what maiden much admires,—
A brackle set of china store;
But one false stumble, start, or step,
And down it falls for evermore!

"It is like the florid Eden rose,
That perisheth without recalling;
And aye the lovelier that it grows,
It wears the nearer to the falling.

"It is like the flaunting morning sky,
That spreads its blushes far before;
But plash there comes a storm of rain,
And all its glory then is o'er.

"Then be not proud, sweet Marjorye,
Of that which hath no sure abode:
Man little knows what lurks within;
The heart is only known to God."

But Marjory smiled a willsome smile,
And drew her frock up to her knee;
And lightly down the glen she flew,
Though the tear stood in the Dominie's e'e.

She had not gone a mile but ane,
Quhill up there starts a droichel man,
And he lookit ruefully in her face,
And says, "Fair maid, where be you gaun?"

"I am gaun to meet mine own true love,
So, Maister Brownie, say your rede,
I know you have not power to hurt
One single hair of virgin's head."

The Brownie gave a goosty laugh,
And said, "What wisdom you do lack!
For, if you reach your own true love,
I may have power when you come back!"

Then next she met an eldrin dame,
A weirdly witch I wot was she;
For though she wore a human face,
It was a grousome sight to see;

"Stay, pretty maid, what is your haste?
Come, speak with me before you go;
For I have news to tell to you,
Will make your very heart to glow:

"You claim that virgins have a charm,
That holds the universe at bay;
Alas! poor fool, to snare and harm,
There is none so liable as they.

"It is love that lifts up woman's soul,
And gives her eyes a heavenly sway;
Then, would you be a blessed thing,
Indulge in love without delay.

"You go to meet your own true love,
I know it well as well can be;
But, or you pass a bowshot on,
You will meet ane thrice as good as he.

"And he will press your lily hand,
And he will kiss your cheek and chin,
And you must go to bower with him,
For he is the youth your love must win.

"And you must do what he desires,
And great good fortune you shall find;
But when you reach your own true love,
Keep close your secret in your mind."

Away went Marjory, and away
With lighter step and blither smile;
That night to meet her own true love,
She would have gane a thousand mile.

She had not pass'd a bowshot on
Until a youth, in manly trim,
Came up and press'd the comely May
To turn into a bower with him.

He promised her a gown of silk,
A mantle of the cramoisye,
And chain of gold about her neck,
For one hour of her companye.

He took her lily hand in his,
And kiss'd it with such fervencye,
That the poor May began to blush,
And durst not lift her modest e'e.

Her little heart began to beat,
And flutter most disquietlye,
She lookit east, she lookit west,
And all to see what she could see.

She lookit up to heaven aboon,
Though scarcely knowing how or why;
She heaved a sigh—the day was won,
And bright resolve beam'd in her eye.

The first stern that she look'd upon,
A tear stood on its brow for shame;
It drappit on the floor of heaven,
And aye its blushes went and came.

Then Marjory, in a moment thought,
That blessed angels might her see;
And often said within her heart,
"Do God's own planets blush for me?

"That they shall never do again—
Leal virtue still shall be my guide.—
Thou stranger youth, pass on thy way,
With thee I will not turn aside.

"The Angel of the Glen is wroth,
And where shall maiden find remede?
See what a hideous canopy
He is spreading high above our head!"

"Take thou no dread, sweet Marjorye;
It is love's own curtain spread on high;
A timeous veil for maiden's blush,
Yon little crumb-cloth of the sky.

"All the good angels take delight
Sweet woman's happiness to see;
And where could thine be so complete
As in the bower this night with me?"

Poor Marjory durst no answer make,
But stood as meek as captive dove;
Her trust fix'd on her Maker kind,—
Her eyes upon the heaven above.

That wicked wight (for sure no youth,
But Demon of the Glen was he)
Had no more power, but sped away,
And left the maiden on her knee.

Then, all you virgins sweet and young,
When the first whisperings of sin
Begin to hanker on your minds,
Or steal into the soul within,

Keep aye the eyes on heaven aboon,
Both of your body and your mind;
For in the strength of God alone,
A woman's weakness strength shall find.

And when you go to bower or dell,
And know no human eye can see,
Think of an eye that never sleeps,
And angels weeping over thee.

For man is but a selfish make,
And little recks of maiden's woe,
And all his pride is to advise
The gate she's far ower apt to go.

Away went bonnie Marjorye,
With all her blossoms in the blight;
She had not gone a bowshot on,
Before she saw an awsome sight:

It was sae mickle of monstrous might,
The terror of the sons of men;
That by Sir Dominie was hight,
The Giant Spirit of the Glen.

His make was like a moonshine cloud
That fill'd the glen with human form;
With his gray locks he brush'd the heaven
And shook them far aboon the storm;

And gurly, gurly was his look,
From eyne that seem'd two borels blue,
And shaggy was his silver beard
That down the air in streamers flew.

Oh, but that maid was hard bested,
And mazed and mudderit in dismay!
For both the guests of heaven and hell
Seem'd her fond passage to belay.

When the Great Spirit saw her dread,
And that she wist not what to say,
His face assum'd a milder shade,
Like midnight melting into day.

"Poor wayward, artless, aimless thing,
Where art thou going, canst thou tell?"
The Spirit said,—"Is it thy will
To run with open eyne to hell?

"I am the guardian of this glen,
And 'tis my sovereign joy to see
The wicked man run on in sin,
Rank, ruthless, gaunt, and greedilye;

"But still to guard the virtuous heart
From paths of danger and of woe,
Shall be my earnest, dearest part:
Then tell me, dame, where dost thou go?"

"I go to meet mine ain dear love,
True happiness with him to seek,—
The comeliest and kindest youth
That ever kiss'd a maiden's cheek."

The Spirit shook his silver hair,
That stream'd like sunbeam through the rain;
But there was pity in his eyne,
Though mingled with a mild disdain.

He whipp'd the maid up in his arms
As I would lift a trivial toy—
Quod he, "The upshot thou shalt see
Of this most pure and virtuous joy!"

He took two strides, he took but two,
Although ane mile it seem'd to be,
And show'd the maid her own true love,
With maiden weeping at his knee;

And, oh! that maiden's heart was sore,
For still with tears she wet his feet;
But then he mock'd and jeer'd the more,
With threats, and language most unmeet.

She cried, "Oh, dear and cruel youth,
Think of the love you vow'd to me,
And all the joys that we have proved,
Beneath the bield of birken tree!

"Since never maid hath loved like me,
Leave me not to the world's sharp scorn;
By your dear hand I'll rather die
Than live forsaken and forlorn!"

"As thou hast said so shalt thou dree,"
Said this most cursed and cruel hind;
"For I must meet ane May this night,
Whom I love best of womankind;

"So I'll let forth thy wicked blood,
And neither daunt, nor rue the deed,
For thou art lost to grace and good,
And ruin'd beyond all remede."

She open'd up her snowy breast,
And aye the tear blinded her e'e,
Now take, now take mine harmless life,
All guiltless but for loving thee!"

Then he took out a deadly blade,
And drew it from its bloody sheath,
Then laid his hand upon her eyne,
To blind them from the stroke of death.

Then, straight to pierce her broken heart,
He raised his ruthless hand on high;
But Marjory utter'd shriek so loud,
It made the monster start and fly.

"Now, maiden," said the mighty Shade,
"Thou see'st what dangers waited thee;
Thou see'st what snares for thee were laid,
All underneath the greenwood tree.

"Yet straight on ruin wouldst thou run!
What think'st thou of thy lover meek,—
The comeliest and the kindest youth
That ever kiss'd a maiden's cheek?"

Then sore, sore did poor Marjory weep
And cried, "This world's a world of woe,
A place of sin, of snare, and gin;
Alas! what shall poor woman do?"

"Let woman trust in Heaven high,
And be all ventures rash abjured;
And never trust herself with man,
Till of his virtue well assured."

The Spirit turn'd him round about,
And up the glen he strode amain,
Quhill his white hair along the heaven
Stream'd like the comet's fiery train.

High as the eagle's morning flight,
And swift as is his cloudy way,
He bore that maiden through the night,
Enswathed in wonder and dismay;

And he flang her in the Dominie's bed,—
Ane good soft bed as bed could be!
And when the Dominie came home,
Ane right astounded man was he.

Quod he, "My dear sweet Marjorye,
My best beloved and dawted dame,
You are welcome to my bed and board,
And this brave house to be thine hame:

"But not till we in holy church
Be bound, never to loose again;
And then I will love you as my life,
And long as life and breath remain."

Then the Dominie took her to holy church,
And wed her with a gowden ring;
And he was that day a joyful man,
And happier nor a crowned king.

And more unmixtchit happiness
Ne'er to an earthly pair was given;
And all the days they spent on earth,
They spent in thankfulness to Heaven.

Now, maidens dear, in greenwood shaw,
Ere you make trystes with flattering men,
Think of the sights poor Marjory saw,
And the Great Spirit of the Glen.

The Last Fairy.

[This very beautiful piece is written by Mr. William Oliver, Langraw, Roxburghshire, author of "Eight Months in Illinois." It is here printed for the first time.]

There was a voice heard on the fell,
Crying so sadly, "All are gone,
And I must bid this earth farewell;
Oh why should I stay here alone?
Ealie, ealie, oh farewell!

"I've sought the brake, I've sought the hill,
The haunted glen, and swelling river;
I've sought the fountain, and the rill,
And all are left, and left for ever.
Ealie, &c.

"Where'er the sunbeam tints the spray,
That rises o'er the falling waters,
I've, needless, roamed the livelong day,
In search of some of Faerie's daughters.
Ealie, &c.

"Each heather-bell, each budding flower,
That blooms in wold, or grassy lea,
Each bosky shaw, each leafy bower,
Is tenantless by all, save me.
Ealie, &c.

"No more now, through the moonlit night,
With tinkling bells, and sound of mirth,
We hie, and scare the peasant wight,
With strains by far too sweet for earth.
Ealie, &c.

"The new-made mother need not fear,
To leave ajar the cottage door;
Alas! we never shall come near,
To change the mortal's infant more.
Ealie, &c.

"No more, when as the eddying wind
Shall whirl the autumn leaves in air,
Shall there be dread, that elfin fiend,
Or troop of wandering fays are there.
Ealie, &c.

"In palaces beneath the lake,
Within the rock, or grassy hill,
No more the sounds of mirth we make,
But all are silent, sad, and still.
Ealie, &c.

"Farewell the ring, where, through the dance,
In winding maze, we deftly flew,
Whilst flowing hair, and dress, would glance
With sparkling gems of moonlit dew.
Ealie, &c.

"We were ere mortals had their birth,
And long have watched their growing day;
The light now beams upon the earth,
And warns us that we must away.
Ealie, &c.

"Oh where are Thor and Wodin now?
Where Elfin sprite and Duergar gone?
The great are fallen; we needs must bow,
I may not stay, not even alone.
Ealie, &c.

"Ah me, the wandering summer breeze
Shall bear our sighs, where'er it goes,
Or floating 'mid the leafy trees,
Or stealing odours from the rose.
Ealie, &c.

"These sighs, unknown shall touch the heart,
And with a secret language speak;
To joy a soothing care impart;
Add tears to smiles on beauty's cheek.
Ealie, &c.

"Farewell, farewell, for I must go
To other realms, to other spheres;
This mortal earth I leave with we,
With grief, with wailing, and with tears.'
Ealie, &c.

The Brownie of Fearnden.

[MODERN Ballad.—ALEXANDER LAING.—Here printed for the first time.—In the notes to Collins's "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands" it is said that "The Brownie formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves or fairies. In the day time, he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and in the night sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself;"—and service similar to that narrated in this ballad was of very frequent occurrence. It is told of a Brownie, that on a certain occasion he had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught by an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them; upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, he exclaimed, "confound thae wee grae anes, they cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them." So disinterested was Brownie in his attachment, that any offer of reward, particularly of food or clothing, he invariably reckoned a hint from the family that they wished to dispense with his services, which he immediately transferred to another. He has likewise been known to have abandoned a beloved haunt, when often disturbed in his places of daily retirement, or when any observations were made on his appearance, which was "meagre, shaggy, and wild." It is therefore very probable, as we have no later tradition respecting the Brownie of the ballad, that the question put to him by the *sage femme* at the door of the farm-house, occasioned his departure from his favourite Fearnden for ever.]

THAIR livit ane man on Norinsyde,
Whan Jamie beide his aine;
He had ane maylen faire and wyde,
And servants nyne or tene—

He had ane servant dwellying neir,
Worthe all his maydis and men;
And wha was this gyn ye wald speir,
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Whan thair was corne to threshe or dishie,
Or barne or byre to clene,
He had ane bizzy hoare at nicht,
Atweene the twall and ane;

And thouch the sna' was never so deip,
And never so weet the raine,
He ran ane errant in a wheip,
The Brownie of Fearnden!

As nicht the gudewyfe of the house
Fell sicke as sicke coud be,
And for the skilly mammy-wyfe,
She wantit them to gae;

The nicht was darke, and never a sparke
Wald venture doun the glen,
For fair that he micht heir or see
The Brownie of Fearnden!

But Brownie was na far awa',
For weil he heard the stryfe;
And ablynis thocht, as weil he saw,
They sune wald tyne the wyfe:

He affe and mountis the ridying meair,
And throch the winde and raine;
And sune was at the skilly wyfe's,
Wha livit owre the den!

He pullit the sneke, and out he spak',
That she micht bettere heir,
"Thair is a mothere wald gyve byrth,
But haena strengthe to beir;

O ryse! O ryse! and hape you weil,
To keip you fra the raine"—
"Whaur do you want me?" quoth the wyfe,
"O whaur but owre the den!"

Whan baythe waur mountit on the meair,
And ridyng up the glen;
"O watt ye laddy," quoth the wyfe,
"Gyn we be neir the den?

"Are we coen neir the den?" she said;
"Just wyght ye fule!" quoth he,
"Fer waure than ye ha's in your armis,
This nicht ye wynna see!"

They sune waur landit at the doore,
The wyfe he handit doun—
"I've lefte the house but ae haufe house,
I am a clever loun!"—

"What make your fait sae braydo?" quoth she,
"What make your een sae wan?"
"I've wandert mony a weary foote,
And unko sichtis I've seen!

"But mynd the wyfe, and mynd the wean,
And see that all gae richt;
And I wyll tak' you hame agen,
Befoir the mornyng licht.

"And gyn they speir wha brocht you hair,
Gasse they waur seasunte of men—
Even tell them that ye rade aboot
The Brownie of Fearnden!"

The Tane-away.

[The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child to be stolen by a fairy. The ballad here given is translated from the German, by John Anster, Esq.]

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's bonnie cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom,
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying.

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I cross'd my brow, and I cross'd my breast,
But that night my child departed;
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted.

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone to God,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly;
And I will sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

Water Kelpie.

[This piece is by the Rev. Dr. Jamieson, author of the Scottish Dictionary. It first appeared in the Border Minstrelsy. We give it a place here as the *Water Kelpie* belongs to the genus *Fairy*.

"The principal design of the author of this piece," says Sir Walter, "was to give a specimen of Scottish writing, more nearly approaching to the classical compositions of our ancient bards, than that which has been generally followed for seventy or eighty years past. As the poem is descriptive of the superstitions of the vulgar, in the county of Angus, the scene is laid on the banks of South Esk, near the castle of Inverquharity, about five miles north from Forfar."]

Aft, owre the bent, with heather blent,
And throw the forest brown,
I tread the path to yon green strath,
Quhare brae-born Esk rins down.

Its banks alang, quhilk hazels thrang,
Quhare sweet-ein'd hawthorns blow,
I luife to stray, and view the play
Of flockit scules below.

As summer e'en, upon the green,
I laid me down to gaze;
The place right nigh, quhare Charity
His humble tribute pays:

And Preesm proud, with rippet loud,
Came rovin' frae his glen;
As gin he micht auld Esk affricht,
And drive him back agen.

An ancient tour appear't to lour
Athort the neibourin plain,
Quhais chieftain bauld, in times of auld,
The kintrie call't his ain.

Its honours cow't, its now forhow't,
And left the houlat's prey;
Its skuggin' wade, aboon the flude,
With gloom owrespreads the day.

A dreary shade the castle spread,
And mirker grew the lift;
The croonin' kie the byre drew nigh,
The darger left his thrift.

The lavrock shill on erd was still,
The westlin wind fell loun;
The fisher's heap forgat to loup, *
And aw for rest made boun. †

I seem't to sloom, quhan throw the gloom
I saw the river shak',
And heard a whush alangis it rush,
Gart aw my members quak'.

Syne, in a stound, the pool profound
To cleave in twain appear'd;
And huly throw the frightsom how
His form a gaist appear'd. ‡

He rashes bare, and saggs, for hair,
Quhare ramper-eels entwin'd;
Of filthy gar his e'e-brees war,
With eeks and horse-galls lin'd.

And far his een, with dowie sheen,
Twa hage horse-mussels glar'd: §
From his wide mow a torrent flew,
And soupt his reedy beard.

Twa sleaky stanes seemit his spule-banes;
His brisklit braid, a whin;
Ilk rib sae bare, a sheiry skair;
Ilk arm a monstrous fin.

He frae the wame a fish became,
With sheils aw coverit owre:
And for his tail, the grisly whale
Could nevir match its pow'r.

With dreddour I, quhan he drew nigh,
Had maistly swarfit outricht:
Less fayit at lenth I gatherit strenth,
And speirt quhat was this wicht.

Syne thrice he shook his fearsum houk,
And thrice he snockerit loud;
From ilka e'e the fire-flaughts flee,
And flash alangis the flude.

Quhan words he found, their skritch sound
Was like the norlan blast,
Frae yon deep glack, at Catla's back, ‖
That skaags the dark-brown waste.

The troublit pool conveyit the gowl
Down to yon echoin rock;
And to his mark, with wilsum skraik,
Ilk bird its terror spoke.

The trout, the par, now here, now thare,
As in a widdrim bang;
The garron gend gaif sic a stend,
As on the yird him flang.

And down the stream, like levin's gleam,
The faggit salmond flew;
The otter yap his prey let drap,
And to his biddis drew.

* The fishes, the hope of the angler, no more rose to the fly.—*Jamieson.*

† *All* commonly occurs in our old writers. But *aw* is here used, as corresponding with the general pronunciation in Scotland; especially as it has the authority of Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Deth of the Makaris."—*Jamieson.*

‡ It is believed in Angus, that the spirit of the waters appears sometimes as a man, with a very frightful aspect; and, at other times, as a horse. The description, here given, must therefore be viewed as the offspring of fancy. All that can be said for it is, that such attributes are selected as are appropriate to the scenery.—*Jamieson.*

§ South Esk abounds with the fresh-water oyster, vulgarly called the *horse-mussel*; and, in former times, a pearl fishery was carried on here to considerable extent.—*Jamieson.*

‖ Part of the Grampian mountains. *Catla* appears as a promontory, jutting out from the principal ridge towards the plain. The Esk, if I recollect right, issues from behind it.—*Jamieson.*

"Vile droich," he said, "art nocht afraid
Thy mortal life to tyne?*
How dar'st thou talk with me to speik,
Sae far aboon thy line?

"Yet sen thou hast thai limits past,
That sinder sprites frae men,
Thy life I'll spare, and aw declare,
That worms like thee may hen.

"In kintries nar, and distant far,
Is my renown propall't;
As is the laid, my name ye'll raid,
But here I'm *Kelpie* call't.

"The strypes and burns, throw aw their turns,
As weel's the waters wide,
My laws obey, their spring-heads frae,
Doun till the salt sea tide.

"Like some wild staig, I aft stawaig,
And seasaper on the wave:
Qaha with a bit my mow can fit,
May gar me be his slave.

"To him I'll wirk, baith morn and mirk,
Qahile he has wark to do;
Gin tent he tak' I do nae shak'
His bridle frae my mow.†

"Qahan Murphy's laird his biggin' rear'd,
I carryit aw the stanes;
And mony a chiell has heard me squeal
For sair-brizz'd back and banes.‡

"Within finde-mark, I aft do wark
Gudewillit, qahan I please;
In quarries deep, qahile uthers sleep,
Greit blocks I win with ease.

"Yon bonnie brig qahan folk wald big,
To gar my stream look braw;
A sair-toil'd wicht was I be nicht
I did mair than thaim aw.

"And weel thai kent qahat help I lent,
For thai yon image fram't,
Aboon the pend whilk I defend;
And it thai *Kelpie* nam't.§

"Qahan lads and lasses wank the cleis,
Narby yon whinny hicht,
The sound of me their daffin hys;
Thai dare na mudge for fricht.

"Now in the midst of them I scream,
Qahan tocelin' on the haugh;
Than qahibber by thaim doun the stream,
Loud nickerin in a lauch.

"Sicklike's my fun, of wark qahan run:
But I do meikle mair;
In pool or ford can nane be smear'd
Gin Kelpie be nae there.

"Fow lang, I wat, I hen the spas,
Qahair ane sall meet his deid:
Nor wit nor pow'r put aff the hour,
For his wanweird decreed.

"For eulks behir, alangis the shoir,
Or dancin' down the stream,
My lichts are seen to blaze at een,
With wull wanerthly gleam.

* The vulgar idea is, that a spirit, however frequently it appear, will not speak, unless previously addressed. It is, however, at the same time believed, that the person, who ventures to speak to a ghost, forfeits his life, and will soon lose it, in consequence of his presumption.
Jamieson.

† The popular tradition is here faithfully described; and, strange to tell! has not yet lost all credit. In the following verses, the principal articles of the vulgar creed in Angus, with respect to this supposed being, are brought together, and illustrated by such *facts* as are yet appealed to by the credulous. If I mistake not, none of the historical circumstances mentioned are older than half a century. It is only about thirty years since the bridge referred to was built.—*Jamieson.*

‡ It is pretended that *Kelpie* celebrated this memorable event in rhyme; and that for a long time after he was often heard to cry, with a doleful voice,

"Sair back and sair banes,
Carryin' the laird of Murphy's stanes!"
Jamieson.

§ A head, like that of a gorgon, appears above the arch of the bridge. This was hewn in honour of Kelpie.—*Jamieson.*

"The hind came in, gif haim he win,
And cries, as he war wod,—
Sum ane sall soon be carryit down
'By that wanchancy flude!'

'The tailzie lell thai kan fiw weel,
On water sides quha won;
And aw but thai, quha's weird I spae,
Fast frae the danger run.

"But frummit fouk I thus provoke
To meit the fate thai flee
To wilderit wichts thai're wasfow lichts,
But lichts of joy to me.

"With rueffow cries, that rend the skies,
Thair fate I seem to mourn,
Like crocodile, on banks of Nile;
For I still do the turn.

"Douce, cautious men aft fey are seen;
Thai rin as thai war hayrt,
Despise all reds, and court their dede:
By me are thai inspir't.

"Yestreen the water was in spate,
The stanners aw war ear'd;
A man, nae stranger to the gate,
Raid up to tak' the ford.

"The haill town sware it wadna ride;
And Kelpie had been heard:
But nae a gliffin wad he bide,
His shroud I had prepar'd. *

"The human schaip I sometimes aip:
As Proseshaugh raid haim,
As staraless nicht, he gat a fricht,
Maist cracht his bustieous frame.

"I, in a glint, lap on shint,
And in my arms him fang't;
To his dore-cheik I keipt the cleik
The carle was sair hemang't.

"My name itsell wirks like a spell,
And quiet the house can keep;
Quhan greits the wean, the nurse in vain,
Thoch tyke-tyrit, tries to sleip.

"But gin scho say, 'Lie still, ye skrae,
There's Water-Kelpie's chap;'
It's fleyit to wink, and in a blink
It sleips as sound's a tap."

He said, and thrice he rais't his voice,
And gaif a horrid howl:
Thrice with his tail, as with a flail,
He struck the flying pool.

A thunderclap scom't like wasp,
Resoundin' throw the wude:
The fire thrice flash't; syne in he plash't,
And sunk beneath the flude.

* A very common tale in Scotland is here alluded to by the poet. On the banks of a rapid stream the Water Spirit was heard repeatedly to exclaim, in a dismal tone, "The hour is come, but not the man;" when a person coming up, contrary to all remonstrances, endeavoured to ford the stream, and perished in the attempt. The original story is to be found in Gervase of Tilbury.—In the parish of Castleton, the same story is told, with this variation, that the bye-standers prevented, by force, the predestined individual from entering the river, and shut him up in the church, where he was next morning found suffocated, with his face lying immersed in the baptismal font. To a *fey* person, thereere, Shakespeare's words literally apply:

——— Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to swallow such a being up.—Scott.

The Maid and Fairy.

[From Buchan's Ballads.]

"O open the door, my honey, my heart,
O open the door, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae weanie?

"O gi'e me my castick, my dow, my dow,
O gi'e me my castick, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae weanie?

"O gi'e me my bross, my dow, my dow,
O gi'e me my bross, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae weanie?

"O gi'e me my hail, my dow, my dow,
O gi'e me my hail, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie

"O lay me down, my dow, my dow,
O lay me down, my ain kind dearie;
For dinna ye mind upo' the time,
We met in the wood at the well sae wearie?"

"O woe to you now, my dow, my dow,
O woe to you now, my wile fause dearie;
And oh! for the time I had you again,
Plunging the dubs at the well sae wearie!"

May of the Moril Glen.

[From "The Mountain Bard," by James Hogg.]

I will tell you of ane wondrous tale,
As ever was told by man,
Or ever was sung by minstrel meet
Since this base world began:—

It is of ane May, and ane lovely May,
That dwelt in the Moril Glen,
The fairest flower of mortal frame,
But a devil amongst the men;

For nine of them sticket themselves for love,
And ten louped in the main,
And seven-and-thretty brake their hearts,
And never loved women again;

For ilk ane trowit she was in love,
And ran wodde for a while—
There was sicean language in every look,
And a speire in every smile.

And she had seventy score of ewes,
That blett o'er dale and down,
On the bonnie braid lands of the Moril Glen,
And these were all her own;

And she had stotts, and sturdy steers,
And blithesome kids enew,
That danced as light as gloaming flies
Out through the falling dew

And this May she had a snow-white bull,
The dread of the hail countrye,
And three-and-thretty good milk kye,
To bear him companye;

And she had geese and goslings too,
And ganders of muckil din,
And peacocks, with their gaudy trains,
And hearts of pride within;

And she had cocks with curled kaims,
And hens, full crouse and glad,
That chanted in her own stack-yard,
And cackillit and laid like mad;

But where her minnie gat all that gear
And all that lordly trim,
The Lord in Heaven he knew full well,
But nobody knew but him;

For she never yielded to mortal man,
To prince, nor yet to king—
She never was given in holy church,
Nor wedded with ane ring.

So all men wist, and all men said;
But the tale was in sore mistime,
For a maiden she could hardly be,
With a daughter in beauty's prime.

But this bonnie May, she never knew
A father's kindly claim;
She never was bless'd in holy church,
Nor christen'd in holy name.

But there she lived an earthly flower
Of beauty so supreme,
Some fear'd she was of the mermaid's brood,
Come out of the salt sea foame.

Some said she was found in a fairy ring,
And born of the fairy queen;
For there was a rainbow behind the moon
That night she first was seen.

Some said her mother was a witch,
Come frae ane far countrye;
Or a princess loved by a weird warlock
In a land beyond the sea!

Oh, there are doings here below
That mortal ne'er should ken;
For there are things in this fair world
Beyond the reach of men.

As thing most sure and certain was—
For the bedesmen told it me—
That the knight who coft the Moril Glen
Ne'er spoke a word but three.

And the masons who biggit that wild ha'
Ne'er spoke word good nor ill; [house
They came like a dream, and pass'd away
Like shadows o'er the hill.

They came like a dream, and pass'd away
Whither no man could tell;
But they ate their bread like Christian men,
And drank of the crystal well.

And whenever man said word to them,
They stay'd their speech fall soon;
For they shook their heads, and raised their
And look'd to heaven above. [hands,

And the lady came—and there she 'bade
For mony a lonely day;
But whether she bred her bairn to God—
To read but and to pray—

There was no man wist, though all men
And guess'd with fear and dread; [guess'd,
But oh she grew ane virgin rose,
To seemly womanhead!

And no man could look on her face,
And eyne that beam'd so clear,
But felt a stang gang through his heart,
Far sharper than a spear.

It was not like ane prodde or pang
That strength could overwin,
But like ane red hot gand of iron
Reaking his heart within.

So that around the Moril Glen
Our brave young men did lie,
With limbs as lydder, and as lythe,
As duddis hung out to dry.

And aye the tears ran down in streams
Over cheeks right woe-begone;
And aye they gasped, and they gratte,
And thus made piteous mone:—

"Alake that I had ever been born,
Or dandelit on the knee;
Or rockit in ane cradle bed,
Beneath a mother's e'e!

"Oh! had I died before my cheek
To woman's breast had lain,
Then had I ne'er for woman's love
Endured this burning pain!

"For love is like the fiery flame
That quivers through the rain,
And love is like the pang of death
That splits the heart in twain.

"If I had loved earthly thing,
Of earthly blithesomeness,
I might have been beloved again,
And bathed in earthly bliss.

"But I have loved ane freakish fay
Of frowardness and sin,
With heavenly beauty on the face,
And heart of stone within.

"O, for the gloaming calm of death
To close my mortal day—
The last benighting heave of breath,
That rends the soul away!"

But word's gone east, and word's gone west,
'Mong high and low degree,
Quhile it went to the king upon the throne,
And ane wrothful man was he.—

"What!" said the king, "and shall we sit
In sackcloth mourning sad,
Quhilie all mine liege of the land
For ane young queen run mad?

"Go saddle me my milk-white steed,
Of true Magnire brede;
I will go and see this wondrous dame,
And prove her by the rede.

"And if I find her elfin queen,
Or thing of fairy kind,
I will burn her into ashes small,
And sift them on the wind!"

The king hath chosen fourscore knights,
All busked gallantlye,
And he is away to the Moril Glen,
As fast as he can dree.

And when he came to the Moril Glen,
As morning fair and clear,
This lovely May on horseback rode
To hunt the fallow deer.

Her palfrey was of snowy hue,
A pale unearthly thing,
That revell'd over hill and dale
Like bird upon the wing.

Her screen was like a net of gold,
That dazzled as it flew;
Her mantle was of the rainbow's red,
Her rail of its bonnie blue.

A golden comb with diamonds bright,
Her seemly virgin crown,
Shone like the new moon's lady light
O'er cloud of amber brown.

The lightning that shot from her eyne,
Flicker'd like elfin brand;
It was sharper nor the sharpest spear
In all Northumberland.

The hawk that on her bridle arm
Outspread his pinions blue,
To keep him steady on the perch
As his loved mistress flew,

Although his een shone like the gleam,
Upon ane sable sea,
Yet to the twain that ower them beam'd,
Compared they could not be.

Like carry ower the morning sun
That shimmers to the wind,
So flew her locks upon the gale,
And stream'd afar behind.

The king he wheel'd him round about,
And calleth to his men,
"Yonder she comes, this wiendly witch,
This spirit of the glen!

"Come rank your master up behind,
This serpent to belay;
I'll let you hear me pat her down
In grand polemic way."

Swift came the maid ower strath and stron—
Nae dantonit dame was she—
Until the king her path withstood,
In might and majesty.

The virgin cast on him a look,
With gay and graceful air,
As on some thing below her note,
That ought not to have been there.

The king, whose belt was like to burst,
With speeches most divine,
Now felt ane throbbing of the heart,
And quaking of the spine.

And aye he gasped for his breath,
And gaped in dire dismay,
And waved his arms, and smote his breast;
But word he could not say.

The spankie grewis they scour'd the dale,
The dun deer to restrain;
The virgin gave her steed the rein,
And follow'd, might and main.

"Go bring her back," the king he cried;
"This reifery must not be.
Though you should bind her hands and feet
Go bring her back to me."

The deer she flew, the garf and grew
They follow'd hard behind;
The milk-white palfrey brush'd the dew
Far fleeter nor the wind.

But woe betide the lords and knights,
That taight in the dell!
For though with whip and spur they plied,
Full far behind they fell.

They look'd outowre their left shoulders,
To see what they might see,
And there the king, in fit of love,
Lay spurring on the lea.

And aye he batter'd with his feet,
And rowtes with despair,
And pull'd the grass up by the roots,
And flang it on the air!

"What ails, what ails my royal liege?
Such grief I do deplore."
"Oh I'm bewitched," the king replied,
"And gone for evermore!

"Go bring her back—go bring her back—
Go bring her back to me;
For I must either die of love,
Or own that dear ladye!

"That god of love out through my soul
Hath shot his arrows keen;
And I am enchanted through the heart,
The liver, and the spleen."

The deer was slain; the royal train
Then closed the virgin round,
And then her fair and lily hands
Behind her back were bound.

But who should bind her winsome feet?
That bred such strife and pain,
That sixteen brave and belted knights
Lay gasping on the plain.

And when she came before the king,
Ane ireful carle was he;
Saith he, "Dame, you must be my love,
Or burn beneath ane tree.

"For I am so sore in love with thee,
I cannot go nor stand;
And thinks thou nothing to put down
The king of fair Scotland?"

"No, I can ne'er be love to thee,
Nor any lord thou hast;
For you are married men each one,
And I a maiden chaste.

"But thro I promise, and I vow
By Scotland's king and crown,
Who first a widower shall prove,
Shall claim me as his own."

The king hath mounted his milk-white
One word he said not more,— [steed,—
And he is away from the Moril Glen,
As ne'er rode king before.

He sank his rowels to the naib,
And scour'd the muir and dale,
He held his bonnet on his head,
And louted to the gale,

Till wives ran shreighing to the door,
Holding their hands on high;
They never saw king in love before,
In such extremityre.

And every lord and every knight
Made off his several way,
All galloping as they had been mad,
Withouten stop or stay.

But there was never such dool and pain
In any land befal;
For there is wickedness in man,
That grieveth me to tell.

There was one eye, and one alone,
Beheld the deeds were done;
But the lovely queen of Fair Scotland
Ne'er saw the morning sun;

And seventy-seven wedded dames,
As fair as e'er were born,
The very pride of all the land,
Were dead before the morn.

Then there was nought but mourning weeds,
And sorrow, and dismay;
While burial met with burial still,
And jostled by the way.

And graves were howkit in green kirkyards,
And howkit deep and wide;
While bedlars swarfit for very toil,
The comely corps to hide.

The graves, with their unseemly jaws,
Stood gaping day and night
To swallow up the fair and young;—
It was ane grievous sight!

And the bonnie May of the Moril Glen
Is weeping in despair,
For she saw the hills of fair Scotland
Could be her home nae mair.

Then there were chariots came o'er night,
As silent and as soon
As shadow of ane little cloud
In the wan light of the moon.

Some said they came out of the rock,
And some out of the sea;
And some said they were sent from hell,
To bring that fair ladye.

When the day sky began to frame
The grisly eastern fall,
And the little wee hat was bound to seek
His dark and eery coll,

The fairest flower of mortal frame
Pass'd from the Moril Glen;
And ne'er may such a deadly eye
Shine amongst Christian men!

In seven chariots, gilded bright,
The train went o'er the fell,
All wrapt within a shower of hail;
Whither no man could tell;

But there was a ship in the Firth of Forth,
  The like ne'er sail'd the faerne,
For no man of her country knew
  Her colours or her name.

Her mast was made of beaten gold,
  Her sails of the silken twine,
And a thousand pennons stream'd behind,
  And trembled o'er the brine.

As she lay mirror'd in the main,
  It was a comely view,
So many rainbows round her play'd
  With every breeze that blew.

And the hailstone shroud it rattled loud,
  Right over ford and fen,
And swathed the flower of the Merll Glen
  From eyes of sinful men.

And the hailstone shroud it wheel'd and [row'd,
  As wan as death unshriven,
Like dead cloth of an angel grim,
  Or winding sheet of heaven.

It was a fearsome sight to see
  Toll through the morning gray,
And whenever it reach'd the comely ship,
  She set sail and away.

She set her sail before the gale,
  As it began to sing,
And she heaved and rocked down the tide,
  Unlike an earthly thing.

The dolphins fled out of her way
  Into the creeks of Fife,
And the blackguard seals they yowlit for [dread,
  And swam for death and life.

But aye the ship, the bonnie ship,
  Outowre the green wave flew,
Swift as the solan on the wing,
  Or terrified sea-mew.

No billow breasted on her prow,
  Nor levell'd on the lee;
She seem'd to sail upon the air
  And never touch the sea.

And away, and away went the bonnie ship,
  Which man never more did see;
But whether she went to heaven or hell,
  Was ne'er made known to me.

Kilmeny.

[From "The Queen's Wake," by James Hogg. We give this the most beautiful perhaps of all the Ettrick Shepherd's productions, as an appropriate close to the Ballads on Fairy Mythology.—"Besides the old tradition," says the author, "on which this ballad is founded, there are some modern incidents of a similar nature, which cannot well be accounted for, yet are as well attested as any occurrence that has taken place in the present age. The relation may be amusing to some readers. A man in the parish of Traquair, and county of Peebles, was busied one day casting turf in a large open field opposite to the mansion-house—the spot is well known, and still pointed out as rather unsafe; his daughter, a child seven years of age, was playing beside him, and amusing him with her prattle. Chancing to ask a question at her, he was surprised at receiving no answer, and, looking behind him, he perceived that his child was not there. He always averred that, as far as he could remember, she had been talking to him about half a minute before; he was certain it was not above a whole one at most. It was in vain that he ran searching all about like one distracted, calling her name;—no trace of her remained. He went home in a state of mind that may be better conceived than expressed, and raised the people of the parish, who searched for her several days with the same success. Every pool in the river, every bush and den on the mountains around was searched in vain. It was remarked that the father never much encouraged the search, being thoroughly persuaded that she was carried away by some invisible being, else she could not have vanished so suddenly. As a last resource, he applied to the minister of Inverleithen, a neighbouring divine of exemplary piety and zeal in religious matters, who enjoined him to cause prayers be offered to God for her in seven Christian churches, next Sabbath, at the same instant of time; 'and then,' said he, 'if she is dead, God will forgive our sin in praying for the dead, as we do it through ignorance; and if she is still alive, I will answer for it, that all the devils in hell shall be unable to keep her.' The injunction was punctually attended to. She was remembered in the prayers of all the neighbouring congregations, next Sunday, at the

same hour, and never were there such prayers for fervour heard before. There was one divine in particular, Mr. Davidson, who prayed in such a manner that all the hearers trembled. As the old divine foreboded, so it fell out. On that very day, and within an hour of the time on which these prayers were offered, the girl was found in the Flora wood, sitting, picking the bark from a tree. She could give no perfect account of the circumstances which had befallen to her, but she said she did not want plenty of meat, for that her mother came and fed her with milk and bread several times a-day, and sang her to sleep at night. Her skin had acquired a bluish cast, which wore gradually off in the course of a few weeks. Her name was Jane Brown; she lived to a very advanced age, and was known to many still alive. Every circumstance of this story is truth, if the father's report of the suddenness of her disappearance may be relied on.

"Another circumstance, though it happened still later, is not less remarkable. A shepherd of Tushilaw, in the parish of Ettrick, whose name was Walter Daiglaish, went out to the heights of that farm, one sabbath morning, to herd the young sheep for his son, and let him to church. He took his own dinner along with him, and his son's breakfast. When the sermons were over, the lad went straight home, and did not return to his father. Night came, but nothing of the old shepherd appeared. When it grew very late his dog came home—seemed terrified, and refused to take any meat. The family were ill at ease during the night, especially as they never had known his dog leave him before; and early next morning the lad arose and went to the height, to look after his father and his flock. He found his sheep all scattered, and his father's dinner unbroken, lying on the same spot where they had parted the day before. At the distance of twenty yards from the spot, the plaid which the old man wore was lying as if it had been flung from him, and a little farther on, in the same direction, his bonnet was found, but nothing of himself. The country people, as on all such occasions, rose in great numbers, and searched for him many days. My father, and several old men still alive, were of the party. He could not be found or heard of, neither dead nor alive, and at length they gave up all thoughts of ever seeing him more.

"On the twentieth day after his disappearance, a shepherd's wife, at a place called Berry-bush, came in as the family was sitting down to dinner, and said, that if it were possible to believe that Walter Daiglaish was still in existence, she would say yonder was he coming down the hill. They all ran out to watch the phenomenon, and as the person approached nigher, they perceived that it was actually he, walking without his plaid and his bonnet. The place where he was first descried is not a mile distant from that where he was last seen, and there is neither brake, bag, nor bush. When he came into the house, he shook hands with them all—asked for his family, and spoke as if he had been absent for years, and as if convinced something had befallen them. As they perceived something singular in his looks and manner, they unfortunately forebore asking him any questions at first, but desired him to sit and share their dinner. This he readily complied with, and began to sup some broth with seeming eagerness. He had only taken one or two spoonfuls when he suddenly stopped, a kind of rattling noise was heard in his breast, and he sank back in a faint. They put him to bed, and from that time forth he never spoke another word that any person could make sense of. He was removed to his own home, where he lingered a few weeks, and then died. What befell him remains to this day a mystery, and for ever must."]

Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Dunstra's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cross-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Dunstra blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;

When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang ha'e we sought baith holt and den;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are haleesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?
That bonnie snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rang,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a walk,
And in that walk there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maiks,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonnie Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"—

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eldest a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenityе;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, find I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonnie maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snaw:
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye:
I have brought her away frae the snares of man,
That sin or death she never may ken."—

They clasped her waist and her hand sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonnie Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nourise the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanityе!
O, sweet to heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that hythe as the body fair!

"O, bonnie Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,

That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered bye.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have ebed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"—

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought.
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies:
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame;
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and meising e'e;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man came,
And handit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;

And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girned amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-proof,
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he geeked at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his aries given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man:
She never leued, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainselled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and wasfu' mean,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the noriand lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own country,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her aymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower,
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly bysen lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woolands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their boughts and fauldis the tame,
And gowed around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.

The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.

It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

BALLADS

RELATING TO THE GREAT CIVIL WARS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Introduction.

[Reprinted from Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.]

"But, O my country! how shall memory trace
Thy glories, lost in either Charles's days,
When through thy fields destructive rapine spread,
Nor sparing infants' tears, nor hoary head!
In those dread days, the unprotected swain
Mourn'd, in the mountains, o'er his wasted plain;
Nor longer vocal, with the shepherd's lay,
Were Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay."
Lawhorne—Genius and Valour.

Such are the verses, in which a modern bard has painted the desolate state of Scotland, during a period highly unfavourable to poetical composition. Yet the civil and religious wars of the seventeenth century have afforded some subjects for traditionary poetry, and the reader is here presented with the ballads of that disastrous æra. Some prefatory history may not be unacceptable.

That the Reformation was a good and a glorious work, few will be such slavish bigots as to deny. But the enemy came, by night, and sowed tares among the wheat; or rather, the foul and rank soil, upon which the seed was thrown, pushed forth, together with the rising crop, a plentiful proportion of pestilential weeds. The morals of the reformed clergy were severe; their learning was usually respectable, sometimes profound; and their eloquence, though often coarse, was vehement, animated, and popular. But they never could forget, that their rise had been achieved by the degradation, if not the fall, of the crown; and hence, a body of men, who, in most countries, have been attached to monarchy, were in Scotland, for nearly two centuries, sometimes the avowed enemies, always the ambitious rivals, of their prince. The disciples of Calvin could scarcely avoid a tendency to democracy, and the republican form of church government was sometimes hinted at, as no unfit model for the state; at least, the kirkmen laboured to impress, upon their followers and hearers, the fundamental principle, that the church should be solely governed by those, unto whom God had given the spiritual sceptre. The elder Melvine, in a conference with James VI., seized the monarch by the sleeve, and, addressing him as "God's silly vassal," told him, "There are two kings, and two kingdomes. There is Christ, and his kingdome, the kirke; whose subject King James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdome he is not a king, nor

a head, nor a lord, but a member; and they whom Christ hath called and commanded to watch over his kirke, and govern his spiritual kingdome, have sufficient authoritie and power from him so to do; which no Christian king, no prince, should controul or discharge, but fortifie and assist: otherwise they are not faithful subjects to Christ."—*Calderwood*, p. 329. The delegated theocracy, thus sternly claimed, was exercised with equal rigour. The offences in the king's household fell under their unceremonious jurisdiction, and he was formally reminded of his occasional neglect to say grace before and after meat—his repairing to hear the word more rarely than was fitting—his profane banning and swearing, and keeping of evil company—and, finally, of his queen's carding, dancing, night-walking, and such like profane pastimes.—*Calderwood*, p. 313. A curse, direct or implied, was formally denounced against every man, horse, and spear, who should assist the king in his quarrel with the earl of Gowrie; and from the pulpit, the favourites of the listening sovereign were likened to Haman, his wife to Herodias, and he himself to Ahab, to Herod, and to Jeroboam. These effusions of zeal could not be very agreeable to the temper of James: and accordingly, by a course of slow, and often crooked and cunning policy, he laboured to arrange the church-government upon a less turbulent and menacing footing. His eyes were naturally turned towards the English hierarchy, which had been modelled, by the despotic Henry VIII., into such a form, as to connect indissolubly the interest of the church with that of the regal power.* The Reformation, in England, had originated in the arbitrary will of the prince; in Scotland, and in all other countries of Europe, it had commenced among insurgents of the lower ranks. Hence, the deep and essential difference which separated the Huguenots, the Lutherans, the Scottish Presbyterians, and, in fine, all the other reformed churches, from that of England. But James, with a timidity which sometimes supplies the place of prudence, contented himself with gradually imposing upon the Scottish nation a limited and moderate system of episcopacy, which, while it gave to a proportion of the churchmen a seat in the council of the nation, induced them to look up to the sovereign, as the power to whose influence they owed their elevation. But, in other respects, James spared the prejudices of his subjects; no ceremonial ritual was imposed upon their consciences; the pastors were reconciled by the prospect of preferment;† the dress and train of the bishops were plain and decent; the system of tythes was placed upon a moderate and unoppressive footing;‡ and, perhaps, on the whole, the Scottish hierarchy contained as few objectionable points as any system of church-government in Europe. Had it subsisted to the present day, although its doctrines could not have been more pure, nor its morals more exemplary, than those of the present kirk of Scotland, yet its degrees of promotion might have afforded greater encouragement to learning, and objects of laudable ambition to those, who might dedicate themselves to its service. But the precipitate

* Of this the Covenanters were so sensible, as to trace (what they called) the Antichristian hierarchy, with its idolatry, superstition, and human inventions, "to the prelacy of England, the fountain whence all these Babylonish streams issue unto us."—See their manifesto on entering England, in 1640.

† Many of the preachers, who had been loudest in the cause of presbytery, were induced to accept of bishoprics. Such was, for example, William Cooper, who was created bishop of Galloway. This recreant Mass John was a hypochondriac, and conceived his lower extremities to be composed of glass; hence, on his court advancement, the following epigram was composed:—

"Aureus heu! fragilem confregit malleus ursum."

‡ This part of the system was perfected in the reign of Charles I.

bigotry of the unfortunate Charles I. was a blow to episcopacy in Scotland, from which it never perfectly recovered.

It has frequently happened, that the virtues of the individual, at least their excess (if, indeed, there can be an excess in virtue,) have been fatal to the prince. Never was this more fully exemplified than in the history of Charles I. His zeal for religion, his family affection, the spirit with which he defended his supposed rights, while they do honour to the man, were the fatal shelves upon which the monarchy was wrecked. Impatient to accomplish the total revolution, which his father's cautious timidity had left incomplete, Charles endeavoured at once to introduce into Scotland the church-government, and to renew, in England, the temporal domination, of his predecessor, Henry VIII. The furious temper of the Scottish nation first took fire; and the mandished footstool of a prostitute* gave the signal for civil dissension, which ceased not till the church was buried under the ruins of the constitution; till the nation had stooped to a military despotism; and the monarch to the block of the executioner.

The consequence of Charles' hasty and arbitrary measures was soon evident. The united nobility, gentry, and clergy of Scotland, entered into the SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT, by which memorable deed, they subscribed and swore a national renunciation of the hierarchy. The walls of the prelatic Jericho (to use the language of the times) were thus levelled with the ground, and the curse of Hiel, the Bethelite, denounced against those who should rebuild them. While the clergy thundered, from the pulpits, against the prelatists and malignants (by which names were distinguished the scattered and heartless adherents of Charles,) the nobility and gentry, in arms, hurried to oppose the march of the English army, which now advanced towards their borders. At the head of their defensive forces they placed Alexander Leslie, who, with many of his best officers, had been trained to war under the great Gustavus Adolphus. They soon assembled an army of 26,000 men, whose camp, upon Dunse-Law, is thus described by an eye-witness. "Mr Baillie acknowledges, that it was an agreeable feast to his eyes, to survey the place; it is a round hill, about a Scots mile in circle, rising, with very little declivity, to the height of a bow-shot, and the head somewhat plain, and near a quarter of a mile in length and breadth; on the top it was garnished with near forty field-pieces, pointed towards the east and south. The colonels, who were mostly noblemen, as Rothes, Cassilis, Eglington, Dalhousie, Lindsay, Lowdon, Boyd, Sinclair, Balcarras, Flemyng, Kirkcudbright, Erskine, Montgomery, Yester, &c., lay in large tents at the head of their respective regiments; their captains, who generally were barons, or chief gentlemen, lay around them: next to these were the lieutenants, who were generally old veterans, and had served in that, or a higher station, over sea; and the common soldiers lay outmost, all in huts of timber, covered with divot, or straw. Every company, which, according to the first plan, did consist of two hundred men, had their colours flying at the captain's tent door, with the Scots arms upon them, and this motto, in golden letters, 'FOR CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT.'" Against this army, so well arrayed and disciplined, and whose natural hardihood was edged and exalted by a high opinion of their sacred cause, Charles marched at the head of a large force, but divided by the emulation of the commanders,

* "*Out, false loon! wilt thou say the wauss at my lug* (ear,)" was the well-known exclamation of Margaret Geddes, as she discharged her missile tripod against the bishop of Edinburgh, who, in obedience to the orders of the privy-council, was endeavouring to rehearse the common prayer. Upon a seat more elevated, the said Margaret had shortly before done penance, before the congregation, for the sin of fornication; such, at least, is the Tory tradition.—*Scott.* [*Jenny Geddes*, not *Margaret*, is the name usually bestowed on this heroine. Burns had a favourite mare called after her.]

and enervated by disuse of arms. A faintness of the spirit pervaded the royal army, and the king stooped to a treaty with his Scottish subjects. This treaty was soon broken; and, in the following year, Dunse-Law again presented the same edifying spectacle of a presbyterian army. But the Scots were not contented with remaining there. They passed the Tweed; and the English troops, in a skirmish at Newburn, showed either more disaffection, or cowardice, than had at any former period disgraced their national character. This war was concluded by the treaty of Rippon; in consequence of which, and of Charles's concessions, made during his subsequent visit to his native country, the Scottish parliament congratulated him on departing "a contented king from a contented people." If such content ever existed, it was of short duration.

The storm, which had been soothed to temporary rest in Scotland, burst forth in England with treble violence. The popular clamour accused Charles, or his ministers, of fetching into Britain the religion of Rome, and the policy of Constantinople. The Scots felt most keenly the first, and the English the second, of these aggressions. Accordingly, when the civil war of England broke forth, the Scots nation, for a time, regarded it in neutrality, though not with indifference. But, when the successes of a prelatic monarch, against a presbyterian parliament, were paving the way for rebuilding the system of hierarchy, they could no longer remain inactive. Bribed by the delusive promise of Sir Henry Vane, and Marshall, the parliamentary commissioners, that the church of England should be reformed, "according to the word of God," which, they fondly believed, amounted to an adoption of presbytery, they agreed to send succours to their brethren of England. Alexander Leslyn, who ought to have ranked among the "contented" subjects, having been raised by the king to the honours of Earl of Leven, was, nevertheless, readily induced to accept the command of this second army. Doubtless, where insurrection is not only pardoned, but rewarded, a monarch has little right to expect gratitude for benefits, which all the world, as well as the receiver, must attribute to fear. Yet something is due to decency; and the best apology for Leslyn, is his zeal for propagating presbyterianism in England, the bait which had caught the whole parliament of Scotland. But, although the Earl of Leven was commander-in-chief, David Leslyn, a yet more renowned and active soldier than himself, was major-general of the cavalry, and, in truth, bore away the laurels of the expedition.

The words of the following march, which was played in the van of this presbyterian crusade, were first published by Allan Ramsay, in his "Evergreen;" and they breathe the very spirit we might expect. Mr Ritson, in his collection of Scottish songs, has favoured the public with the music, which seems to have been adapted to the bagpipes.

March! march!
Why the devil do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order;
Front about, ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the English border;
Stand tit't, and fight like men,
True gospel to maintain.
The parliament's blythe to see us a' coming.
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Free popish relicques, and a' sic innovation,
That a' the warld may see,
There's nane in the right but we,
Of the auld Scottish nation.
Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the sark of God;
And the kist-fos of whistles,
That mak' sic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw
Shall ha's them a',
Whate'er come on it:
Bank up your plaids, my lads!
Cock up your bonnets!
Da Capo.

The hatred of the old presbyterians to the organ was apparently invincible. It is here vilified with the name of a "chest-full of whistles," as the episcopal chapel at Glasgow was, by the vulgar, opprobriously termed the "Whistling Kirk." Yet, such is the revolution of sentiment upon

this, as upon more important points, that reports have lately been current, of a plan to introduce this noble instrument into presbyterian congregations.

The share, which Leslie's army bore in the action of Marston Moor, has been exalted, or depressed, as writers were attached to the English or Scottish nations, to the presbyterian or independent factions. Mr Laing concludes with laudable impartiality, that the victory was equally due to "Cromwell's iron brigade of disciplined independents, and to three regiments of Leslie's horse."—Vol. i. p. 244.

In the insurrection of 1640, all Scotland, south from the Grampians, was actively and zealously engaged. But, after the treaty of Rippon, the first fury of the revolutionary torrent may be said to have foamed off its force, and many of the nobility began to look round, with horror, upon the rocks and shelves amongst which it had hurried them. Numbers regarded the defence of Scotland as a just and necessary warfare, who did not see the same reason for interfering in the affairs of England. The visit of King Charles to the metropolis of his fathers, in all probability, produced its effect on his nobles. Some were allied to the house of Stuart by blood; all regarded it as the source of their honours, and venerated the ancient hereditary royal line of Scotland. Many, also, had failed in obtaining the private objects of ambition, or selfish policy, which had induced them to rise up against the crown. Amongst these late penitents, the well-known marquis of Montrose was distinguished as the first who endeavoured to recede from the paths of rude rebellion. Moved by the enthusiasm of patriotism, or perhaps of religion, but yet more by ambition, the sin of noble minds, Montrose had engaged, eagerly and deeply, upon the side of the covenanters. He had been active in pressing the town of Aberdeen to take the covenant, and his success against the Gordons, at the bridge of Dee, left that royal burgh no other means of safety from pillage. At the head of his own battalion, he waded through the Tweed, in 1640, and totally routed the vanguard of the king's cavalry. But, in 1642, moved with resentment against the covenanters, who preferred, to his prompt and ardent character, the caution of the wily and politic earl of Argyle, or seeing, perhaps, that the final views of that party were inconsistent with the interests of monarchy, and of the constitution, Montrose espoused the falling cause of royalty, and raised the Highland clans, whom he united to a small body of Irish, commanded by Alexander Macdonald, still renowned in the north, under the title of Colkitto. With these tumultuary and uncertain forces, he rushed forth, like a torrent from the mountains, and commenced a rapid and brilliant career of victory. At Tippermoor, where he first met the covenanters, their defeat was so effectual, as to appal the presbyterian courage, even after the lapse of eighty years.* A second army was de-

* Upon the breaking out of the insurrection, in the year 1715, the earl of Rothes, sheriff and lord-lieutenant of the county of Fife, issued out an order for "all the fencible men of the countie to meet him at a place called Cashmoor. The gentlemen took no notice of his orders, nor did the commons, except those whom the ministers forced to go to the place of rendezvouse, to the number of fifteen hundred men, being all that their utmost diligence could perform. But those of that countie, having been taught by their experience, that it is not good meddling with edge tools, especialle in the hands of Highlandmen, were very averse from taking armes. No sooner they reflected on the name of the place of rendezvouse, Cashmoor, than Tippermoor was called to mind; a place not far from themes, where Montrose had routed them, when under the command of my great-grand-uncle, the earl of Wemyss, then general of God's armie. In a word, the unlucky choice of a place, called 'Moor,' appeared ominous; and that, with the flying report of the Highlandmen having made themselves masters of Perth, made them throw down their armes, and run, notwithstanding the trouble that Rothes and the ministers gave themselves to stop them."—*MS. Memoirs of Lord St Clair.*

feated under the walls of Aberdeen; and the pillage of the ill-fated town was doomed to expiate the principles which Montrose himself had formerly imposed upon them. Argyleshire next experienced his arms; the domains of his rival were treated with more than military severity; and Argyle himself, advancing to Inverlochy for the defence of his country, was totally and disgracefully routed by Montrose. Pressed betwixt two armies well appointed, and commanded by the most experienced generals of the Covenant, Montrose displayed more military skill in the astonishingly rapid marches, by which he avoided fighting to disadvantage, than even in the field of victory. By one of those hurried marches, from the banks of Loch Katrine to the heart of Inverness-shire, he was enabled to attack, and totally to defeat, the Covenanters, at Auldearne, though he brought into the field hardly one-half of their forces. Baillie, a veteran officer, was next routed by him, at the village of Alford, in Strathbogie. Encouraged by these repeated and splendid successes, Montrose now descended into the heart of Scotland, and fought a bloody and decisive battle, near Kilsyth, where four thousand Covenanters fell under the Highland claymore.

This victory opened the whole of Scotland to Montrose. He occupied the capital, and marched forward to the border; not merely to complete the subjection of the southern provinces, but with the flattering hope of pouring his victorious army into England, and bringing to the support of Charles the sword of his paternal tribes.

Half a century before Montrose's career, the state of the borders was such as might have enabled him easily to have accomplished his daring plan. The marquis of Douglas, the earls of Hume, Roxburgh, Traquair, and Annandale, were all descended of mighty border chiefs, whose ancestors could, each of them, have led into the field a body of their own vassals, equal in numbers, and superior in discipline, to the army of Montrose. But the military spirit of the borderers, and their attachment to their chiefs, had been much broken since the union of the crowns. The disarming acts of James had been carried rigorously into execution, and the smaller proprietors, no longer feeling the necessity of protection from their chiefs in war, had aspired to independence, and embraced the tenets of the Covenant. Without imputing, with Wishart, absolute treachery to the border nobles, it may be allowed, that they looked with envy upon Montrose, and with dread and aversion upon his rapacious and disorderly forces. Hence, had it been in their power, it might not have altogether suited their inclinations, to have brought the strength of the border lances to the support of the northern clans. The once formidable name of Douglas still sufficed to raise some bands, by whom Montrose was joined, in his march down the Gala. With these reinforcements, and with the remnant of his Highlanders (for a great number had returned home with Colkitto, to deposit their plunder, and provide for their families,) Montrose, after traversing the border, finally encamped upon the field of Philiphaugh.

The river Ettrick, immediately after its junction with the Yarrow, and previous to its falling into the Tweed, makes a large sweep to the southward, and winds almost beneath the lofty bank, on which the town of Selkirk stands; leaving, upon the northern side, a large and level plain, extending in an easterly direction, from a hill, covered with natural copse-wood, called the Harehead-wood, to the high ground which forms the banks of the Tweed, near Sunderland-hall. This plain is called Philiphaugh: * it is about a mile and a half in length, and a quarter of a mile broad; and, being defended, to the northward, by the high hills which separate Tweed from

* The Scottish language is rich in words, expressive of local situation. The single word *haugh*, conveys to a Scotsman almost all that I have endeavoured to explain in the text, by circumlocutory description.

Yarrow, by the river in front, and by the high grounds, already mentioned, on each flank, it forms, at once, a convenient and a secure field of encampment. On each flank Montrose threw up some trenches, which are still visible; and here he posted his infantry, amounting to about twelve or fifteen hundred men. He himself took up his quarters in the burgh of Selkirk, and, with him, the cavalry, in number hardly one thousand, but respectable, as being chiefly composed of gentlemen, and their immediate retainers. In this manner, by a fatal and unaccountable error, the river Ettrick was thrown betwixt the cavalry and infantry, which were to depend upon each other for intelligence and mutual support. But this might be overlooked by Montrose, in the conviction, that there was no armed enemy of Charles in the realm of Scotland; for he is said to have employed the night in writing and dispatching this agreeable intelligence to the king. Such an enemy was already within four miles of his camp.

Recalled by the danger of the cause of the Covenant, General David Leslie came down from England, at the head of those iron squadrons, whose force had been proved in the fatal battle of Long Marston Moor. His army consisted of from five to six thousand men, chiefly cavalry. Leslie's first plan seems to have been, to occupy the mid-land counties, so as to intercept the return of Montrose's Highlanders, and to force him to an unequal combat. Accordingly, he marched along the eastern coast, from Berwick to Tranent: but there he suddenly altered his direction, and, crossing through Mid-Lothian, turned again to the southward, and, following the course of Gala water, arrived at Melrose, the evening before the engagement. How it is possible that Montrose should have received no notice whatever of the march of so considerable an army, seems almost inconceivable, and proves, that the country was strongly disaffected to his cause, or person. Still more extraordinary does it appear, that, even with the advantage of a thick mist, Leslie should have, the next morning, advanced toward Montrose's encampment, without being descried by a single scout. Such, however, was the case, and it was attended with all the consequences of the most complete surprisal. The first intimation that Montrose received of the march of Leslie, was the noise of the conflict, or, rather, that which attended the unresisted slaughter of his infantry, who never formed a line of battle: the right wing alone, supported by the thickets of Harehead-wood, and by the entrenchments, which are there still visible, stood firm for some time. But Leslie had detached two thousand men who, crossing the Ettrick still higher up than his main body, assaulted the rear of Montrose's right wing. At this moment, the marquis himself arrived, and beheld his army dispersed, for the first time, in irretrievable rout. He had thrown himself upon a horse the instant he heard the firing, and, followed by such of his disorderly cavalry, as had gathered upon the alarm, he galloped from Selkirk, crossed the Ettrick, and made a bold and desperate attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. But all was in vain; and, after cutting his way, almost singly, through a body of Leslie's troopers, the gallant Montrose graced by his example the retreat of the fugitives. That retreat he continued up Yarrow, and over Minch-moor; nor did he stop till he arrived at Traquair, sixteen miles from the field of battle. Upon Philiphaugh he lost, in one defeat, the fruit of six splendid victories: nor was he again able effectually to make head, in Scotland, against the covenanted cause. The number slain in the field did not exceed three or four hundred; for the fugitives found refuge in the mountains, which had often been the retreat of vanquished armies, and were impervious to the pursuer's cavalry. Leslie abused his victory, and dishonoured his arms, by slaughtering, in cold blood, many of the prisoners whom he had taken; and the court-yard of Newark castle is said to have been the spot, upon which they were shot by his command. Many others are said, by Wishart, to have been preci-

pitated from a high bridge over the Tweed. This, as Mr Laing remarks, is impossible: because there was not a bridge over the Tweed betwixt Peebles and Berwick. But there is an old bridge over the Ettrick, only four miles from Philiphaugh, and another over the Yarrow, both of which lay in the very line of flight and pursuit; and either might have been the scene of the massacre. But if this is doubtful, it is too certain, that several of the royalists were executed by the Covenanters, as traitors to the king and parliament. *

I have reviewed, at some length, the details of this memorable engagement, which, at the same time, terminated the career of a hero, likened, by no mean judge of mankind, † to those of antiquity, and decided the fate of his country. It is further remarkable, as the last field which was fought in Ettrick forest, the scene of so many bloody actions. The unaccountable neglect of patroles, and the imprudent separation betwixt the horse and foot, seem to have been the immediate causes of Montrose's defeat. But the ardent and impetuous character of this great warrior, corresponding with that of the troops which he commanded, was better calculated for attack than defence; for surprising others, rather than for providing against surprise himself. Thus, he suffered loss by a sudden attack upon part of his forces, stationed at Aberdeen; ‡ and, had he not extricated himself with the most singular ability, he must have lost his whole army, when surprised by Baillie, during the plunder of Dundee. Nor has it escaped an ingenious modern historian, that his final defeat at Dunbeat so nearly resembles in its circumstances the surprise at Philiphaugh, as to throw some shade on his military talents.—*Laing's History*.

The following ballad, which is preserved by tradition in Selkirkshire, coincides accurately with historical fact. This, indeed, constitutes its sole merit. The Covenanters were not, I dare say, addicted more than their successors, "to the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." § Still, however, they could not refrain from some strains of exultation, over the defeat of the *truculent tyrant*, James Grahame. For, gentle reader, Montrose, who, with resources which seemed as none, gained six victories, and reconquered a kingdom; who, a poet, a scholar,

* A covenanted minister, present at the execution of these gentlemen, observed, "This wark gaes bonnilie on!" an amiable exclamation, equivalent to the modern "ça ira," so often used on similar occasions.—*Wishart's Memoirs of Montrose*.

† Cardinal du Retz.

‡ Colonel Hurry, with a party of horse, surprised the town, while Montrose's Highlanders and cavaliers were "dispersed through the town, drinking carelessly in their lodgings; and, hearing the horses' feet, and great noise, were astonished, never dreaming of their enemy. However, Donald Farquharson happened to come to the causey, where he was cruelly slain, ament the Court de Guard; a brave gentleman, and one of the noblest captains amongst all the Highlanders of Scotland. Two or three others were killed, and some (taken prisoners) had to Edinburgh, and cast into irons in the tolbooth. Great lamentation was made for this gallant, being still the king's man for life and death."—*Spalding*, vol. ii. p. 261. The journalist, to whom all matters were of equal importance, proceeds to inform us, that Hurry took the marquis of Huntly's best horse, and, in his retreat through Montrose, seised upon the marquis's second son. He also expresses his regret, that "the said Donald Farquharson's body was found in the street, stripped naked: for they tirr'd from off his body a rich stand of apparel, but put on the same day."—*Ibid.*

§ So little was the spirit of illiberal fanaticism decayed in some parts of Scotland, that so late as the year 1767, when Wilson, the ingenious author of a poem called "Clyde," now republished, was inducted into the office of schoolmaster at Greenock, he was obliged formally, and in writing, to abjure the "profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." It is proper to add, that such an incident is *now* as unlikely to happen in Greenock as in London.

a cavalier, and a general, could have graced alike a court, and governed a camp;* this Montrose was numbered, by his covenanted countrymen, among "the troublers of Israel, the fire-brands of hell, the Corahs, the Balaams, the Doegs, the Rabshakahs, the Hamans, the Tobiahs, and Sanballats of the time."

The Battle of Philiphaugh.

On Philiphaugh a fray began,
  At Hairhead wood it ended;
The Scots out o'er the Grames they ran,
  Sae merrily they bended.

Sir David frae the border came,
  Wi' heart an' hand came he;
Wi' him three thousand bonnie Scots,
  To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
  A noble sight to see!
A cloud o' mist them weel concealed,
  As close as e'er might be.

When they came to the Shaw burn, †
  Said he, "Sae weel we frame,
I think it is convenient,
  That we should sing a psalm." ‡

When they came to the Lingly burn, §
  As day-light did appear,
They spy'd an aged father, ‖
  And he did draw them near.

"Come hither, aged father!"
  Sir David he did cry,
"And tell me where Montrose lies,
  With all his great army.

"But, first, you must come tell to me,
  If friends or foes you be;
I fear you are Montrose's men,
  Come frae the north country."

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* [Sir Walter's well-known predilections for Montrose and his party will, of course, warn the reader to take his estimate of that hero's conduct and character *cum grano salis*.]

† A small stream, that joins the Ettrick, near Selkirk, on the south side of the river.—*Scott.*

‡ Various reading;—

"That we should take a dram."—Scott.

§ A brook, which falls into the Ettrick, from the north, a little above the Shaw burn.—*Scott.*

‖ The traditional commentary upon the ballad states this man's name to have been Brydone, ancestor to several families in the parish of Ettrick, particularly those occupying the farms of Midgehope and Redford Green. It is a strange anachronism, to make this aged father state himself at the battle of "Solway flow," which was fought a hundred years before Philiphaugh; and a still stranger, to mention that of Dunbar, which did not take place till five years after Montrose's defeat.

A tradition, annexed to a copy of this ballad, transmitted to me by Mr James Hogg, bears, that the earl of Traquair, on the day of the battle, was advancing with a large sum of money for the payment of Montrose's forces, attended by a blacksmith, one of his retainers. As they crossed Minch-moor, they were alarmed by firing, which the earl conceived to be Montrose exercising his forces, but which his attendant, from the constancy and irregularity of the noise, affirmed to be the tumult of an engagement. As they came below Broadmeadows, upon Yarrow, they met their fugitive friends, hotly pursued by the parliamentary troopers. The earl, of course, turned, and fled also: but his horse, jaded with the weight of dollars which he carried, refused to take the hill; so that the earl was fain to exchange with his attendant, leaving him with the breathless horse, and bag of silver, to shift for himself; which he is supposed to have done very effectually. Some of the dragoons, attracted by the appearance of the horse and trappings, gave chase to the smith, who fled up the Yarrow; but finding himself, as he said, encumbered with the treasure, and unwilling that it should be taken, he flung it into a well, or pond, near the Tinnies, above Hangingshaw. Many wells were afterwards searched in vain; but it is the general belief, that the smith, if he ever hid the money, knew too well how to anticipate the scrutiny. There is, however, a pond, which some peasants began to drain, not long ago, in hopes of finding the golden prize, but were prevented, as they pretended, by supernatural interference.—*Scott.*

"No, we are nane o' Montrose's men,
Nor e'er intend to be;
I am Sir David Lesly,
That's speaking unto thee."

"If you're Sir David Lesly,
As I think weel ye be,
I'm sorry ye ha'e brought so few
Into your company.

"There's fifteen thousand armed men,
Encamped on yon lee;
Ye'll never be a bite to them,
For aught that I can see.

"But, halve your men in equal parts,
Your purpose to fulfil;
Let ae half keep the water side,
The rest gae round the hill.

"Your nether party fire must,
Then beat a flying drum;
And then they'll think the day's their ain,
And frae the trench they'll come.

"Then, those that are behind them maun
Gi'e shot, baith grit and sma';
And so, between your armies twa,
Ye may make them to fa'."

"O were ye ever a soldier?"
Sir David Lesly said;
"O yes; I was at Solway flow,
Where we were all betray'd.

"Again I was at cursé Dunbar,
And was a pris'ner ta'en:
And many weary night and day,
In prison I ha'e lien."

"If ye will lead these men aright,
Rewarded shall ye be;
But, if that ye a traitor prove,
I'll hang thee on a tree."

"Sir, I will not a traitor prove
Montrose has plundered me;
I'll do my best to banish him
Away frae this country

He halv'd his men in equal parts,
His purpose to fulfil;
The one part kept the water side,
The other gaed round the hill.

The nether party fired brisk
Then turn'd and seem'd to run;
And then they a' came frae the trench,
And cry'd, "The day's our ain!"

The rest then ran into the trench,
And loos'd their cannons a':
And thus, between his armies twa,
He made them fast to fa'.

Now, let us a' for Lesly pray,
And his brave company!
For they ha'e vanquish'd great Montrose,
Our cruel enemy.

The Gallant Grahams.

["THE preceding ballad," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a song of triumph over the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh; the verses, which follow, are a lamentation for his final discomfiture and cruel death. The present edition of 'The Gallant Grahams' is given from tradition, enlarged and corrected by an ancient printed edition, entitled, 'The Gallant Grahams of Scotland,' to the tune of 'I will away, and I will nat tarry,' of which Mr Ritson favoured the editor with an accurate copy.

"The conclusion of Montrose's melancholy history is too well known. The Scottish army, which sold king Charles I. to his parliament, had, we may charitably hope, no idea that they were bartering his blood; although they must have been aware, that they were consigning him to perpetual bondage. * At least the sentiments of the kingdom at large differed widely from those of the military merchants, and the danger of king Charles drew into England a well-appointed Scottish army, under the command of the duke of Hamilton. But he met with Cromwell, and to meet with Cromwell was inevitable defeat. The death of Charles, and the triumph of the Independents, excited still more highly the hatred and the fears of the Scottish nation. The outwitted Presbyterians, who saw, too late, that

* "As Salmasius quaintly, but truly, expresses it, 'Presbyteriani ligaverunt, independantes trucidaverunt.'"

their own hands had been employed in the hateful task of erecting the power of a sect, yet more fierce and fanatical than themselves, deputed a commission to the Hague, to treat with Charles II., whom, upon certain conditions, they now wished to restore to the throne of his fathers. At the court of the exiled monarch, Montrose also offered to his acceptance a splendid plan of victory and conquest, and pressed for his permission to enter Scotland; and there, collecting the remains of the royalists, to claim the crown for his master, with the sword in his hand. An able statesman might perhaps have reconciled these jarring projects; a good man would certainly have made a decided choice betwixt them. Charles was neither the one nor the other; and, while he treated with the Presbyterians, with a view of accepting the crown from their hands, he scrupled not to authorise Montrose, the mortal enemy of the sect, to pursue his separate and inconsistent plan of conquest.

"Montrose arrived in the Orkneys with six hundred Germans, was furnished with some recruits from those islands, and was joined by several royalists, as he traversed the wilds of Caithness and Sutherland; but, advancing into Ross-shire, he was surprised, and totally defeated, by colonel Strachan, an officer of the Scottish parliament, who had distinguished himself in the civil wars, and who afterwards became a decided Cromwellian. Montrose, after a fruitless resistance, at length fled from the field of defeat, and concealed himself in the grounds of Macleod of Assaint, to whose fidelity he entrusted his life, and by whom he was delivered up to Leslie, his most bitter enemy.

"He was tried for what was termed treason against the estates of the kingdom; and, despite the commission of Charles for his proceedings, he was condemned to die by a parliament, who acknowledged Charles to be their king, and whom, on that account only, Montrose acknowledged to be a parliament.

"'The clergy,' says a late animated historian, 'whose vocation it was to persecute the repose of his last moments, sought, by the terrors of his sentence, to extort repentance; but his behaviour, firm and dignified to the end, repelled their insulting advances with scorn and disdain. He was prouder, he replied, to have his head affixed to the prison-walls, than to have his picture placed in the king's bed-chamber: "and, far from being troubled that my limbs are to be sent to your principal cities, I wish I had flesh enough to be dispersed through Christendom, to attest my dying attachment to my king." It was the calm employment of his mind, that night, to reduce this extravagant sentiment to verse. He appeared next day on the scaffold, in a rich habit, with the same serene and undaunted countenance, and addressed the people, to vindicate his dying unbelieved by the church, rather than to justify an invasion of the kingdom, during a treaty with the estates. The insults of his enemies were not yet exhausted. The history of his exploits was attached to his neck by the public executioner; but he smiled at their inventive malice; declared, that he wore it with more pride than he had done the garter; and, when his devotions were finished, demanding if any more indignities remained to be practised, submitted calmly to an unmerited fate.'—*Laing's History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 404.

"Such was the death of James Graham, the great marquis of Montrose, over whom some lowly bard has poured forth the following elegiac verses. To say, that they are far unworthy of the subject, is no great reproach; for a nobler poet might have failed in the attempt. Indifferent as the ballad is, we may regret its being still more degraded by many apparent corruptions. There seems an attempt to trace Montrose's career, from his first raising the royal standard, to his second expedition and death; but it is interrupted and imperfect. From the concluding stanza, I presume the song was composed upon the arrival of Charles in Scotland, which so speedily followed the execution of Montrose, that the king entered the city while the head of his most faithful and most successful adherent was still blackening in the sun."]

Now, fare thee well, sweet Ennerdale: *
Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu;
For I maun away, and I may not stay,
To some uncouth land which I never knew.

To wear the blue I think it best,
Of all the colours that I see;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,
That are banished from their countrie.

* A corruption of Endrickdale. The principal and most ancient possessions of the Montrose family lie along the water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire.—*Scott.*

I have no gold, I have no land,
  I have no pearl nor precious stane;
But I wald sell my silken snood,
  To see the gallant Grahame come hame.

In Wallace' days, when they began,
  Sir John the Graham did bear the gree *
Through all the lands of Scotland wide;
  He was a lord of the south countrie.

And so was seen full many a time;
  For the summer flowers did never spring,
But every Graham, in armour bright,
  Would then appear before the king.

They all were drest in armour sheen,
  Upon the pleasant banks of Tay;
Before a king they might be seen,
  These gallant Grahams in their array.

At the Goukhead our camp we set,
  Our leaguer down there for to lay;
And, in the bonnie summer light,
  We rode our white horse and our gray.

Our false commander sold our king
  Unto his deadly enemie,
Who was the traitor, Cromwell, † then;
  So I care not what they do with me.

They have betrayed our noble prince,
  And banish'd him from his royal crown;
But the gallant Grahams have ta'en in hand,
  For to command those traitors down

---

* The faithful friend and adherent of the immortal Wallace, slain at the battle of Falkirk.—*Scott.*

† This extraordinary character, to whom, in crimes and in success, our days only have produced a parallel, * was no favourite in Scotland. There occurs the following invective against him, in a MS. in the Advocates' Library. The humour consists in the dialect of a Highlander, speaking English, and confusing *Cromwell* with *Gramach*, ugly —

To commonwelt, tat Gramagh ting,
Gar brek hem's word, gar de hem's king;
Gar pay hem's sease, or take hem's (gears)
We'l no de at, del come de leers;
We'l bide a ile amang te crowse, (i. e. in the wood.)
We'l scor te sword, and whisk te bowes;
And fin her noo-ael se te re, (the king)
Te del my care for Gremaghee.

* [Sir Walter here alludes to Napoleon, who, at the time these Notes were written, was an object of dread and hatred to the legitimists of Europe.]

The following tradition, concerning Cromwell, is preserved by an uncommonly direct line of traditional evidence; being narrated (as I am informed) by the grandson of an eye-witness. When Cromwell, in 1650, entered Glasgow, he attended divine service in the high church: but the Presbyterian divine, who officiated, poured forth, with more zeal than prudence, the vial of his indignation upon the person, principles, and cause, of the independent general. One of Cromwell's officers rose, and whispered his commander; who seemed to give him a short and stern answer, and the sermon was concluded without interruption. Among the crowd, who were assembled to gaze at the general, as he came out of the church, was a shoemaker, the son of one of James the Sixth's Scottish footmen. This man had been born and bred in England, but, after his father's death, had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name—the man fled: but, at Cromwell's command, one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the general's lodgings. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out, in high spirits, and, showing some gold, declared, he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to hear the particulars of his interview; among others the grandfather of the narrator. The shoemaker said, that he had been a playfellow of Cromwell, when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street; that he had fled, when the general first called to him, thinking he might owe him some ill-will, on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. He added, that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him, that he ventured to ask him, what the officer had said to him in the church. "He proposed," said Cromwell, "to pull forth the minister by the ears; and I answered, that the preacher was one fool and he another." In the course of the day, Cromwell held an interview with the minister, and contrived to satisfy his scruples so effectually, that the evening discourse, by the same man, was tuned to the praise and glory of the victor of Naseby.—*Scott.*

In Glen-Prosen * we rendezvoused,
March'd to Glenshie by night and day,
And took the town of Aberdeen,
And met the Campbells in their array.

Five thousand men, in armour strong,
Did meet the gallant Grahams that day
At Inverlochie, where war began,
And scarce two thousand men were they.

Gallant Montrose, that chieftain bold,
Courageous in the best degree,
Did for the king fight well that day;
The lord preserve his majestie.

Nathaniel Gordon, stout and bold,
Did for king Charles wear the blue; †

But the cavaliers they all were sold,
And brave Harthill, a cavalier too. ‡

* Glen-Prosen, in Angus-shire.—*Scott.*

† This gentleman was of the ancient family of Gordon of Gight. He had served, as a soldier, upon the continent, and acquired great military skill. When his chief, the marquis of Huntly, took up arms in 1640, Nathaniel Gordon, then called Major Gordon, joined him, and was of essential service during that short insurrection. But, being checked for making prize of a Danish fishing buss, he left the service of the marquis, in some disgust. In 1644, he assisted at a sharp and dexterous *cawsiade* (as it was then called,) when the barons of Haddo, of Gight, of Drum, and other gentlemen, with only sixty men under their standard, galloped through the old town of Aberdeen, and, entering the burgh itself, about seven in the morning, made prisoners, and carried off, four of the covenanting magistrates, and effected a safe retreat, though the town was then under the domination of the opposite party. After the death of the baron of Haddo, and the severe treatment of Sir George Gordon of Gight, his cousin-german, Major Nathaniel Gordon seems to have taken arms, in despair of finding mercy at the covenanters' hands. On the 24th of July, 1645, he came down, with a band of horsemen, upon the town of Elgin, while St James' fair was held, and pillaged the merchants of 14,000 merks of money and merchandise. He seems to have joined Montrose, as soon as he raised the royal standard; and, as a bold and active partizan, rendered him great service. But, in November 1644, Gordon, now a colonel, suddenly deserted Montrose, aided the escape of Forbes of Craigievar, one of his prisoners, and reconciled himself to the kirk, by doing penance for adultery, and for the almost equally heinous crime of having scared Mr. Andrew Cant, the famous apostle of the covenant. This, however, seems to have been an artifice, to arrange a correspondence betwixt Montrose and Lord Gordon, a gallant young nobleman, representative of the Huntly family, and inheriting their loyal spirit, though hitherto engaged in the service of the covenant. Colonel Gordon was successful, and returned to the royal camp with his converted chief. Both followed zealously the fortunes of Montrose, until Lord Gordon fell in the battle of Alford, and Nathaniel Gordon was taken at Philiphaugh. He was one of ten loyalists, devoted upon that occasion, by the parliament, to expiate with their blood the crime of fidelity to their king. Nevertheless, the covenanted nobles would have probably been satisfied with the death of the gallant Rollock, sharer of Montrose's dangers and glory, of Ogilvy, a youth of eighteen, whose crime was the hereditary feud betwixt his family and Argyle, and of Sir Philip Nisbet, a cavalier of the ancient stamp, had not the pulpits resounded with the cry, that God required the blood of the malignants, to expiate the sins of the people. "What meaneth," exclaimed the ministers, in the perverted language of scripture —"What meaneth, then, this bleating of the sheep in my ears, and the lowing of the oxen?" The appeal to the judgment of Samuel was decisive, and the shambles were instantly opened. Nathaniel Gordon was brought first to execution. He lamented the sins of his youth, once more (and probably with greater sincerity) requested absolution from the sentence of excommunication pronounced on account of adultery, and was beheaded 6th January, 1646.—*Scott.*

‡ Leith, of Harthill, was a determined loyalist, and hated the covenanters, not without reason. His father, a haughty high-spirited baron, and chief of a clan, happened, in 1639, to sit down in the desk of Provost Lesly, in the high kirk of Aberdeen. He was disgracefully thrust out by the officers, and, using some threatening language to the provost, was imprisoned, like a felon, for many months, till he became furious, and nearly mad. Having got free of the shackles, with which he was loaded, he used his liberty by coming to the tolbooth window, where he uttered

And Newton Gordon, bard-alone, *
And Dalgatie, both stout and keen, †
And gallant Veitch upon the field, ‡
A braver face was never seen.

Now, fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale!
Countrie and kin I quit ye free;
Chear up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
For the Grahams are gone to high Germany

Now brave Montrose he went to France,
And to Germany, to gather fame;
And bold Aboyne is to the sea, §
Young Huntly is his noble name.

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the most violent and horrible threats against provost Leslyy, and the other covenanting magistrates, by whom he had been so severely treated. Under pretence of this new offence, he was sent to Edinburgh, and lay long in prison there; for, so fierce was his temper, that no one would give surety for his keeping the peace with his enemies, if set at liberty. At length he was delivered by Montrose, when he made himself master of Edinburgh.—*Spalding*, vol. i. pp. 201, 266. His house of Harthill was dismantled, and miserably pillaged by Forbes of Craigievar, who expelled his wife and children, with the most relentless inhumanity.—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 235. Meanwhile, young Harthill was the companion and associate of Nathaniel Gordon, whom he accompanied at plundering the fair of Elgin, and at most of Montrose's engagements. He retaliated severely on the covenanters, by ravaging and burning their lands.—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 301. His fate has escaped my notice.—*Scott.*

* Newton, for obvious reasons, was a common appellation of an estate, or barony, where a new edifice had been erected. Hence, for distinction's sake, it was anciently compounded with the name of the proprietor; as, Newton-Edmonstone, Newton-Don, Newton-Gordon, &c. Of Gordon of New-town, I only observe, that he was, like all his clan, a steady loyalist, and a follower of Montrose.—*Scott.*

† Sir Francis Hay, of Dalgatie, a steady cavalier, and a gentleman of great gallantry and accomplishment. He was a faithful follower of Montrose, and was taken prisoner with him at his last fatal battle. He was condemned to death, with his illustrious general. Being a Roman Catholic, he refused the assistance of the Presbyterian clergy, and was not permitted, even on the scaffold, to receive ghostly comfort, in the only form in which his religion taught him to consider it as effectual. He kissed the axe, avowed his fidelity to his sovereign, and died like a soldier.—*Montrose's Memoirs*, p. 223.—*Scott.*

‡ I presume this gentleman to have been David Veitch, brother to Veitch of Dawick, who, with many other of the Peebles-shire gentry, was taken at Philiphaugh. The following curious accident took place, some years afterwards, in consequence of his loyal zeal:—"In the year 1653, when the loyal party did arise in arms against the English, in the North and West Highlands, some noblemen, and loyal gentlemen, with others, were forward to repair to them, with such forces as they could make; which the English with marvelouse diligence, night and day, did bestir themselves to impede; making their troops of horse and dragoons to pursue the loyal party in all places, that they might not come to such a considerable number as was designed. It happened, one night, that one Captain Masoun, commander of a troop of dragoons, that came from Carlisle, in England, marching through the town of Sanquhar, in the night, was encountered by one Captain Palmer, commanding a troop of horse, that came from Ayr, marching eastward; and, meeting at the tollhouse, or tolbooth, one David Veitch, brother to the laird of Dawick, in Tweeddale, and one of the loyal party, being prisoner in irons by the English, did arise, and came to the window at their meeting, and cryed out, that they should *fight valiantly for King Charles.* Where-through, they, taking each other for the loyal party, did begin a brisk fight, which continued for a while, till the dragoons, having spent their shot, and finding the horsemen to be too strong for them, did give ground: but yet retired, in some order, towards the castle of Sanquhar, being hotly pursued by the troop, through the whole town, above a quarter of a mile, till they came to the castle; where both parties did, to their mutual grief, become sensible of their mistake. In this skirmish there were several killed on both sides, and captain Palmer himself dangerously wounded, with many more wounded in each troop, who did peaceably dwell together afterward for a time, until their wounds were cured, in Sanquhar castle."—*Account of Presbytery of Penpont, in Macfarlane's MSS.*—*Scott.*

§ James, earl of Aboyne, who fled to France, and there died heart-broken. It is said, his death was accelerated by the news of King Charles's

Montrose again, that chieftain bold,
Back unto Scotland fair he came,
For to redeem fair Scotland's land,
The pleasant, gallant, worthy Graham.

At the water of Carron he did begin,
And fought the battle to the end;
And there were killed, for our noble king,
Two thousand of our Danish men. *

Gilbert Menzies, of high degree,
By whom the king's banner was borne; †
For a brave cavalier was he,
But now to glory he is gone.

Then woe to Strachan, and Hacket baith! ‡
And Leely, ill death may thou die!
For ye have betrayed the gallant Grahams,
Who aye were true to majestie.

And the laird of Assint has seized Montrose,
And had him into Edinburgh town,
And free his body taken the head,
And quartered him upon a trone.

And Huntly's gone the self-same way, §
And our noble king is also gone;
He suffered death for our nation,
Our mourning tears can ne'er be done.

But our brave young king is now come home,
King Charles the Second in degree;
The Lord send peace into his time,
And God preserve his majestie!

execution. He became representative of the Gordon family, or "Young Huntly," as the ballad expresses it, in consequence of the death of his elder brother, George, who fell in the battle of Alford.—*History of Gordon family.—Scott.*

* Montrose's foreign auxiliaries, who, by the way, did not exceed 600 in all.—*Scott.*

† Gilbert Menzies, younger of Pitfoddells, carried the royal banner in Montrose's last battle. It bore the headless corpse of Charles I., with this motto, "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!" Menzies proved himself worthy of this noble trust, and, obstinately refusing quarter, died in defence of his charge.—*Montrose's Memoirs.—Scott.*

‡ Sir Charles Hacket, an officer in the service of the estates.—*Scott.*

§ George Gordon, second marquis of Huntly, one of the very few nobles in Scotland, who had uniformly adhered to the king from the very beginning of the troubles, was beheaded by the sentence of the parliament of Scotland (so calling themselves,) upon the 22d March, 1649, one

Battle of Pentland Hills

["We have observed the early antipathy," says Sir Walter, "mutually entertained by the Scottish Presbyterians and the house of Stuart. It seems to have glowed in the breast even of the good-natured Charles II. He might have remembered, that, in 1651, the Presbyterians had fought, bled, and ruined themselves in his cause. But he rather recollected their early faults than their late repentance; and even their services were combined with the recollection of the absurd and humiliating circumstances of personal degradation, ‖ to which their pride and folly had subjected him, while they professed to espouse his

month and twenty-two days after the martyrdom of his master. He has been much blamed for not cordially co-operating with Montrose; and Bishop Wishart, in the zeal of partiality for his hero, accuses Huntly of direct treachery. But he is a true believer, who seals, with his blood, his creed, religious or political; and there are many reasons, short of this foul charge, which may have dictated the backward conduct of Huntly towards Montrose. He could not forget, that, when he first stood out for the king, Montrose, then the soldier of the covenant, had actually made him prisoner; and we cannot suppose Huntly to have been so sensible of Montrose's superior military talents, as not to think himself, as equal in rank, superior in power, and more uniform in loyalty, entitled to equally high marks of royal trust and favour. Thus much is certain, that the gallant clan of Gordon contributed greatly to Montrose's success; for the gentlemen of that name, with the brave and loyal Ogilvies, composed the principal part of his cavalry.—*Scott.*

‖ "Among other ridiculous occurrences, it is said, that some of Charles's gallantries were discovered by a prying neighbour. A wily old minister was deputed by his brethren to rebuke the

cause. As a man of pleasure, he hated their stern and inflexible rigour, which stigmatised follies even more deeply than crimes; and he whispered to his confidants, that 'presbytery was no religion for a gentleman.' It is not, therefore, wonderful, that, in the first year of his restoration, he formally re-established prelacy in Scotland; but it is surprising, that, with his father's example before his eyes, he should not have been satisfied to leave at freedom the consciences of those who could not reconcile themselves to the new system. The religious opinions of sectaries have a tendency, like the water of some springs, to become soft and mild, when freely exposed to the open day. Who can recognise, in the decent and industrious quakers, and anabaptists, the wild and ferocious tenets which distinguished their sects, while they were yet honoured with the distinction of the scourge and the pillory? Had the system of coercion against the Presbyterians been continued until our day, Blair and Robertson would have preached in the wilderness, and only discovered their powers of eloquence and composition, by rolling along a deeper torrent of gloomy fanaticism.

"The western counties distinguished themselves by their opposition to the prelatic system. Three hundred and fifty ministers, ejected from their churches and livings, wandered through the mountains, sowing the seeds of covenanted doctrine, while multitudes of fanatical followers pursued them, to reap the forbidden crop. These conventicles, as they were called, were denounced by the law, and their frequenters dispersed by military force. The genius of the persecuted became stubborn, obstinate, and ferocious; and, although indulgencies were tardily granted to some Presbyterian ministers, few of the true covenanters or whigs, as they were called, would condescend to compound with a prelatic government, or to listen even to their own favourite doctrine under the auspices of the king. From Richard Cameron, their apostle, this rigid sect acquired the name of Cameronians. They preached and prayed against the indulgence, and against the Presbyterians who availed themselves of it, because their accepting this royal boon was a tacit acknowledgment of the king's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters.

"The insurrection, commemorated and magnified in the following ballad, as indeed it has been in some histories, was, in itself, no very important affair. It began in Dumfries-shire, where Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, was employed to levy the arbitrary fines imposed for not attending the episcopal churches. The people rose, seized his person, disarmed his soldiers, and, having continued together, resolved to march towards Edinburgh, expecting to be joined by their friends in that quarter. In this they were disappointed; and, being now diminished to half their numbers, they drew up on the Pentland hills, at a place called Rullion Green. They were commanded by one Wallace; and here they awaited the approach of General Dalziel, of Binns; who, having marched to Calder, to meet them on the Lanark road, and finding, that, by passing through Collington, they had got to the other side of the hills, cut through the mountains, and approached them. Wallace showed both spirit and judgment: he drew up his men in a very strong situation, and withstood two charges of Dalziel's cavalry; but, upon the third shock, the insurgents were broken, and utterly dispersed. There was very little slaughter, as the cavalry of Dalziel were chiefly gentlemen, who pitied their oppressed and misguided countrymen. There were about fifty killed, and as many made prisoners. The battle was fought on the 28th November, 1666; a day still observed by the scattered remnant of the Cameronian sect, who regularly hear a field-preaching upon the field of battle.

"I am obliged for a copy of the ballad to Mr. Livingston of Airds, who took it down from the recitation of an old woman residing on his estate.

"The gallant Grahams, mentioned in the text, are Graham of Claverhouse's horse."]

THE gallant Grahams cum from the west,
Wi' their horses black as ony craw;
The Lothian lads they marched fast,
To be at the Rhyns o' Gallowa'.

Betwixt Dumfries town and Argyle,
The lads they marched mony a mile;
Souters and taylors unto them drew,
Their covenants for to renew.

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king for this heinous scandal. Being introduced into the royal presence, he limited his commission to a serious admonition, that, upon such occasions, his majesty should always shut the windows. The king is said to have recompensed this unexpected lenity after the Restoration. He probably remembered the joke, though he might have forgotten the service."—*Scott.*

The whigs, they, wi' their merry cracks,
Gar'd the poor pedlars lay down their packs;
But aye sinsyne they do repent
The renewing o' their covenant.

At the Manchline muir, where they were reviewed,
Ten thousand men in armour showed:
But, ere they came to the Brookie's burn,
The half o' them did back return.

General Dalyell, as I hear tell,
Was our lieutenant-general;
And captain Welsh, wi' his wit and skill,
Was to guide them on to the Pentland hill.

General Dalyell held to the hill,
Asking at them what was their will;
And who gave them this protestation,
To rise in arms against the nation?

"Although we all in armour be,
It's not against his majesty;
Nor yet to spill our neighbour's bluid,
But wi' the country we'll conclude."

"Lay down your arms, in the king's name,
And ye shall a' gae safely hame;"
But they a' cried out, wi' ae consent,
"We'll fight a broken covenant."

"O well," says he, "since it is so,
A willfu' man never wanted woe;"
He then gave a sign unto his lads,
And they drew up in their brigades.

The trumpets blew, and the colours flew,
And every man to his armour drew;
The whigs were never so much aghast,
As to see their saddles toom sae fast.

The cleverest men stood in the van,
The whigs they took their heels and ran;
But such a raking was never seen,
As the raking o' the Rullion Green.

The Battle of Loudon-hill.

["THE whigs," (continues Sir Walter, in his valuable historical introductions to the ballads on the civil wars,—valuable, and, on the whole, impartial in their statements, although the writer's sympathies lean to the high church and tory party)—"the whigs, now become desperate, adopted the most desperate principles; and retaliating, as far as they could, the intolerating persecution which they endured, they openly disclaimed allegiance to any monarch who should not profess presbytery, and subscribe the covenant.—These principles were not likely to conciliate the favour of government; and as we wade onward in the history of the times, the scenes become yet darker. At length, one would imagine the parties had agreed to divide the kingdom of vice betwixt them; the hunters assuming to themselves open profligacy and localized oppression; and the hunted, the opposite attributes of hypocrisy, fanaticism, disloyalty, and midnight assassination. The troopers and cavaliers became enthusiasts in the pursuit of the covenanters. If Messrs Kid, King, Cameron, Peden, &c. boasted of prophetic powers, and were often warned of the approach of the soldiers, by supernatural impulse, * captain John Creichton, on the other side, dreamed dreams, and saw visions, (chiefly, indeed, after having drunk hard,) in which the lurking holes of the rebels were discovered to his imagination. † Our ears are scarcely more shocked with the profane execrations of the persecutors, ‡ than with the strange and insolent familiarity used towards the Deity by the persecuted fanatics.

* "In the year 1684, Peden, one of the Cameronian preachers, about ten o'clock at night, sitting at the fire side, started up to his feet, and said, 'Fice, auld Sandie, (thus he designed himself,) and hide yourself! for colonel ——— is coming to this house to apprehend you; and I advise you all to do the like, for he will be here within an hour;' which came to pass: and when they had made a very narrow search, within and without the house, and went round the thorn-bush, under which he was lying praying, they went off without their prey. He came in, and said, 'And has this gentleman (designed by his name) given poor Sandie, and thir poor things, such a fright? For this night's work, God shall give him such a blow, within a few days, that all the physicians on earth shall not be able to cure;' which came to pass, for he died in great misery.—Life of Alexander Peden."—Scott.

† "See the life of this hooted apostle to prelacy, written by Swift, who had collected all his anecdotes of persecution, and appears to have enjoyed them accordingly."—Scott.

‡ "'They raved,' says Peden's historian, 'like fleshly devils, when the mist shrouded from their pursuit the wandering whigs.' One gentleman closed a declaration of vengeance against the conventiclers, with this strange imprecation, 'Or may the devil make my ribs a gridiron to my soul!'—MS. Account of the Presbytery of Penpont. Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing to this!"—Scott.

Their indecent modes of prayer, their extravagant expectations of miraculous assistance, and their supposed inspirations, might easily furnish out a tale, at which the good would sigh, and the gay would laugh. *

"In truth, extremes always approach each other; and the superstition of the Roman Catholics was, in some degree, revived, even by their most deadly enemies. They are ridiculed, by the cavaliers, as wearing the relics of their saints by way of amulet:—

"She showed to me a box, wherein lay hid
The pictures of Cargil and Mr. Kid;
A splinter of the tree on which they were slain;
A double inch of Major Weir's best cane;
Rathillet's sword, beat down to table knife;
Which took at Magus' Muir a bishop's life;
The worthy Welch's spectacles, who saw,
That windle-straws would fight against the law;
They, windle-straws, were stoutest of the two,
They kept their ground, away the prophet flew;
And lists of all the prophets' names were seen
At Pentland Hills, Aird Moss, and Rullen Green.
'Don't think,' she says, 'these holy things are foppery;
They're precious antidotes against the power of popery.'

The Cameronian Tooth.—Pennycuick's Poems, p. 110."

"The militia and standing army soon became unequal to the task of enforcing conformity, and suppressing conventicles. In their aid, and to force compliance with a test, proposed by government, the Highland clans were raised, and poured down into Ayrshire. † An armed host of undisciplined mountaineers, speaking a different language, and professing, many of them, another religion, were let loose, to ravage and plunder this unfortunate country; and it is truly astonishing to find how few acts of cruelty they perpetrated, and how seldom they added murder to pillage. ‡ Additional levies of horse were also raised, under the name of Independent Troops, and great part of them placed under the command of James Graham of Claverhouse, a man well known to fame, by his subsequent title of viscount Dundee, but better remembered, in the western shires, under the designation of the Bloody Clavers. In truth, he appears to have combined the virtues and vices of a savage chief. Fierce, unbending, and rigorous, no emotion of compassion prevented his commanding and witnessing every detail of military execution against the non-conformists. Undauntedly brave, and steadily faithful to his prince, he sacrificed himself in the cause of James, when he was deserted by all the world. If we add, to these attributes, a goodly person, complete skill in martial exercises, and that ready and decisive character, so essential to a commander, we may form some idea of this extraordinary character. The whigs, whom he persecuted, daunted by his ferocity and courage, conceived him to be impassive to their bullets, § and that he had sold himself, for tem-

* [Many years after this was written, Sir Walter exemplified in his own masterly tale of "Old Mortality" how much might be made of the subject,—a tale which has been considered by some as bearing hard upon the Covenanters, but which, notwithstanding some drawbacks on this hand, has been instrumental in making their cause and heroic sufferings known to tens of thousands, both in the old and new world, who would never otherwise have heard of their name.]

† "Peden complained heavily, that, after a heavy struggle with the devil, he had got above him, spurgalled him hard, and obtained a wind to carry him from Ireland to Scotland, when, behold! another person had set sail, and reaped the advantage of his 'prayer-wind' before he could embark."—Scott.

‡ "Cleland thus describes this extraordinary army:

'—Those, who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie standarts,
Who led the van, and drove the rear,
Were right weel mounted of their gear;
With brogues, and trews, and pirnie plaids,
With good blue bonnets on their heads,
Which, on the one side, had a flipe,
Adorn'd with a tobacco-pipe,
With durk, and snap-work, and snuff-mill,
A bag which they with onions fill;
And, as their strict observers say,
A tup-horn filled with usquebay;
A slasht out coat beneath her plaidon,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good's the country can afford.
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fought with all these arms at once?
— — — —
Of moral honestie they're clean,
Nought like religion they retain;
In nothing they're accounted sharp,
Except in bag-pipe, and in harp;
For a mischeiging word,
She'll durk her neighbour o'er the board,
And then she'll flee like fire from flint,
She'll scarcely ward the second dint;
If any ask her of her thrift,
Forsooth her naimsell lives by thift.'

Cleland's Poems, Edin. 1697, p. 12."—Scott.

§ "It was, and is believed, that the devil furnished his favourites, among the persecutors, with what is called proof against leaden bullets, but against those only. During the battle of Pentland-hills, Paton of Meadowhead conceived he saw the balls hop harmlessly down from General Dalziel's boots, and, to counteract the spell, loaded his pistol with a piece of silver coin. But Dalziel, having his eye on him, drew

poral greatness, to the seducer of mankind. It is still believed, that a cup of wine, presented to him by his butler, changed into clotted blood; and that, when he plunged his feet into cold water, their touch caused it to boil. The steed, which bore him, was supposed to be the gift of Satan; and precipices are shown, where a fox could hardly keep his feet, down which the infernal charger conveyed him safely, in pursuit of the wanderers. It is remembered, with terror, that Claverhouse was successful in every engagement with the whigs, except that at Drumclog, or Loudoun-hill, which is the subject of the following ballad. The history of Burly,* the hero of the piece, will bring us immediately to the causes and circumstances of that event.

"John Balfour of Kinloch, commonly called Burly, was one of the fiercest of the proscribed sect. A gentleman by birth, he was, says his biographer, 'zealous and honest-hearted, courageous in every enterprise, and a brave soldier, seldom any escaping that came in his hands.'—*Life of John Balfour*. Crichton says, that he was once chamberlain to Archbishop Sharpe, and, by negligence, or dishonesty, had incurred a large arrear, which occasioned his being active in his master's assassination. But of this I know no other evidence than Crichton's assertion, and a hint in Wodrow. Burly (for that is his most common designation) was brother-in-law to Hackston of Rathillet, a wild enthusiastic character, who joined daring courage and skill in the sword to the fiery zeal of his sect. Burly, himself, was less eminent for religious fervour, than for the active and violent share which he had in the most desperate enterprises of his party. His name does not appear among the covenanters, who were denounced for the affair of Pentland. But, in 1677, Robert Hamilton, afterwards commander of the insurgents at Loudon-hill, and Bothwell Bridge, with several other non-conformists, were assembled at this Burly's house, in Fife. There they were attacked by a party of soldiers, commanded by captain Carstairs, whom they beat off, wounding desperately one of his party. For this resistance to authority, they were declared rebels. The next exploit in which Burly was engaged, was of a bloodier complexion and more dreadful celebrity. It is well known, that James Sharpe, archbishop of St. Andrews, was regarded by the rigid Presbyterians, not only as a renegade, who had turned back from the spiritual plough, but as the principal author of the rigours exercised against their sect. He employed, as an agent of his oppression, one Carmichael, a decayed gentleman. The industry of this man, in procuring information, and in enforcing the severe penalties against conventiclers, having excited the resentment of the Cameronians, nine of their number, of whom Burly and his brother-in-law, Hackston, were the leaders, assembled, with the purpose of way-laying and murdering Carmichael; but, while they searched for him in vain, they received tidings that the archbishop himself was at hand. The party resorted to prayer; after which, they agreed unanimously, that the Lord had delivered the wicked Haman into their hand. In the execution of the supposed will of heaven, they agreed to put themselves under the command of a leader; and they requested Hackston of Rathillet to accept the office, which he declined, alleging, that, should he comply with their request, the slaughter might be imputed to a private quarrel, which existed betwixt him and the archbishop. The command was then offered to Burly, who accepted it without scruple; and they galloped off in pursuit of the archbishop's carriage, which contained himself and his daughter. Being well mounted, they easily overtook and disarmed the prelate's attendants. Burly, crying out 'Judas be taken!' rode

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back behind his servant, who was shot dead.—Paton's Life. At a skirmish, in Ayrshire, some of the wanderers defended themselves in a sequestered house, by the side of a lake. They aimed repeatedly, but in vain, at the commander of the assailants, an English officer, until, their ammunition running short, one of them loaded his piece with the ball at the head of the tongs, and succeeded in shooting the hitherto impenetrable captain. To accommodate Dundee's fate to their own hypothesis, the Cameronian tradition runs, that, in the battle of Killiecrankie, he fell, not by the enemy's fire, but by the pistol of one of his own servants, who, to avoid the spell, had loaded it with a silver button from his coat. One of these writers argues thus: 'Perhaps, some may think this, ancent proof-shot, a paradox, and be ready to object here, as formerly concerning Bishop Sharpe and Daniel—How can the devil have, or give, power to save life? Without entering upon the thing in its reality, I shall only observe, 1. That it is neither in his power, or of his nature, to be a saviour of men's lives; he is called Apollyon, the destroyer. 2. That, even in this case, he is said only to give enchantment against one kind of metal, and this does not save life; for, though lead could not take Sharpe and Claverhouse's lives, yet steel and silver could do it; and, for Daniel, though he died not on the field, yet he did not escape the arrows of the Almighty.'—God's Judgement against Persecutors. If the reader be not now convinced of the thing in its reality, I have nothing to add to such exquisite reasoning.'—Scott.

* [Afterwards to be immortalised in the tale of "Old Mortality," q. v.]

up to the carriage, wounded the postillion, and ham-strung one of the horses. He then fired into the coach a piece, charged with several bullets, so near, that the archbishop's gown was set on fire. The rest, coming up, dismounted, and dragged him out of the carriage, when, frightened and wounded, he crawled towards Hackston, who still remained on horseback, and begged for mercy. The stern enthusiast contented himself with answering, that he would not himself *lay a hand on him*. Burly and his men again fired a volley upon the kneeling old man; and were in the act of riding off, when one, who remained to girth his horse, unfortunately heard the daughter of their victim call to the servant for help, exclaiming, that his master was still alive. Burly then again dismounted, struck off the prelate's hat with his foot, and split his skull with his shable (broad sword,) although one of the party (probably Rathillet) exclaimed, '*Spare thee gray haire!*'* The rest pierced him with repeated wounds. They plundered the carriage, and rode off, leaving, beside the mangled corpse, the daughter, who was herself wounded, in her pious endeavour to interpose betwixt her father and his murderers. The murder is accurately represented, in bas relief, upon a beautiful monument, erected to the memory of archbishop Sharpe, in the metropolitan church of St. Andrews. This memorable example of fanatic revenge was acted upon Magus Muir, near St. Andrews, 3d May, 1679. †

"Burly was, of course, obliged to leave Fife; and, upon the 25th of the same month, he arrived in Evandale, in Lanarkshire, along with Hackston, and a fellow called Dingwall, or Daniel, one of the same bloody band. Here he joined his old friend Hamilton, already mentioned; and, as they resolved to take up arms, they were soon at the head of such a body of the 'chased and tossed western men,' as they thought equal to keep the field. They resolved to commence their exploits upon the 29th of May, 1679, being the anniversary of the Restoration, appointed to be kept as a holiday, by act of parliament; an institution which they esteemed a presumptuous and unholy solemnity. Accordingly, at the head of eighty horse, tolerably appointed, Hamilton, Burly, and Hackston, entered the royal burgh of Rutherglen, extinguished the bonfires made in honour of the day, burned at the cross the acts of parliament in favour of prelacy, and for suppression of conventicles, as well as those acts of council, which regulated the indulgence granted to Presbyterians. Against all these acts they entered their solemn protest, or testimony, as they called it; and, having affixed it to the cross, concluded with prayer and psalms. Being now joined by a large body of foot, so that their strength seems to have amounted to five or six hundred men, though very indifferently armed, they encamped upon Loudon-hill. Claverhouse, who was in garrison at Glasgow, instantly marched against the insurgents, at the head of his own troop of cavalry and others, amounting to about one hundred and fifty men. He arrived at Hamilton on the 1st of June, so unexpectedly, as to make prisoner John King, a famous preacher among the wanderers; and rapidly continued his march, carrying his captive along with him, till he came to the village of Drumclog, about a mile east of Loudon-hill, and twelve miles south-west of Hamilton. At some distance from this place, the insurgents were skilfully posted in a boggy strait, almost inaccessible to cavalry, having a broad ditch in their front. Claverhouse's dragoons discharged their carabines, and made an attempt to charge; but the nature of the ground threw them into total disorder. Burly, who commanded the handful of horse belonging to the whigs, instantly led them down on the disordered squadrons of Claverhouse, who were, at the same time, vigorously assaulted by the foot,

* "They believed Sharpe to be proof against shot; for one of the murderers told Wodrow, that, at the sight of cold iron, his courage fell. They no longer doubted this, when they found in his pocket a small clue of silk, rolled round a bit of parchment, marked with two long words, in Hebrew or Chaldaic characters. Accordingly, it is still averred, that the balls only left blue marks on the prelate's neck and breast, although the discharge was so near as to burn his clothes."—Scott.

† "The question, whether the bishop of St. Andrews' death was murder, was a shibboleth, or experimentum crucis, frequently put to the apprehended conventiclers. Isabel Alison, executed at Edinburgh, 30th January, 1681, was interrogated, before the privy council, if she conversed with David Hackston? 'I answered, I did converse with him, and I bless the Lord that ever I saw him; for I never saw ought in him but a godly pious youth. They asked, if the killing of the bishop of St Andrews was a pious act? I answered, I never heard him say he killed him; but, if God moved any, and put it upon them to execute his righteous judgment upon him, I have nothing to say to that. They asked me, when saw ye John Balfour (Burly,) that pious youth? I answered, I have seen him. They asked, when? I answered, these are frivolous questions; I am not bound to answer them.' —Cloud of Witnesses, p. 85."—Scott.

headed by the gallant Cleland,* and the enthusiastic Hackston. Claverhouse himself was forced to fly, and was in the utmost danger of being taken; his horse's belly being cut open by the stroke of a scythe, so that the poor animal trailed his bowels for more than a mile. In his flight, he passed King, the minister, lately his prisoner, but now deserted by his guard, in the general confusion. The preacher hallooed to the flying commander, to 'halt, and take his prisoner with him;' or, as others say, 'to stay, and take the afternoon's preaching.' Claverhouse, at length remounted, continued his retreat to Glasgow. He lost, in the skirmish, about twenty of his troopers, and his own cornet and kinsman, Robert Graham, whose fate is alluded to in the ballad. Only four of the other side were killed, among whom was Dingwall, or Daniel, an associate of Burly in Sharpe's murder. 'The rebels,' says Crichton, 'finding the cornet's body, and supposing it to be that of Clavers, because the name of Graham was wrought in the shirt-neck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity; cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places.' The same charge is brought by Guild, in his 'Bellum Bothuellianum.'

"Although Burly was among the most active leaders in the action, he was not the commander-in-chief, as one would conceive from the ballad. That honour belonged to Robert Hamilton, brother to Sir William Hamilton of Preston, a gentleman, who, like most of those at Drumclog, had imbibed the very wildest principles of fanaticism. The Cameronian account of the insurrection states, that 'Mr. Hamilton discovered a great deal of bravery and valour, both in the conflict with, and pursuit of the enemy; but when he and some others were pursuing the enemy, others flew too greedily upon the spoil, small as it was, instead of pursuing the victory: and some, without Mr. Hamilton's knowledge, and against his strict command, gave five of these bloody enemies quarters, and then let them go: this greatly grieved Mr. Hamilton, when he saw some of Babel's brats spared, after the Lord had delivered them to their hands, that they might dash them against the stones.'—*Psalm* cxxxvii. 9. In his own account of this, 'he reckons the sparing of these enemies, and letting them go, to be among their first stepping aside; for which he feared that the Lord would not honour them to do much more for him; and says, that he was neither for taking favours from, nor giving favours to, the Lord's enemies.' Burly was not a likely man to fall into this sort of backsliding. He disarmed one of the duke of Hamilton's servants, who had been in the action, and desired him to tell his master, he would keep, till meeting, the pistols he had taken from him. The man described Burly to the duke as a little stout man, squint-eyed, and of a most ferocious aspect; from which it appears that Burly's figure corresponded to his manners, and perhaps gave rise to his nickname, *Burly*, signifying *strong*. He was with the insurgents till the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and afterwards fled to Holland. He joined the prince of Orange, but died at sea, during the expedition. The Cameronians still believe he had obtained liberty from the prince to be avenged of those who had prosecuted the Lord's people; but, through his death, the laudable design of purging the land with their blood, is supposed to have fallen to the ground.—*Life of Balfour of Kinloch.*

"The consequences of the battle of Loudon-hill will be detailed in the introduction to the next ballad."]

You'll marvel when I tell ye o'
Our noble Burly, and his train;
When lest he march'd up thro' the land,
Wi' six-and-twenty westland men.

Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
For they had a' baith wit and skill;
They proved right well, as I heard tell,
As they cam' up o'er London-hill.

* "William Cleland, a man of considerable genius, was author of several poems, published in 1697. His Hudibrastic verses are poor scurrilous trash, as the reader may judge from the description of the Highlanders, already quoted. But, in a wild rhapsody, entitled, 'Hollo, my Fancy,' he displays some imagination. His anti-monarchical principles seem to break out in the following lines:

Fain would I know (if beasts have any reason)
If falcons killing eagles do commit a treason?

He was a strict non-conformist, and after the Revolution, became lieutenant-colonel of the earl of Angus's regiment, called the Cameronian regiment. He was killed 21st August, 1689, in the churchyard of Dunkeld, which his corps manfully and successfully defended against a superior body of Highlanders. His son was the author of the letter prefixed to the Dunciad, and is said to have been the notorious Cleland, who, in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment, prostituted his talents to the composition of indecent and infamous works; but this seems inconsistent with dates, and the latter personage was probably the grandson of colonel Cleland."—*Scott.*

Weel prosper a' the gospel lads,
  That are into the west countrie;
Ay wicked Claver'se to demean,
  And ay an ill dead may he die!

For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
  An' that baith soon an' hastilie;
But they wha live till simmer come,
  Some bladie days for this will see.

But up spak' cruel Claver'se then,
  Wi' hastie wit, an' wicked skill;
"Gi'e fire on yon westlan' men:
  I think it is my sov'reign's will."

But up bespake his cornet, then,
  "It's be wi' nae consent o' me!
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
  An' mony mae as weel as me.

"There is not ane of a' yon men,
  But wha is worthy other three;
There is na ane amang them a',
  That in his cause will stap to die.

"An' as for Burly, him I knaw;
  He's a man of honour, birth, an' fame;
Gi'e him a sword into his hand,
  He'll fight thysel' an' other ten."

But up spake wicked Claver'se then,
  I wat his heart it raise fu' hie!
And he has cry'd that a' might hear,
  "Man, ye ha's sair deceived me.

"I never ken'd the like afore,
  Na, never since I came frae hame,
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
  An' yet come of a noble Graeme."

But up bespake his cornet, then,
  "Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysel' shall be the foremost man,
  That shall gi'e fire on Loudon-hill.

"At your command I'll lead them on,
  But yet wi' nae consent o' me;
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
  And mony mae as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank;
  I wat he had a bonnie train!
But the first time that bullets flew,
  Ay he lost twenty o' his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
  I wat right soon and suddenly!
He gave command amang his men,
  And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an' stout,
  Wi's little train o' Westland men;
Wha mair than either aince or twice
  In Edinburgh confined had been.

They ha's been up to London sent,
  An' yet they're a' come safely down;
Six troop o' horsemen they ha's beat,
  And chased them into Glasgow town.

Battle of Bothwell-bridge.

["It has been often remarked, that the Scottish, notwithstanding their national courage, were always unsuccessful when fighting for their religion. The cause lay, not in the principle, but in the mode of its application. A leader, like Mahomet, who is at the same time the prophet of his tribe, may avail himself of religious enthusiasm, because it comes to the aid of discipline, and is a powerful means of attaining the despotic command essential to the success of a general. But, among the insurgents, in the reigns of the last Stuarts, were mingled preachers, who taught different shades of the Presbyterian doctrine; and, minute as these shades sometimes were, neither the several shepherds, nor their flocks, could cheerfully unite in a common cause. This will appear from the transactions leading to the battle of Bothwell-bridge.

"We have seen, that the party which defeated Claverhouse at Loudon-hill, were Cameronians, whose principles consisted in disowning all temporal authority, which did not flow from and through the Solemn League and Covenant. This doctrine, which is still retained by a scattered remnant of the sect in Scotland, is in theory, and would be in practice, inconsistent with the safety of any well-regulated government, because the Covenanters deny to their governors that toleration, which was iniquitously refused to themselves. In many respects, therefore, we cannot be surprised at the anxiety and rigour with which the Cameronians were persecuted, although we

may be of opinion, that milder means would have induced a melioration of their principles. These men, as already noticed, excepted against such Presbyterians as were contented to exercise their worship under the indulgence granted by government, or, in other words, who would have been satisfied with toleration for themselves, without insisting upon a revolution in the state, or even in the church government.

"When, however, the success at Loudon Hill was spread abroad, a number of preachers, gentlemen, and common people, who had embraced the more moderate doctrine, joined the army of Hamilton, thinking that the difference in their opinions ought not to prevent their acting in the common cause. The insurgents were repulsed in an attack upon the town of Glasgow, which, however, Claverhouse, shortly afterwards, thought it necessary to evacuate. They were now nearly in full possession of the west of Scotland, and pitched their camp at Hamilton, where, instead of modelling and disciplining their army, the Cameronians and Erastians (for so the violent insurgents chose to call the more moderate Presbyterians) only debated, in council of war, the real cause of their being in arms. Hamilton, their general, was the leader of the first party; Mr. John Walsh, a minister, headed the Erastians. The latter so far prevailed, as to get a declaration drawn up, in which they owned the king's government; but the publication of it gave rise to new quarrels. Each faction had its own set of leaders, all of whom aspired to be officers; and there were actually two councils of war issuing contrary orders and declarations at the same time; the one owning the king, and the other designing him a malignant, bloody, and perjured tyrant.

"Meanwhile, their numbers and zeal were magnified at Edinburgh, and great alarm excited lest they should march eastward. Not only was the foot militia instantly called out, but proclamations were issued, directing all the heritors, in the eastern, southern, and northern shires, to repair to the king's host, with their best horses, arms, and retainers. In Fife, and other counties, where the Presbyterian doctrines prevailed, many gentlemen disobeyed this order, and were afterwards severely fined. Most of them alleged, in excuse, the apprehension of disquiet from their wives. * A respectable force was soon assembled; and James, duke of Buccleuch and Monmouth, was sent down, by Charles, to take the command, furnished with instructions, not unfavourable to Presbyterians. The royal army now moved slowly forwards towards Hamilton, and reached Bothwell-moor on the 22d of June, 1679. The insurgents were encamped chiefly in the duke of Hamilton's park, along the Clyde, which separated the two armies. Bothwell-bridge, which is long and narrow, had then a portal in the middle, with gates, which the Covenanters shut, and barricaded with stones and logs of timber. This important post was defended by three hundred of their best men, under Hackston of Rathillet, and Hall of Haughhead. Early in the morning, this party crossed the bridge, and skirmished with the royal vanguard, now advanced as far as the village of Bothwell. But Hackston speedily retired to his post, at the western end of Bothwell-bridge.

"While the dispositions, made by the duke of Monmouth, announced his purpose of assailing the pass, the more moderate of the insurgents resolved to offer terms. Ferguson of Kaitloch, a gentleman of landed fortune, and David Hume, a clergyman, carried to the duke of Monmouth a supplication, demanding free exercise of their religion, a free parliament, and a free general assembly of the church. The duke heard their demands with his natural mildness, and assured them, he would interpose with his majesty in their behalf, on condition of their immediately dispersing themselves, and yielding up their arms. Had the insurgents been all of the moderate opinion, this proposal would have been accepted, much bloodshed saved, and, perhaps, some permanent advantage derived to their party; or, had they been all Cameronians, their defence would have been fierce and desperate. But, while their motley and missorted officers were debating upon the duke's proposal, his field-pieces were already planted on the eastern side of the river, to cover the attack of the foot guards, who were led on by lord Livingstone to force the bridge. Here Hackston maintained his post with zeal and courage; nor was it until all his ammunition was expended, and every support denied

* "'Balcanquhall of that ilk alledged, that his horses were robbed, but shunned to take the declaration, for fear of disquiet from his wife. Young of Kirkton—his ladyes dangerous sickness, and bitter curses if he should leave her, and the appearance of abortion on his offering to go from her. And many others pled, in general terms, that their wives opposed or contradicted their going. But the justiciary court found this defence totally irrelevant.'—Fountainhall's Decisions, vol. i. p. 88."—Scott.

him by the general, that he reluctantly abandoned the important pass.* When his party were drawn back, the duke's army, slowly, and with their cannon in front, defiled along the bridge, and formed in line of battle, as they came over the river; the duke commanded the foot, and Claverhouse the cavalry. It would seem, that these movements could not have been performed without at least some loss, had the enemy been serious in opposing them. But the insurgents were otherwise employed. With the strangest delusion that ever fell upon devoted beings, they chose these precious moments to cashier their officers, and elect others in their room. In this important operation, they were at length disturbed by the duke's cannon, at the very first discharge of which, the horse of the Covenanters wheeled, and rode off, breaking and trampling down the ranks of their infantry in their flight. The Cameronian account blames Weir of Greenridge, a commander of the horse, who is termed a sad Achan in the camp. The more moderate party lay the whole blame on Hamilton, whose conduct, they say, left the world to debate whether he was most traitor, coward, or fool. The generous Monmouth was anxious to spare the blood of his infatuated countrymen, by which he incurred much blame among the high-flying royalists. Lucky it was for the insurgents that the battle did not happen a day later, when old general Dalziel, who divided with Claverhouse the terror and hatred of the whigs, arrived in the camp, with a commission to supersede Monmouth, as commander-in-chief. He is said to have upbraided the duke, publicly, with his lenity, and heartily to have wished his own commission had come a day sooner, when, as he expressed himself, 'These rogues should never more have troubled the king or country.'† But, notwithstanding the merciful orders of the duke of Monmouth, the cavalry made great slaughter among the fugitives, of whom four hundred were slain. Guild thus expresses himself:—

> Et si Dux validus tenuisset forte catervas,
> Vix quisquam profugus vitam servasset inertem:
> Non audita Ducis verum mandata supremi
> Omnibus, insequitur fugientes plurima turba,
> Perque agros, passim, trepida formidine captos
> Obtruncat, servumque adigit per viscera ferrum.
>
> MS. Bellum Bothuellianum.

"The same deplorable circumstances are more elegantly bewailed in 'Clyde,' a poem, reprinted in 'Scottish Descriptive Poems,' edited by the late Dr. John Leyden, Edinburgh, 1803:—

> Where Bothwell's bridge connects the margin steep,
> And Clyde, below, runs silent, strong, and deep,
> The hardy peasant, by oppression driven
> To battle, deemed his cause the cause of heaven;
> Unskilled in arms, with useless courage stood,
> While gentle Monmouth grieved to shed his blood
> But fierce Dundee, inflamed with deadly hate,
> In vengeance for the great Montrose's fate,
> Let loose the sword, and to the hero's shade
> A barbarous hecatomb of victims paid.

"The object of Claverhouse's revenge, assigned by Wilson, is grander, though more remote and less natural, than that in the ballad, which imputes the severity of the pursuit to his thirst to revenge the death of his cornet and kinsman, at Drumclog; ‡ and to the quarrel betwixt Claver-

* "There is an accurate representation of this part of the engagement in an old painting, of which there are two copies extant; one in the collection of his grace the duke of Hamilton, the other at Dalkeith house. The whole appearance of the ground, even including a few old houses, is the same which the scene now presents: The removal of the porch, or gateway, upon the bridge, is the only perceptible difference. The duke of Monmouth, on a white charger, directs the march of the party engaged in storming the bridge, while his artillery gall the motley ranks of the Covenanters."—Scott.

† "Dalziel was a man of savage manners. A prisoner having railed at him, while under examination before the privy council, calling him 'a Muscovia beast, who used to roast men, the general, in a passion, struck him, with the pomel of his shabble, on the face, till the blood sprung.'—Fountainhall, vol. i. p. 159. He had sworn never to shave his beard after the death of Charles the First. This venerable appendage reached his girdle, and, as he wore always an old-fashioned buff coat, his appearance in London never failed to attract the notice of the children and of the mob. King Charles II. used to swear at him, for bringing such a rabble of boys together, to be squeezed to death, while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit, and exhorted him to shave and dress like a Christian, to keep the poor 'bairns,' as Dalziel expressed it, out of danger. In compliance with this request, he once appeared at court fashionably dressed, excepting the beard; but when the king had laughed sufficiently at the metamorphosis, he resumed his old dress, to the great joy of the boys, his usual attendants.—Crerichton's Memoirs, p. 108."—Scott.

‡ "There is some reason to conjecture, that the revenge of the Cameronians, if successful, would have been little less sanguinary than that of the royalists. Crerichton mentions, that they had erected, in their camp, a high pair of gallows, and prepared a quantity of halters, to hang such prisoners as might fall into their hands; and he admires the forbearance of the king's soldiers, who, when they returned with their prisoners, brought them to the very spot where the gallows stood, and guarded them there, without offering to hang a single individual. Guild, in the 'Bellum Bothuellianum,' alludes to the same story, which is

house and Monmouth, it ascribes, with great *naiveté*, the bloody fate of the latter. Local tradition is always apt to trace foreign events to the domestic causes, which are more immediately in the narrator's view. There is said to be another song upon this battle, once very popular, but I have not been able to recover it. This copy is given from recitation.

"There were two Gordons of Earlstoun, father and son. They were descended of an ancient family in the west of Scotland, and their progenitors were believed to have been favourers of the reformed doctrine, and possessed of a translation of the Bible as early as the days of Wicklife. William Gordon, the father, was, in 1663, summoned before the privy council, for keeping conventicles in his house and woods. By another act of council, he was banished out of Scotland, but the sentence was never put into execution. In 1667, Earlstoun was turned out of his house, which was converted into a garrison for the king's soldiers. He was not in the battle of Bothwell-bridge, but was met, hastening towards it, by some English dragoons, engaged in the pursuit, already commenced. As he refused to surrender, he was instantly slain.—*Wilson's History of Bothwell Rising—Life of Gordon of Earlston, in Scottish Worthies—Wodrow's History*, vol. ii. The son, Alexander Gordon of Earlstoun, I suppose to be the hero of the ballad. He was not a Cameronian, but of the more moderate class of Presbyterians, whose sole object was freedom of conscience, and relief from the oppressive laws against non-conformists. He joined the insurgents shortly after the skirmish at Londonhill. He appears to have been active in forwarding the supplication sent to the duke of Monmouth. After the battle, he escaped discovery, by flying into a house at Hamilton, belonging to one of his tenants, and disguising himself in female attire. His person was proscribed, and his estate of Earlstoun was bestowed upon colonel Theophilus Ogilthorpe, by the crown, first in security for £5000, and afterwards in perpetuity.—Fountainhall, p. 390. The same author mentions a person tried at the circuit court, July 10, 1683, solely for holding intercourse with Earlstoun, an inter-communed (proscribed) rebel. As he had been in Holland after the battle of Bothwell, he was probably accessory to the scheme of invasion, which the unfortunate earl of Argyle was then meditating. He was apprehended upon his return to Scotland, tried, convicted of treason, and condemned to die; but his fate was postponed by a letter from the king, appointing him to be reprieved for a month, that he might, in the interim, be tortured for the discovery of his accomplices. The council had the unusual spirit to remonstrate against this illegal course of severity. On November 3, 1683, he received a farther respite, in hopes he would make some discovery. When brought to the bar, to be tortured (for the king had reiterated his commands), he, through fear, or distraction, roared like a bull, and laid so stoutly about him, that the hangman and his assistant could hardly master him. At last he fell into a swoon, and, on his recovery, charged general Dalziel and Drummond (violent tories), together with the duke of Hamilton, with being the leaders of the fanatics. It was generally thought that he affected this extravagant behaviour to invalidate all that agony might extort from him concerning his real accomplices. He was sent, first, to Edinburgh castle, and, afterwards, to a prison upon the Bass island; although the privy council more than once deliberated upon appointing his immediate death. On 23d August, 1684, Earlstoun was sent for from the Bass, and ordered for execution, 4th November, 1684. He endeavoured to prevent his doom by escape; but was discovered and taken, after he had gained the roof of the prison. The council deliberated, whether, in consideration of this attempt, he was not liable to instant execution. Finally, however, they were satisfied to imprison him in Blackness castle, where he remained till after the Revolution, when he was set at liberty, and his doom of forfeiture reversed by act of parliament.—See *Fountainhall*, vol. i. pp. 233, 240, 245, 250, 301, 302."—*Scott's Minstrelsy*.]

"O Billie, billie, bonnie billie,
Wil ye go to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow slain men are we."

"O no, O no!" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that maun be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or die."

So Earlstoun rose in the morninr,
An' mounted by the break o' day;

rendered probable by the character of Hamilton, the insurgent general.—Guild's MSS.—Crichton's Memoirs, p. 61."—Scott.

An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.

"Now, fareweel father, and fareweel mother,
An' fare ye weel my sisters three;
An' fare ye weel my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!"

So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An' waly they rode bonnily!
When the duke o' Monmouth saw them comin',
He went to view their company.

"Ye're welcome, lads," then Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And see are ye, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company!

"But yield your weapons ane an' a';
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For, gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country."

Out up then spak' a Lennox lad,
And waly but he spak' bonnily!
"I winna yield my weapons up,
To you nor nae man that I see."

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonnie blue;*
"Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true."

They stell'd † their cannons on the height,
And shower'd their shot down in the how
An' beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every know.

As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,—
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every know.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"Gi'e quarters to yon men for me!"
But wicked Claver'se swore an oath,
His cornet's death reveng'd sud be.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"If ony thing you'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Graeme,
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be." ‡

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* Blue was the favourite colour of the Covenanters; hence the vulgar phrase of a true blue whig. Spalding informs us, that when the first army of Covenanters entered Aberdeen, few or none "wanted a blue ribband; the lord Gordon, and some others of the marquis (of Huntly's) family had a ribband, when they were dwelling in the town, of a red fresh colour, which they wore in their hats, and called it the *royal ribband*, as a sign of their love and loyalty to the king. In despite and derision thereof, this blue ribband was worn, and called the *Covenanter's ribband*, by the haill soldiers of the army, who would not hear of the royal ribband, such was their pride and malice."—Vol. i. p. 123. After the departure of this first army, the town was occupied by the barons of the royal party, till they were once more expelled by the Covenanters, who plundered the burgh and country adjacent; "no fowl, cock, or hen, left unkilled, the haill house-dogs, messens (*i. e.* lap-dogs), and whelps, within Aberdeen, killed upon the streets; so that neither hound, messen, nor other dog, was left al ve that they could see: the reason was this,—when the first army came here, ilk captain and soldier had a blue ribband about his craig (*i. e.* neck;) in despite and derision whereof, when they removed from Aberdeen, some women of Aberdeen, as was alledged, knit blue ribbands about their messens' craigs, whereat their soldiers took off nee, and killed all their dogs for this very cause."—P. 160.

I have seen one of the ancient banners of the Covenanters: it was divided into four copartments, inscribed with the words, *Christ—Covenant—King—Kingdom*. Similar standards are mentioned in Spalding's curious and minute narrative, vol. ii. pp. 182, 245.—*Scott.*

† *Stell'd*—Planted.

‡ It is very extraordinary, that, in April, 1685, Claverhouse was left out of the new commission of privy council, as being too favourable to the fanatics. The pretence was his having married into the Presbyterian family of lord Dundonald. An act of council was also past, regulating the payment of quarters, which is stated by Fountainhall to have been done in *odium* of Claverhouse, and in order to excite complaints against him. This charge, so inconsistent with the nature and conduct of Claverhouse, seems to have been the fruit of a quarrel betwixt him and the lord high treasurer.—*Fountainhall*, vol. i. p. 260.

That Claverhouse was most unworthily accused of mitigating the persecution of the Covenanters,

Then wicked Claver'se turn'd about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, "God bless his majesty!"

Then he's awa' to London town,
Ay e'en as fast as he can dree;
Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
An' ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

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will appear from the following simple, but very affecting narrative, extracted from one of the little publications which appeared soon after the Revolution, while the facts were fresh in the memory of the sufferers. The imitation of the scripteral style produces, in some passages of these works, an effect not unlike what we feel in reading the beautiful book of Ruth. It is taken from the life of Mr. Alexander Peden,* printed about 1720.

"In the beginning of May, 1685, he came to the house of John Brown and Marion Weir, whom he married before he went to Ireland, where he stayed all night; and, in the morning when he took farewell, he came out of the door, saying to himself, 'Poor woman, a fearful morning,' twice over. 'A dark misty morning!' The next morning, between five and six hours, the said John Brown having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat ground: the mist being very dark, he knew not until cruel and bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of a stammering speech, yet answered him distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if ever they heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no, he was never a preacher.' He said, 'If he has never preached, meikle he has prayed in his time;' he said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die!' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times; one time, that he stopt him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and ye are begun to preach;' he turned about upon his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching or praying, that calls this preaching.' Then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, 'Take goodnight of your wife and children. His wife, standing by with her child in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her, and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come, that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.'—'Then,' he said, 'this is all I desire, I have no more to do but die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' She said, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were justice to lay thee beside him.' She said, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelties would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' He said, 'To man I can be answerable; and for God, I will take him in my own hand.' Claverhouse mounted

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* "The enthusiasm of this personage, and of his followers, invested him, as has been already noticed, with prophetic powers; but hardly any of the stories told of him exceeds that sort of gloomy conjecture of misfortune, which the precarious situation of his sect so greatly fostered. The following passage relates to the battle of Bothwell-bridge: 'That dismal day, 22d of June, 1679, at Bothwell-bridge, when the Lord's people fell and fled before the enemy, he was forty miles distant, near the border, and kept himself retired until the middle of the day, when some friends said to him, 'Sir, the people are waiting for sermon.' He answered, 'Let them go to their prayers; for me, I neither can nor will preach any this day, for our friends are fallen and fled before the enemy, at Hamilton, and they are hacking and hewing them down, and their blood is running like water.' The feats of Peden are thus commemorated by Fountainhall, 27th of March, 1690:—'News came to the privy council, that about one hundred men, well armed and appointed, had left Ireland, because of a search there for such malcontents, and landed in the west of Scotland, and joined with the wild fanatics. The council, finding that they disappointed the forces, by skulking from hole to hole, were of opinion, it were better to let them gather into a body, and draw to a head, and so they would get them altogether in a snare. They had one Mr. Peden, a minister, with them, and one Isaac, who commanded them. They had frighted most part of all the country ministers, so that they durst not stay at their churches, but retired to Edinburgh, or to garrison towns; and it was sad to see whole shires destitute of preaching, except in burghs. Wherever they came they plundered arms, and particularly at my lord Dumfries's house.'—Fountainhall, vol. i. p. 389."—Scott.

Along the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle *of* Bothwell Hill.

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his horse, and marched, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down, and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her; the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman, in the Cummerhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint; and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion, except when the shots were let off her eyes dazzled. His corpse was buried at the end of his house, where he was slain, with this inscription on his grave-stone:—

In earth's cold bed, the dusty part here lies,
Of one who did the earth as dust despise!
Here, in this place, from earth he took departure;
Now, he has got the garland of the martyrs.

"This murder was committed betwixt six and seven in the morning: Mr. Peden was about ten or eleven miles distant, having been in the fields all night: he came to the house betwixt seven and eight, and desired to call in the family, that he might pray amongst them; when praying, he said, 'Lord, when wilt thou avenge Brown's blood? Oh, let Brown's blood be precious in thy sight! and hasten the day when thou wilt avenge it, with Cameron's, Cargill's, and many others of our martyrs' names; and oh! for that day, when the Lord would avenge all their bloods!' When ended, John Muirhead enquired what he meant by Brown's blood? He said twice over, 'What do I mean? Claverhouse has been at the Preshil this morning, and has cruelly murdered John Brown; his corpse is lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife sitting weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak a word comfortably to her!'

BOTHWELL BRIGG.

[Modern Ballad.—James Hogg.]

"Oh what is become o' your leal goodman,
That now you are a' your lane?
If he has join'd wi' the rebel gang
You will never see him again."

"O say nae 'the rebel gang,' Ladye;
It's a term nae heart can thole,
For them wha rebel against their God,
It is justice to control.

"When rank oppression rends the heart,
And rules wi' stroke o' death,
Wha wadna spend their dear heart's blood
For the tenets of their faith?

While we read this dismal story, we must remember Brown's situation was that of an avowed and determined rebel, (?) liable as such to military execution; so that the atrocity was more that of the times than of Claverhouse. That general's gallant adherence to his master, the misguided James VII., and his glorious death on the field of victory, at Killicrankie, have tended to preserve and gild his memory. He is still remembered in the Highlands as the most successful leader of their clans. An ancient gentleman, who had borne arms for the cause of Stuart, in 1715, told the editor, that, when the armies met on the field of battle, at Sheriff-muir, a veteran chief (I think he named Gordon of Glenbucket,) covered with scars, came up to the earl of Mar, and earnestly pressed him to order the Highlanders to charge, before the regular army of Argyle had completely formed their line, and at a moment when the rapid and furious onset of the clans might have thrown them into total disorder. Mar repeatedly answered, it was not yet time; till the chieftain turned from him in disdain and despair, and, stamping with rage, exclaimed aloud, "O for one hour of Dundee!"

Claverhouse's sword (a strait cut-and-thrust blade) is in the possession of lord Woodhouselee. In Pennycuik-house is preserved the buff-coat which he wore at the battle of Killiecrankie. The fatal shot-hole is under the arm-pit, so that the ball must have been received while his arm was raised to direct the pursuit.—*Scott.*

"Then say na 'the rebel gang,' Ladye,
For it gi'es me muckle pain;
My John went away with Earlston,
And I'll never see either again."

"O wae is my heart for thee, Janet,
O sair is my heart for thee!
Thess Covenant men were ill advised;
They are fools, you may credit me.

"Where 's a' their boastfu' preaching now,
Against their king and law,
When mony a head in death lies low,
And mony mae maun fa'?"

"Ay, but death lasts no for aye, Ladye,
For the grave maun yield its prey;
And when we meet on the verge of heaven,
We'll see wha are fools that day:

"We'll see wha looks in their Saviour's face,
With hollest joy and pride,
Whether they who shed his servants' blood,
Or those that for him died.

"I wadna be the highest dame
That ever this country knew,
And take my chance to share the doom
Of that persecuting crew.

"Then ca' us na 'rebel gang,' Ladye,
Nor take us fools to be,
For there isna ane of a' that gang,
Wad change his state wi' thee."

"Oh weel may you be, my poor Janet,
May blessings on you combine!
The better you are in either state,
The less shall I repine;

"But wi' your fightings and your faith,
Your ravings and your rage,
There you have lost a leal helpmate,
In the blossom of his age.

"And what's to come o' ye, my poor Janet,
Wi' thess twa babies sweet?
Ye ha'e naebody now to work for them,
Or bring you a meal o' meat;

"It is that which makes my heart sae wae,
And gars me, while scarce aware,
Whilee say the things I wadna say,
Of them that can err nae mair."

Poor Janet kiss'd her youngest babe,
And the tears fall on his cheek,
And they fell upon his swaddling bands,
For her heart was like to break.

"Oh little do I ken, my dear, dear babee,
What misery's to be mine!
But for the cause we ha'e espoused,
I will yield my life and thine.

"Oh had I a friend, as I ha'e nane,—
For nane dare own me now,—
That I might send to Bothwell Brigg,
If the killers wad but allow,

"To lift the corpse of my brave John:
I ken where they will him find,—
He wad meet his God's foes face to face,
And he'll ha'e nae wound behind."

"But I went to Bothwell Brigg, Janet,—
There was nane durst hinder me,—
For I wantit to hear a' I could hear,
And to see what I could see;

"And there I found your brave husband,
As viewing the dead my lane;
He was lying in the very foremost rank,
In the midst of a heap o' slain."

Then Janet held up her hands to heaven,
And she grat, and she tore her hair,
"O sweet Ladye, O dear Ladye,
Dinna tell me ony mair!

"There is a hope will linger within
When earthly hope is vain,
But, when ane kens the very worst,
It turns the heart to stane!"

"'Oh wae is my heart, John Carr,' said I,
'That I this sight should see!'
But when I said thess waefu' words,
He lifted his eyne to me.

"'O art thou there my kind Ladye,
The best o' this warld's breed,
And are you ganging your leifon lane,
Amang the hapless dead?'

"'I ha'e servants within my ca', John Carr,
And a chariot in the dell,
And if there is ony hope o' life,
I will carry you hame myself.'

"'O Lady, there is nae hope o' life;
And what were life to me?
Wad ye save me frae the death of a man,
To hang on a gallows tree?

"'I ha'e nae hame to fly to now,
Nae country, and nae kin;
There is not a door in Fair Scotland
Durst open to let me in.

"'But I ha'e a loving wife at hame,
And twa babies, dear to me;
They ha'e nae body now that dares favour them,
And of hunger they a' maun dee.

"'Oh for the sake of thy Saviour dear,
Whose mercy thou hopest to share,
Dear Lady, take the sackless things
A wee beneath thy care!

"'A lang farewell, my kind Ladye!
O'er weel I ken thy worth.
Gae send me a drink o' the water o' Clyde,
For my last drink on earth.'

"O dinna tell ony mair, Ladye,
For my heart is cauld as clay:
There is a spear that pierces here,
Frae every word ye say."

"He wasna fear'd to dee, Janet,—
For he gloried in his death,
And wish'd to be laid with those who had bled
For the same endearing faith.

"There were three wounds in his boardly breast,
And his limb was broke in twain,
And the sweat ran down wi' his red heart's [blood,
Wrung out by the deadly pain.

"I row'd my apron round his head,
For fear my men should tell,
And I hid him in my Lord's castle,
And I nursed him there mysell.

"And the best leeches in a' the land
Have tended him as he lay,
And he never has lack'd my helping hand,
By night nor yet by day.

"I durstna tell you before, Janet,
For I fear'd his life was gane,
But now he's sae weel, ye may visit him,
And ye'se meet by yoursells alane."

Then Janet she fell at her Lady's feet,
And she clasp'it them fervently,
And she steep'it them a' wi' the tears o' joy,
Till the good Lady wept to see.

"Oh ye are an angel sent frae heaven,
To lighten calamitye!
For, in distress, a friend or foe
Is a' the same to thee.

"If good deeds count in heaven, Ladye,
Eternal bliss to share,
Ye ha'e done a deed will save your soul,
Though ye should never do mair."

"Get up, get up, my kind Janet,
But never trow tongue or pen,
That a' the warld are lost to good,
Except the Covenant men."

Wha wadna ha'e shared that Lady's joy
When watching the wounded hind,
Rather than those of the feast and the dance,
Which her kind heart resign'd?

Wha wadna rather share that Lady's fate,
When the stars shall melt away,
Than that of the sternest anchorite,
That can naething but gaun and pray?

The Haughs of Cromdale.

["THIS is the worst specimen of the truth of Scottish song that is to be met with; two events being jumbled together in it, that happened at the distance of many years from each other. These seem to be, the battle of Auldearn, won by Montrose and the clans; and that on the plains of Cromdale, in Strathspey, where the two colonels, Buchan and Cannon, suffered themselves to be surprised in their beds by Sir Thomas Livingston, and, though at the head of 1500 brave Highlanders, utterly defeated and scattered. This latter is the only battle on record that ever was really fought at Cromdale. It appears, therefore, more than probable, that on that action the original song has been founded; for the first twenty lines contain an exact and true description of that shameful defeat, and these twenty lines may be considered as either the

whole or part of the original song; and as they are middling good, and the air most beautiful, they had, of course, become popular. Some bard who had been partial to the clans, fired with indignation at hearing the disgrace of his countrymen sung all over the land, had added to the original verses an overcharged account of the battle of Auldearn, won by Montrose, their favourite leader, against the Whigs: but, by a vile anachronism, he has made it to happen on the day following the action at Cromdale, whereas it happened just forty-five years before it. Although, therefore, I have placed the ballad among the songs of this early period, I am persuaded it had its origin at a much later date; but it would have been ridiculous to have placed a song that treated wholly of Montrose, subsequent to events that happened long after his death. Yet the part of the ballad that describes the victory won by that hero cannot be the original part of it, else the writer would never have placed the action at Cromdale, which is almost a day's journey distant from Auldearn, and no way connected with the scene of that engagement. It would never do now to separate this old and popular song into two parts; but nothing can be more evident, than that one part of the song describes the battle won by Montrose and the clans, on the 4th of May 1645; and the other part, that won by Livingston over the clans, on the 1st of May 1690. The names of the clans mentioned in the song are those that were present with Montrose at Auldearn; the rout that the defeated army took, together with the number of them that reached Aberdeen, all accord with the truth of history: so that at whatever period the song was made, it evidently alludes to that action."

Hogg's Jacobite Relics.]

As I came in by Achindoun,
A little wee bit frae the town,
When to the Highlands I was bound,
To view the haughs of Cromdale,

I met a man in tartan trews,
I speer'd at him what was the news;
Quo' he, "The Highland army rues,
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

"We were in bed, Sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

"The English horse they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
But our brave clans, they boldly stood
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

"But, alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sore we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say,
"Can you direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haughs of Cromdale."

"Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say,
"I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haughs of Cromdale."

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came;
A second battle then began,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The Grant, Mackenzie, and M'Ky,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then, they fought most valiantly!
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
M'Intosh play'd a bloody game
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,
M'Phersons, none could them controul,
M'Lauchlins fought, like loyal souls,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neils,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frasers fought with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heads to dance,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with Highland blows,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

Of twenty thousand, Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lie on the plain,
Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

Auchindown.

[This is sung to the well-known tune of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen." It appears to allude to a festival held at Auchindown on the Chevalier de St. George's birth-day.]

At Auchindown, the tenth of June,
See merry, blythe, and gay, Sir,
Each lad and lass did fill a glass,
And drink a health that day, Sir.

We drank a health, and sae by stealth,
'Mang kimmers bright and kordly:
"King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
And down wi' cuckold Geordie!"

We took a spring, and danc'd a fling,
And wow but we were vogie!
We didna fear, though we lay near
The Campbells, in Stra'bogie;

Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,
At Fochabers a-raising:
If they durst come, we'd pack them home,
And send them to their grazing.

We fear'd no harm, and no alarm,
No word was spoke of dangers;
We join'd the dance, and kiss'd the lance,
And swore us foes to strangers,

To ilka name that dar'd disclaim
Our Jamie and his Charlie.
"King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
And down the cuckold carlie!"

APPENDIX.

The Raid of Glen Fruin.

[Modern Ballad.—Peter M'Arthur.—For an account of the battle of Glen Fruin, fought, in the reign of James VI., between the M'Gregors and Colquhouns, aided by the men of Lennox and Lomond, see Browne's History of the Highland Clans, or Sir Walter Scott's introduction to the annotated edition of his celebrated novel of Rob Roy.]

The last lone echo dies away,
Among yon mountains faint and far,
And the dim shades of sinking day
Light up the silent evening star.

No beacon light streams down the pass,
We hear no answering pibroch ring,
In silence o'er the mountain mass,
See the pale moon in beauty hang,

Reflecting in the lake beneath
Her trembling rays of silvery sheen;
And the night wind with balmy breath
Scarce stirs the bracken's bending green.

Ah! who could think that scenes so fair
E'er trembled to the warrior's tread,
Or that red heather blooming there
Waves o'er the warrior's narrow bed.

Here Alpine's bands from wild glens stray,
Triumphant war'd their banner'd pine,
As on they swept on forray fray,
Adown Glen Fruin's deep ravine!

The haughty chieftain of Rosedhu
Arous'd his clansmen near and far,
With Lennox men, and Lomonds too,
To turn aside clan Alpine's war.

They meet! and hark, the slogan cry!
Ah, who that onset could withstand?
The Lennox men disordered fly,
And Lomonds too, a bleeding band.

The stainless banner of Rosedhu
Still floated o'er brave warrior men,
And still with dauntless hearts, and true,
They barr'd the pass by Fruin's Glen.

The claymore gleamed with reddening flash,
The battle-axes rose and fell,
Full on each foe with deadly crash,
And hark! the pibroch's mingling yell!

But now the sweeping wild array
Of Alpine's bold unbroken band,
Scattered their foes, as ocean's spray
Is broken on the rocky strand.

And upward from the darksome glen,
M'Gregors' shouts of triumph rose,
And the wild shrieks of dying men
Beneath the brands of conquering foes.

Now, where the Fruin glides away
Around yon rocks and withered fern,
Rosedhu again, in bold array,
Is mustering all his clansmen stern.

And well they fought, as men should fight,
Who strike for home and all that 's dear:
But who could e'er withstand the might
Of Alpine in his wild career?

Like torrent swollen by wintery rain,
When tangled boughs impede its course,
Bursting its barrier bold in twain,
It sweeps the vale with treble force;

So burst clan Alpine's bands away;
But far more dire than wintery flood,
They left the wallings of dismay,
And smouldering hamlets streak'd with blood.

Even they with wondering look who staid*
Apart, to view the deadly strife,
Beneath brown Dougald's ruthless blade
They cried, but cried in vain for life!

Where Fruin murmurs to the dell,
Clear winding from yon mountains lone,
The traveller reads their mournful tale,
But time hath scathed the lettered stone.

Even yet, tradition tells the tale,
And points the place near yonder height,
Where mournful sounds and shadows pale
Glide through the solemn gloom of night.

That morn the sun rose redly rolled
In crimson clouds foreboding woe,
That morn Inch Marrin's seer foretold
His kinsman dear of coming woe;

And when the sun looked o'er Glengyle,
On Lomond's hills in evening 'rayed,
Clan Alpine bore Glen Luss's spoil,
O'er the deep lake by Inversnaid.

And many a banner by his blaze
Was mirror'd in the lake below;
And hark! the shouts of joy they raise
O'er the rich spoil and conquer'd foe.

The mist wreathes vail'd Ben Lomond's brow,
The sun withdrew his lurid light,
The lake's broad waves with sullen flow
Heaved to the moaning winds of night;

And many a coronach arose,
And many a shriek of wild despair
Awoke the weary night's repose,
Re-echoing through the starless air.

But when the dawn from sable night
Came heralding the chief of day,
They said it was a mournful sight—
Glen Luss in smouldering ruins lay.

The pines were skath'd by Bannochrale,
Its vaulted halls and alder bowers,
You'd thought that time and stern decay
Had pass'd for ages o'er its towers.

The eagle sailed the air on high,
To stoop upon the warrior slain,
Till startled by the widow's cry,
He sought his eyried home again.

For still the widow's cry arose,
And the lone orphan's piteous wail,
As from the dead in dull repose
The night withdrew her sable vail.

Each matron true unbound the plaid,†
That wrapt her silent warrior's breast,
A bloody token—"Thus," they said,
"Shall speak the woes of the oppress'd.

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* Near the scene of the contest, a large stone is shown, which receives the appellation of the Minister's Stone. It is said to have derived this name from the murder of a party of students at the spot by one of the M'Gregors, a man of great size and strength, named Dugald Clar-Mhor, or the Mouse-Coloured. It is but right to say, that another account of the matter frees Dugald from the imputation of this crime. He was the immediate and indubitable ancestor of Rob Roy.

† Eleven score women, widows of those slain in the engagement on the side of the Colquhouns, attired themselves in deep mourning, and appeared before the king, James VI., at Stirling, and demanded vengeance on the heads of the M'Gregors. To make the deeper impression on those to whom this supplication was made, each of the petitioners bore on a spear her husband's bloody shirt. The king was much affected. Measures of extreme severity were resorted to; the execution of these measures was assigned to the earls of Argyle and Athol; the very name of M'Gregor was abolished by an act of the Privy Council, Act 1603, and the chief of the clan was executed at Edinburgh.

"Ere night in Stirling's royal towers,
King James shall hear the widow's tale,
Ere morn, in fair Loch Katrine's bowers,
Red Alpine's chief shall tremble pale."

They said it was an eerie sight,
Like dusky shadows soil'd with gore!
They glided in the dawning light,
Adown the glen to Lomond's shore.

Away, away, o'er waves and spray,
They sail'd by green Inch Murran's isle,
Ere yet the sun with reddening ray
Had shone upon its ruin'd pile.

Away, away, o'er waves and spray,
They lighted on the Endrick strand,
By ancient cairn, and mountain grey,
They crossed the dreary bleak moorland,

To where yon castle braves the north,
With clouded brows and warlike frown,
Encircled by the winding Forth,
In Stirling's old romantic town.

They sought king James; he heard their
cause,
And when he heard their tale of grief,
"Avenge," said he, "our broken laws,
And give the widow's woes relief."

With reddening brow and flashing eye,
He grasped the hilt of his good blade,
Yet with demeanour calm and high,
Thus to his western chiefs he said,

"Athol, Argyle, I hold you bound,
A price is on M'Gregor's head;
With unsheathed sword and bloody hound,
Avenge the widow and the dead!"

And dearly has M'Gregor paid,
By name proscribed and haunted band,
For dark Glen Fruin's lawless raid,—
No more he rules Loch Katrine's strand.

Lady Jean.

[MODERN Ballad by JAMES LEMON, author of a volume of Poems and Songs, published at Glasgow, in 1840.]

THERE sits a lady in yon ha',
And the tear drap dims her e'e,
She has gowd an' siller at her ca',
But nae joy or peace has she.

The rose shone red upon her cheek,
An' the sun frae her e'e broo,
But the rose has left the lily meek,
An' it is witherin' too.

Then up and spoke her sister May,
"O! mother, mother dear,
To-morrow is Jean's bridal day,
An' I dream'd I saw her bier."

"O! hand your tongue, ye croakin' thing,
My malison on thee!
To-morrow eve, the bells shall ring,
For the bride o' Louden lea."

"O! mother dear, I slept again,
I'm wae to tell it thee,
I saw Sir Randal, who was slain,
By Louden's treachery.

"An' Louden gave our lady Jean
Unto his rival there,
Who stood beside his new grave green,
Wi' his last look o' despair.

"An' then I heard Death, mother dear,
Pronounce the marriage creed,
His altar was Sir Randal's bier,
Where Jean and he were wed."

Then up an' spoke her father fierce,
An' angry man was he,
"O! out upon thee, fause, fause one,
Ye lie, it canna be!

"Thy soul it is the grave o' truth,
Thy heart its dull tomb stane,
Thy mouth the cradle o' death,
Thy sel' its very fane!

"Gae dress, gae dress thy sister Jean
In the sma' white satin fine;
An' doff that star, thou fause, fause one,
For it may ne'er be thine.

"Gae doff, gae doff, that coronet,
An' crown thy sister Jean;
For weel I read what thou'd be at
Wi' thy invented dream.

"But I ha'e sworn the maiden's mood
Thy coronet shall be;
For as I live, an' by the rood,
A maiden thou shalt dee."

Ye've seen the sun in early spring
Smile o'er the flowery lea,
But ere auld time could lift his wing,
The tear stood in its e'e.

An' O! 'twas sae wi' lady May,
She blush'd and wept again;
"It's no for my ain doom I'm wae,
But O! my sister Jean."

"Away, away, thou evil ane,
To-morrow at the fane,
The linkin' o' their hands in ane
Shall widen my domain."

To-morrow came, in sad sad wae,
May stole to lady Jean;
They dearna speak, but farewee! aye
Seeme weilin' frae their e'en.

To-morrow came, wi' claspin's fine
They deck'd young lady Jean;
Like an angel newly left its shrine,
She strangely gazed on men.

O! secret love, what canst thou be,
Thou'rt not a thing o' earth,
Thou'rt pure as the light o' heaven hie,
Whose rays have gi'en thee birth.

Syne frae the castle barricade,
Young May in tears alane,
Look'd on the wedding cavalcade,
As on some funeral train.

The father and the mother there,
In silk gair flaunted gay,
Wi' mony an idle laugh and jeer
They join'd in the decay.

While mid the glare o' trappin's rare,
The once blythe sprightly Jean,
Wi' listless air, and vacant stare,
Ne'er wist what they could mean.

Until they pass'd the lonely grove,
Where young Lord Randal fell,
Her e'e met Louden's—not in love—
But who that look may tell?

Until they came to the kirk-yard,
An' at Sir Randal's grave,
Her steed stood still, nor whip nor word
Could mak' him onward move.

Ye've seen the red o' the pure rose leaf
Lost in its purer white,
So her fair cheek a moment brief
Blush'd like the morning light.

An' doon she drapp'd frae her saddle bow,
And knelt by Randal's tomb,
Saying, "Noo, my love, I've kept my vow,
O! tak' me to thy home."

"Away," cried Louden lea, "Away
An' bring the priest I crave;
What better altar could we ha'e
Than a vile rival's grave?"

The priest he came—the ritual flame,
Alas! was her death-light;
The priest he came—her eye's last gleam
Had set in death's dark night.

Noo, Louden lea, the cup o' wae
Ye measured out in scorn,
To thee is meted—frae this day
Heart-stricken ye shall mourn.

An' aye I hear a loun voice say,
"An' ye her parents too,
Shall sadly rue this wearfu' day,
The dregs shall fa' to you."

An' lady May, in weeds o' wae,
Mourns aften by their grave,
That her proud parents scorned sae
The warnin' Heaven gave.

Girtlee,

OR, THE HAP OF HIND HALBERT.

[MOURAY Ballad, founded on an historical incident.—THOMAS DICK.]

Throw blackbird in green Girtlee,
  Sing on thy far'rite sang;
Till drap the tear frae gloamin's e'e
  The wild wood flowers amang.

And when amang the leaves and flowers,
  That crystal tear shall fa',
'Twill bathe the bell by Monkland's towers,
  The daisy by Woodha'.

Beside the roots that nurse thy birk,
  Beneath its branches' shade,
There gapes a grave, that in the mirk
  O' nigh twa brithers made.

Their sister was a bonnie lass;
  A bonnie lad she lo'ed;
And aft amang the planting's grass,
  This youthfu' couple wooed.

O fond, fond were their looks o' love;
  Dear, dear the words they spake;
As nought on earth, or even above,
  The vows they pledged could shake.

But though the simmer's sun be warm,
  For aye it canna shine;
'Tis follow'd soon by autumn's storm,
  Syne winter's cauld and pine.

Sae love did in Hind Halbert's breast
  By slow degrees decay;
Sweet Elis mark'd his change, distrest,
  But wistna why 'twas sae.

Aye shyer was he when they met,
  And aye to part mair keen;
And lika future tryste he set,
  Had langer aye between.

O meikle did she weep and wail,
  And meikle sigh'd and said:
She tauld her brithers a' the tale,
  And askit a' their aid.

Now they ha's graith't them wond'rous grand,
  And sought Hind Halbert's bower:
They kyth'd him breadth of Scottish land,
  And yellow gowd for dower,

Gin he wad soothe her bosom's strife,
  And wed their sister dear;
But her he wadna make his wife,
  For rank nor warld's gear.

Then they're awa' to green Girtlee
  As fast as they may gang;
And diggit by the birken tree
  A grave baith deep and lang.

Syne aff they hied to E'nburgh town,
  Wi' meikle rage and wrath:
Before the judge for Scotland's crown
  They've ta'en a deadly aith.

And there they've sworn the faithless knav:
  Design'd, when day was gane,
To slay their sister, and that grave
  Had made to bury her in.

Our gude king sat in Halyrood,
  Drinkin' the bluid-red wine;
When he received a letter broad
  That his ain judge did sign.

When he had read the foremost line,
  His brow grew red wi' tre:
When he had read the hindmost line,
  He flang't into the fire.

And "Bind the traitor fast," he says,
  "And quick to justice bring;
For he wad wrang a bonnie lass,
  Wad rebel against his king."

The sea is wide, but o'er its tide,
  The youth is far awa';
And friends he left o' hope bereft,
  Are laith and lanely a'.

When years o' mingled grief and glee
  Had come and wearied past,
King James wad journey forth to see
  His islands in the west.
His train twined down by green Girtlee,
  In Monkland's towers to rest.

It's up and sang the blackbird,
And he sang loud and clear;
And aye the o'erword chiefly heard,
Was "Judge na till ye speer.

"O! wae on fause arbitrament—
On fause accusers wae:
They've banished the innocent,
And let the guilty gae."

The monarch turn'd him round about,
Wi' sorrow in his look;
And vow'd in midst o' a' his suite,
By cross and haly book!

He gar'd gae hang the brithers bauld,
Wi' a' their perjur'd band:
And soon Hind Halbert was recall'd
Frae far aff foreign land.

Cumnor Hall.

[This is a production of W. J. Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad. It first appeared in Evans's Collection.—Cumnor is near Abington, in Berkshire. — The history of the unhappy Countess of Leicester, who was murdered there in Queen Elizabeth's time, may be seen at large in Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire, in whose time the ruins of the hall were still standing.—Scott, in his romance of "Kenilworth," has immortalized the story.]

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
(The sounds of busy life were still,)
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
"That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immur'd in shameful privity?

"No more thou comest with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I receiv'd,
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me griev'd,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flow'r more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sang the live-long day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despis'd;
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where (scornful earl) it well was priz'd?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest—pluck'd the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes, now neglected and despis'd
The rose is pale—the lily's dead—
But he that once their charms so priz'd,
Is sure the cause these charms are fled.

"For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What flow'ret can endure the storm?

"At court I'm told is beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare;
That eastern flow'rs, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken—when those gaudes are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flow'rs are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injur'd surely may repine,)
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know,
How far more happy 'a their estate—
—To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
—To be content—than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them?
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that from its stem
Divided—feels the chilling air.

"Nor (cruel earl!) can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanc'd to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad the lady griev'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heav'd,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing
Around the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever tread the merry dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As wand'ring onwards they've espied
The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The Battle of Corichie.

[By John Forbes, Schoolmaster at Mary-Culter, upon Deeside.]

Mourn ye Heighlands, and murn ye Leighlands,
I trow ye ha's meikle need;
For the bonnie burn of Corichie
Has run this day wi' bleid?*

The hopeful laird o' Finlitter,
Erie Huntly's gallant son,
For the love he bare our beauteous quine,
His gart fair Scotland mone.

He has braken his ward in Aberdeene
Throu dreid o' this fause Murry;
And he 'a gather't the gentle Gordon clan,
An' his father auld Huntly.

Fain wad he tak' our bonnie guide quine,
An' beare hir awa' wi' him;
But Murry's aise wyles spoil't a' the sport,
An' reft him o' lyfe and him.

Murry gar't rayse the tardy Mearns men,
An Angis, an' mony ane mair;
Erie Morton, and the Byres lord Lindsay;
An' campit at the hill o' Fare.

* This battle was fought on the Hill of Fair, 28th October, 1562.

Erie Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,
  An' countit ane thousan men;
But Murry had abien twal hunder,
  Wi' sax score horsemen and ten.

They soundit the bougills an' the trumplts,
  An' marchit on in brave array;
Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit,
  An' than did begin the fray.

The Gordones sae fercelie did fecht it,
  Withouten terrer or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin',
  An' dyit the grund wi' theire bleid.

Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,
  An' they pursuit at his backe,
Whan the haf o' the Gordones desertit,
  An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi' hether i' thir bounits they turnit,
  The traitor Haddo o' their heid,
An' slaid theire brithere an' their fatheris,
  An' spoilit an' left them for deid.

Than Murry cried to tak' the auld Gordone,
  An' mony ane ran wi' speid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,
  An' out gushit the fat lurdane's bleid.

Than they tuke his twa sones quick an' hale,
  An' bare them awa' to Aberdene;
But sair did our guide quine lament
  The waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erie Murry lost mony a gallant stout man,
  The hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's sons, an Egli's far fearit laird,
  An' mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erie Huntly mist tenescore o' his bra' men,
  Sum o' heigh, and sum o' leigh degree;
Skeenis youngest son, the pride o' a' the clan,
  Was ther fan' dead, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faught
  Octobris aught an' twinty day,
Crystis fyftaen hundred thriscore yeir
  An' twa will mark the dreidlie fray.

But now the day maist waefu' came,
  That day the quine did grite her fill,
For Huntlys gallant stalwart sen
  Wis heidit on the heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
  Upon the samen fatal playne;
Crule Murry gar't the waefu' quine luke out,
  And see hir lover an' ligea slayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
  I wis our countrie better peice;
I wis our lords wid na discord,
  I wis our weirs at hame may ceise.

The Duke of Athol.

[From Mr. Kinloch's Collection, where it is said to be taken from the recitation of an Idiot boy in Wishaw.]

"I am gaing awa', Jeanie,
  I am gaing awa',
I am gaing ayont the mant seas,
  I'm gaing sae far awa."

"Whan will ye marry me, Jamie,
  Whan will ye marry me?
Will ye tak' me to your countrie,—
  Or will ye marry me?"

"How can I marry thee, Jeanie,
  How can I marry thee?
Whan I've a wife and bairns three,—
  Twa wad na weill agree."

"Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,
  Wae be to your fause tongue;
Ye promised for to marry me,
  And has a wife at hame!"

"If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,
  And see my bairns three,
I wad tak' ye to my ain countrie,
  And married we wad be."

"O an your head war sair, Jamie,
  O an your head war sair,
I'd tak' the napkin frae my neck,
  And tie doun your yellow hair."

"I ha'e na wife at a', Jeanie,
  I ha'e na wife at a',
I ha'e neither wife nor bairns three,
  I said it to try thee.

"Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,
  Blair in Athol is mine;
Bennie Dunkel is where I dwell,
  And the boats o' Garry's mine."

Sir George Maxwell.

[MODERN Ballad.—PETER M'ARTHUR.—This ballad relates to an extraordinary case of witchcraft which occurred in Renfrewshire shortly before the Revolution of 1688. Sir George Maxwell, Bart., of Pollock House, being suddenly seized with grievous pains in his body, was persuaded that he was labouring under the influence of witchcraft; and a young gipsy woman, who owed some of his tenants a grudge, undertook to point out the culprits who were tormenting him. She accordingly accused several of his tenants, and, to confirm her accusations, contrived, in one or two instances, to secrete small clay models of the human figure, stuck with pins, in the dwellings of the accused. A special commission was issued for the trial of the case on the spot; and after a long investigation, at which were present, besides some of the lords of justiciary, most of the leading men of Renfrewshire, six or seven unfortunate creatures were condemned to be strangled and burned!—See the case recorded in the History of the Renfrewshire Witches, and also in a work recently published at Paisley, entitled, The Philosophy of Witchcraft, by John Mitchell. —In the ballad here given, the author follows a tale told him by his grandfather, who heard it, when a boy, from an old man who was butler in Pollock House during the time of the occurrence.]

SIR GEORGE MAXWELL pining lay;
And all by his weary bed,
The livelong night, and the livelong day,
They waited to give him aid.

Weary and worn wi' the burning pain,
Wi' many a heavy moan;
He wearied till day was past away,
And he long'd till night was gone.

They sought the east, and they sought the west,
To bring Sir George relief;
But the tide of life seem'd ebbing fast,
Then heavy and sore was their grief.

His hunting hounds howl'd to the winds,
His steeds neigh'd in the stall;
The ranger grey, the groom, and hinds,
Mourn'd round the baronet's hall.

And aye they spake of bygone years,
And of all his deeds of yore;
And aye o'er their cheeks fell the briny tears,
For they thought they should see him no more.

Thus pass'd the time, till the autumn's breath
Had wither'd the woodlands brown;
The fading sun from his cloudy path
Look'd out wi' an angry frown.

But darker grew his parting ray,
An' darker lour'd the cloud;
And shorter grew the changing day,
Till the tempest raved aloud.

The lightning gleam'd, the thunder roar'd
Through the heavens resounding far;
The flooding rain in torrents pour'd
Through the winter's opening war.

The Cart came down frae bank to brae,
While the broken boughs and leaves
Arose and fell in the splashing spray,
Wi' the harvest's scatter'd sheaves.

They looked abroad from the baronet's tower
On the dreary driving blast,
As darkly the night began to lower,
They thought it was his last.

All mournfully silent around they stood,
For the haly man was there;
They felt their despairing grief subdued
By the sound of his soothing prayer.

Nor had he paused, when a gentle calm
Fell o'er the earth and sky;
The woods seem'd sleeping in dusky balm,
The moon shone fair and high.

The baronet closed his eyes in rest—
A repose sae calm and deep,
His lady trembling touch'd his breast
To know if 'twas death or sleep.

The wond'ring lady saw with delight
The change an hour had wrought,
On the wasted cheek of her own true knight,
And still as she wond'ring thought,

A sound was heard at the western door,
  A soft and gentle call;
Like music sweet on the midnight hour,
  It echoed through the hall.

They open'd the door: a lady pass'd
  'With noiseless step and light,
'Neath many a curved arch, at last
  To the chamber door of the knight.

Sir George awoke from an hour's repose—
  'Twas an hour of blissful rest;
He felt relieved from the burning throes
  That had wrung his heaving breast.

He gaz'd all around with wond'ring eye,
  And said with voice so bland—
"Is the troubled day of life gone by?
  Do I wake in the happy land?

"Or do I dream?—O! it was but a dream,
  For I thought a stranger came,
Wi' looks more mild than the moon's fair beam,
  And she sooth'd my weary frame.

"She seem'd a thing too fair and bright
  For life's brief troubled span,
From another world a soothing light
  For the woes of sinful man."

Sadly he paus'd, and around he gaz'd,
  Ere a moment came and fled;
On the stranger's form they look'd amaz'd,
  In silence they stood by his bed.

Her robe was white as the stainless light
  That beams on the wintry snow;
The streamers that play o'er the vault of night
  Was its thin and graceful flow.

A dazzling ray, like the mists that play
  Round the mountain's falling stream,
When it wreathes afar its silvery spray
  On the morning's glit'ring beam.

Around her dwelt; and no dark shade
  Betray'd that mortal was there;
Through the chamber fair she noiseless sped,
  As if borne on the yielding air.

With soothing smile she look'd the while,
  As she said with heavenly air—
"We have pitied Sir George's woeful toil,
  Heaven heard the good man's prayer.

"On errands of love, for mortal weal,
  I journey from hall to bower;
To wreck the wizard's enchanting spell,
  And spoil their revengeful power.

"Deep in old Crookston's dreariest cell,
  There a wild and haggar'd band,
With their incantations dark and fell
  Sits around the smouldering brand.

"And there through many a dreary night
  They have wrought thee woe and scathe;
But heaven has pitied thy woeful plight,
  And spoil'd their spiteful wrath."

And still she stay'd with kindly aid
  Till the dawning morn arose,
Till all the pains frae his bosom were fled,
  She soothed his soft repose;

Till the twilight grey was waning away,
  And the thin clouds flitted by;
And the silvery stars, with less'ning ray,
  Grew pale in the azure sky.

And thrice she look'd, with lingering gaze,
  To the bed where the baronet lay;
Then wrapt in a veil of the morning haze
  She glided in silence away.

All mute and amaz'd the menials stay'd,
  They knew not whence nor where
She came or went, but wond'ring, they said,
  She rais'd them from sad despair.

Sir George arose, he trod the hall,
  And stretch'd his friendly hand
To his trusty servants one and all,
  But he gave this stern command;

To range the country far and near,
  Each dingle and secret bower,
Each mouldering vault, and dungeon drear
  Of Crookston's lonely tower:

To wreck their haunts by craig and scaur,
  To drag the band to light,
To bind them fast with lock and bar
  Ere the fall o' the coming night.

They bound them all with hemp and chain,
  They're bound them firm and fast;
O ne'er shall they trouble Sir George again,
  Nor ride on the midnight blast.

For still it is told by legends old,
And by wither'd dame and sire,
When they sit secure from the winter's cold
All around the evening fire,

How the fagots blaz'd on the gallow green,
Where they hung the witches high;
And their smouldering forms were grimly seen,
Till darken'd the lowering sky.

Knockespock's Lady.

[WILLIAM THOM of Inverury.—An ancestor of James Adam Gordon, Esq., the present laird of Knockespock, about a century and a half ago, in a second marriage, had taken to wife the lovely Jean Leith of Harthill. His affectionate lady, notwithstanding their great disparity of age, watched the chamber of her sick husband by day and by night, and would not divide her care with any one. Worn out and wasted from continued attendance on her husband, she fell into a sleep, and was awakened only by the smoke and flames of their burning mansion; the menials had fled—the doom of the dying laird and his lady seemed fixed. In her heroic affections she bore her husband from the burning house—laid him in a sheltered spot, and forced through the very flames for "plaids to wrap him in."]

Aa wastefu' howl o'er earth an' sea,
Nae gleam o' heaven's licht
Might mark the bounds o' Benachie
That black an' starless nicht.

Sicilike the nicht, sicilike the hour,
Sicilike the wae they hen,
Wha watch till those lov'd eyes shall close
That ne'er may ope again.

As gin to tak' the last lang look,
He raised a lichtless e'e;
Now list, O, thou, his lady wife,
Knockespock speaks to thee!

"Sit doun, my Jeanie Gordon, love,
Sit doun an' hand my head;
There's sic a lowe beneath my brow
Maun soon, soon be my dead.

"Aye whaur ye find the stoun, oh, Jean,
Pree tae your kindly han';
I wadna gi'e ae breath o' thee
For a' else on my lan'.

"Your couthie words dreep medicine,
Your very touch can heal;
An' oh, your e'e does mair for me
Than a' our doctor's skill!"

She leant athwart his burnin' brow,
Her tears lap lichtly doun;
Beneath her saft, saft, dautin' han'
Knockespock sleepit soun'.

For woman's watch is hollness—
In woman's heart, ae rare,
When a' the warld is cauld an' dark,
There's licht an' lithesse there!

What's yon that tints the deep dark brae,
An' flichers on the green?
It's no the rays o' morning grey,
Nor yet the bonnie meen!

That licht that flares on Benachie
Knockespock weel may rue;
Nor Gadie's stream would dit yon gleam
That wraps his dwallin' now.

But what recks she how fast they flee—
The heartless hinds are gane;
Are nane to help their listless laird?
Their friendless lady? Nane!

Yet woman's love, O, woman's love,
The wide unmeasured sea
Is nae so deep as woman's love,
As her sweet sympathy!

Upon the wet an' windy sward
She wadna let him down,
But wiled an' wiled the lithest bald
Wi' breckans happet roun'.

Knockespock's cauld, he's deadly cauld—
Whaur has his lady gane?
How has she left him in the loan
A' tremblin' there alane?

An' has she gane for fickless gowd,
To tempt yon fearfu' lowe?
Or is her fair mind, wreck'd and wrang,
Forgane its guidance now?

She fearless speels the reekin' tow'r,
  Though red, red is the wa',
An' braves the deaf'nin' din an' stour,
  Whare cracklin' rafters fa'.

It is na gowd, nor gallant robes,
  Gars Jeanie Gordon rin;
But she has wiled the saftest plaids
  To wrap her leal lord in.

For woman's heart is tenderness,
  Yet woman weel may dare
The deftest dead, an' tremble nane,
  Gin true love be her care.

"The lowe has scaith'd your locks, my Jean,
  An' scorch'd your bonnie brow;
The graceless flame consumes our hame—
  What thinks my lady now?"

"My locks will grow again, my love,
  My broken brow will mend,
Your kindly breast's the leakest hame
  That I can ever ken;

"But, O, that wasome look o' thine,
  Knocksepock, I wad gi'e
The livin' heart frae out my breast
  For aught to pleasure thee!"

Weel, woman's heart! ay, woman's heart!
  There grows a something there,
The sweetest flower on bank or bower
  Maun nane wi' that compare.

The Greetin' Bairn.

[Modern Ballad.—Erskine Connolly.]

Why hies yonder wicht wi' sic tremblin' speed
  Whar the maughs and the fir-trees grow?
And why stands he wi' sic looks o' dreid
  Whar the waters wimplin' flow?

O eerie the tale is that I could impart,
  How at Yule's black and dreary return,
Gauld curdles the bluid at the bauldest heart,
  As it crosses the Dennan Burn!*

'Twas Yule's dread time, when the spirits ha'e power
  Through the dark yetts o' death to return;—
'Twas Yule's dread time, and the mid-nicht hour
When the witches astride on the whirlwinds ride
  On their way to the Dennan Burn!

The ill-bodin' howlet screight eerily by,
  And loudly the tempest was ravin',
When shrill on the blast cam' the weary woman's cry,
  And the screams o' the greetin' bairn!

"O, open the door, for I've tint my gate,
  And the frost winds snelly blaw!
O save my wee bairn frae a timeless fate,
  Or its grave is the driftin' snaw!"

"Now get on your gate, ye fell weird wife—
  Over my hallan ye sall na steer;
Though ye sicker can sweep through the tempest's strife,
On my lintel-stane is the rowan-tree rife,
  And ye daurna enter here!"

"O nippin' and cauld is the wintry blast,
  And sadly I'm weary and worn;
O save my wee bairn—its blood's freezin' fast,
  And we'll baith live to bless ye the morn!"

"Now get on your gate, ye anco wife;
  Nae scoug to sic gentry I'll gi'e;
On my lintel the red thread and rowan-tree is rife,
  And ye daurna lodge wi' me!"

Sair, sair she prigget, but prigget in vain,
  For the auld carle drove her awa';
And loud on the nicht breeze she rented her mane,
As she sank, wi' her bairn, ne'er to waken again
  Whar the burn ran dark through the snaw.

And aften sin' syne has her ghaist been seen
  Whar the burn winds down by the fern;
And aft has the traveller been frighted at e'en,
  By the screams o' the greetin' bairn.

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* A small stream that runs between Crail and Kilrenny, in Fifeshire.

The Witch o' Pittenweem.

[A Legendary Ballad, by David Vedder.]

There woned a wife in Pittenweem,
And a grewsome cummer was she;
Nae glimpse o' grace was in her heart,
Nor spark o' humanitie.

Her tawny face was furrowed ower
Like a beggar's hoggart hose;
Nae tinkler's pike-staff had a cleek
That could match this carline's nose.

Her een they goggled like a fiend's,
Her chin was clad wi' hair,
And her crooked stumps pushed out her lips
Like the tusks o' a Lapland bear.

Her voice was like the howlet's scream,
Or like the carrion craw's;
An' the nails upon her finger-ends
Were like a griffin's claws.

And ower her crooked shoulders hung
A cloak that had ance been red;
But the curch was as black as Acheron
That covered the beldame's head.

She dearly loved the comet's glare,
But she hated the light o' day;
And she banned the beams o' the blessed sun
As he rose ower the Isle o' May.

She's hied her whar twa highways cross
Low in a dreary dell,
Far, far beyond the haly sound
O' the abbey's kirsened bell.

And she's knelt upon a suicide's grave,
And invokit Sathan's name;
And muttered mony a horrid spell,
Till the grisly monster came.

And there she renounced her mither's creed,
And eke her father's faith;
And there she made a solemn league
And covenant wi' Death.

She's pierced a vein on her withered hide,
As she pawned her sinful soul;
And with the blood whilk was nearest her heart
She has signed the fearfu' scroll.

And when she delivered the fatal brief,
Weel written, signed, an' sealed,
A thousand phantoms, mirk as night,
A horrid anthem pealed.

And the screechin' o' the demons dark
Seemed music till her ear;
And aye she called the Evil One
Her lord and master dear.

And she has abjured the blessed sign,
Which fiends an' demons fear;
And aye she called the Evil One
Her lord and master dear.

And the more to prove her allegiance true,
Like a vassal gude an' leal,
She has branded her banes wi' Sathan's mark,
And her flesh wi' his privy seal.

He's gi'en her seven deadly imps
As black as the midnight cloud;
And he's bidden her suckle them at her teats,
And nourish them wi' her blood.

He's gi'en her a spindle frae his belt,
Whilk unto hers she hung;
The whorle o't was a scaly snake
Lollin' out its forked tongue.

He's gi'en her a staff intil her hand,
Cut frae the gallows wood,
Weel virled about wi' murderer's banes,
And varnished wi' felon's blood.

But the foul fiend snorted like a wolf,
Wi' dreddour an' wi' fear;
Syne flew to hell wi' an eldritch yell,
For he scentit the morning air.

Neist night she proudly mounted her nag,
Like the queen o' hellish hags,
While a' her imps, fu' coalie,
Lay nestled in her rags.

Ower brake an' mould, ower heath an' wold,
Fu' swiftlie did she fly;
An' the little wee starns crap in wi' frae,
As she glowered up to the sky.

She's killed the heifer on the green,
  The lamb upon the lea;
An' the nether millstane mve in twa
  Wi' the glamour o' her e'e.

And mony a blumin' hairnie pined
  Upon its mither's knee;
An' glowered like an unearthly imp,
  An' wad nether live nor dee.

An' mony a maiden far an' near,
  As sweet as the rose in June,
Spewt iron shours, and crooked preens,
  Ilk changin' o' the moon.

The husbands sighed, the matrons cried,
  Wi' grief the country rang;
And they murmured at the haly monks
  For tholin' the limmer sae lang.

The abbot assembled a' his monks
  Upon St. Clement's day;
"Mak' haste an' wash in Marie's well,
  And likewise fast an' pray;

"Anoint your hands wi' haly oil,
  In haly robes be dight,
An' trust in gude St. Swithin's strength,
  And sweet St. Marie's might;
For a deed sall be dune, and that fa' sune,
  That shall save your souls wi' fright."

The sheriff has sent his scouts abroad,
  And they sought baith east an' wast,
Till they cam' to a cave as mirk as the grave,
  Where they fand her sleeping fast.

They trailed her to the abbey yetts,
  And hemmed the hag about;
An' they pricket her body frae head to heel,
  To find the witch-mark out.

They bound the caitiff to a bolt,
  Low in the dungeon-keep,
An' thrice three nights, an' thrice three days,
  They kept her een frae sleep;
An' they scorched her soles wi' burnin' gauds,
  But she wouldna or couldna weep.

They tied her arms behind her back,
  An' twisted them with a pin;
And they dragged her to Kinnoqubar loch,
  An' coupit the limmer in—
An' the swans flew screamin' to the hills,
  Scared with the unhaly din.

When first she dadled the crystal flood,
  She ga'e a gruesome scream,
But like a bladder fu' o' air,
  She floated on the foam.

And when the abbot saw her swim
  Like cork abune the flood,
He breathed an Ave, crossed himsel'.
  And kissed the haly rood;
"Avoid thee, Sathan!" the abbot said,
  "An' a' thy hellish brood."

An' monk an' layie, priest an' friar,
  Shrunk frae the polluted flood—
"Avoid thee, Sathan!" was their cry,
  "And all thy sinfu' brood!"

The abbot pronounced the fearfu' word
  Amidst his monks' acclaime—
And the civil power has ta'en the witch,
  And doomed her to the flames.

They haried the caitiff to the shore,
  And smeared her ower wi' tar,
An' chained her to an iron bolt,
  An' eke an iron bar.

They biggit a pile around the hag,
  Twa floots ells up an' higher;
An' the hangman cam' wi' a lowin' torch,
  An' lighted the horrid pyre.

But the gatherin' clouds burst out at last,
  And loud the thunder roared;
The sun withdrew his beams o' light—
  The rain in torrents poured.

It slockit at ance the witch's fire—
  A dreadfu' sight to see—
And the wind was lown, an' wadna stir
  The leaves o' the aspen tree;
An' monk an' layman crossed themsel's,
  And prayed to Sanct Marie!

But there was a monk amang the rest,
  And sae cunning monk was he,
Renowned through a' the shire o' Fife
  For lear an' sanctitie.

He lighted his taper at the lamp
  Before St. Marie's shrine;
An' reckless o' the foul fiend's powers—
  Without a cross or sign—

He stappit up to the witch's pile,
  An' applied the sacred light—
An' the crackling flames blazed up to heaven
  Like whins on a summer night.

An' when the flames had reached her heart
  She ga'e an awfu' yell,
An' her sinfu' spirit winged its flight—
  But where—I darena tell.

And aye the spot remained a blot
  On nature's beauteous face;
For grass never grew, nor fell the dew,
  Upon the accursed place.

Bishop Thurstan, and the King of Scots.

[First printed in Evans's Collection.—"Soon after Stephen's departure for Normandy, (A. D. 1137,) the king of Scots entered England in a hostile manner.—Stephen's government was at this time in no condition to have resisted the invasion, and nothing could have broke the storm, but the venerable Thurstan (Archbishop of York) working upon the piety of king David. Though this prelate was now very old, yet he prevailed with David and his son to meet him at Roxburgh, a castle lying near the frontiers of both the kingdoms; where his remonstrances had such an effect, that the Scottish princes generously put a stop to hostilities till Stephen should return to England, and be once more applied to for a definitive answer concerning the investiture of Northumberland.—See Guthrie's History of England."—*Evans.*]

Through the fair country of Tiviotdale,
  King David marched forth.
King David and his princely son,
  The heroes of the north.

And holy Thurstan fro' merry Carlisle,
  In haste his way doth wind;
With many a cross-bearer going before,
  And many a knight behind.

And many did bless that holy bishop,
  As evermore they may;
For well they knew 'twas for holy peace
  That he did wend that way.

And at the castle of fair Roxburgh
  The king and bishop drew near,
Their horns resounding o'er the hills,
  Their banners shining far.

"Now welcome, welcome holy Thurstan,
  Right welcome unto me,
And ever it cheers me sooth to say,
  So holy a man to see."

"No king is welcome unto me,
  Nor for him will I pray,
Who comes to ravage a helpless land,
  When it's king is far away."

Oh then bespake king David,
  And full of wrath spake he:
"Now I swear by the rood, th' English king
  Hath evermore injur'd me.

"Fro' my son he keeps th' investiture
  Of Northumberland, his right:
And ever I'll harrow that unjust king,
  By Christ in heaven his might."

Oh then bespake the holy Thurstan,
  And full of woe spake he:
"O Christ, thy kingdom of heav'nly bliss,
  Alas! when shall we see?

"For here on earth is nought but sin,
  E'en kings for pride do ill;
And when they with each other war,
  The poor folk's blood must spill.

"What hath the husbandman done wrong,
  That ye must spoil his grain;
And what the poor widow, and what the child,
  That they must all be slain?

"And what is the simple maid to blame,
  To be made of lust the prey;
And what the lowly village priest,
  That ye so oft do slay?

"Ah! tyrant kings, shall not the Lord
  Revenge the poor distrest;
The simple swain, the helpless maid,
  The widow, and the priest?

"And when the doleful day of doom
Shall call ye fro' the grave;
Fro' the crying blood of those innocents,
What, tyrants, shall ye save?

"Think ye that Christ, (whose gentle laws
Aye breathe so mild a strain,)
Think you that Christ (of mercy king)
Will free you fro' the pain?

"Did he not die all on the rood,
And all for the love of man?
And will he then save their guilty souls,
Who so many men have slain?

"Far sooner, oh king! would I lay in mire,
Than sit upon a throne;
Far sooner, oh king! would I beg my bread,
Than wear a golden crown.

"For shall not the judge of all do right,
At the doleful doom's day?
Then what will avail your crowns and thrones,
And your states and courtiers gay?

"Now think thee well, oh mortal king!
And thy proud misdeeds bemoan;
Oh think what will save thy hapless soul,
When thy pomp shall all be gone.

"Nor fancy that alms will save thy soul
Though bounteous they be giv'n;
Nor the rearing of abbies, all rich endow'd,
Will carry thy soul to heav'n.

"Full well I know the craving monks
Have many a one begull'd;
And oft, when a man's laid on his death bed,
They rob the widow and child.

"But rouse thy reason, oh noble king!
Nor heed the cloister'd drone;
For nothing there is a man can do,
For bloodshed shall atone:

"Save the merits of him, who for our sins
Died on the precious rood;
And ever the crime that most he hates,
Is shedding of man's blood."

All woe-begone then spoke the king,
And the tears ran fro' his eyne:
"And ever I thank thee, holy Thurstan,
For thy counsel so divine.

"But heav'n doth know that from my heart,
I hate to kill and slay;
And ever I hinder my men at arms,
As ever more I may.

"And fain would I save the peasant swain,
And the widow poor distrest;
And the helpless maid and simple child,
And eke the lowly priest."

Oh then bespake prince Henry brave,
As he stood by the king;
"Father, I know thy conscience clear
As water fro' the spring,

"And if, in avenging of our wrongs
Full many a one is slain,
And the bloody warrior doth great spoil,
Art thou, good king, to blame?"

"Too hasty prince," the bishop cried,
"To ravage is a shame;
And when the warriors do great spoil,
Their prince is all to blame.

"Why not go meet your royal foe,
Like men in open field;
And if he will not right your wrongs,
Then take to sword and shield?

"And not when our king is far away,
To ravage the country o'er;
To murder the weak and the innocent,
And cruelly spoil the poor."

Oh then bespake the Scottish king,
Like a noble king spake he:
"Oh, I will wait till your king Stephen
Doth come fro' o'er the sea.

"Then, reverend Thurstan, if thy king
No more our right delays,
But will invest my son in Northumberland,
Then will we go our ways.

"But if, when he's come to merry England,
He will not do us right,
Oh then will I harrow that unjust king,
By Christ in heaven his might."

"Now dost thou speak like a noble king,"
The holy Thurstan cried;
"And now do I welcome thee, royal king,
Of Scotland aye the pride.

"And when my liege shall come again,
Then may he do thee right!"
"Or he shall rue," cried that valiant king,
"By Christ in heav'n his might."

And there, while the merry bells did ring,
And the minstrels blith did play,
The Scottish princes and the good bishop
Did feast for many a day.

Full many did bless that holy man,
As he sat in the hall,
And merrily sang; for well they knew,
He had rescued them fro' thrall.

And many a husbandman was blith
As he did reap his grain;
"And but for Thurstan, that holy bishop,
This all away had been ta'en;

"And I had been kill'd, and many beside,
With our wives and children all:
And may heav'n aye prosper that holy bishop,
That hath rescued us fro' thrall!"

The Duke of Gordon's three Daughters.

[A fragment of this ballad, with the original tune, is given in Johnson's Museum. Ritson quotes the whole from a stall copy. Burns, in speaking of it, gives the first line thus:

"The 'Lord' of Gordon had three daughters,"

which is probably the original reading, as the dukedom of Gordon was not created till the year 1684.—George (Gordon) fourth earl of Huntly, who succeeded his grandfather, earl Alexander, in 1523, and was killed at the battle of Corichie, in 1562, had actually three daughters: lady Elizabeth, the eldest, married to John earl of Athole; lady Margaret, the second, to John lord Forbes; and lady Jean, the youngest, to the famous James earl of Bothwell, from whom being divorced, anno 1563, she married Alexander earl of Sutherland, who died in 1594, and, surviving him, Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne. As for Alexander Ogilvie, he appears to have succeeded his father, Sir Walter Ogilvie, in the barony of Boyne, about 1560, and to have died in 1606; this lady Jean being his first wife, by whom he seems to have had no issue. See Gordon's History of the Gordons, and Douglas's Peerage, and Baronage.]

The duke of Gordon has three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;
They would not stay in bonnie Castle-Gordon,
But they would go to bonnie Aberdeen.

They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till lady Jean fell in love with captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

"Go saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the gray;
And I will ride to bonnie Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day."

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only three,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was lady Jean.

"Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister, now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?"

"O pardon us, honoured father,
O pardon us, they did say;
Lady Jean is with captain Ogilvie.
And away with him she will gae."

When he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see captain Ogilvie,
Training up his men.

"O wo to you, captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die;
For taking to my daughter,
Hanged thou shalt be."

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

"I will not hang captain Ogilvie,
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery."

Word came to captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

"If this be for bonnie Jeany Gordon,
This pennance I'll take wi';
If this be bonnie Jeany Gordon,
All this I will dree."

Lady Jean had not been married,
Not a year but three,
Till she had a babe in every arm,
Another upon her knee.

"O but I'm weary of wandering!
O but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.

"O but I'm weary of wandering!
O but I think lang!
It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a single man."

When they came to the Highland hills,
Cold was the frost and snow;
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,
No farther could she go.

"O! wo to the hills and the mountains!
Wo to the wind and the rain!
My feet is sore with going barefoot,
No further am I able to gang.

"Wo to the hills and the mountains!
Wo to the frost and the snow!
My feet is sore with going barefoot,
No farther am I able for to go."

"O! if I were at the glens of Foudlen,
Where hunting I have been,
I would find the way to bonnie Castle-Gordon,
Without either stockings or shoon."

When she came to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green,
The porter gave out a loud shout,
"O yonder comes lady Jean."

"O you are welcome, bonnie Jeany Gordon,
You are dear welcome to me;
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,
But away with your captain Ogilvie."

Now over seas went the captain,
As a soldier under command;
A message soon followed after,
To come and heir his brother's land.

"Come home, you pretty captain Ogilvie,
And heir your brother's land;
Come home, ye pretty captain Ogilvie,
Be earl of Northumberland."

"O! what does this mean?" says the captain,
"Where's my brother's children three?"
"They are dead and buried,
And the lands they are ready for thee."

"Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,
Let's be jovial and free;
I'll to Northumberland, and heir my estate,
Then my dear Jeany I'll see."

He soon came to Castle-Gordon,
And down upon the green;
The porter gave out with a loud shout,
"Here comes captain Ogilvie."

"Your welcome, pretty captain Ogilvie,
Your fortune's advanced I hear;
No stranger can come into my gates,
That I do love so dear."

"Sir, the last time I was at your gates,
You would not let me in;
I'm come for my wife and children,
No friendship else I claim."

"Come in pretty captain Ogilvie,
And drink of the beer and the wine;
And thou shalt have gold and silver,
To count till the clock strike nine."

"I'll have none of your gold and silver,
Nor none of your white money:
But I'll have bonnie Jeany Gordon,
And she shall go now with me."

Then she came tripping down the stair,
With the tear into her eye;
One babe was at her foot,
Another upon her knee.

You're welcome, bonnie Jeany Gordon,
With my young family;
Mount and go to Northumberland,
There a countess thou shall be."

Geordie.

[Burns sent this old fragment of a ballad to Johnson's Museum. He had heard it sung to the tune of "A Country Lass," and it is accordingly given with that air.]

Twas a battle in the North,
And nobles there were many,
And they ha's kill'd Sir Charlie Hay,
And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O he has written a lang letter,
He sent it to his lady;
"Ye maun cum up to E'nbrugh town,
To see what word's o' Geordie."

When first she look'd the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy;
But she hadna read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't like a lily.

"Gar get to me my gude grey steed,
My mennie a' gae wi' me;
For I shall neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh town shall see me."

And she has mounttt her gude grey steed,
Her mennie a' gaed wi' her;
And she did neither eat nor drink
Till E'nbrugh town did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
And syne the aix to head him;
And Geordie cumin down the stair,
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,
O' airn and steel sae heavy,
There was nae ane in a' the court,
Sae bra' a man as Geordie.

O she's down on her bended knee,
I wat she's pale and weary,
"O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gi's me back my dearie!

"I ha's born seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
Pity a wearie' lady!"

"Gar bid the hendin' man mak' haste,"
Our king reply'd fa' lordly:
"O noble king, tak' a' that's mine,
But gi's me back my Geordie."

The Gordons cam' and the Gordons ran,
And they were stark and steady;
And aye the word amang them a',
Was, "Gordons keep you ready."

An aged lord at the king's right hand
Says, "Noble king, but hear me;
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
And gi's her back her dearie."

Some ga's her marks, some ga's her crowns,
Some ga's her dollars many;
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,
And she's gotten again her dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
Says, "Dear I've bought thee, Geordie;
But there sud been bluidy boaks on the green,
Or I had tint my laddie."

He clasp'it her by the middle sma',
And he kist her lips sae rosy:
"The fairest flower o' woman-kind
Is my sweet, bonnie lady!"

GEORDIE.

[Another version, from Mr. Kinloch's Collection.—Mr. Kinloch is inclined to assign the sixteenth century as the date of this production. "It appears," he says, "to have originated in the factions of the family of Huntly, during the reign of Queen Mary; and the following passage in Buchanan, relates to a transaction which probably gave rise to this ballad.—' After this, when the state of the public seemed to be somewhat settled, the Queen-regent (as now she was called) sent out George Gordon, earl of Huntly, to apprehend John Muderach, chief of the family of the M'Ronalds, a notorious robber who had played many foul and monstrous pranks. It is thought that Gordon did not play fair in this

expedition; so that when he returned without doing the business he was sent about, he was kept prisoner till the time appointed for his answer. Gordon being in prison, the Queen-regent's council were of different opinions as to his punishment. Some were for his banishment for several years into France; others for putting him to death; but both these opinions were rejected by Gilbert, earl of Cassilis, the chief of his enemies. For he foreseeing by the present state of things, that the peace between the Scots and the French would not be long-lived, was not for his banishment into France; for he knew a man of so crafty a spirit, and so spiteful at those who blamed or envied him, would, in the war which the insolence of the French was like speedily to occasion, be a perfect incendiary, and perhaps a general for the enemy. And he was more against putting him to death, because he thought no private offence worthy of so great punishment, or to be so revenged, as to inure the French to spill the blood of the nobility of Scotland. And therefore he went a middle way, that he should be fined and kept in prison till he yielded up the right which he pretended to have over Murray, &c. Upon these conditions he was dismissed.'—Hist. Scot. 1790, Vol. II. p. 223."]

There was a battle in the North,
And rebels there were monie;
And monie ane got broken heads,
And taken was my Geordie.

My Geordie O, my Geordie O,
O the love I bear to Geordie;
For the very grand I walk upon
Bears witness I lo'e Geordie.

As she gaed up the tolbooth stair,
The cripples there stood monie;
And she dealt the red gowd them among,
To pray for her love Geordie.

And whan she cam' into the hall,
The nobles there stood monie,—
And lika ane stood hat on head,
But hat in hand stood Geordie.

Up bespak' a Norlan' lord,
I wat he spak' na bonnie,—
"If ye'll stay here a little while,
Ye'll see Geordie hangit shortly."

Then up bespak' a baron bold,
And O but he spak' bonnie;—
"If ye'll pay down five hundred crowns,
Ye'se get you true-love Geordie."

Some lent her guineas, some lent her crowns,
Some lent her shillings monie;
And she's paid down five hundred crowns,
And she's gotten her bonnie love Geordie.

When she was mounted on her his steed,
And on ahint her Geordie;
Na bird on the brier e'er sang sae clear,
As the young knight and his ladie:—

"My Geordie O, my Geordie O,
O the love I bear to Geordie,
The very stars in the firmament,
Bear tokens I lo'e Geordie."

Young Randal.

[Modern Ballad.—Robert Chambers.]

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa',
Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa';
'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and thretty-twa,
That Randal, the Laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germania,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germania,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Williamslee,
And mony wee friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the castle wa',
And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back," sae kindly did she spier,
"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?"
"Whenever I can win enough o' Spanish gear
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear,"

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed awa',
Oh, Randal's cheeks were rosse red, when he gaed awa',
And in his bonnie e'e, a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie look, in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an altert man whan he came hame,
A sair altert man was he, whan he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a Sir at his name,
And grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
And down came a ladye to see him come in,
And after the ladye came bairns fifteen—
"Can this meekie wife be my true love, Jean?"

"Whatma stoure earl is this," quo' the dame;
"See gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
"Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?"
"In troth," quo' the ladye, "Sweet sir, the very same."

He turned him about, wi' a waeful e'e,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be—
For they've wrock'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie.

Archy o' Kilspindie.

[Modern Ballad.—John Finlay.—"About this time, the king (James V.) resolves to besiege Tantallon Castle, in Lowthian, some sixteen miles from Edinburgh; and for that purpose causes bring ordinance, powder, and bullet, from Dumbar, which was then kept by the servants of the late governour the duke of Albanie, as a portion of his patrimony. There was in Tantallon one Simeon Panangoe, with a competent number of men, well furnished, and provided both with victuals and munition. The earl himself (Angus) remained at Billie in the Merse, within his baronie of Bonkle, not willing to shut himself up within the wals of any strength; having ever in his mouth this maxime, (which he had received from his predecessors,) 'That it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep.' The castle was well defended for certain dayes, none hurt within; many without were wounded with shot from the castle, and some burnt and scalded with their own powder, which took fire unawares, and divers killed. The besiegers were troubled without by the horsemen, who assaulted them daily at their trenches; so that seeing no hope of carrying it, they raised their siege, and retired. In their retreat, they were set upon in the reare by Angus his horsemen, and one David Falconer (a principall cannonier) slain, with some hired musketteers, and two of the cannons cloyed. This the king took so highly, (esteeming it an affront and scorn put upon him,) that he swore openly, that, so long as he lived, the Douglasses should never be received into favour. * * * His implacabilitie did also appear in his carriage toward Archibald of Kilspindie, whom he (when he was a childe) loved singularly well for his abilitie of body, and was wont to call him his Gray Steell. Archibald, being banished into England, could not well comport with the humour of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joyned with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied of that life, and remembring the kings favour of old toward him, he determined to trie the king's mercifulnesse and clemency. So he comes into Scotland, and taking occasion of the kings hunting in the park at Stirlin, he casts himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off, ere he came near, he ghessed it was he, and said to one of his courtiers, Yonder is my Gray Steell, Archibald of Kilspindie, if he be alive. The other answered that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the kings presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees, and craved pardon, and promised from thenceforward to abstain from all meddling in publick affairs, and to lead a quiet and a private life. The king went by without giving him any answer, and trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspindie followed, and (though he wore on him a secret, or shirt of maile, for his particular enemies) was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he said

him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the kings servants for a cup of drink, being wearie and thirstie; but they, fearing the kings displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was sat at his dinner, he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he was gone? It was told him he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very sharply for their discourtesie, and told them, that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service; for he had seen him some time a man of great abilitie. Then he sent him word to go to Leith, and expect his farther pleasure. Then some kinsmen of David Falconer (the cannoniar that was slain at Tantallon) began to quarrel with Archibald about the matter, wherewith the king shewed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard farther from him; and so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the king of England (Henry the VIII.) to blame his nephew, alledging the old saying, 'That a king's face should give grace.' For this Archibald (whatsoever were Anguses or Sir George his fault) had not been principal actor of any thing, nor no counsellour, or stirrer up, but onely a follower of his friends, and that no ways ernestly disposed."—Hume of Godscroft.

Gray Steel was the name of one of the heroes in the romance of "Sir Egeir." Douglas of Kilspindie was not the only person who was honoured with the designation. It seems to have been anciently a popular epithet; for one of the earls of Eglintoun, a man of great bodily strength, was so nicknamed, as Crauford calls it. See his Peerage of Scotland.—*Finlay.*]

Wae worth the heart that can be glad,
Wae worth the tear that winna fa',
For justice is fleemyt frae the land,
An' the faith o' auld times is clean awa'.

Our nobles they ha'e sworn an aith,
An' they gart our young king swear the same,
That as lang as the crown was on his head,
He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

An' weana this a wearifou aith;
For the crown frae his head had been tint an' gane,
Gin the Douglas' hand hadna held it on,
Whaan anither to help him there was nane.

An' the king frae that day grew dowie an' wae,
For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;
For his foster-brither was Jamie o' Parkhead,
An' Archy o' Kilspindie was his Gray Steel.

But Jamie was banisht an' Archy baith,
An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,
Till a' had forgotten them but the king;
An' he whiles said, wi' a watery e'e,—
"Gin they think on me as I think on them,
I wot their life is but dreerie."—

It chanced he rode wi' hound an' horn
To hunt the dun and the red deer down,
An' wi' him was mony a gallant earl,
And laird, and knight, and bold baron.

But name was wi' him wad ever compare
Wi' the Douglas so proud in tower and town,
That were courtliest all in bower and hall,
And the highest ever in renown.—

It was dawn when the hunters sounded the horn,
By Stirlin's walls, sae fair to see;
But the sun was far gane down i' the west
When they brittled the deer on Torwood-lea.

And wi' jovial din they rode hame to the town
Where Snawdon* tower stands dark an' hie;
Frae least to best they were plyin' the jest,
An' the laugh was gaun round richt merrily:

When Murray cried loud,—"Wha's yon I see?
Like a Douglas he looks, baith dark and grim;
And for a' his sad and weary pace,
Like them he's richt stark o' arm and limb."

The king's heart lap, and he shouted wi' glee,—
"Yon stalworth makedom† I ken richt weel;
And I'se wad in pawn the hawk on my han',
Its Archie Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steel:
We maun gi'e him grace o' a' his mee,
For Kilspindie was trusty aye, and leal."

But Lindsay spak' in waefou mood,—
"Alas! my liege, that maana be."
And stout Kilmaurs cries,—"He that dares,
Is a traitor to his ain countrie."

---

* *Snawdon*, an ancient name of Stirling.
† *Stalwort makedom*, stout body.

And Glencairn, that aye was dowre and stern,
Says,—"Where's the aith ye swore to me?
Gin ye speak to a man o' the Douglas clan,
A gray greet for thy crown and thee."—

When Kilspindie took hand o' the king's bridle reins,
He louted low down on his knee;
The king a word he durstna speak,
But he looked on him wistfullie.

He thought on days that lang were gane,
Till his heart was yearnin' and like to brast:
As he turned him round, his barons frowned;
But Lindsay was dightin' his e'en fa' fast.

When he saw their looks, his proud heart rose,
An' he tried to speak richt hauchtillie;—
"Gae tak' my bridle frae that auld man's grip;
What sorrow gars him hand it sae stoherlie."

An' he spurred his horse wi' gallant speed,
But Archy followed him manfullie,
And, though cased in steel frae shoulder to heel,
He was first o' a' his companie.

As they passed, he sat down on a stane in the yett,
For a' his gray hair there was nae ither biel;
The king staid the hindmost o' the train,
And he aft looked back to his auld Gray Steel.

Archy wi' grief was quite fordone,
An' his arm fell weak that was anes like airn,
An' he sought for some cauld water to drink,
But they durstna for that dowre Glencairn.

When this was tald to our gracious king,
A redwood furious man wuxe he;
He has ta'en the mazer cup in his han',
And in flinders a' he gart it flee:—
"Had I kend my Gray Steel wanted a drink,
He should ha'e had o' the red wine free."

And fa' sad at the table he sat him down,
An' he spak' but se word at the dine:—
"O I wish my warst fee were but a king,
Wi' as cruel counsellours as mine."

The Birtwhistle Wicht.

[A Border Ballad by James Hogg Dixon.—Few families have been more celebrated for raids and forays, than the border clan of Birtwhistle. The one who is the subject of the following ballad, appears to be Andro o' the Birtwhistle, as he was called. If not altogether a traditionary personage, he lived in the reign of Henry VII., and his character has been handed down to us, as a man famed for deeds of gallantry, as well as of foraging. In fact he was a sort of border Du Val. His descendants are said, in every respect, to have trod in his footsteps, even to the close of the 18th century; and there are now old border farmers, who will speak of losing cattle in their young days, and end the narration by saying, "it was done by the Birtwhistles." The present descendants of the clan are potters and tinklers, well known in all the northern dales.]

I ance ye tak' tent o' the Birtwhistle wicht,
He forays by day, and he raids by the nicht;
He caresses fa' warden, fa' baillie, or reeve,
Ye may post him at kirk,* and he'll laugh in his sleeve;
He'd harry, though Hairibee tree were in sicht,
So daring a chiel is the Birtwhistle wicht!

---

* The door of a northern village church, is not merely used for the purpose of posting parochial or parliamentary notices; it is the place for announcements of every description requiring publicity, and placards of charity sermons will be often found there, along with those of auctions, tradesmens' advertisements, rewards for discovery of malefactors, &c., &c. These latter used formerly, and indeed within the memory of man, to be read aloud in the church, and it was no uncommon thing after the benediction at the close of the prayers, to hear the clerk bawl out, "Sheep Stealing! Whereas, &c., &c." Such unseemly exhibitions have been very properly prohibited by act of parliament. By a figure of speech, a worthy who had had a reward offered for his apprehension, was said to have been "posted at kirk."

The Tyne, and the Tarras, the Tweed, and the Till,
They never could stop him, and troth! never will;
At the mirk hour o' midnicht, he'll cross the dark fen,
He knows every windin' o' valley and glen;
Unseath'd he can roam, though na star shed its light,
For wha wad dare question the Birtwhistle wicht?

The proud lord o' Dilston has deer in his park,
He has keepers to watch them, and ban-dogs to bark:
The baron o' Thirlwall has owsen and kye,
And auld Gaffer Featherstone's pigs i' the stye—
The priest canna claim them, or tythe them o' richt,
But they a' will pay tythe to the Birtwhistle wicht!

The prior o' Brinkburn is telling his beads,
He patters his aves, and mutters his creeds;
At each pause o' the choir, he starts, when the breeze
Booms its dirge through the tower, or sighs through the trees;
He prays to the Virgin to shield him through nicht,
From the powers o' hell, and the Birtwhistle wicht!

Fair lasses o' Cheviot, he bodes ye na gude,
He'll ne'er kneel at altar, nor bow to the roode;
But tell ye, your eyne ha' the gowan's bright sheen,
The whiles he's preparin' your mantles o' green.
He'll grieve ye, and leave ye—alas, for the plicht
For reckless in love is the Birtwhistle wicht.

O! gin he were ta'en to the Hairibee tree,
There'd be starers and gazers, of every degree;
There'd be shepherds from shielings, and knights from their ha's,
And his neck-verse* would gain him unbounded applause;
But it's na in a hurry ye'll witness that sight,
For wary and cute is the Birtwhistle wicht!

* The "neck-verse" was the beginning of the 51st Psalm, "*Miserere mei*," &c. *Hairibee* was the common place of execution for all border marauders.

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